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Miss Alice Hughes, photo.

Walker & Co. photo.

Irene. S. V. Petrie


IRENE PETRIE

MISSIONARY TO KASHMIR

By MRS. ASHLEY CARUS-WILSON, B.A.

WITH PORTRAITS, MAP,
AND ILLUSTRATIONS

THIRD EDITION

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*ὡς ἄρα ἐπὶ τῶν ὀρέων,
ὡς πόδες εὐαγγελιζομένου ἀκοῆν εἰρήνης.*

ISAIAH lii. 7 (LXX).

TO MY CHILDREN

MARTIN MACDOWALL, LOUIS CHARLES, AND

ELEANORA MARY

PREFACE

SOME years ago the general reader was captured by the autobiography of a Russian girl, well born, attractive, gifted, ambitious, and successful as a musician and artist. She confessed more frankly than many confess it that on setting out in life her most earnest prayer was: "O God, grant me happiness. Make my life what I should like it to be." She died young, leaving this testimony: "I am so unhappy. All is wretchedness and misery. I don't know whether I believe in God or not"; and it is with a feeling of profound pity that one closes the record of her life.

The story of another girl, with similar gifts, who was likewise ambitious, and across whose short life more than one deep shadow fell, is told here. Judging by hundreds of letters from people differing widely in character and circumstances, one impression left by her career upon all who knew her was stronger than any other. Many say that she was very clever, very winning, very noble; but far more reiterate that she was before all things very happy; ready, in fact, to exclaim with Browning's David, who stands as a type of the capacity for delight of the richly endowed mind in the vigorous, youthful body,—

How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!

The following words of two who knew Irene Petrie well may be taken as an expression of what all who knew her well felt: "She always gave me the idea of one satisfied. Her joy was full. We saw it in her face as a schoolgirl, and in later years. That happy face will ever be before us when we think of her." "That almost joyous cheerfulness and sweetness of spirit drew even strangers to her, and made her loved wherever she went."

Her story is worth telling if only to unfold the secret of an unending delight in life, which is not always the lot of even the able and the fortunate, the upright and sincerely religious.

What she did is worth telling also, and is far more easily told than what she was. Almost indescribable is the charm of personality that made her a strong influence both at home and abroad, caused one acquaintance at least to characterise her as "my ideal woman," and led the historian of the Society with which she laboured as an honorary missionary to write: "India lost a woman missionary, probably the most brilliant and cultured of all the ladies on the C.M.S. roll, Miss Irene Petrie."¹

Far different was her own estimate of herself, when in the supreme hour of her life she said that she was "only one of the least." Such an utterance forbids the language of praise, though one must try to convey the impressions her life made on other lives, using words other than one's own throughout. Statements that must seem inadequate to those who knew her may seem exaggerated to those who did not know her, so unready are we to believe in the potentialities of Divine grace working through a fully yielded soul.

¹ *History of the Church Missionary Society*, vol. iii., p. 784.

It has not been easy for the one survivor of her family to speak, in the earlier chapters especially, of much that lies now in the sacred hush of death. But because some would disparage missionaries as foolish visionaries, and others would throne them as beings apart, living without effort up to a higher standard than we need even inquire after, her home days cannot be entirely omitted. A well-known writer recently taken from us counselled, after the experience of a prolonged life, that as much should be told concerning Irene's early years, as many things mentioned that are typical of her condition and generation, rather than peculiar to herself, as would serve to show that she lived to all appearance the life that hundreds of other girls are living to-day, amid the same temptations and the same opportunities. Yet her going forth as a missionary was the outcome of no sudden impulse, made no violent wrench from that early life, but was rather the fruitage of its blossom, the full application of the principle on which she had always tried to act, of giving not merely her substance but herself to others in every possible way, and wherever the need was greatest; and thus most truly, though most unostentatiously, selling all that she had for Christ's sake by reckoning it not her own.

Of the forty-five months which elapsed between her departure from England in October 1893 and her death, five were spent at home, and three on the three journeys to and fro; three were spent in travel during short vacations in India. The remaining thirty-four were months of incessant labour, of which four and a half were spent at St. Hilda's, Lahore; four on the Jhelum and at Gulmarg, Kashmir; and twenty-five and a half in Srinagar—viz. eight in "the Barracks," five and

a half in the Zenana House, and twelve at Holton Cottage.

In this period of less than three years she mastered Urdu and Kashmiri, and made some progress in Hindi; and she diligently instructed in the faith of the Gospel five different classes of people: children of Europeans, through Sunday schools; Eurasians, especially women and children; her own servants, mostly Mohammedans; Kashmiri schoolboys, mostly Hindus; and zenana women, Hindu and Mohammedan, of many different degrees socially and intellectually. Her musical and artistic powers were turned to account to secure friends and funds for the work in a variety of ways; her pen spoke of it to many at home both in magazine articles and in private letters. And though she never allowed herself to be drawn into society to the hindrance of her work, the recollection of her intercourse with "station people" made a resident in India assert that looking only at her influence on her compatriots, one could never say that her life had been thrown away. Short as her career was, it was long enough to lead a former clerical secretary of the C.M.S. to write thus: "I was fully expecting that through God's grace working upon her great natural abilities, attainments, and physical health, she would in a few years have become an inspiring missionary leader throughout North India."

But just when "the hope of unaccomplished years" seemed brightest, the summons hence came, swiftly, silently, most unexpectedly, and (as another writes) "the sudden and pathetic close to that young and beautiful life deeply touched all who heard of it."

"Our lost Irene, . . . alas! that untimely death should cut her off in her self-devotion before the world had

reaped the full benefit of her powers," writes an able university woman, who had been her teacher at school, thinking of the fair head, the skilful hand, the active brain, the warm heart laid low in a desolate grave of outlandish Tibet. Oh, the pity of it! the bitter disappointment as well as the unspeakable sorrow, not for interrupted enjoyment but for baffled achievement!

The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

We think of other valuable missionary lives cut off, of George Pilkington dying at thirty-three, Harold Schofield at thirty-two, Henry Martyn and Henry Watson Fox at thirty-one, Ion Keith Falconer at thirty, William Fremantle and David Brainerd at twenty-nine, Graham Wilmot Brooke at twenty-seven. The question of Iscariot rises to our lips, "To what purpose is this waste?" Then we remember that the Lord Himself died before He had accomplished the years of one generation, and yet He said, "I cast out devils and perform cures to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I am perfected." It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Teacher. Irene's missionary career was about as long as the earthly ministry of her Divine Master, and the recognised results of the living and dying of the young missionaries just recalled encourage us to believe that the oblation of her life will likewise not have been made in vain.

"Let no one say that Irene wasted her brilliant gifts in a remote heathen land. She offered her all on the altar of love to Him for Whom she was a messenger," says one published obituary. "We looked forward to the great help in God's kingdom which would surely come from one so earnest and so richly gifted. And

now she has offered life itself; and for herself, what a blessed end to a lovely life!" says a private letter; and another correspondent most simply expresses the object of this record, "May what you are writing of your dear sister serve to light many a pilgrim homeward and to quicken the lingering!" "A soldier's daughter, she has died upon the field of battle in the holy war against ignorance and superstition, and has received the crown of glory and honour and immortality," writes yet another, who had been her father's friend.

Hers was one of three lives of European missionaries laid down for Kashmir, all too soon, men would say. William Elmslie sleeps at Gujerat, on the battlefield where a crowning victory secured the Punjab for Britain; Fanny Butler was the first to be laid in the Christian cemetery on the Sheikh Bagh at Srinagar; Irene Petrie rests below the stony desert, outside the weird Buddhist city of Leh, at the heart of the Himalayas, in Central Asia, than which the whole world hardly contains a more spiritually destitute region. So, in 1844, did the dear dust of the pioneer Ludwig Krapf's young wife claim for Christ what was fifty-six years ago a wilderness of heathendom in Eastern Equatorial Africa, where to-day are to be found hundreds of churches and thousands of Christians. God grant that such history may repeat itself ere long on the northern confines of the Indian Empire!

I am indebted to the C.M.S., the C.E.Z.M.S., and many missionaries in Kashmir for information, and to many friends for loan of letters, etc. I have felt at liberty to condense freely letters and journals quoted, without always breaking up the text to indicate unimportant omissions, only taking care that the writer's

statements are in no way misrepresented by such abridgment. Quotations of Holy Scripture are, as a rule, from the Revised Version. A short Glossary, taken from Craven's Urdu Dictionary, obviates perpetual explanation of terms familiar to those in any degree acquainted with India.

I am indebted to Miss Alice Hughes for the frontispiece, and to Mr. Geoffroy Millais for several photographs of Kashmir.

MARY L. G. CARUS-WILSON.

HANOVER LODGE, KENSINGTON PARK, LONDON, W.

May, 1900.

TO THE EVER DEAR MEMORY OF
IRENE ELEANORA VERITA PETRIE,
OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF COLONEL MARTIN PETRIE,
WHO GAVE HERSELF TO THE EVANGELISATION
OF KASHMIR, APRIL, 1894, AND RESTED FROM
HER LABOURS IN THE MORNING OF HER LIFE
AT LEH, IN TIBET, ON AUGUST 6TH, 1897.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them
that preach the Gospel of Peace.

(Inscription on Tablet in St. Mary Abbots Parish Church, Kensington.)

I R E N E

The poet-painter's heaven-taught eye could see
 An angel, then a human face he sought
Through which God's radiant messenger might be
 Shown to his fellows ; and the image caught
 In a child they called "the Sunbeam." So he wrought
Two poem-pictures of the little maid,
 One as the blue-eyed playmate he had taught,
One as his visioned angel ; and displayed
On both one word, her name, *Peace*, as in Greek 'tis said.

The prophet-painter's heaven-taught eye had seen
 That child's high destiny, when her he drew
With bright hair flowing over robes of sheen
 Gilding the distant landscape's sombre hue ;
 And seven stars—light's perfection—in the blue
Of heaven above her brow ; and in her hands
 The cross-clasped Book of highest truth she knew,
And virgin Lily that unconquered stands
Till purity and truth have cleansèd all the lands.

True artist, like true poet, is a seer ;
 He sees, and makes us see, the tender rays
That lit a vanished past, and he can hear,
 As prophet, music of the coming days ;
 Reading a life-work in a child's rapt gaze.
My eyes upon his painting, my heart goes
 With that fair child, grown woman, as she lays
At God's feet all she is and has, for those
Hailing her their *Peace-Angel* 'mid the Himalayan snows.

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GLOSSARY

- Ayah*, lady's maid.
Bagh, garden, orchard.
Bai, lady.
Bawarchi, cook.
Basar, market.
Bhajan, hymn.
Bhisti, water-carrier.
Chaddar, veil.
Chapati, thin cake.
Chappar, oar, paddle.
Chaprasi, servant, messenger.
Charpai, bedstead.
Chaukidar, watchman.
Chota haeri, little breakfast.
Choti, little.
Coolie, porter.
Dak bungalow, post-house; set up at all posting stages by Government to accommodate travellers at fixed rates.
Dali, basket, gift.
Darsi, tailor.
Dastur, custom.
Dhobi, washerman.
Dunga, covered boat.
Durbar, court, reception.
Faqir, religious mendicant.
Gari, carriage.
- Ghat*, landing-place.
Guru, spiritual guide, teacher.
Hanji, boatman.
Kafir, infidel.
Khansaman, steward.
Khidmatgar, butler.
Maulvi, learned man (Mohammedan).
Mihtar, sweeper.
Munshi, teacher.
Pakka, complete, mature, first-rate.
Parwana, order, pass, warrant.
Puja, adoration.
Pundit, learned man (Hindu).
Pir, saint (Mohammedan).
Purdah, curtain.
Rais, nobleman, chief.
Rasai, quilt.
Rishi, saint, hermit (Hindu).
Sahib log, ruling people, British.
Sari, woman's dress.
Shikari, light, open boat.
Syce or *sais*, groom.
Thanadar, head constable.
Tiffin, luncheon.
Tonga, small, two-wheeled carriage.
Wala, agent, fellow.

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOLDAYS

Fair seedtime had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.

WORDSWORTH, *Prelude*.

A YOUNG mother was sitting by the fire in the winter twilight with her latest born, the Christmas gift, on whom she had bestowed the name of Irene, echoing the angels' song of peace on earth. Suddenly, sharp sorrow came to her in news of the death of one to whose care she had been committed in girlhood, and from whom she had received her education. Then fond hopes for the two months' babe in her arms blended with grateful reminiscence of a gifted woman who had found leisure, amid her professional work, for pleading, with a facile and skilful pen, the cause of the lapsed masses at home and of the unevangelised heathen abroad, in days when only a few knew or cared about the need of either. And even as the spirit of Mary Barber passed, a double portion of it seemed to fall on the unconscious infant of her favourite pupil, when the mother's aspirations, memories, and regrets merged in fervent prayer for her child, which found words in a quaintly simple hymn,—

May'st thou grow to know and fear Him,
Love and serve Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His Face and sing His praise.

IRENE PETRIE

The babe thus secretly dedicated to God even before she was received into the Church in baptism, grew up to fulfil her mother's highest hopes as the flower of her flock, grew up to devote herself with unflagging zeal to the needy at home and to the needier abroad; and now (in the words of a living author, a near neighbour of hers) "she is receiving the reward of all her good and faithful service in the army of the Lord from the hands of the Master she loved so dearly, and for love of Whom she not only gave up home and ease and comfort and the companionship of those nearest and dearest to her on earth, but even *life* itself; and such a life—so rich in gifts and accomplishments, so full of enthusiasm and energy, so surrounded by friendship and affection!"

IRENE ELEANORA VERITA PETRIE was the youngest of the three daughters of Colonel Martin Petrie, and was born at Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, the only home she ever knew. Thence her father had taken as his bride Eleanora Grant Macdowall, and thither they had presently returned to bring up their family and end their days. We must glance at Irene's heredity and early environment, since it is now a truism that no character or career can be understood without ascertaining these two things.

Colonel Petrie was of Scottish descent, son of Commissary General William Petrie, and Margaret, daughter of Henry Mitton, of The Chase, Enfield, of the same Norman stock as the De Myttons of Shropshire. General Petrie served in Egypt, Italy, and France during the Napoleonic Wars, and after his marriage settled at The Manor House, King's Langley, his son's birthplace. Later on he held appointments at Lisbon and the Cape of Good Hope, and lived during his last years mainly in Italy and Germany. Irene's father therefore spent most of his youth abroad, and his first few years in the army were passed in North America. Returning thence in 1855, under orders to proceed to the Crimea, he

earned the title of "The Hero of the *Vesta*" by saving that vessel with all on board, when, already severely damaged by icefloes, she was caught in a terrific storm. The crew became utterly demoralised, and the rest of the passengers gave themselves up for lost, when the cool courage and mechanical skill and inventiveness of one young officer came to the rescue. He repaired the pumps, made the soldiers under his command work them, and calked the deck, the furious sea washing over him as he did it. So lacerated were his hands, that on reaching England he was put on the sick list, instead of going to the front. Soon afterwards he entered the Royal Staff College, and passed out as the first on the list. An appointment at what was in those days called the Topographical Department of the War Office followed, and here he wrote a standard work in three volumes on *The Strength, Composition, and Organisation of the Armies of Europe*, and another work on *The Organisation, Composition, and Strength of the Army of Great Britain*, which reached a fifth edition; and for the probably unique period of eighteen years (1864-82) he was Examiner in Military Administration at the Royal Staff College. He exchanged to the 97th Regiment when the 14th went abroad; and his family lived in London continuously, seeing less of the world than many officers' children, but enjoying a constant intercourse with both parents, which was doubtless the most valuable part of their education.¹

Colonel Petrie married the youngest child of William Macdowall, of Woolmet House, Midlothian, and Louisa Helen, daughter of Sir William Dunbar, Bart., of Durn, the last of an old Banffshire family. William Macdowall was captain in the 33rd Regiment when the Duke of Wellington was

¹ These particulars of Colonel Petrie are taken mainly from *The Dictionary of National Biography*. A full account of the saving of the *Vesta* appeared in *Good Words* for April, 1899.

its colonel, and like Irene's other grandfather, served in the Napoleonic Wars. He was the only son of John Macdowall, of Woolmet, who had distinguished himself as a captain in the Inniskilling Dragoons during the Seven Years' War, and who was the younger son of William Macdowall, of Garthland and Castle Semple, head of the family which now represents the Mac Dhu Alan (or "Sons of the Dark Stranger"), who were once Kings of Galloway. The Dunbars of Durn were lineal descendants of the Earls of March and Dunbar. Patrick, tenth earl, had married the redoubtable 'Black Agnes,' daughter of Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, the most notable comrade-in-arms of Robert the Bruce, and their son married Princess Marjorie, daughter of Robert II., the Bruce's grandson.

Irene's mother was born in Scotland and educated in England, as her father died when she was a child, and Mrs. Macdowall then came to London, and after her elder children had married and dispersed, moved from Montagu Square to Kensington Park with her youngest daughter. Afterwards Mrs. Macdowall, till her death at the age of almost fourscore years and ten, lived with the son-in-law, who had made Hanover Lodge his home. Her memory, as that of one singularly beautiful and beloved, and from early years a most faithful and humble Christian, was a potent influence in the lives of her descendants. They also cherished the memory of Sir William Dunbar, to whom she had been born when he had passed the allotted span of three-score years and ten, and who had named her after the wife of Prince Charles Edward, in commemoration of his devoted allegiance as a young man to the House of Stuart. They liked to think that their great grandfather had dared to fight on the unpopular side of the legitimate king; and among familiar objects in their home were pictures and furniture rescued from the old house of Durn when it was looted by

the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland. They heard how the loyal subject had been loyal Christian also, and had left as his last testimony the words, "I die under the cross of Christ."

The three little girls at Hanover Lodge, who never had a brother, thoroughly enjoyed their childhood. They were carefully kept out of the stress and fever of metropolitan life, and in their home there was an almost old-fashioned quietude. Its rooms were not littered with gossiping newspapers and sensational novels of the hour, but lined with the sober russet of massively bound classics. Their mother had inherited an excellent library from her father, who, though a soldier and not a scribe, was a well-read and accomplished man, a friend of Sir Walter Scott and kindred intellectual lights in the Athens of the North; while many really old books around them testified to love of literature in yet more remote forebears. In the evenings they sat by their father while he read Scott or other great fiction, or selections from many books that would not have been put into their hands then. Both parents taught them the history of their own days, as told in *The Times*, *Illustrated London News*, etc. Of the history of the past they were enthusiastic and by no means unbiassed students. It was no mere lesson to be learned before they could go to play, but a very real panorama of deed and conflict in which they took sides, and about the issue of which they excited themselves not a little. They honoured Wallace and Bruce as heartily as they detested Edward I., and believed that Bannockburn was the most glorious of battles, for Scottish blood outweighed residence in England. At any rate, they acquired the habit of looking beyond their own small concerns and trivial incidents in the lives of their neighbours for subjects of thought and talk.

Londoner as she was, Irene learned to love nature and

to delight in animals and flowers. Hanover Lodge had its own small garden, and from the rugged elms beyond it, survivors of old Kensington Park, many thrushes and other birds sang. Part of every year was spent either at the seaside, and especially at Sandgate, when the 97th was quartered at Dover Castle, or at the vicarages of maternal uncles who held country livings in Wiltshire, Yorkshire, and Nottinghamshire.

Another uncle, Major Gregory Lewis Way, had fought under Lord Gough in the Punjab, and his gallant conduct at the Battle of Chillianwallah had been specially mentioned in the despatches. He was married for less than four years to a beautiful and talented elder sister of Irene's mother. Widower for more than thirty years, and childless, he gave himself to the encouragement of many philanthropic works, and gathered together in his home, Wick Hall, near Brighton, such religious leaders as the Rev. W. Hay M. Aitken, Lord Radstock, Miss Catherine Marsh, Mr. D. L. Moody, and the founders of the Keswick Convention. The quick wit and keen insight into character of a former man of action blended with the devotion and benevolence of a recluse in one who stood out always as a type of the warrior saint, and he was Irene's only personal link to India.

As a child, fair-haired Irene was called "the Sunbeam." The two words oftenest used to describe her as a girl in many letters of reminiscence are *bright* and *sweet*. "I thought hers was the happiest face I had ever seen," writes one who saw her once only, and the face reflected an unusually happy youth. But to understand what she became, one must know that its happiness was not unclouded.

In its first decade the black cloud of death swept between her and her sister, Evelyn Martina de Mytton Petrie, who died at the age of twelve. She was a gentle and most

engaging child, whose promise of intellectual gifts is indicated by the haunting music of some stanzas she penned, and whose life was as white and fragrant as the jasmine blossom always associated with her. That was a sorrow too deep for words. God only knew how each member of the suddenly bereaved family mourned in secret; and the extreme youth of the sensitive Irene did not save her from the most poignant grief. In 1897, within eleven weeks of her own death, she wrote concerning "our cherished sister," words which may be quoted as peculiarly applicable to herself also: "Happiness and brightness were characteristic of her, and there was an absence of conventional religious talk that made the occasional unveiling of her deep spirituality the more striking, and gave it a wonderfully attractive power. . . . That perfectly lovely little life always holds its central place in memory whenever one is reminded of the growing number of friends departed this life in His faith and fear."

Almost as soon as Irene entered upon the second decade of her life clouds of quite a different kind began to gather on the horizon. The soldier's profession is notoriously not a lucrative one, but both her grandfathers were well off by inheritance, both her grandmothers were heiresses, and all the surroundings of her childhood suggested easy circumstances. And then came years of heavy loss and of growing apprehension of yet greater loss. The story of a gentleman taken ruthless advantage of because he believed others to be as honourable as he was himself is too complex and too incredible in some of its details, though too sadly true, to be told here; and as her father freely forgave those who had wronged him most deeply, silence is best. But these adversities must be referred to, because, though Irene was too young to enter fully into them, they left an impress on her whole after-life, and this period of trouble and fear was to her a time of spiritual education in the highest

sense. Sydney Smith once said that England is the one country in the world in which poverty is reckoned a crime. Irene in earliest girlhood came face to face with the question, "What would life be worth to me if we were actually poor?" Once for all she learned the lesson of the uncertainty of earthly things; that riches take to themselves wings; that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

As soon as she was fifteen she began to keep a diary, a habit maintained to the last week of her life. It is a mere record of what she did from day to day, with rare adjectives and still rarer expressions of feeling, but it has, of course, helped greatly towards an accurate biography. In all its pages there are but three references to the shadow over her home, but these private memoranda of a healthy, high-spirited young girl, whose gifts and capacity for enjoyment made the desire to have "a good time" a peculiarly strong temptation to her at the threshold of life, are significant enough to be quoted:—

"*January 1st.*—The most unhappy New Year's Day I can remember."

A few months later: "It is better to walk in the dark with God than to go alone in the light."

On a never-to-be-forgotten day of averted calamity: "Psalm xlv. 1, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'"

She was just grown up when the cloud rolled away, and her parents found themselves, not indeed in affluence, but in that condition of having neither poverty nor riches which the wise Agur took to be the happiest condition, since those who have neither the anxious responsibilities of wealth nor the harassing cares of straitened means are of all people most free to live their lives as they will and to turn all their powers to account. One fact illustrates her parents' character too well

to be omitted. This sufficiency of means was in part the result, in a way none could have foreseen or imagined, of their disinterested conduct many years before in persistently refusing the Benjamin's portion which Mrs. Macdowall wished to bestow on the daughter who had been the comfort of her old age.

The two shadows that fell on Irene's early days left her with no tinge of sadness, still less of bitterness, but with a deep sense of the seriousness of life, and of our stewardship for everything we own, since it is "our Lord's money"; with a peculiarly tender affection for both her parents, and a true-hearted sympathy for the unsuccessful and unfortunate; above all, with a childlike trust in God; so that when success and popularity came to her they did not intoxicate her, even in the first glow of abundant young life.

For "the amazing vitality of that child" was what struck people most; about her there was none of the demure, self-conscious meekness that to the sentimental suggests the youthful saint, to the cynical the immature prig.

But the above quotations from her diary are enough to show how deep were the early religious impressions, of which we must now speak.

Using St. Paul's phrase, she might be described as serving God "from her forefathers." There is no story of a sudden conversion, no journal recording her walk with God kept in a secret place during the writer's lifetime, only to be printed after her death for all who care to read. Religious sayings never came glibly from her lips, and one remembers her childish recoil from some types of blatant and dogmatic piety, her precipitate flight from a noted "evangelist" of the "Plymouth" persuasion, who waylaid her with searching personal questions when he and she were fellow-guests in her uncle's house. Still water running very deep was the current of her inner life: she lived her religion, she did not

talk about it; her whole career was her testimony to the hope that was in her, and its best record is the worn little Bible in daily use from childhood, which she was reading through for the eleventh time when her summons hence came. The neatness and care of the numerous marks on its every page are as characteristic of the writer as their intelligence.

From infancy she responded to the thorough religious instruction of her mother; when still a child she came strongly under the influence of Dr. Maclagan, Vicar of Kensington, now Archbishop of York, and of his successor, the Hon. and Rev. E. C. Glyn, now Bishop of Peterborough, who prepared her for confirmation. When her diary begins, Dr. Maclagan had for some time been Bishop of Lichfield, but he frequently revisited his old parish, and all these visits are anticipated and chronicled in the diary with the extravagant homage of a romantic child. Besides attending St. Mary Abbots on Sundays and week by week recording the gist of the sermons she heard there, she went regularly to Mr. Glyn's Friday afternoon Bible class for girls, and to the Saturday devotional meeting, writing out full notes and answering all questions given. So quietly began her preparation for taking hereafter every day several Bible classes in different languages. Worthy of note is her enduring affection for St. Mary Abbots, from the days she wrote in her childish diary, "The sweet church looked so lovely," and so forth, to the day, little more than a fortnight before her death, when she warmly acknowledged the last gift she ever received, some photographs of it sent by an old schoolfellow.

As is often the case, she reflected some characteristics of her place of worship. Its fine architecture and perfect music trained her æsthetic capacities; the largeness of view and variety of interests inevitable in a church which had been a centre of religious life for eight hundred years encouraged wide sympathies and made her religion broadly intelligent and

deeply devotional, rather than partisan or controversial. Repelled alike by the trivialities of the very High, by the crudities of the very Low, and by the aridities of the very Broad, she gladly sat at the feet of all who loved the Lord in sincerity. An attempt to name those from whom, in pulpit or printed page, she learned most, and of whom she spoke with most esteem, would bring together men of God as diverse as Bishop Westcott, Canon Body, Bishop Phillips Brooks, Professor Henry Drummond, Professor H. C. G. Moule, and Mr. D. L. Moody.

The story of Irene's education suggests the thought that the temptation to live to ourselves which comes to us all comes very differently to different people. From the idle self-indulgence of the girl who said she was so glad they had introduced golf because it gave one something to do with one's mornings, Irene was saved by an ability and ambition that enabled her to succeed in more pursuits than some even attempt, and compelled her to strive always for the first place. Her special temptation was to use life to achieve and to win applause. Though she lived among books, she was neither bookworm nor omnivorous reader. But she worked steadily through a limited quantity of real literature, first of all as member of a reading society, joined when she was about twelve years old. Little and good was her lifelong rule for reading, and she used to say that the reform she would advocate would be the destruction of all second- and third-rate novels and magazines. Certainly for her those widely read productions were printed in vain. This preference for the best intellectual society was at once the effect and cause of her having (as one friend says) "a beautiful mind." She showed a curious nimbleness in possessing herself of the contents of the volumes that people about her were reading, so that her knowledge of books extended far beyond those she actually perused; and important factors in her

general education, even before she went to school, were visits to the South Kensington Museum, and to picture-galleries and concerts, especially popular concerts at St. James's Hall and oratorios at the Albert Hall.

Her first taste of success was through prizes won when she was fifteen for essays and illuminations in connection with a magazine for young people. So far she had been taught by governesses and masters at home, her father also giving her regular instruction, chiefly in drawing and mathematics, and her mother reading general literature with her. Her sister had been sent to a "finishing" school at Brighton; but Irene protested that if she were thus separated from her mother she would run away. She was, however, so much attracted by the air and expression of some of the girls attending the Notting Hill High School that she asked to become one of them. It is second to none of the Public Day Schools for Girls that have wrought such a salutary revolution in female education, and novel as the idea was, her parents, instead of repudiating it, made acquaintance with the school and its head mistress, Miss H. M. Jones, and the result was that Irene enjoyed two most happy and profitable years there.

Her six reports speak of steady growth in power of thought and highly satisfactory conduct; and in each there is the monotonous entry: "absent—never," "late—never." Her first term was spent in the "Fifth Remove," and at its close she was at the head of the class, being "first with honours" in four out of the five examinations she took. She was at once promoted to the Sixth Form, a picked class in every sense, and was for some time its "baby." Here she took altogether twenty-eight examinations, passing "in honours" in twenty-one, and heading the list in eleven. She was working for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations at school, and after leaving, completed her certificate in 1884. It tells that she won first-class honours in two out of her

three groups, and gained "distinctions" in seven out of her ten subjects. She was one of three examinees in all England in her year who were "distinguished" in each of the three branches of the history group. Her examiners stated in their report that she promised to excel in literature. But beyond contributing occasional articles to magazines, she attempted little with her pen afterwards; probably because she expressed herself most naturally in two other ways, as will be presently told.

These things are mentioned to show that she took to India, besides religious zeal and knowledge of religious truth, a trained mind (and nowhere is it more needed than in the mission field), and that faithfulness in little things prepared her for being entrusted with a share in greater things. One remembers her yearnings to excel, her unsparing effort, her reaction of despondency when, on the eve of some examination, she asserted that she had no chance, her brilliant success, and delight in winning the good opinion of those she cared for, and then her immediate eagerness after some new endeavour.

With several of her schoolfellows she formed warm and lasting friendships. And Miss Jones, who describes the announcement of Irene's death, seen casually in the newspaper at a foreign hotel, as one of the greatest shocks she ever had, writes of her thus: "She died fighting the battle with heathenism and idolatry. Her devotion and enthusiasm carried her beyond her strength. Dear Irene! She was so clever, so noble, and so good! We feel that we cannot spare such women."

Her class mistress, Miss Lewis, B.Sc. Lond. (now Mrs. G. T. Pilcher), who kindly gave her special help for her examinations out of school hours, says: "Irene's loss in the maturity of her powers was a great one. I was much impressed with her capacity when she was my

pupil. . . . Never have I had a pupil who assimilated ideas more rapidly; her work was so accurate, so thorough, and so voluminous. . . . The same spirit of persistent ardour ran through everything she did; and being joined to a tenacious memory, gave her remarkable powers of acquisition."

Such was the enduring impression Irene made on two ladies to whom she was one of several hundred keen, hard-working girls whom they had taught years before. When she took a fancy to any branch of knowledge or of practical skill, her alert intellect enabled her to absorb information or to acquire facility in doing with unusual speed. But she never professed to be able to "grind" at an uncongenial subject, or to be one of the community of clever women. That she wore "lightly like a flower" any "weight of learning" she had is seen, for instance, from these words, written by Mrs. Thornton, wife of the Archdeacon of Middlesex, a near neighbour of hers: "I was one of those who greatly admired your dear sister. She was so sweet and so very unselfish and retiring that I don't think people generally gave her credit for all her cleverness, or for the power that was in her."

Though her school life had brought her into sympathy with many modern ideas and movements, it had not demolished the romantic traditions of her childhood. Some years later we find her attending the service for King Charles the Martyr at St. Margaret Pattens on January 30th, and gathering all the Jacobite friends and acquaintances she could discover round some relics that she had been asked to lend to the Stuart Exhibition.

"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," was always her motto. There were, however, two pursuits to which she gave herself with such a passionate ardour, that had either claimed successfully her whole life, she must, in the opinion of more than one good judge, have made herself a

name through it. To many they are mere accomplishments or even pastimes; to her they were arts, through which she tasted the supreme joy of striving after the unattainable ideal.

She was just getting into her "teens" when she met in a country house Mr. Edward Henry Corbould, and received from him, given more in play than earnest, "an enchanting drawing lesson." Friendship quickly grew up between the enthusiastic child and the grey-headed artist, whose reputation dated from days when the Empress Frederick, in early girlhood, was his pupil. For his own pleasure he sketched Irene in her simple short frock, with her fair hair on her shoulders, and from this sketch developed an exquisite ideal picture of her as the Angel of Peace, which he asked her mother to accept.¹ He took a lively interest in her first efforts with the brush, and lent her fascinating "properties" from his studio. Henceforth she took up drawing and painting with indefatigable zeal. At fifteen and sixteen her diary abounds with such entries as: "Painted a lovely rose which sweet — gave me." "Box of lovely flowers from —. Tried to paint some of them." "Failed to paint a rose." She studied art diligently with Miss Anna Jones, recognising that a good artist must be made as well as born.

One remembers her delight in frequent gifts of country flowers, and how she distributed them to sick or solitary acquaintances, and to the laundry-women whom she addressed during their dinner-hour; how she decorated her home, where no hand but hers ever arranged the flowers, and reproduced the choicest blooms in the panels which she designed there, and in the houses of one or two friends, who highly appreciated this characteristic gift. She accomplished other good work in oil, but was perhaps most successful in water-colour landscape. In addition to using every opportunity brought by summer wanderings, she copied

¹ This picture is described in the poem on p. xv.

the Turners in the National Gallery, preparing thus for that most remunerative sketching in Kashmir which was the crown of her artistic work. She was also fond of painting on china, illuminating on vellum, and tracing out title-pages, etc., with quaint lettering and decorative borders; and she executed some of her own floral designs in dainty bits of embroidery for wedding gifts. To her æsthetic sense of the fitness of things, rather than to mere soft delight in luxury or vain joy in ostentation, may be attributed her insistence on becoming attire and surroundings whose harmony of form and colour should satisfy the eye. A dowdy garment or a slovenly and tasteless room was a real trial to her, and neither her intellectual ambition nor her manifold activities would ever have turned her into a strongminded woman of the useful but unattractive type that enjoys openly defying the graceful frivolities and small elegancies of her sex.

Pictures of hers were exhibited more than once in London and elsewhere. But as time went on, she numbered other noted artists among her friends, and the high ideal thus fostered made her increasingly diffident about her own powers. A life-size portrait of her in oil, by Miss Kate Morgan, hung in the principal room of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1890.

And pencil and brush were not her first love. From the day that she trotted into the schoolroom, aged four, and most unexpectedly asked for a piano lesson, to the day, the week before she died, that she led the choral service in the gorge at Kharbu, she had the very soul of music. She was so musical that when tired physically, or depressed or overwrought mentally, she would play the "Moonlight" sonata through from memory as a tonic and refreshment instead of going to the sofa; so musical that she got famished when there was no good music about her. Working with a persevering intensity that only real capacity makes possible, she

became a finished pianist, who could go on, hour after hour, without a note, through compositions she had not recalled for months—fugues of Bach, sonatas of Beethoven, valse of Chopin—as if she could never forget what she had once learned. Her best beloved instrument was the organ built for her mother in her girlhood. On both piano and organ and in theory of music Mr. Henry Bird was her teacher.

She studied singing during seven years with Madame Louise Cellini, and so pure-toned and powerful was her voice that her instructress assured her it would have been well worth her while to become a professional vocalist. "We cannot realise that we shall never see her bright and happy face, or hear her sweet voice again," writes a London friend; and a friend in Philadelphia speaks of her singing thus: "Irene's singing always brought before me Goethe's 'She sings as the bird sings'—a certain little toss of the head always brought to my mind the airy, happy grace of deer or bird. It was unlike anything—in anyone else; as she was unlike anyone else, her own individual, high, pure self, showing externally her glorious ideal."

CHAPTER II

HOME LIFE

What is the meaning of the Christian life?
Is it success or vulgar wealth or name?
Is it a weary struggle, a mean strife,
For rank, low gains, ambition, or for fame?
What sow we for? The world? For fleeting time?
Or far-off harvests, richer, more sublime?

*Lines transcribed by Irene into her copy of the
Life of Henry Martyn.*

THE year 1885 was a particularly happy one for Irene. On March 18th her mother presented her, and none of the *débutantes* who kissed the Queen's hand that day looked forward more radiantly than she to the joys of being "out." She ingenuously admits in her diary that she enjoyed her first parties "immensely," "found them very amusing," and so forth. Then at an age when the child's power of overflowing delight blends with the adult's power of appreciation, she went abroad for the first time, and travelled with parents and sister in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Geography had been from early childhood an engrossing study; and in her girlish "Confessions" book she wrote that concerts and travelling were her favourite recreations, and that her chief ambition was to go all over the world. It would be hard to say whether art or nature, cathedrals or Alps, picture-galleries or Italian lakes, gave her intenser happiness. The album of her first tour, strongly imbued, like all else



From a photo by Byrne & Co., Richmond.

[Facing p. 18.]

from her deft hand, with her individuality, adds to the usual photographs and maps marking routes, delicate water-colours by her own brush and dried ferns and flowers from many places.

Did this enjoyable year beguile her into worldliness? The conventional "worldliness" of going to balls and races and theatres lay indeed outside her scheme of existence, for these were questionable pleasures, best avoided and not hankered after in an already full life; but the less easily defined and condemned worldliness of suffering the unquestioned recreations of travel, concerts, exhibitions, entertaining and being entertained, to become almost insensibly one's sole occupation might possibly have entangled her, had not 1886 begun with a sorrow as great as it was sudden. On January 31st, after only a fortnight's illness, and only a few hours of actual anxiety, her dearly loved mother passed into the silence. The organ of the Christian Women's Education Union, in acknowledging the helpfulness of her "calm judgment and wise counsel," says: "Hers was an eminently quiet life, felt to be a strong influence in her home for everything good." From the carefully kept record of her last words, one or two addressed to her youngest child must be quoted here: "Keep up your music and painting, and use them to the glory of God. . . . I hope you will be very happy, and have many pleasures, and think that I am with you in them. . . . I hope you may have many Christian friends, and take up real work for God. . . . Always try to remember the one great object of life, and seek to influence others for Jesus. Count every day when you have not done so a lost day. . . . May my little one be kept very close to Jesus, and unspotted from the world."

Almost twelve years later an intimate friend, who knew nothing about these last words, wrote thus concerning Irene: "Her course on earth was one that brought glory to God

and blessing to everyone with whom she came in contact. Her perfect unselfishness or selflessness seemed almost a silent reproach to us, as well as her unworldliness of character. She always gave me the idea of one satisfied—satisfied with Christ, satisfied with the will of God, satisfied with the love of God." The influence of those quiet months of mourning will be referred to again later on.

But although Irene was not "of the world" she was "in the world" always, even as we shall see in Kashmir. She was never convinced that true Christians should hold entirely aloof from ordinary social intercourse. Her father, who had all the qualities that could make a guest welcome or a host popular, greatly enjoyed society in the comparative leisure of his later years. There are good people whose time seems to be at the command of everyone except their nearest relatives; but the claim for companionship of the bereaved parent who had been such a good father to her settled for Irene the question of accepting many invitations that he cared about. How much Irene herself was sought after may be inferred from sentences of reminiscence written by three different friends who often met her: "The lovely, sweet Irene! I can so well think of the beautiful countenance, and what a happy time those days at Wick Hall were!" "I always think of Irene as a sunbeam, and that in this world is in itself a great power of blessing." "Dear Irene was one of the rare characters who unite much gentleness, sweetness, and affection with brilliant talents."

A magazine article by a writer who has since made her mark in historical fiction contains a sketch of Irene, entitled "a few personal glimpses of one who throughout her short life was a helper of women in the truest sense." The first of these may be given here. The occasion to which it refers was a picnic in Epping Forest one sunny day in leafy June, when her voice rang out in a spirited Jacobite ditty,

and swept even the severest Whigs of the party into the chorus of—

Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing.
Onward, the sailors cry!
Carry the lad that is born to be king
Over the waves to Skye!

“I wish I could call up before the minds of my readers the picture of Irene Petrie as I saw her first, four years ago, in the midst of a merry gathering of friends, of which her youth and vigour and joyous, gifted nature made her the life and soul. The summer sunshine streaming round her seemed to find its reflection in her bright face and golden hair as she moved among us, equally ready to join with her quick wit in every game proposed, or to sing at our request to her guitar, or to withdraw into the background to talk to anyone who might seem ‘out in the cold.’ Well born, talented, and highly cultured, with an unusually large circle of friends, among whom her charm of manner made her a universal favourite, Irene Petrie truly had great gifts, and she not only enjoyed them gratefully, as coming from a loving Father’s hand, but used them every one in His service.”

Again, one remembers Irene at some large “at home,” leading the animated talk of a gay young group, or singing such a song as Glück’s “Che faro senza Euridice” or some majestic strain of Handel’s with organ accompaniment, wholly unconscious of the admiration roused not by her voice only; one remembers the maidenly dignity with which in her own house she eluded compliments and adulation, and placing herself beside some elderly or timid guest, brought all her lively fancy to the entertaining of one who might have been passed by as the most insignificant person present; one remembers her the life of the whole party in a country house, organising games on a wet day, telling stories to the children, willing not only to play or sing

herself as happily to an audience of one as to a roomful of connoisseurs, but to show off someone else's playing or singing to the best advantage as a thoroughly skilful and sympathetic accompanist; one remembers how many tempting invitations she found no time to accept, and how invariably she did find time to visit and cheer the friend living alone drearily on narrow means, the old lady who was rather deaf and therefore very dull, the invalid whose monotonous days were seldom enlivened by a bright young face. Her calling list abounded with people who had few callers; and she was always glad to have those asked to the house who could not ask again. "Being an invalid," says one friend, "my sister cared little for going out; but she always enjoyed going to Hanover Lodge, for dear Irene made everyone who came into the house so happy. She never spoke about herself, she never seemed to think of herself at all. She always appeared to me to be one of the holiest and loveliest characters possible."

With the tendency to hero-worship latent in all natures touched to fine issues, Irene delighted in the society of those to whom she could look up; but quick sympathy, unflinching tact, and feminine facility for making her companion feel cleverer than herself caused her to be much liked by many who were frankly unintellectual. This was partly because, as one phrases it, "there was no self-consciousness about her simple, sweet manner," and partly because, as another says, "she had a sympathetic manner which attracted you, and made you feel you could never forget her." The note of distinction in all she did never made her formidable to the least clever; and one does not remember her stigmatising anybody as a "bore"; rather she called out of apparently commonplace people that which was not commonplace. "Toadies" and flatterers she abhorred, and those who tried to fawn on her had a very short shrift; but

she owned many real friends of quite humble station. She could always put a shy or a dowdy person at their ease, without appearing to patronise them; but no one could be more haughtily unapproachable to an "uppish" or conceited person. Even when she was a child the most presumptuous could not dream of taking a liberty with her. Lively and courageous, with a keen perception of character and an almost embarrassing sense of the ludicrous, she had little in common with the sentimental and rather weak-minded type after which some foolishly suppose enthusiasts for foreign missions to be moulded.

This may be read by those to whom social success for a girl means what the world understands by a good marriage. It may even be read by those coarse-minded enough to imagine that a girl generally devotes herself to charitable or religious work because she has had "a disappointment," or because she has not been sought. Those who knew the buoyant and heartwhole Irene could never associate such thoughts with her. Others may as well be told directly that she was sought more than once. To play the part of Lady Clara Vere de Vere would have been impossible to her fine sense of honour, and the gossips were always baffled. She was sought but not won, for her taste was fastidious and her ideal high; and just turned twenty she wrote in her "Confessions" book that her "idea on the subject of matrimony" was that "no one should marry under thirty years of age." When she herself attained that age she was (in her own phrase) "married to her work as a missionary." Nobody took a livelier interest in the love affairs of her friends, or more unfeigned delight in their happy marriages; but few girls can have given less thought to marriage for themselves. In her active life there could be no scope for solitary daydreaming, and even in the most intimate home talk the subject was never discussed. The only

reference to it, and that a remote one, which can be recalled is a half-playful allusion to plans the three sisters had made for their future, when, like most children, they settled in the nursery to their own satisfaction what they would do and be hereafter. Irene was to marry the owner of a castle in the Highlands, some fairy prince in their own special land of romance. She quoted this after a long round of country visits, and only a month or two before she declared her missionary purpose. One recent visit had suggested that she might have to withdraw the above quoted "confession"; possibly she divined this, since she said earnestly, after alluding to the nursery nonsense: "There was a time when a life of leisure for literature and art, and ample means as mistress of a spacious country house, seemed most desirable to me. Now I know that it could never satisfy me."

Irene sometimes quoted this saying: "The church would not hold my acquaintance, but the pulpit would contain my friends." The acquaintance gradually promoted to her "pulpit" became very numerous; she was known to an unusually large number by her Christian name; and those whom she admitted to intimacy were not only numerous but curiously diverse, affection for Irene being apparently almost the only thing they had in common. Her character was many-sided, and each side seemed to draw a different type of friend to her. One thing that not only won but kept her friends was her generosity of disposition. She could and did denounce things and even people that she disapproved of hotly enough. But in her sunny nature there was not a trace of that chilling cynicism, that trick of petty disparagement, developed in harsh and disappointed souls, and affected by some shallow people who wish to be reckoned "smart,"—

The long-necked geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little.

Many very different people have written that to know Irene was to love her; here are one or two other typical expressions of what her friendship meant to her friends: "To have known and loved Irene has been a wide education." "It is an honour to have known and loved dear Irene." "We cannot be thankful enough for the privilege of having known such an one." "Dear, glorious Irene! I am proud to have known her as a friend." "I thank God that Irene called me her friend. I feel so unworthy of her, but the thought of her has always been an inspiration to what is good and holy, and should be so more and more." "She was one of those rare, beautiful souls who carry wherever they go an atmosphere of purity and goodness, and insensibly make all who come in contact with them better for their sweet influence. I shall never forget her. In her I have lost a good and noble-hearted friend, and all my life long I shall hold her in loving and tender remembrance." She was indeed, as these extracts show, one greatly beloved and one capable of loving in no common degree. Her power of attracting and radiating love made her life melodious and luminous, so that in the memory of all who knew her she abides as "sweet and bright Irene."

"Remember," it has been well said, "that the love for yourself, which you inspire in others, is to be used by you to lead them to God." Great indeed is the privilege of one who, being the friend of many, finds a sacred though never formally recognised ministry in all friendly intercourse. Irene never preached either at or to people; nor was there in her manner any subtle suggestion of the thought, "You are only a worldlying; I am one of God's own." But very quietly and unostentatiously she continually sought to influence those least likely to be influenced for God by others. For a frivolous girl friend she wrote out the Bishop of Lichfield's "Plain Rules of Christian Life," which she

had made her own from childhood, instead of merely giving her a printed copy; some friends she incited to Bible reading by giving a Revised Version, when an Authorised Version might have hinted in an offensive way that she doubted if they were Bible students already.

Both at home and in Kashmir, as will be shown later on, she exercised a remarkable influence on those whose immediate surroundings were less religious than her own. "She did so adorn the religion she professed; and hers was such a happy nature," writes one; while another, whose own outlook was mainly upon the most worldly and luxurious aspect of society, says: "I was *very* fond of dear little Irene. She was so sweet and bright, and a *real*, practical Christian." "She made goodness itself attractive," writes another; and the thought is poetically elaborated by yet a fourth London friend thus: "Like the perfume of an exquisite flower her memory will ever live in the hearts of all who knew her, and who, like myself, were attracted by the sunshine of her sweet face, and the true consistency of her life."

So modestly and, as it were, unofficially did her character and conduct witness for God, that her religious influence may appear to have been casual. That it was by no means casual was shown by her answer to the direct question of an intimate friend: "I should as soon think of going out to pay calls without putting on my hat as without offering up a prayer."

This much, then, of what Irene was to acquaintances and to friends. What she was to her own cannot be spoken of here. No one ever loved home more than she, who gave as her "definition of happiness," "Being with those I love," and she has left her home for ever fragrant with her lovely memory.

We have dwelt on the fact that the early life of the future

missionary appeared to be similar to that of hundreds of other girls. Reticence as to personal feelings and experiences was the tradition of her antecedents; so we can only infer from her after-career that she had fought the good fight and kept the faith throughout her youth. She must have fought the flesh, or she could not have become so unselfish; she must have waged unceasing warfare against the spirit of the world, or she could not have become so unworldly; and it was when she had approved herself in both conflicts that she was called to the front for that strife with heathenism which is in a special sense a strife against the devil himself.

Again, she never claimed formal recognition as a Christian worker or as a philanthropist, but she lived habitually remembering that "in the kingdom of heaven there is no room for an idle person." These words occur in notes, kept in her diary for 1890, of an address given by the Rev. Armstrong Hall, who had been conducting a mission at St. Mary Abbots.

The duty towards their toiling brothers and sisters of that large class of women who have health, leisure, good education, and sufficient means is not discharged by occasional guineas to charities out of their superfluity, or legacies to societies out of what they can use no longer, by occasional opening of their houses for meetings, or by selling at fashionable bazaars, or by any giving which involves no giving up. It can only be discharged by living out altruism, not as a nineteenth-century phrase, but as a first-century principle. Of this Irene was fully convinced; and her answer to the question, "What do you consider the noblest aim in life?" was given in a favourite quotation of hers, this strong sentence from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*; "The glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."

Long before she went to India she had learned "to scorn

delights and live laborious days," asking not "What bit of work should I most care to do?" but "What is least likely to be done by others if I do not do it?" She shaped no ambitious schemes, but humbly carried out Kingsley's familiar injunction :—

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles;
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

Her givings were not great, but they were numerous; and she always gave herself with them, never grudging time, which is often less easily given than money. Nothing ordered from a shop could, for instance, have expressed such comforting sympathy as the wreath and cross she made with her own hands for one of the servants to place on her grandchild's coffin.

Sunday school work she began earliest, and kept up most continuously. In October, 1883, she undertook a Sunday class and also a Wednesday evening Bible class of poor boys in the Latymer Road Mission. Of this her father was a trustee, having been one of its founders in 1862. There she taught regularly for more than two years. She was then asked to take a class in the Sunday school for well-educated children—almost the first of its kind in London—which Mr. Glyn had formed in the St. Mary Abbots Vicarage Parish Room. For nearly eight years (January, 1886, to July, 1893) Irene's place there was never vacant; and some of her thirty-seven pupils were under her instruction for four or five years.

In May, 1887, she went up for the annual examination in Holy Scripture and English Church History, etc., held all over the kingdom at different centres, for teachers, by the Church of England Sunday School Institute. She came out

"first in all England." In 1891 she took the newly inaugurated special examination in the art of teaching for successful candidates in the general examination, and came out once more at the head of the list.

In July, 1884, she signed the pledge, being already a total abstainer in practice. Henceforth she took an active share in the work of the Church of England Temperance Society. From January, 1886, to July, 1893, she was treasurer to the Band of Hope of St. John's Church, and secretary to the boys' division of it. In 1890, as a well-instructed member of the National Health Society, she gave the children a course of blackboard instruction on "Alcohol and Health," ending with an examination. Here is a characteristic paragraph from an article she was asked to contribute to *The Temperance Chronicle* for October 7th, 1892, on "Intemperance among Women." After a picture of the child of wage-earning parents, who, straight from factory or counter, begins housekeeping entirely ignorant of cooking, she continues:

"Another girl in a wealthy home 'finishes' her education, and with no more serious duties than note writing and flower arranging, kills time for the next few years in adding to and displaying her outward attractions on all possible occasions. By the time she, too, has to face the real difficulties of life in a home of her own, her health, mental and physical, has suffered gravely from habits of superficial (as opposed to concentrated) thought, excitement alternating with idleness and stagnation, late hours, sudden changes of temperature, dainty feeding, and slavish conformity to the fetich of fashion. How likely is she to succumb to the temptations of the morphia lozenge or the oft-repeated glass of champagne!" Turning to the question of preventive measures, Irene speaks of educating the children in habits of total abstinence, and putting

good and cheap non-alcoholic refreshments within the reach of all, and then says: "But we might use a third preventive measure, if we could bring together in large numbers for mutual help representatives of different planes in society, such as the two just described. Let the rich girl, realising that life was given her for more than mere amusement, and that privileges involve responsibilities, use her abundant means and leisure in self-culture and in mastering some practical knowledge of healthy homes and habits, that she may go forth to her less favoured sister, to share with her spiritual and intellectual privileges whereby both the motives and the interests of life may be elevated, and to help her, not only with kindly sympathy, but with tactful counsel and guidance as to her home life. . . . If such a vice as drunkenness is increasing among women, it is time, surely, to lay to heart again the ancient and fair ideal of the life of the true Homemaker, dedicated first to her God and then to the welfare of those around her."

The Children's Special Service Mission appears in the biographies of many missionaries of the younger generation. Irene's love of Bible study and love of children inevitably made her interested in its ally, the "Children's, Young People's, and Schoolboys' Scripture Union." In May, 1885, she induced five of her Latymer Road boys to join it, and in 1888 formed out of her St. Mary Abbots class the nucleus of the "Kensington Park Branch." In all, fifty-seven children joined this, of whom about a dozen were cousins or child friends, others pupils in the St. Mary Abbots and Latymer Road Sunday schools, girls in her father's Sunday class, and members of the St. John's Band of Hope. To those at a distance she wrote every month; those within reach she invited about once a month in little groups, according to their different circumstances, to her own study. There she prayed with them, showed maps and pictures illus-

trating their daily reading, and told about other members in distant lands.

In March, 1886, she began to give addresses during the dinner-hour in the workrooms of a large shop in Kensington. This was her first effort for working girls. In 1889 she undertook, in connexion with the Factory Helpers' Union, to address the women in the West Kensington Laundry.

Of all home missions, the one in which she was most deeply interested was that originated in 1866 by Mrs. Meredith and her sister, Miss Lloyd—the Prison Mission, whose headquarters are at the Conference Hall, Clapham Road, and the Princess Mary Village Homes, Addlestone, Surrey, built on land given by Miss C. G. Cavendish, called after the late Duchess of Teck, and founded in 1871. Here some two hundred daughters of prisoners and others, all rescued from either criminal or vicious surroundings, are housed and trained, more than ninety-six per cent. of whom turn out well, and the "family system," tried for the first time in this institution, has been frequently copied since. The three ladies just named were dear friends of Irene's mother, and her father was for over twenty years a trustee and active helper of the Homes. Though as a rule Irene declined to take part in bazaars, which she regarded as very unsatisfactory enterprises, she was persuaded to organise the music for a large bazaar held in May, 1890, in the Kensington Town Hall, on behalf of Mrs. Meredith's work. With the help of her many musical friends she got up two good concerts and a band of eighteen stringed and wind instruments, played by first-rate amateurs, who met regularly for practice at Hanover Lodge.

She was constantly serving others through her music. Her own performances, vocal and instrumental, were up to the professional standard; as was seen by her taking part twice in Madame Cellini's annual concert in St. James's Hall, singing once, and once accompanying the whole choir on

the piano—no easy task, as she had to transpose some difficult music, and play with a well-known professional at the organ.

Not only at social gatherings, but at charity concerts innumerable, was her music in demand. But what pleased her more than any drawing-room or concert-hall plaudits was singing or playing to an audience of factory girls, or blind folks, or women whom Mrs. Meredith's Prison Mission was helping to a new life, or sick paupers at the Kensington Infirmary on Christmas Day, or toiling poor people at a temperance entertainment or in a mission hall, where through such a hymn as "I heard the voice of Jesus say" she could sing the Gospel to them.

On a good many occasions she played for the 8 a.m. daily service in St. Mary Abbots. In 1889 the iron church of St. Paul's, erected for the overflowing congregation of the parish church, was replaced by a permanent building. After its consecration, on the evening of St. Paul's Day, a service was held at which Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was sung. Preparing to take part in this had been a great joy to Irene, especially when she invited the choir to Hanover Lodge for a final rehearsal at her organ on January 23rd. The exquisite chorus "How lovely are the messengers" is for many inseparably associated with the thrilling tones of her voice, for it became her favourite musical contribution to the missionary meetings for which she organised choirs.

While Irene was at school, a request made to her sister as a student at college to help another young student in the country led to the formation of some correspondence classes, which gradually developed into the College by Post. Its aim is to encourage cultivation of the mind for its own sake among girls no longer receiving regular instruction at home or at school who have little opportunity of obtaining professional tuition, and also to promote, not among girls only, Bible study on a definite system. Some five thousand

students have now been enrolled, who have been taught entirely through correspondence by over four hundred well-qualified honorary teachers. Miss G. E. Robinson, B.A., is its present Head.

Irene's connexion with the College by Post was very close, from the days she as a schoolgirl helped to copy its original MS. papers, and later on taught some of its leading classes, to those in which she stirred up missionary zeal among all its students by her annual letter from the field. She gave much aid from time to time in the routine work, and on two or three occasions superintended the whole for a few weeks during her sister's absence. Her own most important class was one of the eight original classes formed in February, 1888, for the Chronological Scripture Cycle. Hers was the class through which that scheme (now embodied in *Clews to Holy Writ*) was tested in detail term by term, and her advice and suggestions, based on the answers written by some of the foremost students, were of the greatest value in revising the first editions of the Chronological Scripture Cycle papers. Fifty-two students passed through the class during the five and a half years she conducted it, and her zeal and thoroughness as a teacher produced a high standard of work.

This chapter of the home life, which was both a preparation for and an earnest of future effort abroad, is illustrated by a series of thirty letters, ranging from January, 1888, to September, 1893, addressed to a student who was afterwards on the staff of the College by Post. The first welcomes her into the class, announces its plans, and continues: "I shall be most glad if our work together proves interesting and profitable, and much will be gained if we learn to love and value the Holy Bible more than we have done before, and if we find in it hitherto undiscovered treasures of knowledge and guidance in the Christian life. I hope we shall always remember the Sunday morning united prayer

for a blessing on our work, which draws teacher and students, though far apart, together more than anything else could." The second letter suggests the daily committing of one verse of Scripture to memory. In a third letter, mentioning some helpful commentaries, she adds: "But after all, we may gain far more from prayerful and diligent study of the Word of God itself than from any books." Succeeding letters deal with questions as to difficulties in a way that indicates much research on the teacher's part for the express purpose of informing her correspondent. In one she suggests special subjects for prayer arising out of the reading. When the class passed in 1890, from the Old Testament to the New, she writes: "Delightful as the Old Testament has been, I suppose we are all glad to begin reading afresh the wonderful life of Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us. One longs that everyone who is influenced by the Chronological Scripture Cycle may know Him more perfectly than ever before." She sends each of the thirty members of the class a motto for 1891, illuminating it on vellum as a Bible marker for the foremost students, and writing it on card in a species of calligraphy at which she was skilful for the rest. A question as to the rejection of Christ by the Jews leads to a warm word of sympathy for Jewish missions, and in a letter dated November, 1892, she says of the mission field abroad: "The needs out there are indeed awful."

In December, 1891, through an examination in Hygiene, Nursing, and First Aid to the Injured, subjects on which she had been for two years attending lectures, Irene won the silver medal of the National Health Society. In February, 1892, she undertook the Hygiene class in the College by Post, which she had till September, 1893.

One of her students, who did not know her personally, says: "Her bright letters were always a help. We can feel so that her life, early brought to a close, is not wasted,

but only poured out for the Master." A student, not in her classes, who saw her just once, writes: "The day I called . . . is amongst the happiest recollections of my life. I felt so drawn towards your sister. . . . My prayers have often been specially with her." Other students who had not seen or corresponded with her were strongly influenced by her. Miss Elsie Waller, Head of the College from 1894 to 1898, writes: "Many of the teachers and students loved to read her letters, and liked them the best of all." "No letter from Miss Petrie," was the regretful exclamation of many on opening the Annual Letter for Christmas, 1897; and "when we read its news," says one student, "we all felt as if we had lost a personal friend." "We followed her missionary career with special interest," says another, "and welcomed the stirring letters she wrote from Kashmir." Yet one more, never in direct personal contact with her, writes: "For her, life was indeed worth living. If all of us who knew of her strive to follow her as she followed Christ, life will be beautiful for us too."

Such were some of the enterprises that kept Irene incessantly busy during seven days of the week. For her Sunday included, besides two services and the Sunday school, instruction of a younger servant, hymn-singing to the venerable housekeeper, who could not get to church, and a long evening of strenuous Bible study. She never owned to fatigue, never wasted an hour, and never shrank from any task because it involved continuous trouble, but endeavoured to complete everything she undertook to the minutest detail. She always worked at full speed, with a vehement diligence that enabled her to achieve before others had finished planning. She turned rapidly from one thing to another, and gave to the matter in hand an attention as concentrated as if it were the only thing she ever attempted. Again and again, while others were gathering up their effects to retire to rest, she

would seize a pen, and dash off at breathless pace a shower of little notes as unreckoned addenda to the evening's doings.

The "amazing vitality" which had been remarked upon in her childhood resulted from health so good that, until she went to India, she was never off duty for a whole day through illness. This was partly, no doubt, because she was too busy to be ill; instead of permitting trifling indispositions to hinder her, she often threw them off by sheer force of disregarding them. Probably, however, she was not as robust as she believed herself to be. "She had," writes a College by Post colleague, "such a sweet, bright, eager spirit. Perhaps it worked a frail body too hard. But it does seem beautiful for her to have passed away in the work of bringing others to Christ."

Hard work at home alternated with holiday travel, which she keenly enjoyed. The favourite summer outing was a series of visits to English and Scottish friends and kinsfolk, varied with an entirely primitive life in the remote Highlands; when with a good map, sketching materials, and a satchel of oat-cakes, she would start betimes and tramp over moor and mountain, ideally happy, till nightfall. There were also tours in the Lake District, in Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Scilly Isles, a voyage off the west coast of Scotland in the brilliant Jubilee summer of 1887, and Continental travel, seeking nature at her loveliest and art in its highest expressions of painting, sculpture, and architecture. She walked across the Alps four times, said she loved the very smell of a railway train, and that next to the Bible, Bradshaw and Baedeker were her favourite books. Planning out our tour so as to diversify historic cities with wilds of the Alps and Apennines, and to get off the tourist track altogether sometimes, was a recreation for months beforehand, and she also delighted in devising tours for friends. One re-

calls her within the narrow limits of a lodging at Keswick, while the table was being laid for a meal, dropping on one knee at the sideboard and writing out a complicated programme for a Scottish trip—a morning's work for most people. A friend had just come in, announcing that she was going North immediately; and while another would have been saying, "I would have done it had you given me time," Irene did it.

Widely differing conceptions of Irene's many-sided individuality must have been formed by those about her. To some she seemed a highly cultured woman, never at a loss if the talk turned on books; to others she seemed to belong entirely to the world of sweet sound, most truly herself when contributing to a concert, or practising *l'art de tenir salon* at a musical at home; to others she was first of all an artist, keenest about pictures, and looking out on all sides for possible sketches; others saw in her a church worker on the platform, giving a telling temperance address to Band of Hope children or working men and women in the East End, or a missionary address not only overflowing with enthusiasm but well reasoned and well informed, or a Bible lecture or model lesson to Sunday school teachers that showed her aptitude for teaching. But to most people, after all, she was a popular girl in society, receiving friends with an enjoyment that made them enjoy, invariably saying the right thing, remembering the relatives and circumstances of even slight acquaintances, so that she could without fail make the sympathetic inquiry and give the appropriate introduction; never forgetting a kindness or leaving a token of goodwill unacknowledged, always finding time for the courteous note of thanks or of explanation that oils the wheels of intercourse; and attending to all the other social amenities as if she had nothing else to think of.

Her minute exactitude in all money matters, and her plodding accuracy and sustained effort in all she undertook, are qualities not always found in the brilliant and versatile. Highly emotional and ardently enthusiastic by nature, she became by habit a woman of business capacity and steadfast purpose. She not only had a remarkable power of carrying out what she willed to do, thrusting aside all intervening obstacles, but also a power of attaching people to her in a way that made them eager to fall in with her wishes. She always knew her own mind, and liked to order the lives of others. In a hundred small matters there was no appeal from her decision, yet those about her bent to her will quite unconscious how absolutely she ruled them.

This attempt towards a faithful portrait has shown that we tell not of a faultless heroine, but of one whose character was to be slowly perfected by Divine grace. Sprung from warlike and enterprising forebears, leaders of men, and mistress to a large extent of her own actions from the time she lost her mother, Irene grew up keen to enjoy and to achieve, quick-tempered, strong-willed, imperious, full of restless energy, though never aught but lovable.

As time went on there was a softening, though not a weakening, of this vigorous nature, as the words of three friends who knew her in the later years at home indicate: "What a beautiful life hers was! It is well that those who had not the privilege of meeting her should hear of her sweet unassumingness and wonderful ability and devotion." "She was so quiet and gentle, her presence seemed to calm one." "Her sweet and victorious gentleness abides with me when I think of every time I saw her, and she takes her place among them so naturally when one thinks of the holy ones in Paradise."

And those who knew her in Kashmir were, as we shall see, struck first of all by her patience, her humility, her

unselfishness, her habitual willingness to take the lowest place. Modified by the discipline of life, the very characteristics that might have been regarded as unworthy of a Christian were among the things that justified the strongly expressed anticipation that she would become "an inspiring missionary leader."

That she accomplished so much in her short life was mainly due to the fact that hers was "a heart at leisure from itself"; that she had neither thoughts nor words for her own particular fads or fancies or grievances; but needed the whole of her time and her energy for others. To have exchanged such untiring activities for the uneventful, effortless ease which is some people's idea of the life beyond would not have been happiness to such an one as she. Kingsley surely is right when he says: "The everlasting life cannot be a selfish, idle life, spent only in individual happiness." That could not be the meaning of the statement that hereafter "His servants shall serve Him."

CHAPTER III

THE CALL

Therefore, though all men smiled on him, though smooth
Life's path lay stretched before, . . .

. . . he turned from all

To that untried, laborious way which lay
Across wide seas, to spend a lonely life
Spreading the light he loved. . . .

The Brahmins' fables, the relentless lie
Of Islam, these he chose to bear, who knew
How swift the night should fall on him, and burned
To save one soul alive while yet 'twas day.

LEWIS MORRIS, *Vision of Saints.*

THE story of how our Master calls His own by name and leads them out is always instructive, especially when it contains nothing extraordinary, when the desire is uttered to God secretly in response to the call, and the servant rises up as a matter of course to obey it on being promoted from "tarrying by the stuff" to "going down to the battle" with the vanguard of the army.

Most of Irene's kith and kin were greatly startled, some were grieved, even shocked, at the announcement of her missionary purpose. They felt, as a friend often at Hanover Lodge says, that she was one of the happiest and most charming of those they knew; and some are still asking in perplexity why she left the home which she loved so well. "I thought Irene more than charming," writes a Worcestershire friend "and that there was no position she would not grace. It

seemed in one way a waste of her beauty and talent going to those far-off lands. But God knew better." Others were not altogether surprised. "When I was told of her departure for India," says a friend at Tunbridge Wells, "the vision recurred in a flash of Irene calling on me several years before, looking so pretty in her youthful freshness and dainty attire, and talking of a girl friend with whose parents she had recently stayed. I could see how she was yearning for her soul, and I realise now that even then she was thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit." We must go back to her earliest days to understand how this came to pass.

Ten diminutive books, whose woodcuts were antiquated enough to be fascinating, made her childish eyes familiar with the modest mission station, the hideous idol, the graceful Oriental listening to the preacher in the Indian bazar, the benchful of sable scholars in the African school. They were old volumes of the *Children's Missionary Magazine*, founded in 1838, and therefore four years older than the C.M.S. *Juvenile Instructor*, now the *Children's World*. In 1848 Miss Barber became its editor for a long term of years, and formed in connection with it the still existing "Coral Fund," which produced at her death over £1,000 a year. The many attractive missionary books she wrote have doubtless had a share in bringing about the present widening recognition of our duty to the heathen; but her school, already referred to on p. 1, was pre-eminently her "own mission station." The contributions to her magazine of one old pupil, signed "E.G.M.," show how Irene's mother delighted in "the encouraging records of the spread of the everlasting Gospel." Later on she took her own little girls to see another old pupil of Miss Barber's, who had become "residuary legatee" of her missionary zeal, and the lively Irene solemnly pronounced that this lady's house had "a missionary smell."

From her Irene received *Little Tija*, the story of a convert in India, by Mrs. Batty, a book that was read to her again and again by a nurse to whom she was greatly attached, the only child of the housekeeper already mentioned, who had been a much valued servant of her grandmother's, and who has now lived to see a fourth generation at Hanover Lodge. Her daughter, as a very young girl, entered its nursery when Irene was still in arms, and grew up into her devoted attendant and confidential maid, hardly separated from Irene for a day till filial duty detained her from accompanying her young lady to India. Even when Irene could read she preferred to be read to; and Elliott read to her by the hour while she worked with needle or brush. On her thirteenth birthday a book called *Childhood in India* was presented to her, whose inscription—"May this volume still further increase her interest in the country she has so diligently sought acquaintance with"—shows that her future mission-field was already much in her thoughts. She was thirteen also when her godfather, Mr. Bosanquet, of Rock Hall, Alnwick (who has now given a daughter to the C.M.S. for Japan), sent her Mr. Eugene Stock's *History of the Fuh-kien Mission*. Elliott had finished reading this, and they were out walking together, when Irene said suddenly, "Promise me that you will come out with me to China as a missionary when I am grown up."

She must have been one of the earliest members of the St. Mary Abbots Missionary Union, for her card of membership bears date, March 20th, 1879. It had been formed to encourage in the parish observance of the two annual Days of Intercession for Missions which were appointed in 1872 by the Archbishops at the instance of the S.P.G.; with results manifestly great both at home and abroad. Irene attended the quarterly meetings of the Union regularly; and later on, after her Confirmation, we find such

entries in her diary as: "Went to a delightful missionary meeting." "To the zenana meeting. Enjoyed it very much."

Many a child in a religious home hears enough about missions to rouse a romantic aspiration to be a missionary, which, however, fades into one of the childish things put away before the absorbing occupations of school, college, professional work, or society. In Irene's busiest schooldays there are no allusions to such meetings; but a fortnight after the entry, "Last day at the dear High School. Good-bye to all the dear people," we read: "Cambridge results. What is the use of it all? Why should I be glad of the honours?" Then a few weeks later still: "Valedictory zenana meeting. Very interesting." Then not another word on the subject till after the death of the mother who had almost idolised her, and who was dearer to her than anything else on earth, for Irene one of those uprooting sorrows that reveal us to our own souls, and remove us from all life's distractions to consider life itself. She notes attending early Communion with her father and sister on the following Sunday, February 7th, 1886, and adds a reference from the Prayer Book version of Psalm xxxii. to the cry of the distressed, "Thou art a place to hide me in," and the Divine promise, "I will teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go." This is a significant entry, for the desire to give herself to missionary effort was reawakened with power in her first sense of orphaned desolation, and coincided with new opportunities of knowledge and fresh stimulus to interest.

That spring and summer she listened, note-book in hand, to two courses of lectures on India given by Mr. Stock to the members of the C.M.S. Ladies' Union; in May she was at the C.M.S. annual meeting for the first time; on November 30th at the C.M.S. meeting in the Kensington Town Hall. Her father had just joined the Kensington C.M.S. Committee

Writing some ninety letters to friends about a course of historical lectures on missions that was given in Kensington in January, 1887, was her own first bit of work for the C.M.S.

Her careful study of English Church History and of modern missions during that spring appears in an article called "Lightbearers and Lightsharers," with "The mighty hopes that make us men" for its motto, which she wrote for the High School magazine of June, 1887, as her first attempt to bring the subject before intelligent young people. Here is one paragraph: "As the reign of Edwin, who hearkened to Christian teaching, was followed by a time of trouble and relapse, so in Madagascar the death of a first Radama was followed by confusion and persecution, till a second Radama, like another Oswald, once more invited missionaries to a settlement in his capital, whence, as from Lindisfarne, other workers may go forth. Again, we read of houses of prayer raised by Ethelbert, Edwin, and Offa. Less than twenty years ago their action was reflected in the offering of a church by the King of Mandalay. Crowther the native, presiding as bishop over the Church of West Africa, reminds us of Deusdedit, the first English Archbishop of Canterbury. In Aidan, the itinerating Bishop of Lindisfarne, we have the forerunner of Heber, also travelling between the stations of a great Church still in its infancy. . . . Again, we hear of a small island, where, under Columba, young missionaries were trained. In Norfolk Island, washed by Pacific waves, we may now look at a similar work among lads, who will disperse to light torches of truth in many Melanesian homes. And do not these very islands remind us of that noble army of martyrs, which numbers not only Aidan, Edmund, Alphege, but Williams, Patteson, Hannington, and those who during the past year have in China sealed their faith with blood?"

Her father and she took a large share in organising the

very successful C.M.S. Exhibition in Kensington in April, 1889, and also helped in a similar exhibition at Bromley, Kent, in April, 1891. Her bright face became familiar to the frequenters of the Church Missionary House, and she grew more and more active as a member both of the Ladies' Union and of the Gleaners' Union.

Effort for missions was no isolated thing; it entered into all the interests of her life. Her influence as a Sunday school teacher led to the formation for the Vicarage Room School of a working party, which now supports a cot in the Cairo Hospital. On three successive Good Fridays she invited the "Sowers' Band" of the Latymer Road Mission to spend a missionary evening with her for hymns at the organ and bright talk, illustrated by maps, pictures, and curiosities; at her request Miss Laurence (formerly of Ningpo, now of Hakodate) came to address the whole Mission school in January, 1892, and great was Irene's delight at having "a real C.M.S. missionary" under her roof for two nights. Her musical gifts she turned to account in many ways. She was a useful member of the C.M.S. ladies' choir at Exeter Hall herself, and enlisted other friends with good voices, asking those who would probably not have gone to the annual meetings at all, unless she had proposed to them to help. On three occasions she organised a choir for the Kensington annual C.M.S. meeting.

She had the pleasure of introducing to each other, when they were both about to offer to the C.M.S., her first intimate friends in the field—Miss Katharine Tristram, B.A., now Principal of the Girls' School at Osaka, Japan, and Miss Minna Tapson, now at Hakodate. They went out together in October, 1888; and one result was that Irene's own thoughts turned to the Land of the Rising Sun, her interest being further quickened by intercourse with Miss Margaret McLean, nine years a missionary there, and by

acquaintance with several of the agreeable and highly educated members of the Japanese Embassy in London, who were often at Hanover Lodge.

Another result was a rapid development of missionary interest in the College by Post. Miss Tristram and Miss Tapson had both been on its staff, and so had Miss Constance Tuting, who went out in 1890 as a Zenana missionary, whom we shall meet again at Amritsar, and Miss Kate Batten, who went to Meerut in 1892 with the C.M.S.

In 1892 Miss Agnes Andrews started in her Scripture class a "Mite Givers' Guild." It was at once taken up by Irene, and twenty-eight members of her class very soon joined it. Its object was to stimulate interest in and prayer and work for foreign missions, and its rules were as follows:—

1. Each member shall pray regularly for foreign missions, either generally, or for some particular branch.
2. Each member shall give regularly, at least once a year, some offering of work or money to a missionary society, taking care that she does not offer to God that which costs her nothing in the way of time, effort, or self-denial.
3. Each member shall take in, or borrow, and read regularly some missionary periodical.
4. Each member shall contribute, if possible, to the Mite Givers' Guild packet.

This packet went round to the members thrice a year, and contained contributions of missionary texts, arranged under suggestive headings; letters from the field; lists of books and periodicals recommended; subjects for prayer; answers to stock criticisms of missions, etc., etc., sowing in this way seeds of information and inspiration in the good soil of minds already concentrated on earnest, intelligent Bible study. Irene copied out for one number Tennyson's "Kapiolani" as a striking missionary tale. One

remembers her characteristic satisfaction in putting up together a letter from a Free Kirk missionary in Poona, sent by one student, and a letter from a former member of the class, now working at Poona with the Cowley Fathers. She felt strongly that missions should be a bond of union between all Christians.

The one member of Irene's Scripture class who ever won maximum marks was Etheline Clifford Hooper. Her frail health obliged her to live at Davos for the last eight years of her short life, and there among her fellow-invalids she formed an earnest branch of the Gleaners' Union. "We in Davos need to use intercessory prayer much, as we are cut off from much active service," was a sentence in a letter from her, which, when she passed away, on October 28th, 1892, Irene repeated to the whole class, adding, "We who have come slightly into touch with this sweet life would like to catch some of its patience and whole-hearted devotion to the cause of Christ."

Results of such effort are not to be given in figures. Only we know that Irene was one of several truly missionary-hearted teachers in the College by Post, and that a very large number of its former students are now in the mission field.

Irene seems to have given her first missionary address in 1888, when on one of many visits to the widow of Captain Polhill-Turner, M.P., of Howbury Hall, Beds. Her two younger sons were among the famous "Cambridge Seven" who went out to China in February, 1885, and her eldest daughter, now Mrs. James Challis, wife of the acting Principal of St. John's College, Agra, was one of Irene's intimate friends. Irene's diary says :—

"*April 9th.*—Bazaar. Sold and sang.

"*April 10th.*—Gave missionary addresses to gentry, after noon ; to people of Renhold village, evening."

Addresses at Gleaners' Unions, Sunday schools, branches of the Girls' Friendly Society, juvenile drawing-room meetings, the "missionary week" at Marylebone, and the children's meeting at Islington College followed, and she lost no opportunity of teaching herself by reading and by hearing those who had been in the field. One observes Kashmir as the subject of a meeting she was at in May, 1891, and Elmslie's *Life among the books* she specially recommended to her students. Qualification for the field was her object in working for the National Health Society medal, though she did not say so. Not dreaming idly of what she would do out there, she did "the next thing" here quietly and faithfully, till her way opened, being, as Browning grandly puts it—

Sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart,

The months flowed on, happy in their manifold activities, which turned more and more into one channel, and deep in her heart, too sacred for utterance yet, lay her strengthening purpose. Her "sunbeam" buoyancy of disposition alternated with occasional fits of depression, not unknown to other high-strung and ardent natures whose powers are always in a state of tension. In such moments she would give strong expression to the fear that she was of little use, was doing nothing that would not be done as well if she were not in existence.

Ah! but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

says Browning through Andrea del Sarto, and this restlessness under present circumstances was the symptom that more and more to her the winning of souls for Christ stood out as the one object for which the life of a Christian is worth living.

The final resolve was arrived at in October, 1891, during the last of a particularly delightful round of northern visits,

on which Irene and her guitar had been more than ever in request. At Rickerby, in Cumberland (a house which has just given a son to the C.M.S.), she met Mr. Robert Wilder, the founder of the Student Volunteer Movement at the Universities. There the clear call to leave the home life was heard and answered; but she did not speak yet, not till February 14th, 1892, for which the entry in her diary is just this: "Told May." I had been describing some February Simultaneous Meetings in the provinces, and telling of one zealous young candidate for service, met under peculiarly interesting circumstances, who now sleeps in an Indian grave after a few months only of labour. She was sitting in the firelight that Sunday evening, just where her mother sat when she dedicated her in infancy to God, as she told that it was her heart's desire to be an honorary missionary of the C.M.S., saying: "I am willing to go anywhere, but the more I read the more I see that India generally, and the Punjab specially, is the place where the fight is hottest and the need of reinforcements greatest." After further talk, she drafted a letter offering to the C.M.S. But when a week or so later she told her father, his consternation and distress were such that she put the unsent letter aside for a time. To her he uttered no strong disapproval, still less forbade her to go, for he warmly sympathised with missionary enterprise. To a neighbour and very dear friend, however, he freely expressed no mere selfish reluctance to lose the light of his eyes, but a fear, justified by the event, that one who had been so cherished and guarded, who had never known hardship, whose energy was always greater than her strength, might soon fall a victim to trying climate and unremitting toil; that a most valuable life, likely to be prolonged at home, would be prematurely cut short abroad. A sagacious doctor also said plainly that no one with Irene's delicate pink and white complexion ought to go to India.

Irene can never have regretted the postponement of her purpose in deference to her father's views. For just three weeks after that memorable Sunday evening the first slight symptoms of what was to prove his last illness appeared. Eight months followed, during which we passed through all the stages of hoping for speedy recovery from a trifling ailment; fearing the illness might be tedious; apprehending that he would never again be his former vigorous self; that his days would be numbered ere he lived out the threescore and ten years; that his remaining time would be short and suffering.

This deepening shadow lay over all the undiminished activities of that summer, and over our last family travel to Lakeland and the Isle of Man. We were at Keswick for the Convention in July; and Irene sang in the choir, entered most heartily into the spirit of that wonderful gathering, attended over fifty meetings, enjoying that for "candidates" most of all, and greatly delighted in a renewal of intercourse with Miss Marsh. The ten days of prayer and praise and preaching ended, we spent a further quiet week in our cosy, white-washed, rose-clad cottage, recalling and laying up in store all that had been learned and heard as we wandered over the Cumberland fells.

Irene hardly left her father during his last months of declining strength, and her music seemed to soothe and relieve him more than aught else. He fell asleep on November 19th, 1892. It was midnight on November 23rd. The drawing-room, which had so often resounded with music and laughter when he was the most genial of hosts, was dim and still, its air heavy with the perfume of masses of flowers beneath which he slept. The two sisters, each all the world to the other more than ever now, since they had no remaining near relative, clung to each other, thinking that early to-morrow the place which had known him would know

him no more; and one of them silently realised that the going forth of the other would not be much longer delayed.

To other people the home life promised to flow on as of old for the orphans, though more sadly and quietly. In the first five months of 1893 Irene spoke twenty times; for the Church of England Temperance Society, for the Scripture Union, and for the C.M.S., counting a course of seven lectures on Hygiene given to the students at the Missionary Training Home, Chelsea. She also helped in the choir for the February Simultaneous Meetings, and was one of three bracketed first in *The Gleaner* for "the best set of three Sunday school lessons with a distinct missionary bearing," which were published in the number for April, 1893. *The Gleaner* for March announced a competitive examination on the 1892 volume, for which Irene had set the paper. It became the model for subsequent ones, and of her questions Mr. Stock said: "They are really splendid; like all good questions, suggestive and instructive before one finds the answers."

"Content to stay at home as long as her Father willed, but ready to go forth immediately He made clear the way," is the true description given of her at this time by one friend. Another friend, to whom she confided her perplexity about leaving her sister quite alone, counselled her to wait for yet plainer guidance. How it came, she herself tells thus in a letter written that summer to a third intimate: "Last month May and I went for two days to visit Mrs. Carus-Wilson at her beautiful house at Hampstead. The two days became a week, and then a second short visit was planned, resulting in May's most happy engagement to her youngest son. . . . The wedding will (D.V.) be at the end of August. Directly afterwards they sail for Montreal, where he is Professor of Electrical Engineering at McGill University. . . . May and I propose to let our house for

a year or two, though I hope they will return and make this their home later on. . . . I hope, if it can be arranged, to sail for India about October; for this change in May's life seems to open the way wonderfully to the mission field, where my heart has been for years."

We met Professor Carus-Wilson for the first time on May 31st. That day three months I became his wife; that day five months Irene was at Gibraltar. A cousin, and two friends for whom she had a strong affection, said to her as soon as the engagement was announced, "Let my home be yours now, dear Irene." Or she could have lived on in the old home, with the devoted household and the encircling friends, dwelling, like the lady of Shunem, among her own people. But before the end of June she had taken steps towards leaving that home for ever.

She went out with joy, her heart's desire granted. "I shall always remember," writes one, "how bright and happy she looked when I called on you just before you married, and she had decided to go to India." "How beautiful she looked upon your wedding-day," writes a College by Post colleague, who was at St. Mary Abbots then; and the radiance of unselfish joy on the face of the first bridesmaid struck others also. "I only knew her through her letters," writes another, "and one little glimpse I had of her at Mrs. Carus-Wilson's wedding; but I have never forgotten that beautifully bright face—the out-of-the-way brightness of it once seen, I should think, could never be forgotten."

During the following week, quite unknown to me, she placed in the packing-cases which were going from the old home to the new home in Canada not only many common possessions which we esteemed as heirlooms, but many of her own special treasures. One little thought that this deliberate and unostentatious act was her forsaking of all

that she had; that though she would be warmly welcomed in more than one far-off dwelling, and form more than one congenial friendship beyond the seas, she would never again have a home of her own, or more than passing intercourse with any who had hitherto made her life. "But we know," she wrote to her sister on the day they parted, "that we shall meet again one day in the best Home of all."

CHAPTER IV

GOING FORTH

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain :
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth ;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice.

H. E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples.*

TWO sisters who had always shared each others' lives from day to day hitherto, continued to share them through the pen when half the circumference of the globe divided them. Their separation of exactly three and a half years is represented by almost two hundred long letters from Irene. Her journals and letters about her and to her supplement these, so the task has been to select from this unusually complete record of a missionary's labours day by day. As her letters travelled in at least eight trains and steamers, visiting ten countries and four continents *en route*, the fact that not one failed to reach Montreal may be worth noting.

We had left for Canada on September 13th, 1893; Irene sailed for India on October 27th. The intervening six weeks were crowded with a bewildering number of claims on her time, in addition to all the ordinary preparations of an outgoing missionary. For each bit of work that she was doing at home a successor had to be found, much legal and other business had to be transacted, and friends were importunate in their desire to secure a last interview. Letters and gifts poured in, and all were acknowledged, though she was driven to say at last, "I write to nearly everyone on postcards now."

Mrs. Carus-Wilson wished to have her at Hampstead the whole time, lest she should feel solitary in the deserted home ; and as far as it was possible to do so she availed herself of this kind plan. Though she actually offered to travel to Wales to comfort a sick and lonely relative, she accepted of one-and-twenty urgent invitations to friends in the country one only, because it involved a task as well as a farewell.

So one night was spent at Ravensbury Park, in order to address the people of Mitcham. The writer of the personal glimpses quoted from on p. 20 was present, and introduces the second of these "glimpses" by speaking of her call and preparation to go forth, continuing thus: "Still the preparation foremost in Irene's mind was that of gaining ever fresh fellow-labourers for her Master's harvest field ; nor did she ever count any too feeble or too young to be worth the trouble to win. Another picture rises before me in which I see her, only a month before her departure, speaking to a very humble gathering of village school-children she had never seen before about the joy of the Master's service, and the honour of sharing in it, no matter how humbly, or whether at home or abroad. So earnestly she spoke of the importance of *their* share in the work, and so simply of her own, that the childish hearts were kindled with the sense of fellowship, and roused not only to interest in God's work in heathen lands, but also to humble efforts of work and prayer for it, which have never since been given up."

Miss Mary Bidder, writing to Irene from Ravensbury Park on October 1st, four days after this meeting, says: "I cannot but trust that God will bring forth much fruit from your coming here. I can't tell you how cheered and thankful I feel about the work already." She goes on to tell how one girl, "immensely keen on helping in some way," exclaimed, "I do wish I was going out, too!" and how there was a general desire for the formation of a working party.

(Of that visible result of her visit we shall hear again.) Miss Bidder is representative of not a few of Irene's friends when she adds: "Our very short time together is a memory I shall always love to look back upon. It has given me quite a new and very delightful feeling of personal connection with the work abroad." Almost a year and a half later a friend, who had just been at Ravensbury Park, wrote thus to Irene: "What a blessing was your visit to Mitcham! The interest you have excited, which is well kept up in the hearts of those girls, is wonderful."

Three days after her visit to Mitcham, Irene fulfilled a long-standing engagement in London by giving a *précis* of *Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century—Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson*, by Mrs. Rundle Charles, to a literary club of which she was a member. "I got it all up in trains, so it has not really cost time," she says half apologetically. This was, in striking contrast to the Mitcham address, one more effort to bring the missionary subject before intelligent people quite outside missionary circles. It is not hard to stir up unsophisticated, religiously disposed people for the first time; it is easy to throw fresh fuel on an already kindled enthusiasm. But she never shrank from the task of confronting cold criticism and generalities of condemnation, uttered as if there were nothing more to be said, by those who do not admit their real ignorance of missionary enterprise. That task is not only hard but apparently thankless; yet as we note that the work of Christ abroad rests upon an ever-broadening basis of thoughtful and prayerful support at home, we cannot doubt that words spoken, not on set occasions only, but in many quiet talks by such as Irene, bear fruit, especially when they are emphasised by the life, still more by the death, of the speaker. "Miss ——," says Irene of the leader of this club, "was very kind, but rather puzzled and disappointed in me, I think, and actually wanted a yes

or no answer to the question whether one would go to death (as I suppose Perpetua did) if offered the choice. I could only think of the man who asked Moody if he had grace to be burned,¹ and I begged her to remember that though many of the greatest saints have been missionaries, still there may be missionaries who are very average people, and should not in fairness be judged by a superhuman standard."

While some friends were puzzled and even regretful, the discerning sympathy of others is well expressed by this letter from a well-known author: "I was writing to-day to congratulate your sister, and I felt I should so much like to congratulate you, too, on the courage you have had to do the thing you felt called to do. I trust you will find even earthly happiness in the new life you are going to, but whether you do or not you are still to be much congratulated. How happy they that are called and obey!"

Fifty-two College by Post students sent her a cheque to be expended in a medicine-chest and Urdu books, as a little tangible proof of their gratitude, laden with loving wishes for her success, and assuring her that the existing bond of prayerful interest and sympathy would not be broken; and other tokens of affection from those she had taught and helped encouraged her.

From October 9th to 23rd, she secured a fortnight's training at The Willows, whence so many women missionaries have gone forth. There she began Urdu, attended the Bethnal Green Medical Mission, bandaging the sufferers "so patient and grateful and plucky"; enjoyed "the perfectly lovely Bible readings of dear Miss Elliott";² and received much kind and wise advice from Miss Schröder, "who plans every

¹ To which the downright evangelist replied, "No; but I believe it would be given me if I needed it" (a favourite anecdote of Irene's).

² Emily Steele Elliott, author of several well-known books and of some of our best missionary hymns. She died August 3rd, 1897, just three days before Irene.

day splendidly for each one here." Among friends made there were Miss Coverdale, whom we shall meet again, and Miss Hester Newcombe, "a saintly member of a family of four sisters, all missionaries in China," who perished in the Kucheng massacre, August 1st, 1895. Irene threw herself into the Willows life as if she had nothing else to think of, yet even from that fortnight one whole day had to be snatched for her farewell to Kensington.

Though her original purpose of offering to the C.M.S. eventually remained unchanged, she did not go out with that Society. In 1892 the eldest daughter of General Beynon had asked us if we could find among our friends one or two ladies willing to undertake "for one winter," at their own charges, work which resembled parish work at home among poor English-speaking people in Lahore. Miss Beynon had begun to organise this under the direction of the Bishop of Lahore; and Irene interested in the scheme a fellow-teacher in the St. Mary Abbots Sunday School, who, being a widow and childless, was looking out for some useful occupation, and quickly arranged to go to Lahore. To Irene's relatives it seemed a good plan that she herself should go with Mrs. Engelbach for the winter to the friend whose enterprise sorely needed her aid, and use this opportunity of making some acquaintance with India before she offered to the C.M.S. for work that she would wish to undertake permanently if she undertook it at all.

General and Mrs. Beynon took up the idea of her joining their daughter eagerly, and she received the following letters:—

From Miss Beynon: "Your offer to join me at Lahore for the winter has been a great joy. . . . You will bring in the thorough, practical side, which I know would otherwise have been so sadly lacking. Good sound teaching

is just what we want for Lahore. . . . It seems almost too good to be true, the thought of having you for a co-worker. . . . We shall never be able to spare you for the C.M.S. Not that I grudge anyone for missionary work amongst the heathen and Mohammedans, but I think you will see, as I do, before you have been long in this country, how very important the work of building up the Church is at this present time."

From the Bishop of Lahore:

"DEAR MISS PETRIE,—

"I must write a few lines to tell you how thankful I have been to learn from Miss Beynon that you are to be associated with her in the winter. . . . You may be assured of a very hearty welcome from me. I feel sure that nothing will help to raise the tone of our Anglo-Indian society more than the presence of ladies who have come out from England to help our poorer people. Many who have hitherto not seen their way to do anything for the good of their neighbours will have the way opened to them. . . . Hoping and believing that you will come to this work in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"HENRY J. LAHORE."

The Kensington Deanery Branch of the Gleaners' Union invited "all interested in missionary work" to the Vicarage Parish Room on October 18th, 1893, "to bid Godspeed to Mrs. Engelbach and Miss Irene Petrie." "It was Irene's wish that I should share her farewell meeting," says Mrs. Engelbach, "though I was only going to fill a gap for a few months, and she was going as an actual missionary." The room was so full that many stood throughout. After Miss Bland, a missionary for twenty years at Agra, had described India's needs, and Mrs. Engelbach had said a few words,

Irene, speaking as a member from childhood of the parochial Missionary Union, told where they were going, quoted and met the various objections to her enterprise which friends had raised, and urged the privilege of the work and our responsibility for it. Her audience (says the friend who wrote down these particulars) were not only impressed with her earnestness, but charmed with her sweet manner and voice, as well as with the excellence of her matter. "I had never heard her speak in public," says another who was present, "and she astonished me. It was beautiful." Then the Vicar, closely scanning the gathering, which included many who had come there solely from personal friendship, said playfully, "We don't often get the likes of some of you at a missionary meeting, and we will let you have it now we have got you"; and so proceeded to press home the duty of *all* Christians to aid in the evangelisation of the world, and concluded by solemnly commending them both in prayer with the Aaronic benediction. Then Sunday school pupils, girl friends, and many who had known her from childhood, thronged her for good-byes, which, she says, "were overwhelming," till Lady Mary Glyn carried her off to the Vicarage for tea. Other friends claimed her for dinner, and so ended her present intercourse with kith and kin; but the results of that farewell are far from being ended.

She left the Willows on October 23rd—"such a day of kisses and birthday books"—and three breathless days succeeded. "It was easy enough to see what a wrench it was to her to leave the old home, though she did not break down," writes one with her at the end; and the unforced liveliness of her letters during those last weeks in England shows how wonderfully she realised that "the Lord daily beareth our burden." She quotes in one of them the above revised rendering of Psalm lxxviii. 19, as a sustaining assurance; and her thought on starting is this: "God

grant that I may not hinder His use of His little, feeble instrument in whatever way He sees best."

Amid the Godspeed of neighbours, who describe her as "wonderfully bright," though she had had but two hours in bed the night before, she quitted Hanover Lodge early on October 27th. Many friends had collected at Liverpool Street station, whence she started for Tilbury, to see her off; and the mother and sister of her new brother, with one girl friend and Elliott, did not part from her till she was in her cabin, and waved their last farewells as the *Carthage* swept slowly down the river. Her "supreme comfort," when the homeland and all its familiar faces vanished, was the Lord's promise to His first missionaries, "Lo, I am with you alway."

As she settled into the floating abode of the next twenty-five days, she wrote: "Psalm ciii. 1, 2 is the main burden of my thoughts at this moment, even after the parting from beloved ones and the dear old home. The wonderful thought of hundreds of praying friends to-day, and the strong realisation that their prayers are being definitely answered, is almost overwhelming. I could never have believed that everything would have gone so easily and beautifully down to the tiniest details as it has done; and the great peace He gives us, and the sunshine of wondrous lovingkindness with which I have been encompassed, teaches more plainly than ever that we should trust and not be afraid." She passes lightly over thirty-six hours of helpless misery in the Bay of Biscay, with: "So much for the 'cons.' Now for the 'pros,' which far outweighed them. First, that I am here on board at all; the unwonted leisure makes it possible to realise more than ever what a wonderful privilege this calling is, and how graciously my way has been smoothed and made plain. Then, the sweet recollections of perfect home happiness, which, if it must now be a thing of the past, is a possession nothing

can deprive me of. Thirdly, the extraordinary kindness of my companions in every possible way."

The two hundred and fifty passengers included over thirty missionaries, British, American, and Canadian, and with these there was delightful intercourse. One Sunday evening the service was read by a C.M.S. clergyman, and the sermon was preached by the veteran Presbyterian Dr. Valentine, for thirty-two years connected with the Edinburgh Medical Mission. "It was," she says, "like being suddenly transported to a Scottish kirk to sit under the dear old man, and to me this union of Christendom seemed an ideal arrangement." Miss Jenkins, M.D., of Lucknow, and Miss Bowesman, going to Lucknow after many years in the mission hospital at Madagascar, with Miss Thom, an honorary missionary in Bangalore since 1875, shared her cabin. At Irene's suggestion a forenoon Bible class was started, taken by the missionaries in turn, and attended by between twenty and thirty passengers. Her own subject was St. Paul's work and teaching at Philippi, as illustrating modern missionary difficulties and encouragements; for she was taking the Acts and Epistles "as an extra Bible study to refresh one's memory as to Biblical methods of missionary work." Of course she contributed to the concert, helped in painting the programmes sold for the Sailors' Orphanage, and made many sketches; and of course not a few of the children on board were to be found buzzing round her paint-box and listening eagerly to Bible stories connected with the lands they passed. So the days went by, "painting, reading, writing, walking, talking, and wondering how some folks can have time for cards and yellow-backs."

Her intense delight in the "wonderful sights" of the voyage, "far more interesting and beautiful than even I expected," finds expression at every turn: Gibraltar, "rising up like Arthur's Seat doubled"; Marseilles, "like Florence from San Miniato, but with even more striking hills sur-

rounding it," where she had to do most of the talking, and quoted John iii. 16 to the woman that showed them the new cathedral, who did not consider the text quite complete without adding "*et sa bonne Mère*" after "*son Fils unique.*" November 6th was "a red-letter day of sights," culminating in Etna, "which stood out long against the golden afterglow, with the evening star set in its midst as a diamond in a diadem." Then, at Port Said, she got her "first glimpse of the East, with its utter squalor and gorgeous colouring, every figure a picture," and sunset was followed by an hour of crimson and golden afterglow on the Suez Canal. "I never knew what starlight was till now; the sky is literally powdered with light." When they reached Aden, she spent three nights on deck, eagerly hoping to see the Southern Cross. "I fell asleep with Psalm viii., and woke to the golden splendour of an Oriental dawn with Psalm xix., to realise as never before what a giant among poets King David was."

But all through the missionary predominates over the traveller. "We are in lat. 12° N. now, and it is sadly thrilling to think of the lands on each side where Christ is not loved." And bravely as she enjoyed and helped others to enjoy the voyage, pangs of loneliness were inevitable. After the concert she writes: "It is just a year since I sang at a concert. How strange it was to sit in the balmy air among all the new faces on shipboard, and look back over the great events of 1893 to that charity concert in Marylebone! What an effort it was to keep the promise to sing then, with the presentiment of sorrow, realised only too soon after! That very night, as I watched by the dear father through the silent hours, a change for the worse set in. And now he has been resting 'at home with the Lord' all these months, and we, who comforted each other then, are being separated farther every day, though each comforted by Him Who said, 'I will not leave you orphans, I come unto you.'"

The *Carthage* reached Bombay at 10 a.m. on November 20th, and Irene set foot on Indian soil "in the midst," she says, "of a strange, dark throng, with red turbans and white robes, shouting in many tongues. It was wonderfully picturesque and tremendously exciting; but the first thing I noticed was saddening—the heathen marks on the handsome, intelligent faces. Oh, when will our King reign 'from India even unto Ethiopia?'" At Bombay she stayed with Dr. Arnott, Head of the Government Hospital, which is reckoned one of the finest in India. "A drive of several miles brought us to Malabar Hill, first through the busy streets of the second city in our Empire, with all their strange new sights and brilliant colouring, and street names in English, Urdu, Hindi, and Mahratti; then up the hill, past 'the towers of silence' hidden behind splendid trees and foliage, among the branches of which the ghastly vultures were wheeling. Then we looked down upon the harbour, over a grand forest of palm-trees, and out to the mountains beyond. . . . We turned into a lovely garden, and stopped under a lofty portico, supported by white pillars, rising from among masses of maidenhair fern, eucharis, lilies, tea-roses, and stephanotis. A row of stately, turbaned figures appeared salaaming, among them an ayah with a lovely, fair babe of eleven months, all saying polite things which I could neither understand nor answer. They ushered me through a lofty hall, lifted a white purdah, and displayed a bedroom fifty by thirty feet in size, with eleven doors in all. The stateliest of the men began by pouring water into the basins and hanging my things in the wardrobe. My bewildered feelings were relieved by the appearance of a graceful Goa Christian ayah, who explained in good English that her mistress, having waited since daylight for the belated *Carthage* passenger, had been obliged to go out, and would be back to tiffin at two. Would I like a bath, breakfast, dinner, or what? Finally she brought

a frosted silver set, with the very nicest tea I ever tasted, and oh, joy! real cow's milk. During the next hour I thought it must all be a wonderful fairy-tale—the fragrant smell of the East, the space, peace, quiet, rest, the song of birds, the voices of native servants in distant corridors, and, more than all, the sight when I stepped out on the broad verandah and looked across the gardens, away over the palm-trees, to the expanse of sea. Imagining the heat and foliage of July, the green and blossom of Mayday, and the freshness of Easter, would give but a faint idea of what I saw. Was I dreaming, and could it be true that the dear folks in London were shivering in fog at that moment? The reverie was broken by a sweet voice, unmistakably Scottish, and my kind hostess appeared, giving the most charming 'of welcomes."

As Irene had personal friends, or introductions to friends of friends, at many places on the way to Lahore, several weeks might have been pleasantly spent in sight-seeing, but for desire to get to work as quickly as possible. She left Bombay on November 21st, with Mrs. Engelbach and the young widow of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, that brave and able son of the late Earl of Kintore, who gave up the Professorship of Arabic at the University of Cambridge to lead a forlorn hope as a pioneer missionary in Arabia, and died at Aden on May 11th, 1887. Mrs. Keith-Falconer, whom Irene had known in London, was travelling with her brother for health, and had come on board the *Carthage* at Ismailia. She journeyed with them to Lahore, and some ten weeks later joined Miss Beynon there for two months.

They were ten days on the road to Lahore, seventy hours, or three days and nights, of which were passed in the train. Their halts were at Jeypore, capital of Rajputana, where they were guests of Colonel Jacob; Agra, where Friday to Monday was spent with Miss Brownell, of the Female Education

Society; Delhi, where they saw something of the mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Winkworth Scott when her fear, founded on a not very explicit letter of introduction, that they were "only globe-trotters" was dispelled; and Meerut, where they stayed with the Rev. J. P. Ellwood, of the C.M.S. As the train whirled them through the great plains, with their hedges of cactus, the maize fields fresh and green after the rains, the stony rivers, the great cities and teeming villages, Irene noted, first of all, the absence of the church spires so conspicuous in Britain.

Jeypore was reached at 5 a.m. on the 23rd, and while the others rested, Irene, escorted by a Christian lad educated in Dr. Duff's school, set off, as she says, "for the funniest walk I ever had; along a good road, with gas lamp-posts, strange trees and birds on each side, and many kinds of animals driven by swarthy Rajputs, whose most important garment was a large towel round the head. They evidently considered a white lady out of a gari an extraordinary sight." She met Colonel and Mrs. Jacob in the gardens at 8 a.m., and a long day was spent exploring a town rather off the tourist track, with only thirteen Europeans to its one hundred and forty-three thousand inhabitants. "This is such an interesting place," she says. "Fancy meeting parrots, camels, squirrels, monkeys, and elephants in the streets. The late Maharajah was a very advanced man, who aimed at giving a European education to his people, and founded a school of native art and a grand museum. Here are gathered together curios from all parts of India and of the world, which are shown by an English speaking guide, who, in pointing out Hindu deities, remarked, 'They are still believed in by some of the people.'"

At Agra they saw the renowned Taj Mahal in the light of the full moon. "How can I attempt to describe its

overwhelming grandeur and loveliness? . . . Realisation far exceeded expectation, great as that had been." After an account of the matchless monument which the Mogul Emperor raised to the lovely Nur Jehan, she continues: "We had all been sentimentalising about the beautiful devotion of Shah Jehan as a husband, but took rather a different view on realising that the Taj was built by forced labour, the families of unpaid workpeople being left to starve, and on hearing of chambers of horror in the fort where Shah Jehan would amuse himself by watching the less favoured wives being put to death when he tired of them." She also tells how the intelligent Tommy Atkins who was in charge of the visitors' book at the fort valued efforts to promote temperance among the troops, and spoke with much appreciation of the work of ladies, saying the soldiers would do anything for a lady who would work among them. She met at Agra Mrs. Challis, whom she had known as Miss Polhill-Turner, and on Sunday worshipped for the first time with Hindu Christians. "A congregation of some three hundred assembled, men on one side, women on the other. The service in Urdu was conducted by the Rev. W. McLean, of the C.M.S., and the native clergyman, the Rev. William Seetal.¹ 'Jesu, Lover of my soul,' 'O worship the King,' and other hymns, were sung with great fervour, and familiar chants were used. I noticed the prayer for the 'Qaisar-i-Hind' and for the ruler of this land. Mr. McLean said that nearly everyone present at the service was far more than a Christian merely in name; and told of another service in the evening conducted entirely by native pastors, where the congregation squat on the floor, and sing bhajans. He looks forward to baptising a leading Hindu pundit on Christmas Day. . . .

¹ He was ordained in 1881, and was one of the Indian clergy who came to London for the Centenary of the C.M.S., April, 1899.

I would like to show that native congregation at Agra to people who say missionary work is hopeless and a failure." Indefatigable pedestrian as she was, Irene no longer walked, as she had done at Jeypore. "It is strange," she writes from Agra, "to have suddenly become carriage folk; but in India I find there is no choice. Between the difficulties of sun and escort, walking, to my great grief, is well-nigh impracticable; and carriages, like fruit and servants, are expensive luxuries out here. Ladies could hardly walk through the crowded city bazars, which are most interesting, though in many ways saddening sights. People who talk of East London squalor, poverty, degradation, and need of sanitation, should come and look here; as for me, sitting in luxury in the midst of the street, I felt ashamed to think how little impression for good my sheltered life with all its surroundings had made. And turning from material to spiritual things, how much more dreadful and searching are these comparisons!"

At Delhi they were met by the Bishop of Lahore and the Rev. G. A. Lefroy, of the Cambridge Delhi Mission, who became Dr. Matthew's successor as Bishop of Lahore in 1899. "So far from scolding us for lingering on our way, the Bishop told us that he had himself been planning a picnic from Delhi to the Kotab, that we might use his one free day in becoming acquainted." No one who cares for either history or architecture could fail to be excited by a visit to the ancient capital of the Great Mogul. In a day and a half Irene saw much, but passing over enthusiastic descriptions of mosques and mausoleums, temples, gardens, and palaces, one extract only from her journal shall be given: "In Delhi the impression of heathenism seemed more painful than in any other city I have seen. These swarming multitudes without God and without hope are an awful sight, and the impress of heathenism seems to be on their faces.

Longing to like them all, we almost shudder sometimes at the expressions of people who have grown up without Christianity. . . . The guide called our attention to a commotion in a narrow side street, and a Hindu funeral procession emerged from it—a crowd of gaudily dressed figures, some carrying great bunches of feathers, some with instruments, singing and producing discordant noises, all dancing and jerking, even those who carried the string bedstead on which was the poor body tightly swathed in gay-coloured cloth. That was the most terribly sad sight we saw at all. What about the dead man, and the people who have cared for him, knowing nothing of our blessed Hope? How many more of such scenes must there be before they hear of it? How shall they hear without a preacher? Would that people at home who talk of the mistake of disturbing the heathen in their nice, simple faiths could see what we have seen in one week here!

In Meerut they were entertained at the C.M.S. station, once the Commissioner's house in which the Indian Mutiny broke out. The hut where the ladies of the family were hidden on that dreadful May 10th, 1857, is still shown. "Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood have been out twenty-two years," says Irene, "and their daughter announced her wish to be a C.M.S. missionary at last year's Keswick Convention, where I remember being greatly stirred by Mr. Ellwood's words. . . . Their home was an ideal resting-place: all simple, dainty, and refined, and the inmates so cultured and interesting; it was a privilege to be with them."

"*November 30th (St. Andrew's Day).*—Last year we were joining in the home intercessions for the work; to-day we are in the midst of the work. . . . After breakfast we started with Miss Stroelin, of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, who has been in India twelve years, and actually lives all alone, and tries to

cope singlehanded with work that could easily occupy two or three of the good people at home who are so much wanted out here. First we visited the Christian Girls' School, where rows of tiny children of heathen parents sing bhajans, play kindergarten games, and learn to read and write. Two little brides of about ten were among them. Miss Stroelin interpreted while we talked to them and told them about our Kensington children. Then we went to a rich Hindu zenana, up steep stairs into a messy room, where some untidy children were playing with a lovely little bride of fifteen. She is Miss Ellwood's pupil, and has one of the sweetest and most pathetic faces we ever saw. Her mother-in-law, a huge and ignorant but kindly woman, took her rich trousseau out of a chest—skirts and saris heavy with gold and silver embroidery, and glittering silks.¹ Then we went through a small, squalid court to a poor zenana; then to a grand bungalow in European style, and were ushered by female servants in close-fitting pyjamas into a large sitting-room, where one would like to set a good English housemaid to work. Here three Begums (princesses in a small way), likewise in pyjamas, were gathered with books and crochet work at a table. They are daughters of an 'advanced' Mohammedan, and though the eldest is nearly twenty, they are not married, which is very unusual. Their stepmother joined us, and was very polite. She produced the photo of the Qaisar-i-Hind, and liked to hear that I had kissed her hand. 'Had it been at a big durbar that I had seen Her Majesty?' Tea was served for us in the hall, quite in the European style, our hostess's brother presiding. It was indeed a morning never to be forgotten."

¹ Two months later Irene wrote: "I have such a nice letter from Miss Ellwood, telling how near that sweet little Hindu bride seems to Christianity. I fear persecution may be in store for her."

On December 1st, at 7 p.m., a warm welcome from Miss Beynon to St. Hilda's Diocesan Home ended the journey of exactly five weeks from London to Lahore. "How grateful we are," writes Irene, "for all the thoughts and prayers which have been so wonderfully answered in our safety and health all through, and in the many pleasures we have had. . . . Oh that we may be used in some little degree to do the will of God for this great Empire!"

CHAPTER V

A WINTER IN LAHORE

(DECEMBER 1ST, 1893, TO APRIL 19TH, 1894)

Let thine eyes look right on.—THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

INDIA must be recognised as being a continent rather than a country. Within its borders over a hundred different languages are spoken by races differing as widely in their character and history as they do in their colour; and Britain, France, Spain, Scandinavia, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and Greece all together are of smaller extent than "British India," which contains provinces and peoples as various as those of all Europe. Rather more than half of this territory is under direct British rule; the rest consists of states under native administration, in political subordination to the British Government.

Historically and ethnographically the most interesting country in this continent is a region about the size of Italy, with a population exceeding that of Spain and Portugal together, which is watered by five great tributaries of the Indus, and called, therefore, the Land of the Punjab—that is, of the Five Rivers. This was the "India" of Alexander the Great, and the limit of his victorious march eastward is now the limit of British conquest westward. Again and again the power holding the Punjab has become the dominant power throughout Hindustan. Peopled, as Lord Lawrence

said, by the bravest, most determined, and most formidable races British arms in India have ever met, it is still the great recruiting ground for the Indian army. It became part of British India in 1849, and eight years later its loyalty saved the British Raj in the terrible days of the Mutiny. To its ruler, Sir John Lawrence, Sir Herbert Edwardes wrote: "Delhi has been recovered by you and your resources"; and Lord Canning, Viceroy of India, wrote: "Through Sir John Lawrence Delhi fell, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, became a source of strength."

On another occasion Sir H. Edwardes (whom Lord Roberts calls one of the greatest of Indian soldiers) said that the Punjab was conspicuous for two things: the most successful government, and the most open acknowledgment of Christian duty on the part of its governors. About nine years before it was conquered for Britain, plans to conquer it for Christ were made, not by religious enthusiasts at home, but by Anglo-Indian officials of the highest rank, military and civilian, acting, of course, as individuals and not officially; and in response to their appeal the C.M.S. inaugurated a mission there some years later. The Mutiny was quelled by the swords of men who were not ashamed of their faith in Christ and their desire to propagate His Gospel among those they ruled; and history contains no more notable illustration of the Divine assertion, "Them that honour Me I will honour," than the loyalty of those parts of India where missions have been most successful, and of those native forces which contained Christian soldiers. The pertinence of these facts to our story will presently be seen.

Notes on Indian Life, with Reference to the Land of the Five Rivers, and specially the Ancient City of Lahore, and the House therein Known as St. Hilda's, is the heading of a MS. of eighty pages written by Irene's flowing quill in December, 1893, for those to whom every detail of her new life was

of interest. What is peculiar to a foreign land strikes the newcomer's eye, while the resident is apt to forget that the untravelled Briton has never heard of it; and as knowledge of the mere externals of life in India demolishes some current criticisms of missions at once; the C.M.S. often publish the letters of missionaries who have only just arrived. Irene begged us to discriminate first impressions from deliberate conclusions; but she was a keenly observant traveller, quick in gleaning information from well-informed residents, and the following notes have the crisp suggestiveness of a frotto, if not the detailed accuracy of a finished picture:—

“Speaking generally, one may say that the country is very big, the people innumerable, the plains very flat, the rivers very sandy, the voices very shrill, the crows very comical, the cooks very clever, the mosquitoes and vendors very pertinacious, and the snake stories told to newcomers very blood-curdling. It is just as unfair to call the brown natives black as to call the climate unconditionally a ‘beastly’ one. . . .

“I wish you could see the hoopoes I meet out walking, they are the sweetest little things; or the old camel taking a midday snooze in the road with crows sitting on his hump. The crows, minas, and sparrows are very friendly, and hop all over the verandah and into the house. The parrots are shy, and it is only when I am hidden behind my purdahs that I hear their swift flight upwards to the crack between the wall and the rafters over my study door. I hear much going on, and imagine the nest in progress, and sometimes when I pop out quickly there is a glimpse of a red beak, two little yellow eyes, and the top of a green head, then a swift flash of emerald wings, and my friend has gone for refuge to the top of the highest tree in the compound. . . .

“Two impressions which are received in every part of India as yet seen are the strangeness of being in the midst of a subject race, and the small value set upon time by the natives.

Fancy being greeted always with salaams and salutes, and hearing commands and not requests made to those who serve, and that by the kindest and best sahibs. Fancy a post-office where about a quarter of an hour was spent over the handing in of one small parcel. The servant sent with it in the morning had been kept waiting two hours, and told to return it at last because the sender's list of contents and value was not written on the right piece of paper! . . .

"The thing of all others which has struck us in our travels is the *wonderful* missionary work. The impression of heathenism is far sadder than I expected; degradation and hopelessness are written on so many faces. But even as a new arrival one realises that here is a miracle indeed, when one contrasts the faces of the native Christians with the faces of heathens and Mohammedans. Our Lord's promise that His disciples should do works greater than His own is being fulfilled here and now, but Ziegenbalg and his co-pioneers who first attempted the task were giants of faith. To me there has been the interest of seeing what was already familiar through reading; to Mrs. Engelbach it has all been an introduction. She is specially struck with the culture of the missionaries themselves, and wishes the home world to be told that it is those who could have anything at their taking at home who come out for this work."

The enterprise Irene was about to aid has been little mentioned outside India, and its character and claims call for some preliminary explanation. Notes of an address given by her at a conference of the Young Women's Christian Association in London during the summer of 1895 are of much use in enabling one to comprehend it.

In India the distinction between European and native is less sharply defined than might at first appear. There are many strata in both the imported and the indigenous population: Kipling's "Pagett, M.P.," who spends a winter in India and

then thinks he knows all about everything ; officials military and civil, who are there for a short term of years only ; other officials and missionaries, who give the best years of their lives to India ; "country-born" folk who, though of purely European descent, have never been out of Asia for one, two, or even three generations ; Eurasians, from those with only a dash of Asiatic blood to those with only a dash of European blood ; and so on, at last, to the "pakka" native. Among natives again must be discriminated those educated in Europe ; Christians, Parsis, members of the Brâhma or Ârya Samâj and others who are in close touch with Europeans and European thought ; Mohammedans and Hindus, with book religions and traditions of culture ; and pure pagans, such as Santals, Gonds, and Kois, who doubtless represent the aboriginal peoples and cults of Hindustan.

Almost insensibly these strata blend into each other ; and short as her whole time in India was, its conditions made Irene personally acquainted with every one of them, except perhaps the last. Some may live in India for years and know only two or three of them well. Her main concern was, indeed, evangelistic work among Hindus and Mohammedans. But both in Lahore and in Srinagar her relation to Anglo-Indians was, as we shall see, a close one. She learned to appreciate the special difficulties of Anglo-Indian life—the almost inevitable enervation of character through the ease and luxury which a trying climate involves, the subtle danger that daily contact with non-Christians will lower the standard of conduct and duty, and foster a hardening sense of superiority in those who look down on Hindus and Mohammedans oftener than they look up to Christians living lives higher than their own. She was also taught that every European must in one sense be a missionary, must either aid or hinder the progress of the

Gospel. And with pastoral work for the strata between Anglo-Indians and natives she had much to do.

The Eurasians, so called because of descent partly European and partly Asiatic, are now a large class, which includes people of some wealth and influence; and missionaries testify that "some of them are doing magnificent work for Christ." Their importance is understood when one realises that whether British occupation of India is or is not permanent, the Eurasians must always be an integral part of its population; but they are a community in special danger of being overlooked. Closely related to both Anglo-Indian and native, they stand aloof from both, and the "mot" of the caustic old Indian who said, "God made the white man, and God made the black man, but the de'il made the brown man," represents too common a notion of them. Certainly any truth there may be in it is a reproach to the white man chiefly. Alliances between the two races are far less common than in days when communication with home was difficult, and now the community grows mainly by natural increase of the Eurasian population itself.

"More and more," Irene writes in her Annual Letter to the College by Post of November, 1895, "is one impressed with the needs of those whom the Bishop of Durham has called 'our own poor in India,' that is, our fellow-Christians, whether of British or Oriental race, many of whom in spiritual privileges are poor indeed compared with Christians at home. I have been told in various parts of India what a glad welcome would be given to well-qualified ladies from home, coming out not as members of missionary societies, conversant with Eastern languages, but as church-workers, aiding the clergy in parochial visiting and honorary educational work, or with such good societies as the Girls' Friendly Society or the Young Women's Christian Association."

Irene was never so exclusively associated with any one

form of Christian work that she could not regard others with intelligence and sympathy. Most earnestly she deprecated emphasising in such work differences of race and social grade, of church and party. Let all Christians, she pleads, strive together for their common faith, not only teaching but living Christ in the presence of those who do not acknowledge Him.

The Hon. Emily Kinnaird and other friends had asked her (and not in vain) to interest herself in the Indian work of the Young Women's Christian Association. Roughly speaking, it labours, untrammelled by considerations of Church order, for all who come between Anglo-Indian "society" and the non-Christian Hindu.

For these strata *St. Hilda's Diocesan Home*, working on strictly Anglican lines, had likewise been founded. Its name was due to the first Bishop of Lahore, Thomas Valpy French, who went with C.M.S. to Agra in 1851, and was consecrated in 1877. He had said that in his opinion the great Abbess of Whitby was the forerunner of all our valuable ladies' missions in Syria, the Punjab, and Japan, etc.¹ Under his successor, Dr. Matthew, Miss Beynon began to organise work among Eurasians. In February, 1893, she wrote to Irene's sister from an hotel in Lahore, saying: "The work is opening out in every way. . . . I am longing to hear of a coadjutor, and I am afraid my father will not sanction another winter alone in Lahore. . . . No one has offered to join me yet." A month or two later came Mrs. Engelbach's offer through Irene, and then Irene's own offer, and in October accordingly *St. Hilda's Diocesan Home* was opened at Lahore to be (so its original prospectus says) "a place of residence for honorary lady workers, auxiliaries to the parochial clergy, among Christians, whether European,

¹ See *Life*, vol. ii., p. 322.

Eurasian, or native," the pioneer, it was hoped, of other similar homes in India.

Lahore, the political capital of the Punjab, is on the Ravi. Its fine Anglican cathedral was completed by Bishop French in 1887, and east, south, and south-east of it are sandy roads, well planted with trees. Along these, each within its own gates and compound, are the European bungalows which constitute the civil station. Clustering round the strong fort overlooking the river are the crowded native quarters, and away to the north and east of the cathedral, which lies south of the native city, stretches the Naulaka district, inhabited by a large and growing European and Eurasian community, mainly employed on the railway.

The St. Hilda's work was among this community, and also among the very poor Europeans and Eurasians of the Anacully district near the fort, who live among the natives and speak a jargon. "Many of the railway folks are well-to-do," says Irene, "and the children are very nice, but almost too good. Some Latymer Road liveliness would be welcome among them. We are warned that the chief difficulties will be in the limpness and touchiness of the people. However dark they are, one must never appear to be aware that they are not of lily and rose complexion. . . . One girl, who might be quite 'twelve annas to the rupee,' and whose mother was a pakka native, remarked, when the wonders of London were described, 'It must be so nice not to see any natives about.' Fancy my effort to keep a straight face as I remarked that in London I had been one of a good many natives who were about." Concerning their religious condition Miss Beynon wrote thus in her letter of February, 1893: "There are some eight hundred belonging to the Church of England, and a large number of Roman Catholics; a very small percentage attend any place of worship. I have never had the slightest rebuff,

and they seem quite ready to receive one as a friend ; and gradually, as their confidence is gained, we hope to introduce and carry on the various organisations of a well-ordered parish at home, modified to Indian requirements."

St. Hilda's was a pretty one-storeyed bungalow in the European suburb, about a mile due east of the cathedral. The Bishop provided the house and some of its furniture out of a special fund ; the expenses of its upkeep were to be divided equally among its inmates. These were three in number : Miss Sahib (that is Miss Beynon), Mem Sahib (that is Mrs. Engelbach), and Choti Miss Sahib (that is Irene, also playfully called the "Baby"). On February 11th they were joined by the Hon. Mrs. Ion Keith-Falconer. Irene was sacristan to the tiny chapel, where daily service was held at noon, with special requests for prayer and thanksgiving. "As to the household," she writes, "it seems a great pity that Canada and India cannot make a sort of sandwich or exchange. There the rule of independence, high pay, and brisk work seems to hold ; here a very little work for a very little pay and many salaams to fill all gaps is the plan. Both this house and this household are reckoned small, and yet the house covers an area of about fifty by seventy feet, and there is quite a village of servants and their families in the compound. The khidmatgar and his son, a dark lad of fifteen, who waits as page, wear close-fitting white trousers, huge white turbans, and cloth tunic coats with white folded girdles. On their fingers are large silver rings set with turquoises. The bawarchi serves many small, dainty dishes. Waiting at every meal is the invariable rule, and for the simplest breakfast they spin out four courses, changing the plates between each with awful solemnity and precision. The mihtar squirms about the floors with a long, soft broom and no dustpan ; the dhobi washes the clothes very well ; the syce winds the horse,

and when we drive out acts as a sort of steersman, shouting 'Save yourself!' to any obstruction in front; the chaukidar minds the house. He appears on the scene in the evening with bare legs and a long stick, patrols the verandah through the night, choking and coughing professionally to let us all know he is there; he also sweeps the hall and milks the cow. Would any of the unemployed in England like to come out here and cough professionally for ten hours out of the twenty-four for a salary of from £4 to £5 per annum, inclusive of board wages? The only female servant is the ayah, who makes our beds and brushes our frocks. Frequently, though not permanently, the darzi, at a wage of half a rupee a day, sits in the verandah, making and mending our clothes, pushing instead of pulling his needle. What an extravagant household for three ladies! the reader may say. But consider that the wages vary from about £4 to £19 a year, and that this includes everything they get. In many cases they keep not only themselves but their whole families on it.

"The day is spent thus: At 6.30 the ayah is heard at my study door with chota hazri. Morning service at the cathedral or quiet reading of English and Urdu Testaments precedes our 9 o'clock breakfast, followed by a morning's work indoors or out of doors, and our noon service. From 12 to 2 are the calling hours. The newcomers have to call on the old residents, and the limit of time for first calls prescribed by this sensitive Indian society is five to ten minutes. A 'country-born' Anglo-Indian once consulted me on starting for London as to whether it would be correct to 'call all round the station' on arrival. Fancy starting with a card-case at Hounslow, and going steadily on to Epping Forest! At 2 comes tiffin, then a lesson from the munshi; at 4.30 tea, at which there is often a guest; at 6 evensong in the cathedral, often

followed by a district visitors' or other meeting. At 8 we dine, at 10 we have prayers, and we are soon lulled to sleep by the chaukidar's cough and stick-tapping."

Their work was of a kind that Irene was already familiar with. She became superintendent of the railway Sunday school, which met in the little Eurasian church under the charge of the Rev. J. W. B. Haslam, took the senior class herself, held a training class for four young teachers, and drew up a complete scheme of lessons for the winter. The Sunday school was small at first, but they intended by regular visiting to increase it. "We only get at the awfully respectable ones yet," she writes on December 21st, "but hope to work outwards from them to the non-churchgoing class, who do not even know when Sunday is. . . . Looking for someone else in the district, I stumbled on such a nice Christian couple from Madras, pakka natives. They asked me in; I saw the C.M.S. almanac on the wall, and found they and I had quite a number of common C.M.S. friends." They also found one old man whom Marshman had baptised; he remembered Carey, the pioneer missionary of North India, who died in 1834. One great ally was the widow of an Athole Highlander, who spoke broad Scotch, though almost a pakka native. "Miss Petrie gets on splendidly in the railway Sunday school," Mrs. Engelbach wrote home. Her original class of eighteen rose to "two classes with about thirty pupils in all, such nice young people."

On Mondays her ministry was to a very different type of need. "The matron of the lunatic asylum," she says, "begged me to come and read the Bible to the poor old European patients there, saying they were all almost heathen, no means of grace of any sort being provided, and Sundays being made exactly like week-days, so that she now felt quite ashamed in a church. I had such a touching little gathering, and they *were* grateful. One poor old thing had

been there ever since the Mutiny, having lost her reason through shock then." Week by week, henceforth, "the poor, grateful old lunatics" had a large share of Irene's tenderest sympathy.

Every Tuesday afternoon she held a "Ladies' Bible Class" for Eurasian women, who took it in turns to have it at their houses. Of this she writes: "All have been very pleasant about the proposal; how many will come or continue is a question, but we do so long to get hold of these people and help them. Many hardly ever go to church, and their lives seem too often to be aimlessly drifting. They have not even the wholesomeness of work, as all keep servants. . . . One who gladly promised to attend said, later on, she hoped I would not be vexed at her non-appearance. But she was a Roman Catholic, and her priest refused absolution if she came to the Protestant Bible-reading. . . . We are simply appalled with the activity of the Roman Catholics out here. They induce many Protestant parents to send their children away to their hill schools, where they offer a free education, and profess not to interfere with their religion. It is high time we got to work; hitherto the Methodists have been far more active than the Anglicans." At the first class, on January 16th, she proposed to the three present to pray for larger numbers, and a fortnight later there were eleven. Week by week she reports "a very nice class." When she bade them farewell, three months later, a dozen pupils filled her carriage, as she drove away, with lovely roses to express their appreciation of her teaching; and looking back she says: "It has been one of the most encouraging of my bits of work." "I have seen tears," says Mrs. Engelbach, "in the eyes of the Eurasian people when they spoke of Miss Petrie's visits to them, showing they were really grateful and thankful for what she had done."

On Wednesdays she had a class for members of the Girls'

Friendly Society, to whom she gave a series of addresses on the heroes of the Bible. Her practical interest in this outlasted her stay in Lahore, for till the end of September she sent them monthly notes on the life of St. Paul—no mere pious generalities, but carefully thought out hints as to the subject matter and special teaching of their daily readings, showing them what to look for in the Scriptures and how to think and pray as they read. Nearly six years afterwards a member of the class, writing to a clergyman in India, says: "I knew Miss Petrie personally, as she was for a short time an associate of our G.F.S. and held Bible meetings for us, and endeared herself to the girls. I feel sure her loss is keenly felt."

On Saturday, besides the teachers' preparation class, she held a Band of Hope meeting, which began with twenty-six children and soon rose to fifty-one. Mackay of Uganda and Dr. Lansdell's Central Asian travels were among the subjects she talked to them about, and after the lesson she gave them "a much needed lesson in romping, poor, little, tame, quiet things."

There was actual missionary work to be done without crossing the threshold. Two of the servants came forward as inquirers, and Miss Beynon began a class for them at which the khidmatgar, a convert from Mohammedanism and an excellent servant, showed the reality of his own faith in Christ by sitting side by side with the low-caste mihtar, and explaining his difficulties. This khidmatgar had a wife, baptised rather prematurely with himself and quite uninstructed. Every day Irene taught her and the ayah's daughter, a bright damsel of twelve. Her frequent allusions to Umda and Munira, "who is a darling, with such a sweet little face," show the delight she took in this first seed-sowing. On leaving Munira in Mrs. Engelbach's care after three months she writes: "The child knows nearly thirty texts,

including the Lord's Prayer, and can read a little. She really seems to understand what prayer is, and the leading facts of the Gospel. But I fear the next thing I may hear will be that she is betrothed to some Mohammedan. The ayah told me she had been weeping about parting with me." Mrs. Engelbach supplements the story thus: "The first she tried to draw to Christ was our ayah's child, for whom she used to print a text clearly, explaining it to her as well as she could in her broken Urdu. I remember seeing that child pick up the paper when it had fallen on the floor and kiss it because it had God's Name on it. We must believe that the seed thus sown will yet bring forth fruit." But declining an offer from the two "Mem Sahibs" to send her daughter to school, the mother left Miss Beynon's service that summer, and nothing has since been heard of them.

Bodily as well as spiritual needs appealed to Irene: one day she is doctoring Umda's baby for a dreadful boil; another day dressing her little boy's wounded leg, Munira acting as hospital assistant. After giving instances of native treatment, she adds: "Certainly one could write some blood-curdling tales for the National Health Society here. The most wonderful thing to my mind is that any of the natives are left alive."

During her twenty weeks at St. Hilda's she paid about one hundred and fifty visits in the district, and took nearly eighty Bible classes, and on leaving she could say: "Though there is often much that one is sorry for in the lives and general standards, spiritual and intellectual, of the English-speaking poor, I have found work among them both encouraging and satisfactory. Quiet perseverance in quiet work would, I believe, be a condition of great success in this as in other undertakings."

Here is one typical day: "*January 30th.*—Attended Miss Beynon's men-servants' class (as a listener and learner

at a lesson given in Urdu). Gave Munira and Umda their lesson. Drove to Lunatic Asylum for Bible reading. Paid another visit. Back for tiffin. Took women's Bible class at Naulaka; went on to the Mission College, where, to my horror, I found forty ladies, mostly clever people, gathered for the Bible reading I had been asked to give. Miss Beynon and Mrs. Engelbach had invited a musical party for the evening, and, as you can fancy, I was glad when the last guest had gone."

The inmates of St. Hilda's combined with their church work a good deal of pleasant intercourse with their fellow Anglo-Indians. For Miss Beynon's relationship to not a few of those who had made the recent history of the Punjab rendered her circle a large one, and her colleagues had a warm welcome into it. We catch glimpses of calls and invitations innumerable; of a scarlet-liveried chaprasi arriving on a camel with a summons to the Government House ball; of a young officer in the Punjab Light Horse bringing invitations to tennis and his regimental ball, and claiming Irene as a kinswoman. And endeavouring to exercise in Lahore society that indescribable influence which a good and clever woman, tactful and agreeable, can always exercise to counteract the tendency to find all life's interest in gay and costly clothing, gossip, and amusement, might have seemed no unworthy aim to one accustomed to life in London, and not formally pledged to any society or any kind of work.

The Commissioner for Gurdaspur, in a letter lamenting that "her bright and active life had been taken so early from human view," says: "I met Miss Petrie first at Lahore, and was charmed with her musical talent." Concerts for an object are always popular and well patronised at a great Indian station, so of course Irene's fresh and perfectly trained voice was in request. She was greeted with "a burst of applause and an encore" when she sang at one

arranged by Mrs. Engelbach for the cathedral organ fund; and on at least one occasion, when she dined out and had not brought her guitar, the hostess sent all the way to St. Hilda's for it. Nevertheless, there is no mention of her singing again in public, and as a rule, in spite of their remonstrances, she seems to have seen her colleagues off to dinner or concert, and settled down to a long evening with her Urdu books.

Four dated extracts from letters will best express her own thoughts on the matter. December 21st: "Showers of cards are left on us, but I really can't take in all these new friends yet, and I do want to get all the time I can for Urdu." December 25th: "I do not want to spend a lot of time on society. I could do that at home, without coming all this way for it." January 23rd: "I do not want to be drawn into very much society, pleasant as it is." January 31st: "My aim is to get entangled in society as little as possible."

The sketch of her home life shows that this aloofness sprang from no mere disinclination for society, nor was it the result of indifference to the occupants or enterprises of St. Hilda's. In the same month of January she writes: "This is such a happy place!" and "To be with two such delightful companions is wonderful." One of them told a meeting in London, five years later, that she "had thrown herself into the work with splendid energy"; and wrote in a private letter: "Irene simply surprises me by keeping so bravely bright and energetic, when she must be feeling often the great change in her life and surroundings." Seldom as she went out, she was always ready to entertain the guests at St. Hilda's, though she did it sometimes at the cost of great weariness after an arduous day when they stayed so late in the evening that she says at last, not only of natives but of "sahib lóg": "In India the belief seems to be that time is of as little account as silver in the days of Solomon."

But her eyes were fixed on a distant goal; the desire to

enjoy herself or to distinguish herself was wholly merged now in the desire to devote herself. She never sat in judgment on others, but she continually sat in judgment on herself, and the verdict was always the same: "My vocation in the face of this needy heathenism is to qualify myself for real missionary work as quickly as possible." Again and again in her letters she seems to say with the greatest of all missionaries, as she looks on the heathen, "I long after you all," and her harshest expressions are used concerning what she calls "the senseless and unworthy race prejudice." She grows indignant over Anglo-Indians who regarded the natives with scorn, in the spirit of the beardless subaltern, who, at a durbar, followed into the room a very great raja, ruler over millions, grumbling, "Who is this nigger going in before me?" Hers was no romantic notion imbibed at home that picturesque heathen would be more interesting pupils than humble compatriots; she had learned to know something of the natives, even of the promising "inquirer" who turns out a thief; yet she describes them as "people whom one learns to like greatly in many ways."

"I do long," she writes on Christmas Day, "to be a real messenger here; but as yet can do so little and have done so little." Then, after reference to Eurasian work, she continues: "My own longing, which seems more burdensome every day, is after these poor brownies, who know nothing, and from whom as yet, and for many a long day to come, I am utterly cut off. Fancy seeing the poor ayah really ill, and not being able to manage to tell her I am sorry. And worst of all, to feel she has no part in our Christmas joy; and one cannot wish her or any of the other domestics, except the khidmatgar, a happy Christmas. Every day is so dreadfully short; and even now, when outside work is not in full swing, I don't get the real grind at the Urdu books I long for. . . . I must go on learning, and try and get hold

of the language, for I do long to be the real missionary article some day."

Each fresh experience in India strengthened this yearning; and we can well understand that the one social incident at St. Hilda's over which she was really keen was an "at home" with "a missionary exhibition" for attraction. The account of it may be prefaced by extracts from three letters written towards the close of that winter. Dealing with the general relation of Anglo-Indians to missions, she throws some light for us at home on the offhand disparagement of them by the "cousin who has been in India," and the disappointing indifference to them of the returned globe-trotter, who appears neither to have found nor even looked for missionary enterprise in India.

"The Lahore atmosphere, with few exceptions, does not stimulate missionary enthusiasm. Indifference among English people out here is, to my mind, far more depressing than the dark ignorance of the untaught natives, and that is saying a good deal. That they ever become Christians at all, considering the difficulties in missionary work, and the worse difficulties which stumbling-blocks caused by English 'Christians' must put in their way, is the real marvel, and shows that Christianity is no human thing. The English newspapers here, which are eagerly read by English-speaking natives, of whom there is a constantly increasing number, make one's heart ache, even though they contain 'patronising' articles about missions occasionally."

"I think it will have been a great advantage to have known the social as well as the missionary side of life in India. Certainly one sees how real many difficulties are. The climate alone limits life in many ways. When urgent work is waiting, an earnest missionary would not willingly give time or strength to society or social paraphernalia; and yet even those who are well-disposed to missions are bursting with sharp

criticisms if there is anything of the hermit or the dowdy about the unfortunate missionary, who has probably put in so much wearing work that there has been no strength or time left for pleasant small talk or Truefitt hairdressing. Then the well-disposed society persons would like to help missionary work; but they don't know much about it, and they have not the energy to make themselves acquainted with it, and there are so many dinner parties, and then they get fever, and then it is time to move on, and a new home is started somewhere else. Add to all this the fact that, though India is a very free and easy place in many ways, there is a fearfully despotic Mrs. Grundy, whose mandates check many a would-be explorer in unfashionable regions."

"The limpness and indifference to what lies outside their own lives is the great drawback with the English-speaking people of all hues, as a rule. Yet if they could be roused they might make excellent missionaries, knowing the language, and being acclimatised."

So we turn to her record of one unpretentious effort to rouse them. "*February 22nd.*—I went off early to fetch some spoils brought from Mandalay by the husband of one of my women, who was at its capture in January, 1886. . . . We then set to work, getting our exhibition ready, and soon the drawing-room was transformed: on one side, India, with Persia, Afghanistan, Burmah, and Tibet; then Japan, a corner brilliant with draperies and curios; then Africa, China, and Palestine; a stall of missionary literature for sale, from the beautiful Bible Society depôt; and a table of C.M.S. literature for giving away, instead of a plate for receiving contributions, as we wished to have a human collection of interested people rather than a few rupees. At 4 p.m. our guests arrived, between fifty and sixty in number; and after food for the body in the wide hall, got food for the mind in the exhibition, and then passed into the dining-room for a meeting. The coloured "Plea for

Missions" and a set of big maps were on the walls, and I had printed a huge scroll with Mark xvi. 15. Every seat was filled—railway people, my Sunday school class and G.F.S. class, and our society friends being all well represented. Getting curios from the last brought them to the meeting. Mr. Haslam, who, like some others, had been rather a wet blanket when I first mooted the idea, presided, and did his part really well. Dr. Arthur Lankester (who had come over from Amritsar, where he is Dr. H. M. Clark's colleague) gave a first-rate address. . . . Our guests seemed greatly interested, and we were all delighted with the way the meeting went off. It had been my pet plan, and the other ladies were so nice, congratulating me on its organisation. Now we hope the whole thing will have a practical outcome."

A well-known member of the C.M.S. who met the Bishop of Lahore at Lambeth Palace in June, 1894, wrote down at the time notes of conversation with him concerning St. Hilda's, in which the following sentences occur: "He admires immensely Irene's intense earnestness and enthusiasm and energy. He entirely agrees with her in all her views as to 'society.' The society part and the missionary work cannot go on together; people have neither time nor strength for both."

Over against these words and this whole narrative must be set the record of her somewhat different but not inconsistent attitude to society at Srinagar, and its influence.

It was not until she was on the point of leaving Lahore that Irene was able to make an opportunity for seeing the missionary work carried on in that city by the ladies of the Zenana, Bible, and Medical Mission. One sentence in the following account seems to explain the ignorance of missions shown by the average Anglo-Indian.

"On April 18th I accompanied Miss Healey to the city in a jinricksha, along a beautiful road bordered with rich

plaintain groves. What a contrast it was to leave the green, airy suburbs where all the Europeans live, and passing through the city gate, to walk up the hot, narrow pathway between the tightly packed houses of mud and brick! Many people in the station of Lahore never enter the city at all, and we did not see another white face till we were outside again. The houses, which have tiny rooms as a rule, are two or three stories high, the men's quarters being below, the women's upstairs—such poky, narrow, steep stairs! An open drain runs down the middle of each roadway, but as there is plenty of flowing water in it, the sanitation of the city is considered fairly good. The ups and downs of the streets, its white houses against an intensely blue sky, and talkative crowds in their picturesque dresses, recalled Lugano to me; but here, instead of campanile, domes and minarets closed in the view, with the short, thick, carved spires of the Hindu temples. Miss Healey and I went into two schools, in each of which nearly a score of small boys and girls, all Mohammedans, were learning writing, reading, arithmetic, and Scripture, under the direction of a native teacher. Miss Healey had short prayers and gave a Scripture lesson. Several brought sums to me to be corrected; and in one school I examined them in Genesis, with whose stories they seemed very familiar. We spent some time in a poor zenana, where an attractive group of red-robed women gathered instantly, and listened attentively to the teaching. The work is always growing, and a great work it is, though it must be a quiet one at present, for the difficulties that lie between these women and open profession of Christianity are terrible. . . .

“On April 19th I again accompanied Miss Healey, this time to visit my munshi's sweet little wife and pretty daughter. I quite fell in love with the former, who has a gentle face and manner, and a look of suffering, for she is lame, and must be nearly always in pain. She

reads well, and is, Miss Healey thinks, a Christian at heart, in bigoted Mohammedan surroundings. I taught her, 'The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; He covereth him all the day long, and he dwelleth between His shoulders,' which has been a favourite text with my little Munira, and read Psalm xxiii. to her."

According to the official regulations of the C.M.S., "whatever a missionary attempts for the good of others during the first year or two years must be subordinated to his main work of acquiring the native language." Irene therefore gave all available hours to the study of Urdu. This mixed or composite dialect, literally "language of the camp," otherwise called Hindustani, has resulted from a fusion of Hindi with Persian and Arabic, and is now the *lingua franca* of India. Dr. Cust classifies it as one of the "conquering" languages of the world, since it is superseding many local dialects, though for an increasing number of the best educated Hindus it is being superseded itself by English. The fact that it is mainly an Aryan tongue, written, as a rule, in a Semitic character, curiously commemorates the Mohammedan conquest of India.

Here are some dated glimpses of Irene at work upon it. December 12th: "Trying to master Urdu will be a real struggle up Hill Difficulty, I foresee; and it is melancholy to be told that few missionaries can do much teaching before they have given two years of daily study to the language. Most societies arrange that the first year is spent entirely on it, so at any rate I am very happy in the opportunity of doing a little work at once among people who do not need more than English. But I am tempted to wish that I could beg or borrow from somewhere a love for linguistic study, such as comes naturally in musical study. However that may be, there is such an inducement to grind at Urdu as one has never had for any study before

in the helpless and useless state of being tongue-tied amid this spiritual starvation. Our munshi is a bigoted Mohammedan, but himself suggested that we should read the Testament, so I am working at St. John's Gospel. Please, readers, pray that light may shine out of darkness for him." On January 15th the stories told her by an American Presbyterian of work among villages intensified her longing after "these poor native women." The early morning hour she gave to reading the trying Persian character; by lamplight in the evenings she worked at Urdu in the Roman character, which is, happily, being used more and more in India. Almost from the first she made undaunted efforts to talk, "which is like getting one's mouth full of water in the first attempts to swim"; and reports exultingly by February 6th: "I am glad to say I am getting some liking for Urdu." By April 10th she was able to join in the prayers and follow most of the speeches at a C.M.S. meeting.

She never reconsidered her purpose of being a missionary; the only question was: Where, and with whom? and this was not settled at once. Going back to her first Christmas in India, we read of the arrival of a huge mail. "Never were letters and cards so appreciated," she says; "it seemed as if one were watching and praying and praising beside the dear ones. I have far more than I ever expected to make happy the first Christmas away from all the people and places and things best loved." On New Year's Eve she wrote the one surviving fragment of private journal:—

"'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' *December 31st, 1893.*—Less than an hour left of this eventful year. Among all the things I can and do regret, as regards my personal life, I can and do give thanks for the lesson of trust to which all has pointed. He has taught us that we may trust the dear ones who have passed beyond the veil to the loving keeping of His home. He has shown

how sufficient could be the strength for work, during the first six months of 1893, with their endless round of activities, and during the even greater pressure of the months of stirring excitement and upheaval in our lives. He has shown how He could cheer days of sorrow and loneliness and perplexity with His good gifts of friends to help and sympathise. . . . To me He has shown in countless ways how literal is the promise to hear and to answer prayer; how He registers the desires, and how He can grant them.

“Three years ago: ‘Lord, show me Thy will.’ Two years ago: ‘Lord, help me to love Thy will.’ One year ago: ‘Here am I, send me.’ And He said, ‘Go.’ For it is His will that labourers should be thrust forth, and He can find a use for even the least of these.

“He has shown how He can guide through every difficulty and danger. Shall I not carry the lesson of trust into 1894 in His presence. Drudgery, perplexity, difficulty, loneliness, are certainly ahead, perhaps much else; but who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . Oh to yield to Him so that His will may be done, and that He may be magnified even through me! ‘They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee; for Thou, Lord, hast *never* failed them that seek Thee.’”

Thus did Irene keep her eyes, there as here, undazzled by all the allurements of the world, according to her mother's dying prayer; and just a fortnight after she wrote those words she had, all unconscious of it, a vision of her goal in the fulfilment of a longing cherished from earliest years. She had always passionately loved mountains, a fact possibly connected with her parents' tour in Switzerland shortly before her birth. In her childhood the thought of the loftiest summits in the world, whose names she carefully learned, and whose appearance she often asked her uncle Major Way to describe, enthralled her with a strange fascination.

In girlhood her answer to the question, "What place do you most want to see?" was, "Palestine, and then the Himalayas."

On January 13th, after the 8 a.m. service, she went on the roof of Lahore Cathedral, and "looking north, through the clear morning air, saw the line of the glorious snowy Himalayas, with the early pink light on them." On March 8th she had a yet finer view from the roof of the Zenana House at Amritsar, of their outworks the Pir Punjal range, lying athwart the northern sky "over one hundred miles off, yet far more striking than the Alps from Berne," which famous view she had been fortunate enough to see in perfection. The vision drew her on till she found her appointed task in the great valley over which the Himalayas mount guard, and in one of their remote fastnesses she lay down to rest when that task was accomplished.

Though she had no desire for a large circle of general acquaintance in India, she cultivated many missionary friendships, which became a source of much pleasure, and four times visited Amritsar. This city, which is thirty-two miles from Lahore, and about the same size, is for the natives the commercial and social capital of the Punjab—its *heart*, while Lahore is its *head*. As Benares is the sacred city of the Hindus, Amritsar is the sacred city of the Sikhs, of whom later on Irene was to have many among her pupils, and the C.M.S. naturally made it their headquarters when, as we have told, they were asked to evangelise the Punjab. A group of C.M.S. men there, some closely associated with Kashmir, must now be introduced. The Rev. Robert Clark, M.A. Cantab., Secretary to the Punjab and Sind Corresponding Committee of the C.M.S., went out in 1851, and had almost completed half a century of notable service when he died in May, 1900. She had known his wife in London, and corresponded with his daughter as a College by Post student. The Rev.

T. R. Wade, B.D. Lambeth, went out in 1863. His first wife had been a friend of Irene's mother; and she, just six years of age, had attended, as her first missionary meeting, a *Zenana* gathering in her mother's drawing-room, at which Mr. Wade had spoken when home on furlough. She met him again in London in 1888. Dr. Henry Martyn Clark, M.D., C.M., Edinb., an Afghan by birth and adopted son of Mr. R. Clark, has been a C.M.S. missionary since 1881, and is now at the head of the largest medical mission in the world. The Rev. Imad-ud-din, D.D., a man of good family, whose ancestors had been for generations among the leading Mohammedans of the Punjab, became famous as a maulvi and faqir, and in order to win back to Mohammedanism a friend who had been baptised, began to study the Christian Scriptures, with the result that, after being a devoted Mohammedan for thirty years, he has become, since 1866, not only a devoted Christian, but one of the ablest and most influential champions of the Christian faith in North India. In 1884 Archbishop Benson recognised the value of his theological and controversial works by conferring the degree of D.D. on him. He was the first Indian to receive it.

On December 27th Irene found herself in what she describes as "the most picturesque city of Amritsar. Its busy, narrow streets are shut in by high houses, mostly white, with beautiful lattice work. The varying heights of the buildings and strong effect of light and shade under the deep blue sky reminded us of Italian cities, especially Venice. We halted at the gateway leading to the sacred place of the Sikhs, and were conducted first to a shed, where brown laddies exchanged our leather boots for enormous cloth slippers. We were then allowed to traverse the white marble causeway leading across the celebrated lake, the 'Umrit Sara' (Water of Immortality), to which from all parts pilgrims seeking healing for their bodies come to bathe. Exactly in the centre of the

lake, on a tiny island, is the exquisite Golden Temple, where the chief guru and his six hundred assistants read the Granth. Since the guru Nanak wrote it and founded the temple in protest against prevalent forms of Hinduism three hundred years ago, this book has been the principal object of reverence, if not of worship, to the Sikhs. A solemn porter with a silver mace admitted us, showing, as he did so, the ancient oak doors, inlaid with ivory on one side, and faced with silver on the other. Some of the outer walls are of white marble, inlaid; within, the temple is a mass of rich colouring and gold, panels of ornament alternating with tablets on which extracts from the Granth are carved in Punjabi. At one end of the hall is a small charpai covered with rich silken draperies, among which the book is hidden. Offerings of flowers are laid on them. We were not allowed to step on some of the carpets in front of the book, though we might go round behind, and be close to the guru who was waving a soft brush of finest white silk to keep the flies off. We climbed by narrow steps to an upper story, whence we could look down to the hall below and listen to the group of musicians who were singing and producing discordant sounds from quaint-looking drums and fiddles. Going higher up still we emerged upon the roof, which was covered with gold plates. . . . I was arrested by hearing the sacred Name 'Yesu Masih' in one of the golden galleries; it was the Rev. Donald Mackenzie (C.M.S.) preaching a Christian sermon within the very walls of the temple to his guide—a former mission school boy—and a respectful group of listeners. The tolerance and courtesy of these Sikhs gave a pleasing impression; but their religion of a book must indeed be a cold and empty one. Mr. Mackenzie persuaded the old guru to unwrap the sacred volume and read some of it aloud to us. All the Sikhs present stood round in dead silence, as the coverings were lifted and the intoning proceeded.

When it ceased they made profound salaams, and then the musicians again performed. We recrossed the marble causeway to a second temple on the shore of the lake, to which the Granth is nightly carried in solemn procession to be put to bed."

They then visited the grand C.M.S. Hospital and the Zenana House, where they met Miss Tuting, a former College by Post colleague, and saw Miss Jackson's class of eighty widows doing beautiful embroideries. Some five hundred children are in the C.E.Z.M.S. Schools; and the ladies also itinerate in the villages round, gathering about them women to whom the Gospel story is absolutely new.

Irene paid a second visit to Amritsar on February 10th to give an address upon Japan to members of the Gleaners' Union in Mrs. Wade's drawing-room. The audience included many native Christians wearing pretty chaddars. A letter from Miss Tapson and a New Year's card from a Japanese whom we had known in his Cambridge days, who was now a lord-in-waiting to the Crown Prince, illustrated her address; and she found it "strange to point to Lahore on the map as just midway between the Sunrise and Sunset Isles of the Sea."

This time she went to the splendid Alexandra School, where daughters of Christians, mostly professional men, receive a first-rate English education, up to a High-school standard; and St. Catherine's Hospital, which is the centre of a grand work for the women and children. "On the way," she says, "I saw many interesting things: a sacred bull, standing right across the road, helping himself to whatever he wished for in the shopfronts; a big Hindu caravanserai, with tank and temple attached; and a group of Central Asians in furry coats, to whom Mr. Wade talked in Persian. Miss Hewlett herself, 'the St. Hilda of the Punjab,' received me, and took me round St. Catherine's. She comes across all that is most sad in the lives of the women here. . . .

Modified purdah seems much the safest plan for many of these poor things. . . . Then Miss Annie Sharp took me to her Blind School, where a touching group were squatting, knitting mats and making baskets. She is gradually collecting a library for them in Moon and Braille type.¹ The morning ended with house to house visiting and preaching in a Sikh quarter. Sometimes in the Mohammedan quarter they get no welcome; but the Sikhs are more courteous. We went into several mud houses, up the narrowest steps I ever saw, to the roof, a perfect swarm of women following and appearing from all the neighbouring roofs. Miss Sharp let me say John iii. 16 to them after her address; and they were much like the Athenians in the way they received the message. As we drove again through the narrow, swarming streets a distribution of vernacular tracts was made to many who eagerly asked for them. At 4.30 Mr. and Mrs. Wade fetched me, and we drove to the house of Dr. Imad-ud-din. The grand old ci-devant maulvi welcomed me with the Padre and Mem Sahib very politely, and in the drawing-room we found all the family assembled for the betrothal of his daughter. Mr. Wade read 1 Cor. xiii. and prayed in Urdu, all joined in the Lord's Prayer, and then the bridegroom presented the engagement ring set with rubies and emeralds, and was presented with a diamond ring and silk handkerchief. Mrs. Imad-ud-din held a very private reception, and showed off a small grandson to the ladies. She still keeps purdah. I could not, to my regret, combine a native evangelistic service with fulfilling my promise to Daisy and Lily Wade of a farewell game. I danced to a whistled tune with each, having already initiated them into the 'Chop Waltz' and the 'Three little Pigs.' Dear little bodies, they

¹ *They Shall See His Face: Stories of God's Grace in Work among the Blind and Others in India*, by S. Hewlett, fully describes this much needed and most satisfactory work.

whispered in such a confidential way, 'Most ladies who come here don't do this sort of thing.'

Irene's third visit on March 8th was for the distribution of prizes by the two Mem Sahibs of St. Hilda's to the Zenana Mission School girls. Miss Tuting writes of her eagerness in watching them, and in spelling out the texts on the walls.

She saw yet another school on her fourth visit on March 30th, the beautiful Middle School, where seventy Christian girls of humble parentage are trained as teachers. The object of this visit was to confer with Mr. Clark about her own future plans.

On January 15th, when she had been six weeks at St. Hilda's, she had written: "The Bishop and Miss Beynon want me to stay here out and out, and are beginning to wish to know my intentions, more than I can tell anyone at present, not knowing them myself." A month later, fresh from her second visit to Amritsar, she says: "It was splendid to get an insight into real work, and made me long to work among the pakka natives more than ever. In my as yet small experience, C.M.S. is still the ideal society, so far as ideality can exist. I wonder if I shall ever join it?" On February 17th she lunched with the Bishop, and though one omits many of her portraits of the living, one may insert her portrait of him. "The Bishop is delightful. He is a little like Bishop Westcott in the face, and spirituality and charity strike one as two prominent characteristics, as well as plenty of kindly common sense. To him I said: 'I wished for missionary work before coming to India; I wish for it more than ever now.' His advice was: 'C.M.S., if you are free to join them.' Both the Bishop and Miss Beynon are very nice, and delightfully kind about it all, and tell me not to hurry a decision, and say how sorry they will be to lose me, but that if my heart is in the native work, C.M.S. is the best outlet."

The day she wrote this (February 27th), Mr. Wade was writing to her: "I am sure the C.M.S. would gladly welcome you as an honorary worker, and would offer you any kind of work to which you would feel most drawn. Speaking for myself, and so far as I know the minds of others, we should all be delighted to have you. You ask for my advice. Do everything in concert with the Bishop and your present friends; we are all members of one great army out here. Missionary work should be life work; if God calls us to it, we should wait till He calls us from it before we give it up."

On March 2nd she wrote to Mr. Clark, formally offering to the C.M.S. He replied: "I have read your letter with joy and thankfulness to God, Who has put it into your heart to desire to help forward His cause among the heathen. I am sure that the Committees both in London and in India will gladly accept you, and will endeavour to find such work for you as will best meet your wishes and utilise your special gifts. . . . But I sympathise with St. Hilda's and its workers in Lahore. God needs many good workers among Europeans and Eurasians also, who will teach the pure, simple word of God without additions or any alterations."

She then wrote to the C.M.S. headquarters in London, saying at the same time in her weekly letter: "I shall be very sorry to say good-bye to the nice friends of the past months, and should not do so if there were not good prospect of the St. Hilda's work being well carried on. . . . My own spirits are certainly on the rise, as C.M.S. plans mature." The educational work at Amritsar attracted her strongly; but taking Mr. Clark's advice, she came to no hasty decision.

Those to whom the initials "C.M.S." are entirely familiar must forgive a momentary pause upon their significance at this point for the information of others. The Church Missionary Society is the younger of the two great Anglican societies, and during its hundred years of existence has

become the greatest missionary society in the world, both in the extent of its operations and the amount of its annual income. Its full title, "Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East," reminds us that at its foundation in 1799 no Anglican was preaching to the heathen in either Asia or Africa. These continents have ever been its chief concern, but it has some work in Canada and New Zealand, labouring always among natives only, and not among our own countrymen also. In one hundred years it has sent out just over two thousand European missionaries, of whom exactly half went during the first eighty-two years, and half in the last eighteen years of its existence. Between twelve hundred and thirteen hundred of these are now labouring, and the natives whom they have won to the faith now number more than a quarter of a million. These figures will not appear large when we compare them with the accounts of men and money given to religious and philanthropic work at home, or with the number of still unevangelised heathen in the world, or with the fact that only one-seventh of our own fellow-subjects are even nominally Christians. Of the three hundred and fifty millions that Queen Victoria now rules, sixty millions are Mohammedans and two hundred and forty millions heathen.

Lahore has the reputation of being the hottest city in India, and after March a blaze of fierce sun and burning winds from the sandy plains render it unbearable. So in April St. Hilda's was broken up for the summer; Miss Beynon went to England, the two Mem Sahibs to Simla. In December Mrs. Keith Falconer became Mrs. F. E. Bradshaw, and shortly after she and Mrs. Engelbach returned home. Irene, on April 25th, the very day that the C.M.S. Committee in London were accepting her as "an honorary missionary in local connexion," crossed the frontier into Kashmir, little realising that she was entering a country that would be the

scene of all her future work. Before following her thither we must glance at the subsequent development of St. Hilda's.

The step which Bishop Matthew took in making that institution an integral part of his diocesan organisation had been anticipated by his predecessor; for in 1883 Bishop French dedicated to her work as a Zenana missionary, by a solemn prayer from the pulpit, the daughter of Sir Henry Norman, thus expressing his own conviction on the subject of definitely consecrating to their appointed tasks whole-hearted Christian women. During the winter 1892-93 Miss Beynon reconnoitred the ground; during the winter 1893-94, when Irene joined not only as an ardent but as a trained and indefatigable worker, the institution passed through its experimental stage. Later on, under the wise guidance of the Bishop, who drew out a regular rule of life for its inmates, it became firmly established as St. Hilda's *Deaconess House*.

Since Dean Howson, more than thirty years ago, urged upon an unwilling Church the importance of organising women workers, carefully selected women have been ordained as "deaconesses" by the Bishops of several English dioceses. Precedent for this was found not in the religious "orders" of mediæval monasticism, but rather in the feminine diaconate of the Apostolic Church, of which we catch glimpses in the New Testament. In India such deaconesses are needed even more than at home. Here the clergy may reckon on much regular help from residents, who become district visitors, Sunday school teachers, etc. There, as "station folks" become less and less stationary, their help must be most casual and intermittent. Meanwhile, the pastoral work of the Church among the poor English, the Eurasians, and the native Christians is ever growing. Hence the scheme of ordaining women, after two or more years' training and probation, for three kinds of work—parochial, educational, and missionary—and the developing of St. Hilda's as "a residence for the

deaconesses and probationers, and a centre of deaconess work."

On November 17th, 1896, the Bishop of Lahore ordained its founder as "Deaconess Katherine Beynon." She was the first to be so set apart in India, and the only other as yet ordained is Deaconess Ellen Lakhshmi Goreh, author of the well-known poem "In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide," and daughter of the famous Brahman convert of Benares, Padre Nehemiah Goreh. She is working under the Bishop of Lucknow with a second deaconess from England, and another English deaconess has lately gone to the diocese of Lahore to work in the Cambridge Delhi Mission. It is hoped that a permanent Deaconess House at Lahore may commemorate Bishop Matthew. The enterprise is yet in its infancy, but gives every promise of vigorous growth, since it is part of that larger movement of our day which claims that women seriously taking up any career, after definite training, should be recognised not as mere amateurs but as professed and professional workers.

CHAPTER VI

KASHMIR

The light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness overcame it not (JOHN i. 5, R.V., margin).

Thick darkness shall be driven away (ISA. viii 22, R.V., margin).

THE stupendous chain of mountains that forms the backbone of the Old World, dividing the windy plateaux of Central Asia from the burning plains of India, is most appropriately named the Himalayas—that is, the “Abode of Snow.” About the middle of it, fed by this snow, rise two mighty rivers—the Ganges, to which Bengal owes its extraordinary fertility, and the Indus, whence the whole peninsula takes its designation. One of the five great tributaries of the Indus is the Jhelum or Jehlam, which, before it pours into the Punjab through a series of gorges, waters a remarkable alluvial plain lying to the north-east of that land. This fair oasis in the very heart of the rugged Himalayan system is a unique feature on the earth’s surface. Legend tells that it was once a huge tarn, where dwelt a man-eating monster called Juldeva. Kashaf, a holy rishi, after a thousand years of prayer prevailed with Vishnu to drain the Lake; the waters gushed out through the Baramula Pass, the monster perished, and the newly reclaimed Vale, taking the saint’s name, was henceforth known as Kashmir.¹ Three lovely lakes are found in it to-day—the Wular, forty miles in circumference, the Dal

¹ See Major-General Newall’s *Highlands of India*.

(pronounced "dull"), six by three miles, and Manasbal, about the size of Grasmere. Legend apart, it is highly probable that they are relics of one original lake, occupying an area of at least 1,500 miles. These mirror-like lakes and the Jhelum, with its many canals, form a sort of arterial system to the Vale; and the loops and windings of the river, as it placidly meanders through fields and hamlets, are said to have suggested the pattern of the celebrated Kashmir shawls. It is navigable from Islamabad to Baramula.

Kashmir is divided from the Punjab by the Pir Punjal range, which is from 9,000 to 15,500 feet high; and from Tibet by the Western Himalayas, averaging 18,000 feet. Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas (29,000 feet), lies far away to the south-east; but from Kashmir can be seen Nanga Parbat (pronounced "Nunga Perbut"), one of the most imposing mountains in the world. The area enclosed by these two ranges is about a hundred by fifty miles in size, and lies 5,200 feet above the sea. About half of it is as flat as the Norfolk Broads; while the portions towards the mountain bases are not unlike the hilly parts of Surrey in configuration. Roughly, it is in the same latitude as Jerusalem, Gibraltar, and California.

The marvellous beauty and great fertility of the land which Orientals fondly speak of as "Kashmir, equal to Paradise," made it in olden times the prey of ruthless conquerors, and bring thither an ever-growing number of tourists and holiday-makers to-day. The poet and the historian, the traveller and the sportsman, have sung its praises again and again. All that need be done here is to point out in its past what will explain the character of its people and their religious condition in the present.

Many mission fields are without annals because they had no written language till European missionaries gave them one. But Kashmir possesses a civilisation more ancient

than our own, and a history five thousand years long, which may be divided into three periods. The first, from 3000 B.C. to A.D. 1341, was a romantic period, when it was ruled by native princes. This begins with a mythical golden age, when Kashaf peopled the Vale with a pure race, and built the original of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Martand, whose ruins command what is probably the finest view in the whole world. There are chapters in this history which read like tales of mediæval chivalry. A line of *rois fainéants* ended in a high-souled queen, Kotereen, whose first husband, a Tibetan, deposed her father and ruled in her right till his death. Her prime minister then forced her to marry him, whereon she stabbed herself, leaving him to rule as the first Mohammedan sovereign of Kashmir.

This opened a second and very different period from 1341 to 1819, the Mohammedan period of subjection to foreigners and frequent civil wars. From 1587 to 1753 Kashmir was a part of the Mogul Empire—the only part which is not now under the direct rule of the Empress of India. The two most notable Mogul Emperors were both closely associated with Kashmir: Akbar, whose reign (1555–1605) almost coincides with that of Queen Elizabeth, conquered it; Aurungzebe, whose reign (1658–1707) almost coincides with that of Louis XIV., was the father of Lalla Rookh, heroine of the poem by Thomas Moore which familiarised Kashmir to the general English reader of a past generation. It was Jehanghir, Akbar's successor, who made for his bride the renowned Nurmahal, three lovely gardens on the Dal Lake—the Shalimar Bagh, Nishat Bagh, each enclosing a palace, and the Nasim Bagh. They were the Balmoral of those of Victoria's predecessors whose capital was Delhi. The Mogul rule was followed by nearly seventy years of misery under the oppressive deputies of Persian conquerors.

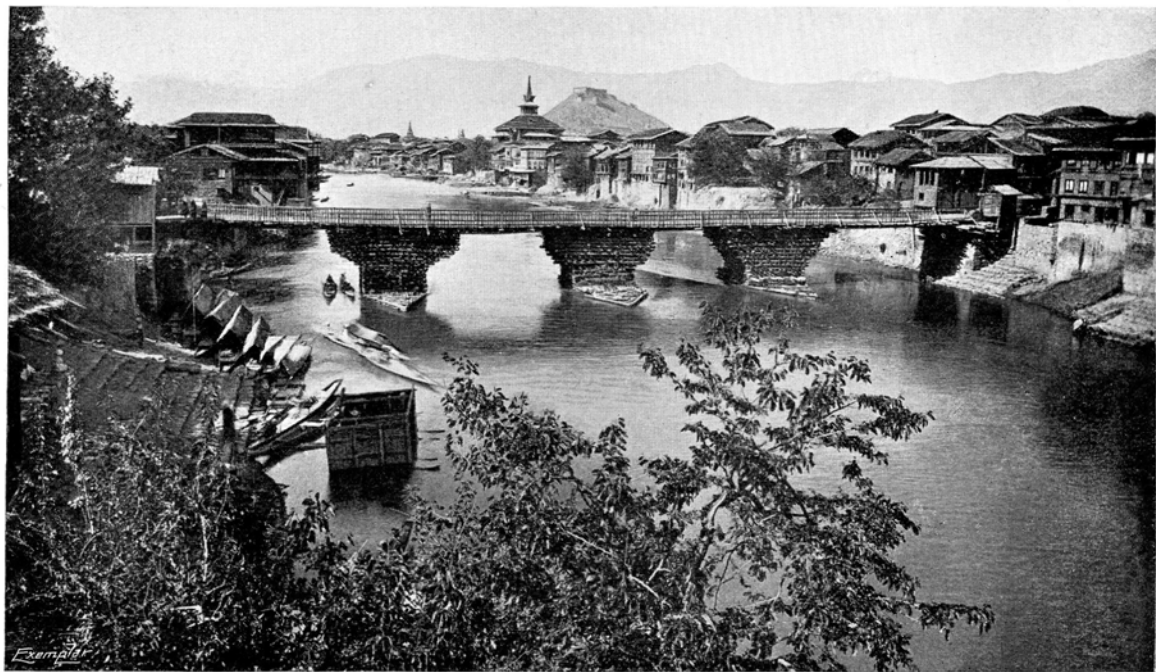
In 1819 the third and latest period was inaugurated

through the conquest of a Sikh, Runjit Singh, "the lion of the Punjab." Sikh rule, latterly under British influence, has been the lot of Kashmir for the last fourscore years; for after Runjit's death in 1839 (when four queens and five Kashmiri slave girls were burned alive on his pyre), Golab Singh, the descendant of an old Dogra family, won confidence as mediator between contending parties in the distracted land. He was already Raja of Jammu, and in 1847 Lord Hardinge made him Maharaja of Kashmir; in fact, when the Treaty of Amritsar closed the first Punjab War, he purchased the throne out of the plunder he had carried off to Jammu from Runjit Singh's treasure in the fortress of Lahore. His dominions included the basin of the Jhelum, still connoted geographically by the term Kashmir, whose capital is Srinagar; Jammu, the residence of the Maharaja during most of the year, which lies on the south slope of the Pir Punjal range, about two hundred and thirty-five miles due south of Srinagar; and a region beyond the Western Himalayas to the north-east of the Vale of Kashmir, the basin of the Upper Indus, consisting of the three provinces of Gilgit, Iskardo, and Ladakh. Into that region, whose capital is Leh, Chapter XIII. will take us. Politically the whole territory ruled by the Maharaja is called Kashmir, and forms a country nearly equal in extent to England and Scotland together, with a population (1891) of about two and a half millions. Kashmir is the most northerly of the native States which acknowledge the Qaisar-i-Hind as suzerain, and commands the great trade routes into Central Asia. Hence control of it is a matter of vital political and strategical importance to Great Britain.

Golab Singh died in 1857, and Colonel Urmston prevented the immolation of his five widows as suttees. His son Runbir Singh reigned from 1857 to 1885, when the present Maharaja, Pertab Singh, succeeded. He had only been on

the throne four years when much of his power was transferred to a State Council, of which he is president. Laws made by this Council have to receive a final sanction from the Government of India through the Resident in Kashmir, a change which is working slowly but steadily towards the wellbeing of a land that has suffered much at the hands of its rulers.

Turning again to geographical and historical Kashmir, the alluring Vale which has been coveted and conquered by all its neighbours in turn, we find representatives of many tribes and many tongues within its borders to-day. What has been the result of its history for the handsome, olive-skinned race who are its own people? They are a cheery, civil, plausible folk, witty in repartee, industrious as farmers, and most artistic and skilful, as their embroideries and handicrafts in metal and papier-mâché show. Unburdened with anxiety for the morrow, and free from the crush of competition, they lead a natural animal life, with as few cares as they have hopes. The well-deserved reputation of the women for beauty has caused them to be kidnapped for harems in all parts of India; the children are most winsome, and the parents seem fond of them and kind to them. But to a fine physique the Kashmiris add few manly, and to a quick intelligence few moral qualities. It is characteristic of them that while the women do all the hard work, the men produce the fine embroideries, and that their arts are of a kind that call for little muscular effort. The Persians have a proverb that from a Kashmiri you can never experience anything but sorrow and anxiety. Mrs. Bishop, who has kindly words for so many of the remote races she has visited, describes the Kashmiris as "false, cringing, and suspicious." Mr. E. F. Knight says that they are incorrigible cheats and liars, cowardly to an inconceivable degree, for a Kashmiri will receive a blow from a man smaller than himself and not dare to return it. Irene says: "They are the



SRINAGAR : THE FOURTH BRIDGE, HARI PARBAT, AND IN THE DISTANCE KOTWAL AND HARAMUK. [*Facing p. 222.*]

most entirely unpatriotic people one ever knew. They will always have a sneer at their own countrymen. I gave a darzi some bags to make for my pupils' reading-books the other day. These were cobbled in such a style that I told him I should be far too ashamed to think of giving such things away. 'I thought they were only for Kashmiri lóg,' was his excuse." So little public spirit have they that they have been seen quietly watching the ravages of a fire, without making any effort to prevent it spreading. The Zenana missionary who tells this, also tells that once when she was impelled to say, "O dear Kashmiri women, why won't you wash?" they looked at her wonderingly, and replied, "We have been so oppressed that we don't care to be clean." That explains all. Used abominably for generations, they use each other abominably; and so where Nature is fairest one sees sadly illustrated the pregnant phrase of Wordsworth, "What man has made of man."

Only one-third of the Vale is said to be under tillage. Properly cultivated it could easily support four millions. Its actual population is estimated (in the absence of census returns) at from one-third to one-quarter of that number. The mass of the people live in its numerous and thickly clustering villages. Islamabad, forty-five miles up the river from Srinagar, contains eight thousand people, and is the only town of any size besides the capital.

Srinagar (pronounced "Shreenugger"), "the City of the Sun" or "the Holy City," stands in size twenty-second among the cities of India. Its population is variously estimated at from 120,000 to 140,000—that is, it contains from 20,000 to 30,000 less than Lahore and Amritsar; or to compare more familiar places, it is rather larger than Brighton, and less than half the size of Edinburgh. Old maps sometimes call it "Cashmere," a name ambiguous enough already. It is said to have been founded by Provarsen, a half fabulous

native prince who conquered all India. Poets sang its praises as "the City of Roses"; and in the distance it is very striking. Seven quaint bridges of deodar logs, on the cantilever principle, span the sluggish coils of the Jhelum, and the approaching tourist is attracted not a little by its four- or five-storied houses with protruding, carved balconies and its lovely baghs. But the gaudy ugliness of the Lal Mundi Palace and other modern public buildings, and the crooked and flimsy structure of its dwellings generally, proclaim a race degenerate from the builders of the imposing and symmetrical temples whose ruins suggest that Kashmiri architects were once under the influence of the Greek occupiers of the Punjab. Moreover, the resident in Srinagar has to confess that from its picturesque canals arises a massive and unrelieved stench, which is never forgotten by those who have once inhaled it.

Here is Irene's description, written in November, 1895: "Let me take you in imagination a little voyage in our shikari up the great river Jhelum, where it forms the main highway through this capital city of Srinagar. Just now it is reflecting golden poplars and crimson chenar-trees on its banks, with more distant mountain ranges on all sides covered with fresh fallen snow, which look dazzling as the last autumn sunshine lights them up against the blue sky. . . . Srinagar, with its water-ways, palaces, bridges, and graceful, fair-skinned inhabitants, suggests Venice, though Venice much dilapidated. But from Venice there are no such views as one may see here on a clear autumn day. It is perhaps the dirtiest city in the world; and most of the houses look as if they could not survive the next flood or earthquake. The shining pinnacles and tall minarets belong to Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques, and we may search the city in vain for a Christian church."

Much has been done in the last ten or twelve years for the

material progress of Kashmir. Our soldiers are disciplining the hitherto nondescript army of this outpost of the Empire ; our statesmen are reforming abuses, reorganising the Post-office, the Public Works and Forest departments, and the State finances. The land settlement effected by Mr. Lawrence and his coadjutors is greatly and permanently benefiting the oppressed peasantry. Merchants from more than one European country are developing trade and manufactures ; British engineers are making roads and bridges, providing pure water, draining land ; not only facilitating commerce, but averting the awful floods of the past, and the still worse disasters of famine and plague, which ought to be unknown where the soil is so fertile and the climate so fine. But carriage of supplies across the frontier was formerly so difficult, uncertain, and expensive that whenever inadequate snowfall caused their primitive means of irrigation to fail there was dearth. The famine of 1876-78, in which from one-third to two-fifths of the Kashmiris were swept away, was directly due, according to Sir Lepel Griffin and Dr. Downes, to the maladministration of corrupt native officials ; and visitations of cholera have been wholly the result of outrageously defying sanitary laws. Irene longed "for an army of health missionaries to follow in the wake of the Gospel missionaries and teach practically that cleanliness is next to godliness."

And what of the life which cannot be lived by bread alone ?

Two hills, rising sharply out of the plain and visible far across it, form the landmarks of Srinagar, which stretches towards them from the river winding through its heart. The Dal Gate, at the south-west extremity of the Dal Lake, lies between them. Hari-Parbat, the smaller one, three hundred feet high, is crowned with a fort built by Akbar, and below it, says legend, Juldeva lies, like Enceladus beneath Etna. The Takht-i-Suleiman ("Solomon's Throne"), the larger one, over a thousand feet high, is a queer, isolated, conical peak,

the "Arthur's Seat" of Srinagar, steep but not difficult of ascent. From its summit one gets the best view of the city, rising from the rich alluvial plain, with its network of canals, set in fields of rice and maize, amid clear streams, shady chinar groves, and luxuriant gardens. The girdle of mountains, whence flow a thousand fountains and brooks, rises beyond; their lower slopes dark with pines, deodars, and cedars, their brows gleaming with perpetual snow, Haramuk (16,000 feet), Kotwal (14,000 feet), and Mahadeo (13,000 feet) being their most conspicuous heights. Here one realises why the poet sang of the vale as "an emerald set in pearls." The Takht is crowned by the oldest remaining temple in Kashmir, a building which epitomises the whole religious history of the country.

About 250 B.C., when Rome and Carthage were beginning to grapple together in the Punic Wars, Asoka introduced Buddhism into Kashmir, supplanting a primitive serpent and nature worship. His son Jaloka built the original temple here, and gathered Buddhist priests to it in convocation about 200 B.C. About 250 A.D., when Cyprian and Origen were moulding the theology of a Christian Church still in the fires of Imperial persecution, the temple was rebuilt and dedicated to Mahadeva, that is, Siva; for about the time of the fall of Jerusalem Hinduism had been introduced into Kashmir, where it flourished for more than a thousand years. Pupils flocked to its most famous schools and professors there, and pilgrims visited the scenes of many of the favourite tales of Hindu heroes and gods. Before Hinduism, Buddhism vanished away, slowly but utterly, unless the rishis of Kashmir may be regarded as survivals of it. Irene met one of these whose only occupation was enlarging a tomb which his father had spent fifteen years of his life in digging out of a deep mountain cavern in expiation of the crime of murdering his wife. She heard of another given

wholly to prayer and fasting, who was visited by the Maharaja and others on the Moslem holy day. These anchorites recall the hermits of the Thebaid.

About the time that Wycliffe was inaugurating the Lollard movement in England, Mohammedanism was being established in Kashmir, and the fanatical zeal of Sikandar Butshikan (Alexander the Iconoclast) was demolishing not only the idols but many of the most massive temples of Hinduism. Islam claimed the Takht as a sacred place, since it owed its name to the tradition that "the flying throne of star-taught Solomon" was set on it once, Adam, Noah, and Mohammed all figuring in the complicated legend of an umbrella which there sheltered the Wise King. Nothing remains of the Buddhist temple, only fragments of the old Hindu temple; and when the Sikh rulers of Kashmir in our own century wrested the Takht from the Moslem, it was a mosque which they restored with plaster and white-wash, and re-dedicated to Siva, still the favourite Hindu god in Kashmir. Every day now a priest appointed by the Maharaja, who is a devout Hindu, climbs the Takht with an offering of milk and rice and flowers, and mutters a prayer round the shrine of the idol within.

In India as a whole, according to the 1891 census, there were almost 189,000,000 Hindus and almost 54,000,000 Mohammedans. Five centuries of Islam triumphant in Kashmir have reversed this proportion there, and it now claims at least three-quarters, Dr. Neve thinks fourteen-fifteenths, of the population, the "masses" of Kashmir. The minority of Hindus form its "classes," being nearly all of the Brahman caste. The inferior castes were either driven out of the country or forced to accept Islam. Its conquest has been (so to say) avenged in this century on the Mohammedan many by the Hindu few, for they form the official class, a large number of them being employed in the State service.

They are all called pundits, a word whose significance may be likened to that of "clerk" in the Middle Ages. In the abstract, though not where breaking of caste is concerned, Hinduism is more tolerant than Mohammedanism; but in Kashmir, where they have neither Government nor officials to back them, Mohammed's followers dare not display their wonted intolerance. Moreover, the ordinary Kashmiri is more of a saint-worshipper than a true Moslem; he can repeat the Kalima, and knows the names of the six great prophets; but in calamity he turns to his pir to help him. His shrines are often on former Hindu sites, and the Hinduism of his ancestors appears beneath the veneer of Mohammedanism. Below both is the aboriginal nature-worship, dying hard before more formulated creeds.

There is yet another chapter of the religious story of the Takht. Conspicuous on an outlying spur of it, known as the Rustum Gari, beneath which nestles the village of Drogjun, rises now a cruciform building whose tale will be told presently, where the worshippers of Christ gather daily. Its spire points to heaven at a lower elevation than the top of the domed Hindu temple, and it does not actually crown the Rustum Gari. Round the summit of that secondary height runs a fence, above which no one may build, for the Kashmiris believe that he who lives on Rustum Gari will rule Kashmir. Nearer than aught else to this fateful summit rises the group of mission buildings, consummated by the church, predicting that even as the idolatries of the ancient world dropped into the darkness of oblivion before the uplifted Cross of Christ, so must the gloomy creed of Islam and the blind and often revolting rites of Hinduism fall when the Kingdom of God comes with power in Kashmir.

No political excitements, no startling tragedies, no extraordinary results have called public attention to missionary

work in Kashmir. Taking it as a typical C.M.S. station, we shall find, ere we have proceeded far, that its short history is an instructive commentary upon the popular notion that ardent pietists at home, knowing nothing of far-off lands, raise large funds which societies spend in providing snug berths for mediocre people who would have little chance in their own country, and whose well-meaning efforts for the heathen are mostly misdirected and futile.

Both the brevity and the precision of our story will be aided by beginning, for convenience of reference, with a complete list of all the missionaries who have laboured there. Those of the C.M.S. are in ordinary type, those of the C.E.Z.M.S. in italics, those who have died in capitals, those no longer there in (), and those in local connexion are marked *.

MISSIONARIES TO KASHMIR.

- 1865-72. WILLIAM JACKSON ELMSLIE, M.D. Edin. (C.M.S.).
 1874-75. (Dr. Theodore Maxwell, B.A., B.Sc., M.D., Lond.)
 1877-82. (Dr. Edmund Downes, L.R.C.P.)
 1882- Dr. Arthur Neve, L.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., Edin.
 1883- Rev. James Hinton Knowles and Mrs. Knowles.
 1886- Dr. Ernest Fred. Neve, M.D., Edin.
 1888- *Miss Elizabeth Gordon Hull.*
 1888-89. FANNY JANE BUTLER (C.E.Z.M.S.).
 1888-91. (*Miss Rainsford.*)
 1888-93. (*Miss Elizabeth M. Newman.*)
 1890- Rev. Cecil Earle Tyndale-Biscoe, M.A. Cantab.
 1891- Mrs. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe (m. Nov., 1891).
 1891- **Miss Amy Judd* (Mrs. R. V. Greene, m. July, 1896).
 1891-92. (*Miss Huntley, M.D.*)
 1891-92. (*Miss M. K. Webster.*)
 1892- Mr. Robert Venables Greene.
 1893- *Miss Annie Coverdale* (in local connexion, 1890-91).
 1893- *Miss Catharine Newnham* (transferred to C.M.S., 1900).
 1894-97. IRENE ELEANORA VERITA PETRIE (C.M.S.).
 1895-96. (*Miss May Pryce-Browne.*)
 1896-98. (**Miss Kathleen Howatson.*)
 1897-99. (**Miss Rudra [Mrs. Singh].*)

- 1897- *Miss Foy.
 1897- Miss Bessie Martyn.
 1898- Miss Mary Nora Neve (in local connexion, 1894-96).
 1899- Rev. Cecil Edward Barton, B.A., and Mrs. Barton.
 1899- *Miss Stubbs.
 1900- Miss Minnie Gomery, M.D.

MISSIONARIES STATIONED ELSEWHERE AND OTHERS, WHO HAVE
 HELPED IN KASHMIR TEMPORARILY.

- 1864, etc. Rev. R. Clark, M.A., & Mrs. Clark (C.M.S., Amritsar).
 1865. Rev. W. Smith, (C.M.S., Benares).
 1865. Rev. A. Brinckman (S.P.G.).
 1865. Rev. W. G. Cowie (afterwards Bishop of Auckland).
 1870. Rev. W. T. Storrs, M.D. (C.M.S., Santal).
 1871. Rev. T. V. French (afterwards Bishop of Lahore).
 1875-83(?) Rev. T. R. Wade (C.M.S., Amritsar).
 1892. Rev. H. E. Perkins (C.M.S., Bahrwal).
 1896- Mr. G. W. Tyndale-Biscoe.
 1899- Mr. A. B. Tyndale, M.A. Oxon.
 1899- Rev. C. l'E. Burges, M.A. Cantab.

A preliminary journey to reconnoitre the field was made in 1854 by the Rev. R. Clark, a Cambridge Wrangler (see p. 96), and Colonel Martin, of the 9th Native Infantry. He had lately given anonymously ten thousand rupees to found the Punjab Mission, and in 1855 became an honorary C.M.S. missionary at Peshawar. Golab Singh was quite willing that they should preach in his dominions, saying that the Kashmiris were so bad already that the padres could do them no harm, and he was curious to see if they could do them any good.

About twenty years after officials of the Punjab had given funds for starting the mission there (see p. 73), its Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Robert Montgomery, together with other distinguished generals and civilians of high rank, feeling that the time had come to evangelise Kashmir, collected £1,500, and appealed to the C.M.S., promising to provide annually all the expenses beyond the missionary's personal

allowances, if the C.M.S. would establish a mission and send out a man. Mr. Clark paid two more visits to Srinagar in 1862 and 1863; and in 1864 his wife, a fully qualified medical woman, opened a dispensary, attended by as many as a hundred patients daily, and a mission school was commenced. Baptism of a convert from Islam soon followed, and at once indifference gave place to hostility; the governor of the city himself organised a disturbance, and all sorts of opposition and outrage ensued. An order forbidding foreigners to remain in Kashmir for more than the six months of summer was strictly enforced, and extended to converts, and it became evident that the one possible door into this closed country was a medical mission—that is, teaching combined with healing, not merely to attract hearers, but as a necessary embodiment of the spirit of that religion whose Divine Founder was, as Livingstone used to say, “the first medical Missionary.”

Meanwhile, a committee which the missionary-hearted Punjab officials had formed were corresponding with the Edinburgh Medical Mission about a distinguished young graduate, who, through prayerful consideration of the Saviour's twofold command *to preach and heal*, was offering to go out as a medical missionary. He was the son of an Aberdeen “boot-closer,” apprenticed to his father in childhood, whose ability and ardour for study were such that, while toiling in his humble calling he rose at 3 a.m. to read, and won both the M.A. of Aberdeen University and the M.D. of Edinburgh. This “indomitable Scot,” who will always be remembered as one of the most devoted and able medical missionaries who ever lived, became a pioneer in three senses. He was the first missionary to Kashmir; and the first medical missionary sent out by the C.M.S.,¹ which now has sixty-one medical

¹ Not counting three or four ordained C.M.S. men who happened to have and to use medical knowledge, and the isolated experiment of sending out Dr. Harrison to Yoruba in 1861 for a short time.

missionaries on its roll, and thirty mission hospitals; thirdly, he was of Presbyterian education. C.M.S. agents must, of course, be members of the Church of England, but here were exceptional circumstances. Only a doctor could hope to proclaim the Gospel in the land whose first missionary afterwards wrote of it as "poor, perishing Kashmir, for whom I could weep all day"; no Anglican doctor was forthcoming; friends of the C.M.S. on the spot wished this man to be their missionary, and guaranteed all the expenses of the mission; and he cordially promised to observe all the practices and rules of the Society. So he was sent. Under equally exceptional circumstances the C.M.S. has since sent out one other missionary of Presbyterian education, an engineer by profession; and among all its pioneer missionaries, none are held in higher honour to-day than the two Scottish laymen, William Elmslie, of Kashmir, and Alexander Mackay, of Uganda.

In May, 1865, Elmslie opened a dispensary in the verandah of his rough bungalow at Srinagar, and laboured for five summers there. During four winters he was at Amritsar, for every October he was turned out of Kashmir with his converts, who had to leave their wives behind, since no women were permitted to quit the country. The Maharaja offered him four times the salary he received as a missionary if he would become court physician and cease to preach Christ, whereon he wrote home: "It gladdens my heart to be able to give up some worldly advantage for Christ's sake. Our Father's promise is better than the Maharaja's cash down." Then the Maharaja opened an opposition hospital, and surrounded the dispensary with a cordon of soldiers to prevent patients attending and to take the names of those who insisted on doing so. But the superior skill and kindness of the missionary doctor were so obvious that it continued to be thronged. Several were baptised, and more were won to a faith that they dared not publicly confess. Three

clerical coadjutors baptised Elmslie's converts, and became the first of many volunteers who have helped forward the work in Kashmir, though never formally on its roll of missionaries. They are named on p. 118; and we may note here that one of the three had been an officer in the army, and was now an honorary missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Elmslie also found an assistant in Qadir Bakhsh, whom we shall meet later on, and gained the confidence of the Kashmiris generally by his ministrations to the victims of the terrible visitation of cholera in 1867. In 1870 failure of health compelled him to go home. There he prepared a Kashmiri-English Dictionary, which has been of the greatest value to his missionary successors. He had many offers of lucrative employment in Britain, but wrote to Mr. Wade: "I am willing to return to Kashmir. The missionary life is the only one worth living. It is the only one that can be called Christlike."

During his absence Dr. Storrs carried on the work, and in 1871 Mr. Clark revisited Kashmir with the Rev. T. V. French and a native doctor, John Williams, of Tank. From the diaries of the shrewd and scholarly French¹ we learn that the two things that struck him in Kashmir were the new temples, showing how devoted a Hindu the Maharaja was, and the perfectly beautiful features and forms of both men and women, suggesting Greek blood in the present dwellers by the Jhelum, on whose banks Alexander the Great fought Porus two thousand two hundred years ago. His record is of "heavy preaching amidst much opposition," of "insults almost insupportable," of "violent abuse and scurrilous attacks of all kinds." He wrote to the Resident, protesting it was hard that in a state existing by the protection of a Christian government every form of religious teaching should be "licita" except the Christian. He was pelted with dirt as

¹ See *Life*, vol. i., ch. xii.

he preached, and had to get behind a pillar to escape stones. 'Came home sadly heartbroken; the stone of their heart is worse than the stones they threw at me,' is his entry.

In the spring of 1872 Elmslie returned, no longer alone, for he had married the daughter of the Rev. Wallace Duncan, whose wife, Mary Lundie Duncan, has now provided three generations of children with an evening prayer in her "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me." In July another awful outbreak of cholera crowded the hospital newly opened in a native house. "He has just had his eleven hundredth patient and finished his seventieth operation in a month," wrote Mrs. Elmslie; and through his devotion to the stricken people opposition was being overcome. He begged hard, but without success, for permission to remain during the winter, in spite of the order about foreigners. Then, utterly exhausted by his arduous toil, he started on October 21st upon the weary journey over the mountain passes. He walked till he could walk no more; then his young wife put him in her dhooli, and went on foot across the snow herself. He reached Gujerat dangerously ill, and three days after, on November 18th, 1872, he died there. There was an unnecessary but characteristic suggestion that he had been poisoned by one of the enemies made by his outspoken condemnation of the prevailing tyranny. The day after he was buried a letter arrived from the authorities rescinding the order which had cost Kashmir the life of one of its best friends. His widow afterwards became the friend and colleague of "A.L.O.E." (Charlotte M. Tucker) at Batala.

In 1874 the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Institution supplied a successor to Elmslie in Dr. Maxwell. The Maharaja permitted him to build a small hospital on a fine site because he was nephew to the renowned General John Nicholson, who was killed leading the victorious assault on Delhi. Assisted by Mr. Clark and by Qadir Bakhsh, he

worked for two summers with much encouragement; then his health failed, and he returned to England. The Rev. T. R. Wade became both clerical and medical missionary till the arrival, in May, 1877, of Dr. Downes, formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery and assistant-engineer in the Staff Corps, who resigned his commission in order to become a missionary. He obtained final permission to remain for the winter by stirring public opinion on the subject through the newspapers, and during six years, without any colleague or trained assistant or nurses, conducted the medical mission, seeing sometimes as many as three hundred patients in one day. Mr. Wade stayed on with him for a while; and during the famine of 1878 both ministered to multitudes of sufferers and gathered four hundred waifs into an orphanage. By means of his own liberal gifts and the gifts of his friends in England Dr. Downes erected buildings for more than a hundred in-patients; and when failure of health drove him home, he handed over a firmly established enterprise to Dr. Neve, who arrived in the spring of 1882, followed in 1883 by the Rev. J. H. Knowles, transferred from Peshawar. They are now the two senior missionaries in Kashmir.

The year 1886, when the C.M.S. mission attained its majority, was a decidedly encouraging one. Dr. Neve was joined by his brother; six Mohammedans and two Sikhs were baptised; and a second society came into the field to work among the women. "The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, in co-operation with the Church Missionary Society" (to give it its full name), is the daughter of a society founded in 1852. Weighted with the name of "The Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society," this was formally organised in 1861, being itself the younger sister of yet another society, the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. Irene met missionaries of all three societies at Agra, Meerut, and Lahore (see pp. 65, 69, 91). The F.E.S.

and I.F.N., formed to send out women missionaries in days when the C.M.S. undertook to send out the wives of its own missionaries only, were interdenominational. The I.F.N. began regular zenana visiting nearly forty years ago, and in practice was almost entirely Anglican. Desire on the part of some of its Presbyterian adherents to make it actually interdenominational led to the secession of most of its Anglican adherents, and they formed as a new society in 1880 the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society. The I.F.N. more than survived its sudden depletion, and is vigorous to-day under the new name of "The Zenana, Bible, and Medical Mission." The C.E.Z.M.S. sends out unmarried ladies to India, Ceylon, and the province of Fuh-kien in China. It now has over two hundred and thirty missionaries on its roll. Having thus explained, once for all, various recurring initials, we return to Kashmir.

We date C.E.Z.M.S. work there from 1886, when Mrs. Rallia Ram, daughter of a well-known Indian clergyman, obtained an entrance into several zenanas as an honorary worker in local connexion with that society. In 1887 two English ladies, already experienced missionaries on its staff, were sent to Kashmir—Miss Hull, who fills an important place in our story, and Miss Butler, whose memory will ever be held dear. Before passing to the zenana work, we must tell a strangely sad story of blighted hope and thwarted endeavour.

From the age of fifteen Fanny Butler had wished to be a missionary, fired by reading a book called *The Finished Course*, which told of lives laid down for rather than lived in Africa. She put her whole soul into acquiring knowledge that would fit her for such a career, and sedulously trained herself in unselfish habits. An appeal for medical women issued by Dr. Elmslie just before his death incited her to be a medical missionary in India. She was the first

student enrolled at the London School of Medicine for Women, one of the pioneers who obtained admission into a profession where, as we now recognise without any disparagement of medical men, women can do work of incalculable value among their sisters both at home and abroad. She was too early in the field to gain the M.D., which she and her contemporaries won their successors the right to earn; but six years of strenuous study made her a fully qualified medical woman in the highest sense.

On October 24th, 1880, she left England as the first woman medical missionary sent thence to India. This was five years before the Countess of Dufferin, inspired by the Queen herself, after an audience which she granted to a zenana missionary, took the first steps towards the formation of "The National Association for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." For six years Dr. Butler worked at Jabalpur, Calcutta, and Bhagalpur. Then she returned to England to plead the cause of India's women, and after only eleven months at home (part of which was spent in further study at Vienna) she started for Kashmir, transferred thither at Dr. Neve's request. She reached Srinagar, where she found Miss Hull, in May, 1888. Later in the year she was joined by Miss Rainsford, who had taken a two years' medical course, and Miss Newman, a trained nurse. Missionaries were then obliged to live in the European quarter, four miles from the heart of the city. They rented a little dispensary in the city, and on the day it was opened, August 5th, 1888, five patients came; by the end of the year there had been five thousand attendances, the number in a single day sometimes reaching a hundred and eighty. The adjoining house was turned into a hospital, where in three months thirty-five in-patients were treated. One day a notable visitor arrived, Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), whose well-known warm interest in missions (to quote

her own words) "came about gradually purely through seeing the deplorable condition of nations without Christianity." The distinguished traveller was so struck with the value of Dr. Butler's work and its inadequate accommodation that she gave then and there £500 to build a new hospital for thirty women patients as a memorial to her husband. Dr. Butler was to work it, the Maharaja granted the site at the request of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir F. Roberts (now Lord Roberts), and the love and confidence of the Kashmiri women were being rapidly won. The months in Kashmir were the happiest in Dr. Butler's whole career. As with Irene afterwards, so with her there had been a certain restlessness elsewhere, till each was led in ways beyond her contriving to Kashmir. Once there, each felt the happiness of an assured conviction that the allotted sphere had been found, and each said strongly, "Here will I labour till nightfall." But a day or two after the foundation stone of the John Bishop Memorial Hospital had been laid by the Resident's wife, Dr. Butler was suddenly taken ill, and four days later, on October 26th, 1889, fell asleep, saying, "I should like to stay," and yet again, "I am ready to go, and whether I recover or not, God will do what is best." Just five days before she died she had written: "The happiest thing on earth is to help to take the Gospel to every creature."

"Her work," said Miss Hull, ten years later, "will never die. Many zenanas which we still visit were first opened through her. Some whom she taught have already met her in heaven, notably the wife of a Mohammedan pir, a Christian at heart, though never baptised, whose life she saved by means of an operation." Many doctors and many missionaries have left noble memories, but both professions may be proud to claim as theirs the loyal, steadfast, and self-sacrificing Fanny Butler, who was as unassuming as she

was able. For ten long years the Kashmiri women, who wept bitterly for their "doctor Miss Sahib," waited for such another to minister to their sufferings; and yet a third precious life was laid down for Kashmir ere far-off Canada, as will be told in Chapter XIV., supplied their need.

The Z.B.M.M. lent Dr. Jane Haskew, of Lucknow, to fill the gap for a year; and in June, 1890, the John Bishop Memorial Hospital was opened by the Bishop of Lahore on the Mundar Bagh. One year later an overflow of the Jhelum caused terrible floods, which damaged it so much that its work had to be transferred to temporary premises near the Dal Gate. In 1892 a second flood wrecked it altogether; and 1893 found Miss Newman striving on single-handed with devoted perseverance in a temporary dispensary. Family claims summoned her to England in 1894, and her hope of returning to Kashmir has not as yet been fulfilled.

The C.E.Z.M.S. gave Kashmir another trained nurse in Miss Newnham, daughter of Colonel Newnham, of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, and niece of the Bishop of Moosonee. Since 1893 she has been working in the C.M.S. Hospital, for which she volunteered, and this year was transferred to the C.M.S. Associated with her as "nursing superintendent" is Miss Neve, a niece of the Drs. Neve, who, after helping for a while as an honorary worker unconnected with a society, went to London for further training at The Olives in 1896, returning to Kashmir in the autumn of 1898 as a C.M.S. missionary. She was the second lady sent by the C.M.S. to Kashmir, and is "appropriated" by the parish of St. Mary Abbots, whence Irene, the first C.M.S. lady in Kashmir, had gone out.

So much for the *personnel* of the medical department of the Kashmir mission. We must now take up the story

of the zenana work, the first department with which Irene was connected, from the arrival of Miss Hull early in 1888. She is of English and Irish parentage, and was born in Scotland, where her father, before he held a Suffolk living, was chaplain to the last Duchess of Gordon. She worked with the I.F.N. in Benares from 1873 to 1879, and her proficiency in several Oriental languages was such that she was asked when in Bengal if she could speak English. "One can see that she *loves* the natives," wrote Irene. But when she first reached Kashmir she longed in vain for one door to open. "No Kashmiri women will ever let you go and teach them," said the scholars in the mission school. In a few years, however, the missionaries were to receive more requests for visits than they could keep pace with.

Miss Hull had two helpers in Miss Judd, who formed a school for Kashmiri girls (1891-93), and Miss Coverdale, sister of the Rev. T. E. Coverdale (C.M.S., Lahore and Batala), who worked with her during the winter 1890-91, returned to England invalided in 1891, and came out again, after training at The Willows, in November, 1893. For nearly six years the zenana work was, however, practically in the hands of Miss Hull only. In the autumn of 1893 she took a six months' furlough, hoping to get some lady in England to come out with her. She returned disappointed at the end of April, 1894, to find that Miss Coverdale had again completely broken down after her winter's work single-handed; a summer at Gulmarg failed to restore her, and she went for two winters to Dera Ghazi Khan, as a less trying climate. Meanwhile, according to the C.E.Z.M.S. annual report, the outlook at Srinagar was so discouraging that when Miss Hull came back it was a question whether she should continue in "this much tried mission" (as she calls it), or take up work in some other centre. Then, just ten days after her return, she met Irene,

and won her co-operation for an undertaking than which none could have needed it more.

Reserving that story for the next chapter, we may here account for the fact that Irene, as a C.M.S. missionary, took up work hitherto wholly in the hands of the C.E.Z.M.S. by referring to the remarkable development of women's work for the C.M.S., both at home and abroad, during the last twelve years. How it all came about is fully told in Mr. Stock's *History of the C.M.S.*, vol. iii., p. 367. In 1887 there were only twenty-two women (excluding missionaries' wives) on the C.M.S. roll, mostly widows or daughters of C.M.S. men, placed there under special circumstances. From 1887 to 1894 (when Irene joined) two hundred and fourteen women were added to these, and counting those going out in the autumn of 1899, and a number of F.E.S. ladies just transferred to the C.M.S., over two hundred and twenty have been added since. There are nearly three hundred and forty women missionaries (not wives) on the C.M.S. roll to-day, working in Asia, Africa, and Canada. Since 1891 the C.M.S. Report has given maiden names, enabling us to see that nearly a hundred of the wives now on its roll were already missionaries when married. We all know what splendid work has been done by missionaries' wives in the past, before women were definitely trained for the work, as they are to-day; and the above fact suggests, without further comment, the potentialities in the near future of their co-operation.

Gathering up the story of the Kashmir mission, we may conveniently recognise four departments of it, associating each with the name of one missionary: (1) *Evangelistic and Pastoral*, preaching in city bazars and in villages, and caring for the converts; *Rev. J. H. Knowles*. (2) *Medical*, mainly among Mohammedans—*i.e.* the poorer people; *Dr. Neve*. (3) *Educational*, mainly among Hindus—*i.e.* the well-to-do people; *Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe*. (4) *Zenana*

wholly among women, both Hindus and Mohammedans, and especially among well-to-do Hindus; *Miss Hull*. Just as the private talks recorded by St. John of our Lord with individuals probably did more to build up His earliest Church than the preaching recorded by the Synoptists, so personal dealing with one patient, one pupil, one woman at home, seems the most fruitful though the least striking work in Kashmir. All four departments had Irene's sympathy and co-operation, but she was most closely associated with the third and fourth; and as the Zenana work was the first she took up, we may defer the later story of the Hospital and the whole story of the School to Chapters VIII. and XI., merely noting here that the desire for both healing and education was awakened by the missionaries, the State hospital and State school being subsequent institutions. One or two further words must be said of the first department.

When Mr. Clark revisited Kashmir in 1889 he found a more encouraging state of things than in any of his eight previous sojourns there. During Mr. Knowles's furlough in 1892 another volunteer came forward in the Rev. H. E. Perkins, son of an S.P.G. missionary at Cawnpore, and himself for thirty years in the Civil Service, regarded as king of the whole district when he was Commissioner for Amritsar. He was now an honorary C.M.S. missionary at Bahrwal.

As in most recently established missions, linguistic work has claimed much time. William Carey, the Mezzofanti of missionaries, was probably the first European scholar to discover that Kashmir had a language of its own. It is an Aryan tongue of the great Sanskrit stock, written in the same Semitic character as Urdu, with an additional thirty-seventh letter; for the Mohammedan conqueror imposed a fine of five rupees for writing it in Sanskrit, and offered a reward of five rupees for writing it in Persian characters. According

to Dr. Cust, it is spoken by half a million people; but the unpatriotic Kashmiris affect to despise their own tongue, and like it to be taken for granted that they know Urdu. The Rev. T. R. Wade completed the Kashmiri New Testament, after six years of labour, in 1883; it and the Kashmiri Prayer Book were published in 1884. In 1897 Mr. Knowles completed the translation of the Old Testament.

The title of Elmslie's Life is *Seedtime in Kashmir*; his successors say that it is ploughing-time there still. Pagan savages are always more easily won than those with an ancient civilisation and an historic religion; and as Irene writes: "Missionary work must be slow and uphill toil. There is so much to get the people to unlearn as well as to teach them." "The progress of Christianity has as yet been slow," she writes again; "perhaps, however, in no way slower than it was in our own Britain, where for centuries one generation after another of Christian missionaries patiently confronted the hostile fanaticism and repelling indifference of pagans there." "Christ crucified," says Dr. E. Neve, "is a stumbling-block to the monotheist Mohammedan, as to the Jew; and foolishness to the pantheistic Hindu, as to the Greek." He thus sums up the obstacles to the Gospel (*C.M.S. Annual Report*, 1890, p. 136): "(1) Worldliness and actual sin, which have a deeper hold on heathen and Mohammedans than on the careless in Christian lands. (2) Ignorance; for when people's minds are untrained they cannot listen, their attention wanders, they are like very young children, who cannot grasp more than one simple idea at a time. (3) Caste, which exists in Mohammedanism even more than in Hinduism. To eat with a Christian is a terrible sin; to become a Christian is to become a hated outcast: even the little children know this. (4) The close supervision of their religious teachers."

Discouragements have been manifold from the days when

soldiers drove away Elmslie's patients (1865), and roughs stoned French (1871), and the zenanas were all closed (1888), and one who had been a helper in both medical and evangelistic work apostatised in 1891 (a tale to be told hereafter with its sequel), and flood and earthquake devastated the women's hospital (1892), and a Government order threatened to deplete the school (1896). Moreover, three of the ablest missionaries have died at their posts in the earliest maturity of their powers.

That there are more than human foes to reckon with is to the labourer in heathendom no mere theological assertion, for the reality of our conflict with the powers of darkness comes home powerfully to him. Fierce opposition, apparent failure, lives laid down too soon, as men would say, these have been the early incidents in all the missions now pointed to as triumphs of the Gospel. It is when the strong man, fully armed, sees the Stronger than he approaching, and knows that his days of undisputed sway are numbered, that he rallies all his forces. But they will not daunt men and women sustained by the conviction that they are on the winning side. Sin cannot prevail, neither can death. Lives which seemed most necessary to the extension, even to the continued existence, of the Church are sacrificed. The bravest of the brave, who were the terror of the most mighty powers of evil, have gone down to Hades with their weapons of war, and have laid their swords under their heads (as Ezekiel pictures in one of his rare flights into poetry). Yet an unbroken succession of sixty-three generations of believers in Christ has made good His great promise that the gates of Hades shall not prevail against the Church. How many human societies or institutions now survive that existed in the days of the first Christian generation? But the Church has the assurance of continued life, because she is in living union with Him Who is alive for evermore.

Meanwhile, for Kashmir, as Irene pleaded, "the pains and the prayers and the presence of many home friends are urgently needed in this day of great opportunity."

NOTE.—Further information about the Kashmir Mission may be found in the following publications: *Seedtime in Kashmir; the Life of Dr. Elmslie; The Punjab and Sind Missions of the C.M.S.* (Rev. R. Clark); *History of the C.M.S.*, vol. ii., ch. lxiii.; vol. iii., chs. lxxvii., cv.; *Yet not I*, and *A Letter from Kashmir* (both about Dr. Butler), *Itineration in the Villages of Kashmir*, by Miss Hull (three pamphlets published by the C.E.Z.M.S.); C.M.S. *Gleaner* for September, 1891; April, July, and September, 1892; February, 1895; January and November, 1896; January and October, 1897; April, 1898; January and July, 1899.

CHAPTER VII

A QUIET SUMMER

(APRIL 19TH TO SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1894)

The mountains seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper.—RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, vol. iv.

THE busy winter at Lahore, which was the prologue to Irene's missionary career and the final test of her missionary resolution, had been preceded by a year of intense strain on both mind and body. Her desire to endure hardness was to be thoroughly gratified ere long; but first came a quiet season for renewing her strength and equipping herself for the arduous toil of the three years yet to come. She writes from Kashmir in July, 1894: "Though I think I may honestly say there is never room for an idle half-hour from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m., the past three months have been to me, after the turmoil of past years, like a realisation of Psalm xxiii. 2."

Having in the last chapter told enough concerning Kashmir to obviate future interruption of the narrative by explanations of places, persons, and things there, we must go on to tell how Irene was led to find "green pastures" and "still waters" in that land.

On January 23rd, 1894, a few days after her memorable first sight of the Himalayas (p. 96), Mr. and Mrs. Wade dined at St.

Hilda's, and with them she had "much interesting talk about Dr. and Mrs. Elmslie." At Amritsar, a fortnight later, she met Mr. Perkins, whom she had already seen in London in 1889, and he told her how Dr. Elmslie had died in his arms.

On March 20th, she writes jubilantly: "The possibility of a wonderful summer prospect has just opened up, which dear Miss Beynon has been working towards on my behalf—nothing less than Kashmir itself, . . . a walking tour among giants five to ten thousand feet higher than Mont Blanc. But it is only a possibility, and may be perfectly impracticable. How I wonder if and how I shall have some real work for C.M.S. after the hot season!" A week later she says: "As far as things can be settled out here, I start for Kashmir about April 23rd. Both my present counsellors, Miss Beynon and Mr. Clark, recommend it, and it falls in so exactly with my own inclinations, and with travelling ambitions of long standing, that I am greatly looking forward to the expedition."

Her last two days at Lahore were spent, as we have already seen, with the ladies at the Z.B.M.M. House. On the evening of April 19th she took the train for Rawal Pindi, and saw in the light of the full moon three of the "Five Rivers," the distant snowy ranges, and the battlefields where the Punjab had been won. So wide was the Jhelum that she fell asleep and woke twice in the course of crossing the great bridge over it. Then she passed through a wild, rocky wilderness, climbing one of the spurs of the Salt Range, a region which suggested some of the weirdest scenes drawn by Doré. At Rawal Pindi she bade farewell to the railway for almost twelve months, and met at breakfast the three ladies who had invited her to travel with them.

Miss Helen Perry, a fellow-worker of Miss Beynon's, introduced to Irene by other friends in London, was an experienced traveller who knew Kashmir well. She had undertaken this journey to aid the restoration to health

after serious illness of Miss Grace Paton, with whom was her sister, Miss Minna Paton. They were daughters of the late General John Stafford Paton, C.B. ; and in October, 1892, Miss G. Paton had become an honorary missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S., working at Ajnala and in the Saurian village mission.

Four P's on the Road to Kashmir is the title of Irene's diary of their journey of one hundred and ninety-eight miles from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar. Their method of reaching Kashmir was somewhat adventurous, and, now that a scheme is in contemplation for an electrical railway from Jammu to Srinagar, over the Banihal Pass, is likely to become as obsolete as the caravan march to Uganda will be when the railway to Victoria Nyanza is completed. They travelled in search of spring from the insupportable heat of late summer ; for as early as March 6th the gardens at Lahore had been filled with roses, pansies, heliotrope, nasturtium, sweet-peas, and trees clad with rich, fresh green. There the exquisite and abundant fruit blossom had fallen two months ago, and the corn was now fully ripe.

Irene writes : " Soon after 10 a.m. on April 20th we set off for the thirty-eight mile ascent to Murree in two tongas. Each was drawn by two stout horses, changed ten or twelve times in the course of the journey, and driven by a stalwart Punjabi. A tonga resembles a squat dogcart, with a hood. For several miles out of Pindi we were crossing a level plain, beyond which the nearer heights round Murree and the far snowy ranges could be seen. Here the corn is still green, while at Murree the ear is only just forming, and the hills are covered with white medlar blossoms. For six hours we were mounting, mounting, mounting the grand hillsides, enjoying every fresh breeze and lovely view to our heart's content. White clematis and many other flowers were opening in the brilliant sunshine, and as we approached Murree we sniffed

with delight the odour of real Scotch pines. At one place we passed a long caravan of Afghans from Kabul, with their camels and all other possessions, the men in wide white trousers, the women in curious patch-work overcoats, with tiny children perched on the top of the camel packs. We made friends with some of the handsome women, who were greatly interested in the working of my umbrella. They had had a quarrel with the Ameer, who had turned them out of their villages neck and crop, and were travelling towards the Vale of Kashmir. The whole thing made one realise the wanderings of Abraham and Jacob vividly. . . . Murree is like a magnified edition of Pitlochrie, and commands a view resembling that from the top of Wansfell Pike. We are 7,330 feet above the sea, and glad of a fire.

"April 21st was given chiefly to rearranging luggage. On Sunday we had three very nice services in the pretty Murree church, and I was writing out texts in Urdu for Munira.

"At break of day on Monday, April 23rd, our servants and thirty donkeys loaded with baggage started for Dewal. We left at 2 p.m. with three dandies (one for the ayah), sixteen bearers, and two horses with their grooms. We had a lovely ten miles' tramp to Dewal, the path winding through a wood of cedars, firs, and spring-clad trees, where the blackbird and cuckoo were singing, then round the bare sides of great hills, looking down into a deep valley, beyond which were snow-tipped hills.

"We were again on the road by 6 a.m. on April 24th for an exquisite march with glorious views of distant snows, and reached Kohala at 9.30. Listening to the rushing Jhelum and looking across at a wooded height, I was reminded of Serravezza. The foreground scene, however, differed. A few yards off Guffoor was squatting in front of two fires of sticks, manipulating his pots, pans, and plates near a tree, which he used as a larder, having hung our half-sheep in a muslin bag

to one of the branches. The khidmatgar served us with Guffoor's productions, the bhisti was in attendance with his skin of water, and a little way off sundry pariah dogs were waiting for darkness to steal any remains of the meal. . . .

"The moon was still shining when we started soon after 5 a.m. on April 25th, and we began by crossing the temporary suspension bridge from the right to the left bank of the Jhelum, which here divides our Empress's dominions from those of the Maharaja of Kashmir. The permanent bridge was swept away in a recent flood. Nearly all our morning march and most of the afternoon march were along a road cut out of the face of the almost perpendicular height on the left bank of the river, as we ascended the deep gorge through which it flows. Here and there the woods were white with eglantine, and the air was deliciously scented with the fresh blossoms, often mingled with yellow acacia and jasmine and the rich scarlet of the pomegranate's waxy, bell-shaped flowers. After a twelve-mile march we got to Dolai, where we rested during the heat of the day, setting off again at 4 p.m. to reach Domel at dusk. Here another great river, the Kishenganga, joins the Jhelum, and the snow mountains beyond rise to the height of the Matterhorn.

"On April 26th we passed, as usual, various sleeping forms on the charpais outside the village huts. 'Going to bed' is a simple process with these folks; it simply means wrapping a razai round them and lying down. The valley through which our fourteen-mile march lay was more open, and fields of splendid wheat and barley were ripening in the hot sunshine. At 11.30 we drew rein at Garhi, under the shade of some trees covered with scented blossoms like lilac, on which multitudes of lovely peacock butterflies were disporting themselves. We took an evening stroll to a bridge over the Jhelum, where a procession of villagers was crossing to a tree on a hillside decorated with flags and coloured rags, and used

as a Hindu sanctuary. The river here is very wide and very rapid ; the bridge consists of a single rope of buffalo hide, with two upper ropes as rails, and looks shaky enough. . . .

“On April 27th our march was still near the great river, flowing here in a deep gorge between perpendicular cliffs. Huge wooded hills tower up on each side ; there is a splendid snowy range in the background ; we heard the lark and thrush and saw English buttercups and masses of maidenhair fern among the rocks. At Hattian it was extremely hot, but wonderfully beautiful. Two quotations from the ancient Book of Poetry are often in my mind now : ‘Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work ;’ ‘Thou hast given him his heart’s desire.’”

Miss Perry roused the camp very early on April 28th, to avoid the heat after 10 a.m. An incident of the morning’s march furnished Irene with a text for the sketch called *A Parable from the Himalayas*, contributed to a magazine, which preserves some of the thoughts of that happy journey. It begins thus :—

“It was between 2 and 3 a.m. when we were summoned from dreams of the homeland to the realities of a tent and camp-fires one spring morning at Hattian, on the road to Kashmir. An hour later the camp was broken up, and the fitful glimmer of lanterns showed the dark forms of servants, coolies, and syces packing stores, loading donkeys, and saddling horses.

“Just as the crescent of the moon appeared over the crag above the encampment, our procession started in single file up the steep valley. Not long after we were watching the first flash of rosy dawn on a high snow-peak, as the stars disappeared one by one. The song of the first bird blended with the roar of the Jhelum, fretting its way through the narrow gorge beneath. Then we could trace the forms of trees, shrubs, and flowers above and below our path, and

enjoy the fragrance of the eglantine blossoms strewn hither and thither like patches of snow.

“But stay; here is surely death in the midst of all this glorious life—a mimosa-tree, whose leaves, though green, are closed and drooping as if all vitality were withdrawn. We look at the root—no disturbance has been there; at branches, leaves, blossom—all seem perfect, though paralysed and unconscious as if with the blight of death.

“Death, or only sleep? As we watch and wonder the slanting rays of yellow light from the great sun, hidden hitherto by the mountain opposite, creep towards us. They touch our mimosa-tree, and at the same moment we hear the rustle of the morning breeze among its leaves. Even as we look the delicate twigs are stirred; they flutter in the wind; they lift themselves to the golden sun-rays; and ere we pass on the leaves are expanded, the blossoms erect, and the tree seems to rejoice among its fellows in its gracious fulness of life.

“We leave it to go forward on our day’s march, enriched with a fresh lesson from God’s Book of Nature. . . .

“Just as the glory of the sun’s rays in this Eastern land wakens the sensitive leaves of the tree, so Christ, our Sun of Righteousness, comes to dispel darkness and give the Light of Life to those who look to Him.

“The mimosa-tree was perfectly formed and complete in all its parts, but it could not be all that the Creator meant it to be till those sunny rays had wakened it out of slumber to fulfil the true life of which it was capable. . . .

“Our tree was reached not only by the sun’s rays but also by the stirring of the wind. . . . ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.’

“Truly, the Light and Breath of Life are the best gifts for

soul and body which come from the Triune God Himself, and from Him alone. But good gifts must be shared. . . .

"In this exquisite land of Kashmir, surrounded with a dazzling splendour of sunlit, snowy ranges, the people are still sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. Yet it was to shine upon such as these that the Dayspring from on high hath visited us. Are we who have the Light bearers of that Light?"

Resuming the journal for April 28th, one reads of some unnamed fellow-travellers, who were always in trouble and could hardly get food, being of the servant-beating sahib kind who boasted of using their fists freely. Miss Perry's staff, on the contrary, who were firmly but always kindly and considerately treated, prided themselves on being the best set of servants on the line of march, and were always cheerful and willing. The kahars, who carried the dandies, came to say they would gladly remain with her throughout the summer for any wages she liked to give them.

Irene continues: "We would gladly have spent a quiet day at Chagoti for Sunday, April 29th; but as the dak bungalow rules forbade us to claim rooms for more than twenty-four hours, we were obliged to go on. Perhaps learning new lessons in Nature's beautiful book is not an unsuitable Sunday occupation occasionally. We were off at dawn, and had a fifteen-mile march. The scenery became wilder and wilder, all traces of cultivation had disappeared, and the gorge narrowed into a rocky ravine, shut in by sheer cliffs, quite a hundred feet high, at the bottom of which the river raged and foamed. All around rose the steep, bare, snow-crowned mountains. The place would be an awesome one in stormy weather. In one place the tonga road was demolished by recent snows, and our whole caravan had to climb a set of narrow zigzag tracks, up the mountain-side, and go partly across and partly under the side stream and waterfall. At the bottom lay

a poor camel, who had fallen from a great height, and still panted in agony, as his owner's religion forbade him to take life. . . . At Urie the bungalow is on a ridge above three deep valleys, with great snow-peaks closing in the view all round. The place reminded me of Andermatt, and here we had morning and evening service. Each day's march has been more beautiful than that of the day before.

"The walk of thirteen miles on April 30th, the whole of which I did on foot, led through a forest sloping up the mountain-sides. Masses of white clematis and hawthorn grew among the huge deodars, pines, and chenars, and we watched the chameleons on the rocks. In two places the highway was represented by a single plank over a swift stream, and flat-faced Tartar coolies were repairing the road. Flocks of lovely Kashmiri goats were feeding on the hills. Near our destination at Rampur huge cliffs, crowned with Alpine woods and snow, shut in the valley as at Lauterbrunnen. During our enchanting climb into the forest in the evening we agreed, as we had done at Urie, how nice it would be to build a house for tired missionaries there.

"Leaving Rampur at 4 a.m. on May 1st, we had an exquisite walk, seeing the silver moonlight on one set of snow-peaks and the rosy dawn light on another. . . . We might have been keeping May-day in England as we ascended a rocky and almost perpendicular watercourse up the face of Baramula Hill, seven hundred feet high, enjoying primroses, forgetme-nots, and wild iris, and the song of cuckoo, blackbird, and thrush. But before us at the top was such a view as I had never before seen. Below, the flat, fertile Vale of Kashmir, spread out like a map, with the silver links of the Jhelum winding through it, now wide, placid, and silent; beyond, to our north, the endless, glorious stretch of Himalayas, glistening, snowy peaks and domes, the highest, Nanga

Parbat, almost twenty-seven thousand feet high, near to the spot where meet 'the three greatest empires in the world.'

"On May 2nd we took possession of a fleet of five boats, and starting on a stage of the journey even more beautiful than all that had gone before, floated up the river. Its silence contrasted strangely with the roar and din of waters during the past week, the towing-path was carpeted with wild flowers, the mighty amphitheatre of mountains all around shone one dazzling mass of white, save where they fell away at the point we entered by, where the Jhelum forces a passage through to water the hot plains of the Punjab, and loses itself at last in the Indus.

"Ascension Day, May 3rd, was spent on the Wular Lake, which reflects in its quiet waters the encircling snow-mountains, and must be in some respects the most beautiful lake in the world. Mist and rain drew a purple haze over the near hills at times, when the views were quite Scottish and recalled Loch Duich.

"On the sunny morning of May 4th, after breakfasting in a meadow blue with iris, under the shade of mulberry-trees, we entered the Kashmir capital.

"So ends the first stage of the grandest journey I have ever made, in the course of which I have walked a hundred miles. We have had no difficulty or accident of any kind, and have enjoyed perfect weather throughout and most congenial companionship, *Deo gratias*. It is so glorious to be up among these dear hills, and I am in Alpine condition. Oh that all the dear home friends were here with us now to see what we see!"

From May 2nd to June 13th they lived in their boats, going up and down the Jhelum and Dal Lake with Srinagar for headquarters, and then up and down the Sind River with Gunderbal for headquarters. Here is a picture of their encampment on the Dal: "Our boats were moored under

the shade of blossoming plum-trees, and the tent pitched close by under poplars and pear-trees draped with vines, and haunted by kingfishers, splendid golden orioles with a rich, liquid note, and nightingales who sang our lullaby. I was out in a boat before five one morning, among the water-lilies, watching the first flash of rosy light as it touched the snows of the Pir Punjal, which stretched for quite a hundred miles along our southern horizon. By the time the sunshine was making the glaciers of Tutakuti glisten like diamonds, the line of pink fire had crept along the peaks to the far north-west, where the fantastic crags of the Hindu Khush bound Kafiristan."

"Kashmir is more lovely every day," she says again, when they were on the Sind, giving a yet more attractive picture of the view in front of her as she wrote from the poop of their vessel, "looking up the Sind Valley, through which Tibet might be reached, *viâ* Leh, in about twenty-eight marches. Here the boats were drawn up under the shade of five magnificent chenar-trees. The hollow trunks of three made comfortable rooms for the servants, and it took eight tall men to clasp hands round one of them."

Invitations to a garden party at the Residency met them on arrival at Srinagar, but they were "of one mind in avoiding social distractions." Before she had been there a week, however, Irene had made acquaintance with all the missionaries, and entered into every department of their work.

On May 6th she attended the tiny English church, where Mr. Knowles officiated as honorary chaplain, and where, a fortnight later, the first missionary sermon she had heard in India was preached by the Rev. Arthur Stone, the summer chaplain, with a collection for the C.M.S. Hospital. On May 7th and 8th, in the waiting-room of the Hospital, then the only place of worship for the native Christians, she was at "delightful prayer-meetings in preparation for Whitsuntide, quite like a bit of Salisbury Square," as she remarks,



From a photo by Mr. Geoffrey Millais.

THE DAL LAKE AT GAGRIBAL.

[Facing p. 144.]

recalling the Thursday meetings at the C.M.S. House. Coming out, she was introduced to Miss Hull. On May 9th Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe and two boys of the school took her for a moonlight row on the Dal Lake. On May 11th she went with Miss Hull to her girls' school and to a zenana. "Some of the women and girls are beautiful," she writes; "but the dirt on their clothes is quite unspeakable. Many listened most attentively to the Bible lesson. For the present there must be even more of uprooting of false ideas of Christianity than of seed sowing." On May 12th she visited the Hospital with Miss Neve and Miss Newnham. Her general impression of the Kashmir missionaries was: "All are thoroughly overworked, yet quite unable to cope with the work waiting for them."

On May 17th Miss Hull took her to call on a venerable pir and his wife. "They were very kind and polite," she says, "and handed us sweets, which I fear we only pretended to eat, as we sat on the floor. Then the Bible lesson began, and oh! how they listened! The old man seemed to be drinking it all in, as Miss Hull read from the Gospels. She thinks that they, like so many others here, might gladly become Christians, were not prejudices so strong, and difficulties and persecutions so real. They heard that I was a missionary whose location had yet to be fixed; and as the pir shook hands, in special compliment to me on leaving, he said: 'Will you not stay and teach us?'" That evening Irene wrote home: "Miss Hull is singlehanded as a zenana missionary. I feel inclined to transfer my offer to the C.M.S. from the Punjab to Kashmir." On May 23rd, when Irene had moved to Gunderbal, Miss Hull, resuming work, as we saw in Chapter VI., in great discouragement, wrote to her: "Meeting you has been such a pleasure. I need not say how heartily I endorse the invitation of the aged pir and pirbai."

The attraction of the ardent newcomer to the experienced

worker, "than whom," says Irene, "I have never met a more earnest person," was indeed mutual and instantaneous; and three months later, when acquaintance had become friendship, Irene wrote: "If among the missionary ladies I have seen out here I had been offered the choice of companions to live with, I think Miss Hull and Miss Coverdale would have headed the list in any case."

Meanwhile, Mr. Stock wrote to her privately on May 7th: "I need not say what a pleasure it is now to hear of your desire to join the C.M.S."; and on May 27th the decision of the Parent Committee in London on April 25th came, enclosed in a letter from Mr. Clark, "With kindest regards, and very earnest hope that your joining us in our missionary work may be for great good."

"So at last," she writes joyfully on May 31st, "I belong to the C.M.S. Where, however, I shall be in six months' time I have no idea: perhaps in Amritsar, perhaps Miss Hull's renewed invitation to remain and work in Kashmir may be accepted. I look for all being arranged by a Wiser Will than ours. Meanwhile, my acceptance is very delightful, and my Urdu study is a definite enough work to have in hand."

On June 9th she wrote to Mr. Clark thus: "Since coming to Kashmir I have seen something of the work which is going on in Srinagar, especially that done by the ladies. Miss Hull has asked if I could be associated with this department, as her hands are overfull, especially now that Miss Coverdale is so seriously ill. I do not know whether the Committee have as yet suggested any destination for me after this summer, but if not, and if there is no good reason against it, I should be very glad to fall in with Miss Hull's proposal next winter, if agreeable to the Committee, of course as a *C.M.S.* worker." To which Mr. Clark replied: "I will very gladly ask the Committee to appoint you, at any rate for

the present, to Kashmir. Help is greatly needed there, and you will find a grand sphere of usefulness extending itself far and wide. May God Himself bless your work abundantly wherever you may be!"

It was not till July 21st that a telegram from Mr. Clark told her that the Committee had appointed her to Kashmir. On August 31st she wrote: "I am so glad in the thought of being in real work soon, and there does seem to be about as much need of help here as there could be anywhere, if only I can speak enough to be any good."

"It was with very great thankfulness," wrote Miss Hull in *India's Women*, "that we welcomed Miss Petrie just before Miss Coverdale left. Her offer to stay and work here was a much desired but unexpected blessing." And to some friends of hers in England she also wrote: "It is time I told you of the goodness of our Father in sending me a fellow-worker in Miss Petrie. She came to Kashmir as a visitor, hoping for quiet time to study the language and prepare to take up mission work, when the C.M.S. should appoint her to a station. At one house she visited with me an old pir's wife said to me, 'Tell her she cannot do better than stay and help you.' I told her, scarcely daring to hope she would, only adding that I was quite sure there was no place where she could be more wanted; and she stayed. It is indeed a great blessing to have so efficient, kind, and good a fellow-worker."

On June 14th "the four P's" started on a two days' march of thirty-five miles from Gunderbal to Gulmarg, due west of Srinagar. Here for nearly three months they lived in a four-roomed hut of pine-logs, playfully called "Perrydise," at the heart of a great forest of the Pir Punjal range, under the shadow of lofty Aparhat, overlooking the whole Vale of Kashmir from a height of 8,500 feet above the sea. Around them was a mountain panorama unrivalled in the

world—250 miles of snow-peaks ; where, above all the others, towered in dazzling whiteness the lion-like form of Nanga Parbat, its rugged edge seeming to pierce the horizon. It is 11,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. Coming from the plains, where the corn was in the ear by the middle of February, to the mountains, where the anemones were blooming late in June, they felt as if they were enjoying a fifth month of spring.

The approach to Gulmarg on June 15th is thus described : “ We were off at early dawn, and had splendid views, as the ground began to rise, of snow-ranges both north and south. We went up lovely paths by streams in which masses of snowy eglantine were dipping. The real climb of three thousand feet was nearly all through a pine forest, amid wild, scented jasmine, thyme, and pink eglantine. About midday we emerged on Gulmarg (‘ meadow of flowers ’), a broad grass plateau, green only in parts, elsewhere white with anemones and yellow with kingcups. On its farther side the forest again slopes steeply upwards to the crags and snowfields of Killanmarg, Agharwat (14,500 feet), and Tatakuti (15,500 feet). We crossed the marg, and climbed up a woodland path till on the crest of a ridge in the depths of the forest we found our home. . . . All around are the grand pines with their delicious scent ; underneath grow masses of wild strawberries, forgetmenots, and ferns. It is a most lovely spot, reminding me of both Wengen and Chamonix. . . . Concerning zoology, besides the objectionable winged beetles and mosquitoes who invade us in the evening, we have visits from many exquisite moths ; fancy one peacock-blue, with yellow spots and a scarlet body. A fine leopard was prowling round in hopes of getting a neighbour’s big dog under cover of night. Reports of a bear come from the other side of the marg ; and Miss Perry has forbidden us to wander alone in the woods above this, as some gigantic

buffaloes made for her pedestrian party yesterday. . . . One night the cows came to feed on the matting of our verandah ; another night pariah dogs broke into the dairy and drank our milk." More serious drawbacks to their primitive life were the windstorms, which sent them racing after their movables, and pitiless and persistent downpour of rain on many days.

They made some interesting expeditions: one to a glacier, where they sat in an icehouse, and found masses of edelweiss ; one to a village, where they put off their shoes to inspect a sacred tank, and forty people assembled to see how they fastened them on again.

Irene had Ruskin's *Modern Painters* with her, and was feasting on "The Mountain Glory" in Vol. IV. (which also went with her to Leh in 1897). She was reading Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy* too, for enjoyment of literature had always been a part of her annual holiday. As she wrote later : "When one has so little time even to open an English book, good poetry supplies one's mental appetite with a first-rate condensed essence." Or as she wrote from Gulmarg : "A little good poetry is a great treat in the intervals of Urdu, though I regard reading as rather a stolen pleasure nowadays, when there are so many other pleasures, of glorious scenery, and so forth."

She had indeed deliberately preferred Gulmarg to Simla because it promised more leisure for Urdu, and opportunity of teaching from a good munshi, with whom she continued work at Srinagar, for she was hoping to go up in the spring of 1895 for the first examination which C.M.S. missionaries are required to pass. Throughout the summer she studied at least six hours daily, and even on Sunday read the Urdu Bible and Prayer Book. "Urdu," she writes on June 30th, "occupies all possible hours. I was going to say quiet hours, but such do not exist in India. I always feel glad that home habits of working in a room with the door open prepared me

for working in a verandah, with conversations in English and Urdu going on in each ear, and a happy chorus of cocks and hens." On July 24th she says: "I make alarmingly slow progress with *Rasum-i-Hind*, the Urdu account of Mohammedanism, which is the most important subject prescribed. The language and printing are as difficult as the matter is repulsive. The part I am now doing is a travesty of the Book of Genesis, which says that Enoch, Abraham, and other patriarchs spent their lives promoting Islamism, that Ishmael, not Isaac, was offered in sacrifice, and that the incidents of Joseph's life turned upon a series of puerile miracles. Of course, knowledge of this book will be most useful in future work. . . . I feel as ever that only one ultimate object could induce me to study Oriental tongues." She plodded on, however, undeterred by the remonstrances of her companions, till on July 31st Miss Hull arrived at Gulmarg, and only one month of the holiday season remained. When she also, with her long experience and high standard of hard work, lectured Irene, the latter "thought of slackening off a little," and, thanks partly to instruction given by Miss Hull herself, began to feel rather happier about the lesson books by the middle of August. "On September 6th," she says, "I finished Job, which is really very difficult, with all the poetical expressions and queer words. I only hope my mouth and ears will open when I get to work."

This tale of labour at a foreign tongue may seem tame to those who regard missions as a romantic enterprise, or unsatisfactory to those familiar with the lives of missionaries like T. V. French or G. L. Pilkington, who devoted to God's service a remarkable talent for linguistic study, and loved it for its own sake. For Irene, as for many, this study was one of the earliest, severest, and most prolonged tests of power to deny herself; and merely to mention that eventually she was un-

usually successful in mastering two very difficult languages would be to omit one of the most instructive points in our story. Her success was no chance outcome of general ability, but the reward of patient painstaking. Moreover, while the opportunity for rising, in a moment of high-wrought enthusiasm, to some great self-sacrifice comes but once in a lifetime to the few, the truly unselfish life is made up, for the missionary as for most of us, of a succession of small, unnoticed self-sacrifices in "the trivial round, the common task." Probably Irene, determined to conquer Urdu, found it easier to decline, one by one, pleasant invitations, and to refrain from using her gift of song at Lahore, than to renounce, day by day, the delights of climbing and sketching amid what she calls "the most superb views I have ever seen." We have told how the artist predominated in her throughout her life; and not only the friends who did not believe in missions, but one at least of those who did, and who, being an excellent artist herself, was able to gauge Irene's artistic powers, declared that a girl who could have become so notable as either musician or painter should never have gone out as a missionary. That her love of art remained unabated to the end is seen from a letter to an intimate friend, written within a year of her death, in which she alludes to chrysanthemums "so lovely that they make one long for another life to give to painting"; and says of some recent sketches: "They are mere poor caricatures, but I think one's little attempts have a Biblical sanction in that beautiful verse, 'The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.'" Yet in the holiday resort of Gulmarg her guitar lay unstrung, her easel could seldom lure her from the table where repugnant *Rasum-i-Hind* was flanked by grammar and dictionary, though she found forty-three varieties of exquisite wild flowers growing within five minutes' radius of their hut,

and the transcendent proportions of Nanga Parbat, in all his mysterious glory, closed in the landscape.

But she was to learn that lawful pleasures laid at God's feet are sometimes restored, as Isaac was restored, with a newly won blessing. "Now in this time," said our Lord of the disciple who gives up house or brethren or sisters for His sake and the Gospel's, "he shall receive a hundredfold" (Mark x. 29, 30). The mission in Kashmir soon claimed Irene's music; and her sketches not only won much interest in that land from many quarters, but raised considerable funds for it, and thus became part of her work. At Gulmarg the wife of the Director of Public Works, herself a good flower-painter, saw a few sketches Irene had made there, and asked if she might purchase replicas. A substantial gift to the collection in Gulmarg church on behalf of the C.M.S. Hospital, after a sermon by Dr. Neve, was only the immediate result of Irene's acceptance of the little commission. The pictures bought were shown in the exhibition of Drawing Club sketches in the Public Library, other orders followed, and as early as August Irene destined their proceeds for the building fund of St. Luke's Church, of which more anon. She left Gulmarg (where we can well believe that the days had proved all too short) "with numerous orders to execute in any painting-time that comes in the near future," and people at Srinagar and elsewhere proved at least as willing to buy as the small European community there.

As she made a good deal of time for correspondence in the course of that quiet summer, we may speak once for all here of her intercourse with home during her missionary career, ere we follow her to the capital.

"Be concentrated in the energy of personal effort; be diffusive in the unity of spiritual sympathy," is a counsel of Bishop Westcott's that Irene tried to act on throughout her

brief but intense life. Distance from the interests and affections of former days seemed only to strengthen her attachment to them. When at Gulmarg she heard by telegram of the birth in Montreal of a nephew, an event which doubled the number of her near relatives, her rapture—so Miss Hull reports—was almost more than she could bear physically, and the lively sympathy expressed in her news finally knitted up her new friendships. When, a few months later, snow-blocked passes delayed the mails, which she characterised as “my weekly joy and treat,” and home letters posted in three successive weeks reached her simultaneously, she is described as “literally shouting for joy” after the long silence.

Not only all concerning her relatives but all concerning her friends remained as interesting as ever, though she grew more and more absorbed in her work. “I think it is wonderful,” writes one girl comrade of past days, “how you can keep in touch with old friends so well, in the midst of your missionary labours.” “I had a card of flowers and a letter for Christmas from Irene,” writes a very busy friend, “which made me feel rather base, as I had not written to her.” “I can hardly realise even yet,” writes another girl comrade in December, 1897, “that this Christmas I shall have no greeting from Irene. It is the first since I have known her that this has been so. She never seemed to forget anyone.” A missionary whom Irene met several times at Amritsar had a sister in England with whom she was slightly acquainted before she went out. This lady tells that whenever Irene saw her relative she wrote sending her the most recent news of her health and welfare. The incident is given as a typical one. We hear of her despatching between twenty and thirty Christmas gifts to friends in Europe one year; of her preparing twenty-four Christmas cards of dried Himalayan flowers for them another year. She had always taken special delight in giving presents at that season, and she not only continued to do so, but to choose them with as

much thought as ever or the idiosyncrasies of their recipients. And she was as ready to condole with the sorrows, counsel the perplexities, remember the birthdays, and help forward the enterprises of the friends of her girlhood as she had ever been.

Her interest in home missions remained unchanged also. "I feel we should rather be giving to you," writes the Hon. Treasurer of the Church Army in acknowledging her annual subscription sent from Kashmir. Among letters written to her in England after she had actually reached Leh in August, 1897, are thanks for two boxes of Kashmir goods sent to different friends for sales of work at home, and for her annual subscription to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society. She had been placed on the Kensington Committee of the latter in 1888, and inquired after its prosperity in a letter written just as she started on her last journey.

The number of old friends with whom she maintained a regular correspondence in hours snatched too often from needed sleep was very large. The effort thus made was not made in vain, for she enjoyed unbroken intercourse in spirit with those she cared for most, and the spiritual sympathy of some in absence is worth almost as much as their bodily presence. Turning over letters to her that chance to survive, one passes from the pastoral counsel and warmly expressed approval of her work of the Vicar of Kensington to pages of home news from old schoolfellows; affectionate letters from former College by Post students, telling of their own efforts in work for God; thoughts of the wise gleaned from hearing or reading, and passed on to one on outpost duty as watchwords from home; and words of cheer from fellow-missionaries in other lands.

Hers was not one of the self-contained natures that need not to lean strongly on the love of others. "Being alone in the world" was her definition of misery. So when one

friend writes from the United States : " I consider every line I receive from you a great treat and privilege," and another in England writes : " You are happy to be one of Christ's messengers, now that possibly all days of service for His Church may be short," we can understand that Irene often said of her mail : " It is heart-warming to read all these kind letters," or (referring to the news that a third member of her hygiene class hoped to become a missionary) : " It does warm one's heart to hear from the dear students." Above all, she was strengthened and comforted by the assurance which is the burden of most letters : " Courage ; we pray for you without ceasing " ; " as the old Scotch-woman said, ' We shall pray for you hard.' " So they " held the ropes " ; and her exceeding delight in the home mail, which one Christmas had almost fifty letters for her by one post, passed into a proverb among her colleagues.

The value she set on their affection for herself would not, however, have justified the time she gave to letter-writing had it not been her effort throughout to translate the personal regard of friends into concern for her chosen work, to receive gifts for her pupils rather than herself, to broaden prayer for her into prayer for Kashmir.

In this effort she succeeded to a remarkable degree. " How near in some respects Kashmir seems with your own dear self in it," said another correspondent in the United States. " You cannot think how glad I should be to send you anything that would be a help in your work, and that would show my interest in it," says a former schoolfellow. From many individual friends, from her Sunday school class, from the Kensington C.M.S. working party, and from little bands of helpers she had called into existence at Mitcham and at Penshurst, generous gifts came again and again.

As an illustration of co-operation that blesses both those abroad and those at home a letter to Irene from Mitcham,

written in February, 1895, may be quoted: "I cannot tell you how deeply the accounts of your work interest me. I do indeed feel how immense the obstacles and hindrances are which meet you on every side, overwhelming, one would be tempted to say, were it not for the knowledge of our Father's Presence and Power. I rejoice to feel that I may in some measure, however small, help with my prayers. It is such a help to one's prayers to have more knowledge of the difficulties for which these prayers are specially needed. . . . I took your letter down to our 'Missionary Union' meeting, and read all about the presents and the women and girls to the children, to their great delight. It made all seem so much more real to them to hear what actually had happened to their handiwork. . . . I rejoice to say that our little Union continues to prosper wonderfully. . . . What makes me feel most thankful and hopeful of all is the benefit I cannot but recognise that it is to our children themselves. It is so cheering to see quite rough and unruly ones growing gentler and more disciplined, and some of our idlers learning to work quite hard and earnestly. . . . You have been so closely associated with our Union from the first (indeed, we owe its existence, humanly speaking, to your visit), that I longed to tell you all about our efforts and our progress." Another letter from Mitcham in 1897 reported a missionary band of sixty "Sowers" all working with undiminished enthusiasm.

Sentences from three more letters will indicate how Irene stirred up prayer for Kashmir. A London friend, who had purchased some of her sketches, writes: "I often gaze for a long time at your sweet little pictures, which hang together in a group in my own room, and pray for a great blessing on you and all the work in Srinagar. . . . I hope you keep well. I think you must, for there is a happy ring about your letter, as if you had found your God-made niche and were content." A Scottish lady, whom she met for the first and last time

during a day and a half in Rome on her way back to India in 1895, writes fifteen months after their meeting: "I have not forgotten you and your companions daily in my prayers, but have asked God to grant you health, strength, patience, and courage for the work He has given you to do, and I trust He has heard me." A lady in Montreal, who knew Irene only through her journals, writes: "I really felt as if I knew and loved her also, and have rejoiced over her good work, and for two years have prayed for it every day."

That sympathy might be enlightened and prayer definite, Irene sent home many photographs and journals, and also wrote personal letters, full of graphic details, calculated to interest individual correspondents, that friends might become distributors as well as recipients of information. "How vividly," writes an American friend, "your journals have brought places and people before me! I am sure your friends will soon insist on your publishing a book."

The following letter of condolence from a London neighbour expresses another aspect of her influence: "My first feeling on hearing the news was that if any death could be without sadness it must be Irene's. She had fulfilled her mission so truly, with such self-restraint and self-devotion all her life: first at home and in society; then, when the way was clearly opened for her to go to India, by devoting her great gifts of mind and heart so enthusiastically to the work in Kashmir, grinding at the languages, which were not naturally to her taste, with as much earnestness as she threw into everything else. Knowing her and hearing her speak of her work have caused me many times to defend the cause of foreign missions against slighting remarks, and to realise a little the binding force of the charter of missionary work, 'Go ye—teach all nations.'"

One further quotation from the magazine article already quoted on pp. 20 and 55, will convey the impression made by

her work on those who followed it at home through journals and letters :—

“First, we will look into the dark, comfortless women’s quarters in one of the homes in Srinagar. A group of women and children of all ages are squatting on the floor in listless idleness, a look of settled dulness pervading all their faces, until transformed into one of eager welcome by the appearance of their English lady visitor. Her bright face shows that it is Irene herself, as she gathers her ready pupils about her, to teach them to knit and read, and best of all, to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

“Our next glimpse is of a little English gathering of missionaries and travellers thrown together for a single evening, by chance, as we are apt to say. Most of them are strangers to one another, and feeling rather lonely and very homesick ; but Miss Petrie cheered us all up, as one of them said: she got out her guitar and sang the dear old Scotch songs to us, till it seemed like a real English home evening. . . .

“To every one of us Irene Petrie has three lessons still to teach, the same that she was for ever teaching, by her words and life and influence, to all who knew her while she was on earth. The first is the lesson of simple, childlike trust in our Heavenly Father’s will and power to send or keep us wherever He sees that we can serve Him best. The next is the lesson she had such a wonderful power of bringing home to the heart of even the youngest child—that in God’s service rich and poor, great and small, all alike are needed, and all are claimed by His love. And the last and the most important is the lesson that prayer is the highest, the hardest, and the most necessary service of all. ‘Oh, if you only knew,’ she would say again and again, ‘how we abroad *depend* upon the prayers of you at home! There is such strength and such support to us in the thought that you are praying for us, and that we all are watching and waiting and working together for the harvest.’”

A passage from Irene's letter to the College by Post, written at Gulmarg on June 23rd, 1894, will fitly conclude this chapter. After describing some of the sights that indicate the deep need of those who are without knowledge of the True God, she continues :—

“But there are happier sights, too, out here. Never have I enjoyed our Church service more than when joining in it with a large congregation of native Christians, many of whom had really endured the trial of their faith. In the splendid Christian schools in Amritsar, among Miss Tuting's gay groups of non-Christian pupils, and in the medical missions both there and at Srinagar, Christ's commands to teach and heal the sick are being literally carried out. I have been stirred by watching the faces of the women of four cities, from the richest to the poorest, as they listen to the message coming with wonderful freshness into their darkened lives. To how many of these it brings indeed the Light of Life we cannot now know ; it seems a profanation to try and tabulate results, when Christ tells us that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

“Face to face with heathendom and missionary work, many preconceived ideas are greatly modified ; but these following impressions are daily strengthened :

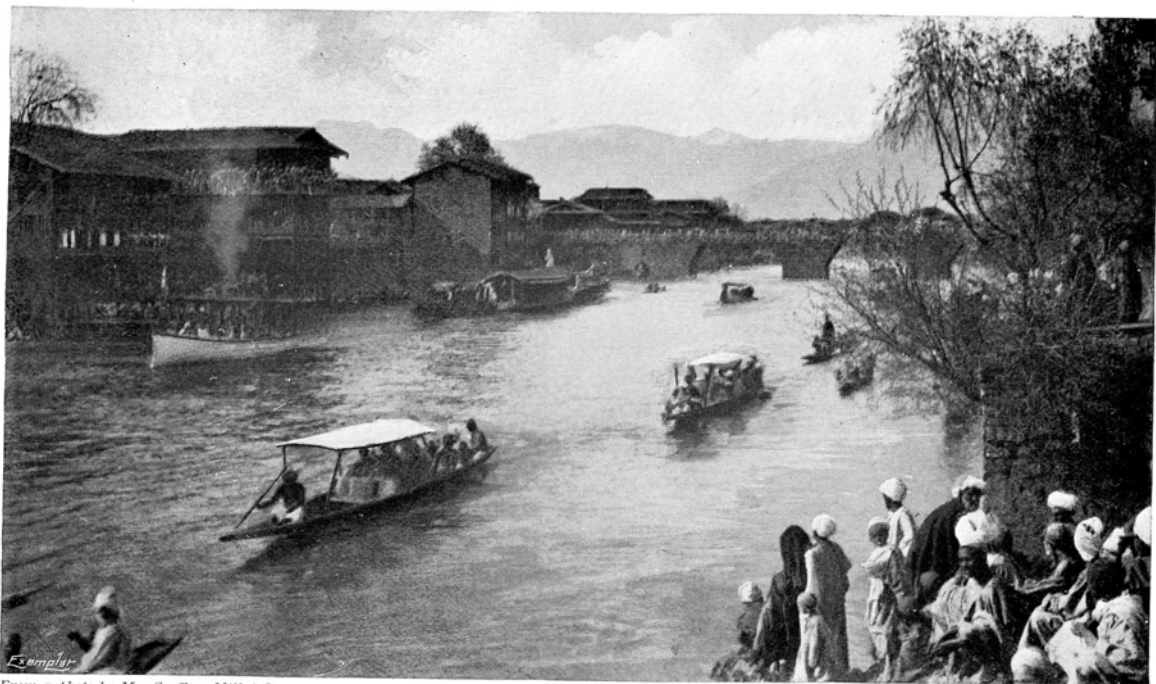
“The need is indeed great, and the work among these Indian natives, who, as Christians, often put our religious profession to shame, is indeed worth living for.

“The largest proportion of the real and often unexpected difficulties in missionary work can be directly traced to the dearth of efficient workers. How many there must still be at home who could come and help ! Well-educated ladies as doctors and teachers are urgently wanted for the Christlike work of medical missions, and for the increasingly important work of building up the native Christians, and giving higher Christian education.

“As a learner and beginner, I would venture to suggest to any who hope to come out that the following seem needful qualifications: Prudence as to bodily health, methodical and compact habits under any circumstances, a large heart, a reserved tongue, and readiness to take the second or, if need be, the tenth place. While every kind of gift can be turned to account in India, it is also true that untrained, inefficient, or self-sufficient workers may often have, and cause, disappointment.

“All the more, then, do we beg for the prayers of the Mite-Givers' Guilds and all other members of the College by Post, because the standard must be a high one; and any flaws in His instruments must hinder the work which God is willing and able to do through them, and which is indeed His own work.”

Referring to what Irene here says about “the tenth place,” a College by Post student unknown to us personally wrote in February, 1898: “In the light of the knowledge we now have of Miss Petrie's remarkable gifts and powers, this sentence in her first letter, which struck us very much at the time, strikes us even more forcibly. Written by one so highly gifted, and so eminently qualified to take the first place, how Christlike the sentiment! How ready indeed the writer was to be called up higher!”



From a photo by Mr. Geoffroy Millais.

[Facing p. 161.]

THE MAHARAJA PASSING THE C.M.S. SCHOOL ON HIS STATE ENTRY INTO SRINAGAR.

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST WINTER IN SRINAGAR

(SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1894, TO MARCH 30TH, 1895)

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day.

TENNYSON, *The Princess*.

THE quiet summer was over, and on September 7th a picturesque procession of one hundred and two human beings and six quadrupeds left Gulmarg for Srinagar, since "light marching order" is not the fashion in India. Next morning an unforeseen difficulty arose over getting a mount for Irene, so she determined to proceed on foot. "I set off at sunrise with a coolie we knew for escort," she says, "and walked on fourteen miles across the plains, stopping only once for five minutes, till 10.30, when our nice boatmen appeared, and joyfully conducted me to our old craft, where I was glad enough to sit down. One of them fanned me, while I enjoyed some luscious peaches. I had to wait some time for the rest of the procession; and at 6.30 after a long day on the river we found ourselves opposite to the Barracks. There I and my goods were landed, and a warm and delightful welcome joined on to the regretful farewell with the Perrydise

party. Mr. and Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe were at tea with Miss Hull and Miss Newnham, and I felt at home directly."

"The Barracks" is such an unexpected address for lady missionaries that it claims explanation, as the designation of a set of about a dozen little houses for European visitors built by the Kashmir Government on the Munshi Bagh, *the* European quarter of Srinagar. This is an orchard stretching for half a mile along the right bank of the Jhelum, from which it is separated by a bund rising about twenty feet above the river. Through its fine chenars and willows the rosy dawn may be seen lighting up a hundred miles of the Pir Punjal range. Miss Hull and Irene shared one of these houses, which was rented by the C.E.Z.M.S., and until her own rooms in the Hospital were ready, Miss Newnham was with them. "We are a trio now, and a very happy one," says Irene. How close is the co-operation between the two societies in the field was shown by the fact that Miss Newnham, a C.E.Z. lady, working for the C.M.S. Hospital, lived in a C.M.S. house; while Irene, a C.M.S. lady, appointed to Kashmir to assist Miss Hull in the zenana work, lived in a C.E.Z. house.

Her life quickly fell into an uneventful routine. She had arrived on a Saturday evening, and before breakfast on Monday she resumed her Urdu lessons with the munshi. On Tuesday she was at three Sikh zenanas. The warmth of her welcome was not the only thing that made her feel at home, for she discovered many links to each of her new associates, and their familiarity with a good many persons and places that had been a part of her home life prevented from the first any sense of strangeness. In rare moments of leisure the little group of missionaries seem to have enjoyed each other's society thoroughly. For instance, "the nicest dinner party" Irene had been to since leaving England was one given by moonlight on October 12th at the summit of the Takht-i-Suleiman, to which Dr. Neve invited six of his colleagues.

The Munshi Bagh was close to the Takht and the Hospital, so there are many references to both during this first winter. Soon after Irene returned to Srinagar in October, 1895, she went, as we shall see, to the Sheikh Bagh, which was close to the city and to the School, and the School became one of her great interests therefore during the succeeding winters. Midway between the two Baghs stands the Residency, where lives the representative of the Empress of India, with whose help and under whose advice the Maharaja rules.

"It is so delightful to be at last in the midst of the work I have longed for." In the supreme satisfaction thus expressed by Irene she was almost unconscious of minor discomforts: the wind that blew relentlessly through the ill-fitting doors of their house; the rats that ran to and fro, consuming furs and anything else they could find; the apprehension that the decrepit house itself would fall down suddenly if either flood or earthquake took place; the inconvenience of being at a great distance from nearly all the zenanas; and the trials of climate. Kashmir may be "equal to Paradise" in spring, but burning heat in summer, deadly stench in autumn, and bitter cold in winter make up the rest of the year for its capital city. Premising that the winter 1894-95 was a particularly severe one, we may quote some of Irene's descriptions of its course at once:—

"*October 20th.*—The whole Pir Punjal has put on its winter mantle of dazzling snow, and is surpassingly beautiful. Here the mornings are chilly, and a fire welcome at night."

"*November 22nd.*—Dreary wintry weather has come now with bare trees, rain, wind, and snow down to an elevation of two thousand feet above this. We sit round our wood fire, with feet in the fender."

"*December 7th.*—This week we had our first fall of snow, but happily it did not lie, and we are rejoicing now in lovely, bright days, when long walks are a real treat."

Really bad weather set in after the New Year, and by the middle of January city visiting had become impossible.

"January 17th.—The snow is about a foot deep all round, and folks with leisure are doing a great deal of skating and tobogganning. The lakes are frozen, the trees all frosted, our bath-rooms floored with ice. Water freezes in the basin an hour after one has washed one's hands; and we are moving our larder into the dining-room to keep the food from freezing."

"January 24th.—The road from Baramula is blocked with snow; the boat with the mails was ice-bound on the Wular Lake for six days, and the poor men's provisions ran short. The horses who bring in the mails suffer greatly, as there is no pity for animals among the non-Christian natives. We walk along beaten snow-tracks, between walls of snow two or three feet high, and every building is fringed with long icicles."

"January 31st.—We are well, though aching with cold."

By the beginning of February they were fairly snowed up; and to save the servants a journey across the compound, they melted a block of ice to boil water for making their tea from, and served themselves. Meanwhile, sympathetic letters from England expressed a hope that Irene did not find the heat of India too trying.

February wore on with the thermometer four degrees below zero at night, but the grey sky and misty horizon since Christmas gave place to sunshine and lovely distant views. On February 11th they picnicked on the frozen surface of the Dal in hot sun. Next day a thaw set in, and mud unspeakable succeeded snow in the city. They had to wait another month for the sight of mother earth, and at the first green blade felt like Noah welcoming the dove's olive leaf. March 14th brought a final snowstorm. A few days later the skies cleared, the mountains were seen again, and birds began to sing in glorious sunshine; but the accumulated snows of a Himalayan winter turned to mud

deeper and thicker than ever, soaking through the strongest footwear, while outside the city the horses sank in mire up to the girths. "I believe we must be the muddiest missionaries in the world," says Irene.

She does not seem to have suffered in health from these arctic experiences, but she had many admonitions to take care of herself, of which these words from a letter written to her by the Bishop of Lahore on November 12th, 1894, may serve as an example: "I am glad you have found so congenial a sphere of work as that in Kashmir. I would only beg of you to take care of your health, and not to make experiments in the way of going long intervals without food. I venture to give this piece of advice because someone who had lately seen you told me you were not looking as well as when you were in Lahore last winter."

Valuable work is so often hindered or even abandoned because ardent missionaries do not consider their own health that the following sentence of a letter of Irene's on the subject is of interest: "I have seen enough since leaving home to realise more than ever before what a blessing good health is, and what dire results come of the carelessness of some missionaries as to health and food. . . . Oh that people would only realise that God's laws of nature are as binding as the Decalogue!"

When she had been in India eleven months she could say: "I am so thankful never to have had a touch of fever"; but only five days after she wrote these words on November 2nd a small pupil waylaid her as she went home, begging her to hear his verses. She lingered, though the sun had just set; two days in bed and a week's absence from work was the price paid for this little indiscretion. In January, when "everyone seemed to be down with dreadful colds," Dr. Neve was saying: "The wonder is that Miss Petrie keeps so well, and still goes to the city"; and

Irene was writing: "I do feel how much all the health and happiness in present work is due to the prayers of the dear ones far away."

She touches here on a matter about which friends were wont to ask first of all. Often before they had begun to ascertain what her work was, they wished to know if she was happy in it, if it came up to her expectations. She answers thus on October 27th, the anniversary of her departure for India. "How little I thought this day year where I should now be! . . . There is much to be thankful for indeed, after all the changes of scene and companionship of the past year, in my having, as I think, got into just the right niche here, in this pretty little home with this kind friend, and the beginnings of work, and constant recreation of seeing those glorious mountains." In another little bit of retrospect on December 7th she says: "If I had offered generally to the C.M.S. they would probably have sent me somewhere else, as they never appoint ladies to Kashmir. Between the *ridiculous* unpopularity of educational missions among some theorists who sit at home and the lack of romance about a mission-field hitherto apparently unfruitful, Kashmir does not get the sympathy and interest that it ought to have. . . . I often marvel at the chain of circumstances that led me here, and hope the lines have not fallen in too pleasant a place for a missionary. However, looking back I do feel that each step was ordered *for* and scarcely *by* me."

Her days were divided between learning Urdu and visiting zenanas. Every morning from 8 to 9 o'clock she studied the Acts and Epistles and *Rasum-i-Hind*, which she calls "the most odious book I have ever read," her lesson dividing chota hazri, taken on first rising, from breakfast. Family prayers and religious instruction of their own servants followed. At 11 they started for the day's work in the city, returning between 5 and 6 for tea. Evensong, at which Irene was organist,

dinner at 7.45, and another hour or two of language study, ended the day. "Exodus, Prayer Book, and grammar" were her evening subjects, and the journey to and from the city was utilised for "grinding at dialogues." By October she tasted the sweetness of being able to explain John iii. 16 to her pupils in their own tongue; in January she added a second lesson from the munshi after dinner; but one gathers that a toilsome evening after a busy day was telling on her spirits for, on January 31st, she groaned out: "It is really humiliating to find how well everyone else gets on with their language studies; but Miss Hull says she thinks I have got to learn more patience. . . . If only my useless musical memory could be transferred to these old languages!" The very next day she begins Kashmiri with Miss Hull, and finds it an even worse undertaking than Urdu. "I wish more than ever," she writes on March 5th, "that I had any gift or taste or memory for languages."

We have already had with Irene glimpses into zenanas at Meerut, Lahore, and Amritsar, stations where work is at a more advanced stage than in Kashmir; and one may hope that the time is long past when mention of zenana missionaries led to search in the index of an atlas for "Zenana," and that the kind of life led by our women fellow-subjects in India behind the purdah, which shuts off the women's quarters from the rest of the dwelling, is now matter of common knowledge. It may be well, however, to remind the reader that their seclusion is neither ancient nor indigenous; its full development, if not its actual origin, in India dates from the Mohammedan conquest in the eleventh century A.D. The learned Pandita Ramabai tells us that the lauded Sanskrit literature contains "many hateful sentiments about women," though it pictures the heroic age of India as one in which they were to a large extent honoured and free, like the Hebrew women of old. But one of the root ideas of Mohammedanism

is that while woman may minister to man as either toy or drudge, she can have no share in his intellectual, still less in his religious, life. A woman never enters a mosque. The system begins by despising and degrading her, and ends by distrusting, insulting, imprisoning her, and placing her all her life under the absolute rule of some man—in childhood of her father, in wifehood of her husband, in widowhood of her son. Poets like Byron and Moore, who were never in the East, have thrown over her imprisonment a glamour of gleaming robes and dazzling jewels, of perfume and flowers and music. In reality the zenana, even in affluent houses, is mean and bare and squalid; the life of its inmates is dull with *ennui* unutterable, wretched with bickerings, jealousies, petty tyrannies, and sometimes hideous cruelties. So close is the imprisonment that an Indian woman can live and die without seeing even a tree or a cow. A European invited to "dine with" an Indian gentleman eats a meal at an hotel at his expense. His host would break caste by eating with him, would be mortally offended by an allusion to his wife. Etiquette requires even a lady missionary asking him if she may call on her to say nothing more definite than "May I see your house?" Women of the poorer classes are not thus imprisoned, but how utterly they are contemned may be judged from words addressed to a lady who was labouring among village women in the Punjab: "You will take your book into the fields and teach the cows next."

A recent writer in the *Spectator* remarked of Asiatic women generally that "their ignorance is phenomenal," its twofold result being abject superstition and habitual resistance to any kind of change; there is, moreover, much unhappiness as the men slowly become more educated, and are thrown more and more on each other for society; while the children learn nothing till they cease to be children. Here are the statistics

for India according to the 1891 census. Of the Hindu women in the whole Empire, only one in 244 was either literate or learning at school; of the Mohammedan women, only one in 298.¹

Matters being thus, it is not hard to imagine that the personality of a British lady, highly cultured and free to order her own life, is at first a puzzle and gradually an education to the women of India. Comprehension of her circumstances and aims comes slowly, and after much questioning. Irene was constantly asked what relation she was to Miss Hull, whether she was married, or was going to be, or if she was not married, why she was not. She was even asked about her brother-in-law's income; their notion of a woman being always dependent on some man naturally suggesting this when they heard that her one relative was a married sister.

Of course, no wise missionary would wish that Eastern customs should be supplanted wholesale by Western ones. Miss Hewlett's opinion on this has been quoted in Chapter V.; and more and more Irene realised that in preaching Christ to Indians we are taking a faith of Oriental birthplace back to its own continent, and that Christianising India ought to be a very different thing from Anglicising India.

Nor is it merely a question of abolishing certain flagrant abuses that have grown out of the zenana system, such as marrying very young girls, and condemning to perpetual widowhood little children who have been merely betrothed. Non-Christian Hindus, under the indirect influence of Christianity, are finding arguments against these things from their own ancient books, and uniting with Christians in combating them. Nor is it even the fact that "the Hindu woman is unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when

¹ None of this applies to the Parsis, a community influential out of all proportion to their small number. Several natives of India and "advanced" Indian women known in Europe belong to that community.

married, accursed as a widow, and unlamented when dead," that most strongly urges forward zenana missions. Not because she is unspeakably miserable but because she is unspeakably powerful must she be won to the faith, if India is to be conquered for Christ.

Happy companionship in marriage being scarcely known, the bond between mother and son is stronger even than with us, and the mother's influence paramount. "You would not dare to use such words before your mother," said Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, rebuking a boy for foul language, as he might have rebuked a boy at home. "My mother taught me to say it," was the significant reply. Many a man who no longer believes in the Hindu gods does puja to pacify his mother, or is deterred by home influence from confessing that he does believe in Christianity. The Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter, late Principal of St. John's College, Agra, tells of a young man of very good position who said to him, "Can I not be a secret Christian? for my mother says she will poison herself if I am baptised." These two typical incidents emphasise, as no general statements could do, two aspects of the crying need for the zenana missionary as the one teacher who can reach these mothers. Many a Hindu lad who has been at school and college, even in Europe, falls back to the moral and spiritual level of his forefathers when he returns to mother and wife in the zenana; and the history of what bigoted heathen women once accomplished in the undoing of the wisest of men is repeated on a smaller scale.

We see this going on, but happily we see something else going on besides. Let us turn, not to a missionary report, but to a Blue-book and a newspaper. A few years ago the Director of Public Instruction in the Madras Presidency called attention to the fact that while in the University examination the number of Brahmans examined had decreased

by eight per cent., the number of Christians had increased by forty per cent., and surmised that in another generation the Christians would have secured a preponderating position in all the great professions. The *Madras Mail* accounted for this by pointing to the striking superiority, physical and intellectual, of the mothers of the Christians. The census returns already quoted tell that of the Christian women of India—and the majority of these, we must remember, belong to the humblest classes of the community—one in seven is literate or learning.

Briefly as they are stated, these facts may indicate the importance of zenana visiting before we plunge into its apparently commonplace details. We thank God that so many of Irene's countrywomen have heard the call to it, and we recognise that success in it demands many gifts: the pastor's love of souls; the teacher's love of instructing; the district visitor's kindness; the society woman's *savoir faire*; the quick insight and intelligence that come of a mind trained at all points; the ease and graciousness and tact that come of birth undeniably gentle; the delicate sympathy that can only come of having those laboured for "in the heart," as St. Paul had the Philippians in his heart; the spiritual power that can only be sustained by constant communion with God.

To her Kensington friends Irene pictured her daily routine thus: "After a walk of about a mile we have an hour's row in our boat to the different ghats, whence the houses can be reached on foot. Generally an eager face or voice gives welcome ere the door is opened, for the pupils count the days of the week to the time when the visit is due. The teacher sits down with them on chair, charpai, or floor, as the case may be, and reading or knitting is produced. Learning is slow work for those whose minds are wholly untrained; but knowing what reading may be the key to for them, we

encourage them to persevere during the long weeks and months. Then, when a time comes that all the pupils are gathered round and inclined to listen, that babies within and cocks and hens and pariah dogs without are quiet, books and work are laid down, the Bible is opened, and week by week, from different portions, we try and set before them some of the great truths of the loving Father, the needing sinner, the ready Saviour, the unfailing Guide. Often a verse in which the teaching of the lesson can be gathered up is learned, to be, as we hope, a permanent possession for the pupils. 'Miss Sahib, sing,' is a frequent request, and quite a chorus joins in the Christian hymns we have set to the quaint native airs."

"Three new houses," she writes on October 4th, "have been opened this week, with warm invitations to teach. My fear is that Miss Hull will be quite overdone ere I am proficient enough to help really well." But already the Niki Mem ("little or youthful lady"), as Irene was called in the zenanas, was able to teach them texts, and Miss Hull was emphatically declaring that she was "a blessing." Some sixty women and girls were under instruction by Christmas, many of whom could now read simple books in their own language. "Miss Hull has such interesting welcomes and experiences," says Irene, "one feels that there might be a wonderful harvest in Kashmir, if only more efficient workers were here and prejudice were broken down. . . . Alas! we have had to refuse fresh invitations to teach, which come every week, because we can scarcely keep pace with houses already undertaken."

Distances were so great and time of so little consequence to those they visited that it was hard to get more than three visits into their expedition of six or seven hours, and they aimed at a weekly visit to every pupil, and made a rule of going to those only who were willing to have a Bible lesson. These lessons followed out the course of the Christian

year, and set forth systematically the great outlines of the faith. As spring advanced, Irene rejoiced "at getting longer hours with the dear pupils"; and they welcomed more warmly than ever teachers whom rain and mire could not daunt.

"The work gets more interesting every week," she writes on March 5th. "Many of the pupils are very dear, and it is wonderful to see the eager look on some faces over the Bible lesson, and to hear them speak of and *to* Christ, as if they really trusted in His present power to help them. Of course, there are the terribly sad things, suffering and degradation and selfishness; and now that the month of Ramazan has begun there is more inclination to oppose among the Moham-medans. To-day the mother in a family who has listened very civilly at other times and always been extremely friendly entirely refused to come to the Bible lesson, and called out to ask what wages I received. This is a favourite inquiry. But her little girl crept up close, and asked if I had ever seen Jesus Christ, and listened and questioned about Him so eagerly. Several of our pupils have been ill lately, and when illness comes even those who do regard us as heretics seem grateful and glad if we mention that we remember them in our prayers."

Miss Hull tells of another who said: "Ah! it is time, the distance has been great, and see, I was growing old without knowing anything of Him; but when you come and read to us it seems as if God were here." "You will not wonder," adds Miss Hull, "that it seemed so to me too. . . . It was one of the last bright days of autumn, but in those hearts the light that never fades had begun to shine, the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ."

Few Indian cities contain a greater variety of women to be visited than Srinagar. Irene had all sorts and conditions

of pupils, from rich officials' families to very poor people, from most intelligent to utterly dull; Kashmiris, both Hindu and Mohammedan, Sikhs, Dogras, Pathans, Nepalese, Afghans, Tibetans, Punjabis, Gujeratis, Rajputs, Bengalis, and Parsis, with corresponding variety of tongues.

A few sketches of individual pupils, whom one follows from week to week in Irene's letters, will best illustrate this. To give names would be an intrusion into homes whose privacy is as much to be respected as that of our own, and particulars, however interesting, that might lead to identification must in many cases be omitted also. We begin with Hindus and go on to Mohammedans.

While the Maharaja is at Jammu the lord lieutenant or governor is the greatest native at Srinagar. Though not a Christian, he spoke with the greatest appreciation of the Mission School at Bareilly, where he had been educated, contributed to the C.M.S. School at Srinagar, and received the missionaries most courteously when they visited his ladies at his invitation.

The mansion of a rai, which commanded an alley notable even in Srinagar for the exceeding vileness of its smells, contained a large and very nice party of ladies, studying Urdu, Hindi, and English.

In an untidy room at the top of a dark and broken staircase lived a pleasant Punjabi lady, arrayed in a gorgeous costume, green, blue, and gold, with a fine scarlet double chaddar, like that described in Prov. xxxi. 21 (margin). She was the wife of a tehsildar, an official who has been defined as an Oriental edition of a French *préfet*, but more powerful and irresponsible.

The neat, clean little home of the wife, mother, and year-old son of the munshi, a Hindu pundit, was a contrast to these abodes. Irene was working through the Gospels with them; and he had quite a library of books, the two great

Sanskrit epics standing alongside the Bible on his shelves, in a way entirely characteristic of the India of to-day.

In a large Sikh family three generations of learners speaking Urdu, flavoured with Punjabi and Hindi, all pleasant, nice people, willing to learn, formed quite a school.

The circumstances of another Sikh pupil were tragic enough to call out much of Irene's sympathy that winter. The man to whom she had been betrothed at the age of five claimed her, when she had grown into a bright girl of eleven, as his wife. He had never done anything for her, and was a particularly worthless fellow, whom she feared and hated so intensely that she declared she would rather go to prison or throw herself into the river than marry him. For three years the case had been before the courts, postponed and referred from one judge to another, and the poor mother had spent almost all she possessed in fighting for her daughter's liberty. Neither Hindu nor Mohammedan was likely to favour a woman's cause, and one native judge ordered the girl to be struck as she stood before him. What increased the bitterness against them more than anything else was a rumour that they were inclined to Christianity. The missionaries had reason to believe that they were much more than inclined to it. "Through all the trouble they have been most attentive listeners," says Irene, "and they tell Miss Hull how greatly they desire to become Christians, and have really learned to pray to Christ. They take it as a direct answer to prayer that recently the trial seems to have turned quite in their favour; and last week the mother declared in court, when appeal to the guru was suggested, that she no longer believed in the religion of the Sikhs, but in her Miss Sahib's teaching, saying, 'Come what may, I trust in Christ.'" Irene describes how on February 6th Miss Hull and she, escorted by Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, made their way through a crowd of gazing pundits into the court. "The judge had three chairs set at his

side, and when Miss Hull thanked him *in Kashmiri* a murmur of wonder ran through the audience. The poor girl has never seen her supposed husband except in court. He is a very ill-looking young man, and the witness whom he brought, a guru, is a very ill-looking old man. The judge questioned him through and through as to the laws and customs of the Sikhs, and the old fellow was pretty well turned inside out as he kept contradicting himself and making admissions really damaging to his side, on several of which the case might have been instantly dismissed. But alas! it was only postponed again. However, the judge was civil to the girl, and probably went more fairly and carefully into the evidence because we were there. He made quite an oration as to his holding the scales of justice evenly, and all through took elaborate notes of the evidence in Persian." A fortnight later she writes again: "The poor girl and her mother came early to pour out their woes. That Kashmiri judge had dismissed their case the day before in the man's favour, and they had been shamefully treated on the steps of the court. They have a last chance in appeal to the Chief Justice's court against the alternative of marriage or prison." The Lord Chief Justice was a Bengali, educated in England, and the appeal to him was happily successful. The girl is now married to a worthier suitor, and the mother, though not actually baptised, seems to be a true Christian. The missionaries still hope that both may have courage to confess the faith publicly.

Among Mohammedan pupils was the daughter of a pir, wearing a coronet of jewels and a single cotton garment, and dying by inches of rheumatism brought on by sitting on a damp floor; and the family of a very wealthy shawl merchant, who had a grand palace, with gardens, fountains, and summer-houses, and large rooms beautifully carpeted, where, conspicuous among really beautiful Oriental draperies and china,

were a few intolerably vulgar pieces of gaudy glass from England and a cheap nickel clock from the United States. The ladies, who though pretty looked dreadfully sickly and delicate, were all squatting together in one small, stuffy room, keeping strict purdah. They wore embroidered robes, and heads, throats, arms, and hands were loaded with splendid jewels. The gentlemen of the family came and listened most respectfully to the Bible lesson given to them.

Another rich Mohammedan, by race one of the fierce Pathans, left a gentle young wife in the plains with two bonny boys, and came to Kashmir to find State employment. Here he wedded another woman, who was wild with jealous misery when she discovered some time afterwards that he had already a wife in the plains. The first wife was brought to Srinagar; and these rivals, living together, were the very first of Miss Hull's pupils whom Irene visited in May, 1894. Then the second wife sat smoking her hookah, and defiantly uttering bitter arguments against Christianity. But both begged to be taught when visited again in September; and the first wife, alone with Miss Hull, told of her faith in Christ, but in a whisper, "for they would kill me if they knew it." At any rate, confession must have meant immediate separation from her boys. "She has such a beautiful face," writes Irene; and the work of Divine grace in her heart was shown by the way in which she alluded to her rival as "my sister." The usual reading with "sweet Mrs. X." became a Bible lesson to the two boys, and the mother eagerly called their attention to all that was said of Christ and His love.

Here is a glimpse of Mohammedan family life on another side: "Coming out of a house, I was accosted by an old man next door with a request. His son's wife had become a mother a week before, and was very ill. Could I do anything for her? I said I was not a doctor Miss Sahib,

and did not understand these cases, but went in to see the poor, pretty little thing, partly because I did not want the father-in-law to go on detailing her symptoms in the street. I ascertained that she was fearfully weak, and was getting no nourishment. I recommended them to give her warm milk at once, and to go without delay to the hospital for proper treatment and advice. Two days later Miss Hull and I were invited in together. The girl looked worse. They had given her no milk, though their own dinner was cooking in the corner; they had not gone to the hospital, because her husband said it was 'so cold for him to walk there'; and they were about to finish the poor little thing off with leeches. Miss Hull administered a good scolding. 'She will die, and then you will say, "It is Fate," and piously cant about the will of Allah.' He promised to go to the hospital, and I hope her words will have some effect." Irene insisted on milk being given to another poor little mother, quite a child, living on a diet of sherbet only, her face wasted almost past recognition; beside her lay a three weeks' babe, the feeblest little scrap of humanity Irene had ever seen, likewise perishing of starvation.

The kangre, or small fire-basket, carried under the clothes for warmth, is a frequent cause of accidents. On one occasion Irene found a poor old woman badly burned three days before. Her people had actually done nothing for her, though only a few minutes' walk from the State Hospital, where they could at any time get dressings. A whole row of men were enjoying their hookahs in a room close by, and her own daughter's excuse was that she would be ashamed to go to the hospital. "They have queer notions of shame, certainly." Again, we find Irene herself dressing a terribly burned foot in a dirty little wooden house with a mud floor, wondering, as she washed it for bandaging, if it had ever been washed before, and realising how unwilling

Kashmiris are to be at the trouble of taking a girl or a woman to the hospital, however sore her need.

She had pupils in still humbler circumstances than those just described. Close to the Munshi Bagh, in a sort of farmyard, lived a colony of Punjabi Hindus, the policemen of Srinagar, "such nice, simple people," who listened most attentively to the Bible lesson Miss Hull gave them on her way back from church on Sunday. Twice a week Irene went to teach their girls reading. The first time she seated herself on a big stone, in front were her swarthy little pupils, behind were white goats resting their heads on her shoulders. Next time a policeman saw her approaching, and ran out with a chair, exhorting them to attend before she began. The class included her one boy pupil, a jolly little chap, who wanted her to teach him every day. Visiting the village another day with medicine for a fever-stricken woman, whose bed was the bare ground, she was met by the children bringing their books and begging for an extra lesson.

Irene shared not only in the fisher's work of "taking souls alive" out of heathendom, but also in the shepherd's work of tending and feeding the flock. To find the Srinagar sheep we must go, as our story has suggested, to the C.M.S. Hospital, where the first Christian Church in Kashmir, in both senses of the term, may be seen. Its whole European staff were introduced in Chapter VI., and its history since 1882 must now be sketched.

Dr. Neve has seen a collection of lath and plaster huts transformed, between 1889 and 1899, into one of the most important public buildings at Srinagar. South-east of the city, and well away from its dust and foul odours, near the Dal Gate, and on the already described spur of the Takht, 5,250 feet above the sea, it stands—a series of picturesque, red-roofed, turreted houses, over which waves

the red cross flag, flanked by a pretty little church, with glorious prospects from the verandahs, over shining river and maze of canals, airy pinnacles of city mosques, gardens, and orchards, blue outlines of rolling hills, and noble, serrated ranges of the snow-clad Pir Punjal. On its reconstruction R.20,000 have been spent; the cost per bed being £15, as contrasted with £300 in an English hospital. The annual cost of maintaining a bed is £3 3s., as contrasted with £50 or £60 here. This has not been the outlay of a missionary society. The C.M.S. has, indeed, provided its staff; but with the exception of the very first doctor sent, all happen to have been either honorary workers or specially supported by their own friends. The whole expenses of its erection and of its annual upkeep, which amount to about R.8000 a year, are met by the gifts either of local friends, including a good many native gentlemen, or of friends at home, who have been so active that it is a building reared without either a special appeal or a debt. The only State aid is a permission to obtain rice from the State granaries at the same rate as the city poor obtain it. Even with its present accommodation for 125 in-patients, it is hardly large enough, especially now that the erection of the Pertab Singh wards, opened by the Maharaja whose name they bear, and the addition of skilled lady nurses to the staff have greatly increased the female patients. The average annual number of out-patients is 36,000; of in-patients, over 1,300; of operations, 3,500; over 300,000 visits and over 30,000 operations being the whole record for the ten years 1889-99. Truly a mustard-tree has grown from the tiny seed planted by Elmslie!

Though at Srinagar, it is by no means for Srinagar only. On one typical day of 1896 they took a census, which showed that from morning to evening 155 people,

representing 90 villages altogether, were in the hospital. From 150 miles away over the mountains patients have come to it, and it influences the whole valley. In so lofty a land malarial diseases are few; so are accidents, vehicles and machinery being scarce. "Mauled by a bear," "fallen from a fruit-tree," are typical "accidents." Poverty, dirt, hereditary disease, and contagion fill the wards; eye cases, bone cases, kangre burns abound, and the majority of cases are surgical. As many as 58 operations (15 major) have been performed in one day. The after mortality is less than five in a thousand, in spite of personal habits setting every law of health at defiance, of ignorant stupidity and intolerance of splints, of poking of dirty fingers under antiseptic dressings, etc. Dr. Neve attributes this low mortality largely to the absence of alcoholism in the patients. We must surely add the medical skill, the healthy site and conditions of the hospital, and the blessing of God on work done in His Name.

Irene describes her first visit to it thus: "I waited near the gathering crowd of patients, who were standing and squatting in dejected attitudes in the big waiting-room till the doors opened. One old, feeble man with such a weary expression, and one poor little baby unrolled from the depths of a shapeless bundle, struck me particularly. Then I accompanied Miss Newnham and Miss Neve on their morning rounds in the women's wards, where their gentle, skilful fingers are daily occupied in dressing probably several dozens of ghastly wounds. The nattiness of all the arrangements was as much to be admired as the patience of many of the sufferers. None were purdah women, and in many cases not only their husbands but their other relatives come to watch operations and dressings. I then saw the clean, well stocked dispensary, where groups of patients were receiving medicines, and eyes were being attended to; and the men's

wards, where the men looked up so gratefully, making their salaams in response to inquiries."

The growth of the hospital buildings is easily seen ; the statistics of its patients are easily given. But what of the results that justify it as a missionary institution? These cannot be tabulated, yet there is evidence to show that they are potential for untold good in that moral and spiritual regeneration of Kashmir which is the supreme aim of all missionary effort. In addition to the blessings, both to the State and to the family, of threatened lives spared and maimed lives restored, which all hospitals show, this hospital confers in a yet more marked degree than hospitals at home the following benefits on the community. Many new and important data are contributed to medical science by the diagnosis under new conditions of a great variety of cases. Dr. Neve's contributions to *The Lancet* are an illustration of this, and his conclusion as to alcohol, for instance, is a matter of general as well as professional interest. Again, sojourn in the wholesome, airy hospital is an education in the laws of health, a revelation of undreamt-of possibilities of comfort and cleanliness to hundreds or rather thousands of a nation that has much to learn here. Again, it fosters friendly feeling between Briton and Kashmiri, and breaks down race prejudice as nothing else could do. Years of purely business intercourse with natives, as soldiers, clerks, or servants, do less to produce sympathy and mutual understanding between European and Asiatic than a day or two of patient ministrations by doctor and nurse to wounds and disease. The native is no longer a subordinate, but a friend and a guest. They try not only to cure him, but to alleviate his suffering and to make him as comfortable as possible ; whereas at home the sick Kashmiri lies on the mud floor of a dark room, in the dirty clothes he has worn day and night for weeks and months. If he cannot eat ordinary food,

he is told to starve, as a means of expelling his malady; and the worse he is, the larger the crowd of curious and noisy neighbours. Strong as the prejudice against the foreigner and the foreigner's creed is, the Kashmiri has been learning during the last few years not only to associate with the word British the ideas of justice and freedom, but with the word Christian the idea of philanthropy.

Even if no religious teaching were given in the hospital, its deeds would proclaim forcibly the love which is the essence of Christianity, and shape an answer to the heathen thought of God as a Being Who takes pleasure in human suffering. But such teaching is given through evangelistic addresses to the out-patients, and through short but systematic Bible readings to the in-patients, given when they are withdrawn from heathen influences, and when, in long, quiet hours of convalescence, the words spoken can sink into their hearts.

Patients ask the doctor to come and talk to them on religious subjects, and often old patients, still reckoned Mohammedans, may be heard months afterwards attributing their cure to Hazrat Isa (Holy Jesus), continuing to pray to Christ, and gladly buying and reading the Scriptures. Many loud professions of assent and admiration are doubtless as superficial and insincere as they are ready; nor is gratitude a conspicuous characteristic of the oppressed Kashmiri. One hears of the disgusting ingratitude of the man successfully operated on for cataract, who goes off "in a huff" because he has not received rupees as well as restoration of sight; one hears of the pathetic ingratitude of the downtrodden and miserable folk who have found the hospital a haven of refuge, and resent being discharged when cured. Still, there stands the object-lesson in practical Christianity, "known and read of all men"; and though some of the actual instruction may be scarcely understood or quickly forgotten, or accepted without being acted upon,

it is gradually, by means of the Hospital, permeating the whole population; as the doctors realise when, by way of holiday, they itinerate among the teeming villages, and are welcomed and listened to eagerly by former patients. They also realise the crying need of more missionaries to follow up, when the patients have gone home again, the impression made in hospital.

What, then, of the little flock as yet gathered in Kashmir? On Christmas Day, 1895, eleven nationalities were represented at the Urdu service. "The numbers are small as yet, compared with Agra or Amritsar," says Irene, "but the service is a most hearty and reverent one." The pure Kashmiris (all, so far, converts from Islam) are very few in number, mostly ignorant and humble people, and to a great extent members of one family employed at the hospital. Beside the fact that a large proportion of the Christians are immigrants must be set the fact that as yet the more prominent Kashmiri inquirers have taken refuge in India, others carrying in the sheaves for which the Kashmir missionaries laboured. We read, for instance, of a pir convinced of the truth in Kashmir, flying from persecution at home, and being baptised in the Punjab.

Among the Kashmiri colony at Ludhiana in the Punjab in 1865 was an old man named Qadir Bakhsh. American missionaries won him to the faith, and he soon became, as already told, Dr. Elmslie's catechist, and for more than thirty years preached the Gospel to everyone he met, till he died in 1897, aged over a hundred. "Oh yes, I know Qadir Bakhsh," said the magnate of a village to Mr. Knowles; "everybody knows him for miles around. He is a very good man, but is always bothering us about his religion." His sons were employed at the hospital, and to a grandson of his, born in August, 1894, Irene stood godmother. This child with a younger brother is now receiving a Christian

education under Miss Hull's care. His daughters-in-law with a few other women came to a Bible class which Irene held every Tuesday afternoon in the dispensary, her pupils clustering round the fire, their little ones "keeping fairly quiet in the midst." It was her first attempt at expositions in Urdu, and each lesson was worked through with her munshi beforehand. Her most intelligent pupils were two sisters from Ladakh, converts of the Moravian Mission at Leh (see Chapter XIII.). One of them was the wife of a Madrassi Christian, courier to a rich American. When he started with his master on a shooting expedition in the wilds, he moved the houseboat, where his wife and her sister lived, opposite to the Barracks, asking Miss Hull by telegram to take care of them in his absence. She stipulated that their jewelry, valued at R.2000, should first be deposited in the bank; for after the manner of Tibetan women they were adorned with endless bracelets and necklaces, one consisting of thirteen English sovereigns, and wore on their heads peyraks thickly studded with turquoises.

Irene found yet another pupil and another godson in the family of the Bengali master of the C.M.S. School, himself a fruit of the mission college founded by Carey and Marshman. We meet this Mr. Sircar first at a missionary meeting held on St. Andrew's Day, 1894, when Dr. Neve spoke in Urdu on China and Japan, a Christian from the North-west Provinces on India, and Mr. Sircar told of his own conversion. Such an observance of the Day of Intercession appointed by our Archbishops is noteworthy, and Irene's account ends with: "I doubt whether our grand Kensington St. Andrew's Day meetings are more hearty." Like her other godson Suleiman, Atwal Kuwar Sircar had been born within a week or two of her own nephew. To his sister Neru, aged nine, she gave regular lessons in English and Urdu during both this and the following winter. Humdrum work it was,

calling for patience first of all, for half an hour was once spent in getting the child to discriminate between two of the five Z's in the Urdu alphabet. "But one does long," as she says of some small Kashmiris, "that these little ones should grow up to be a real strength to the church here. There are so many adverse influences round them."

Are the Kashmiri Christians really satisfactory? may be asked by those who have a general idea that the average traveller in distant lands is very ready to criticise "native Christians." It is strange that it should not be taken for granted that some native Christians, even when truly converted, are, like some Christians at home, half-hearted, inconsistent, vulnerable to the shafts of temptation, in need of our own oft-repeated prayer, "From hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word and commandment, Good Lord, deliver us." It is strange also that we do not remember that every year of successful missionary work must add to the number of those whom it used to be the fashion to term "professors," Christians simply because their parents were Christians, with no experimental knowledge of the faith. And who would deny that it is far better that they should be professors under Christian instruction and with a Christian ideal before them than unreclaimed heathen? Unless he is personally interested in religious effort, a traveller is likely to make the most of the shortcomings of native Christians, and to disparage the work of the modern missionary accordingly. He would not dare to disparage the work of St. Paul, because history has vindicated it; but he chooses to forget what "unsatisfactory" people St. Paul's converts in Corinth and Galatia were, and that his soul was not only encouraged by a Timothy, or an Epaphroditus, but grieved by a Phygellus, an Hermogenes, a Demas, an Hymenæus, and an Alexander.

Friends and helpers of missions have, on the other hand, to guard alike against over sanguine views of new converts

and undue discouragement about old ones. We expect them, with curious lack of common sense, to be faultless; when we find they are not faultless, we cease to believe in them, with more curious lack of faith that where God has begun a good work He can and will perfect it in His own time and way.

It is only fair to recognise that the past of the Kashmiris places them at a disadvantage as compared, for instance, with our own ancestors of a thousand years ago. Effects of the history recalled in Chapter VI. are graven too deeply on their character for generations to be immediately effaced, even by acceptance of the Gospel. How complicated is the process of effacing these effects will be seen when we come to the story of the C.M.S. School. Here is one very simple illustration of how slowly heathen ideas die. A Kashmiri girl who had been hearing about the murder of John the Baptist prayed aloud: "O God, never again show mercy to that wicked King Herod."

And present environment is quite as much against them as heredity. The traveller does not say much about this, for his attention is engrossed by a certain charm of picturesqueness and strong colour in surroundings wholly new. He sees the imposing ceremonial of the procession to the Hindu temple; he has no conception of the real nature of the worship carried on within, or of the degrading and polluting tales of the gods that form the earliest "religious" instruction given by mothers to their children. He marks the ostentatious public devotions of the Mohammedan; he can know nothing of his habitually harsh and heartless conduct to his hapless wives, not because he is personally brutal, but because reverence for womanhood is utterly alien to his creed. "I sometimes wish," writes Irene, "that those globe-trotters who are attracted by the outward pious cant of the Prophet's followers, and fail to realise any special need

for Christian missions, could see what we see within the homes here." Into some the reader has already followed her. Even the man of business, who lives in the European quarter of an Oriental town, rarely becomes intimate with its people. He does not enter their homes, he cannot converse freely in their language. Only the missionary, living *among* them and *for* them, can gauge the contrast between a heathen environment and that Christian environment at home which has been the slow growth of centuries, and which affects even the irreligious for good. He indeed penetrates the picturesque exterior, and realises the unutterable dulness and sadness, and the absence of all making for righteousness in lives without Christ. "The wickedness and rottenness and cruelty and suffering that we come across make Rom. viii. 22 (St. Paul's picture of creation groaning) very real," writes Irene. Other missionaries have expressed the thought that whereas at home we see many proofs of the devil's existence, heathendom declares his undisputed sway.

Babes in Christ, still imbued with heathen ideas on almost every subject, have to follow Him often as individuals in this hostile environment. Why do not more of us go out, not only to win them but to help them from day to day to live the Christian life when won?

In 1896 Dr. A. Neve, after fifteen years of work in Kashmir, gives in a personal letter the following telling statement of the situation: "On the evangelistic side of our work there seems to be more encouragement than formerly. I used to say we were like children, picking away at the mortar in the cracks of a great granite wall; but sometimes it seems as if the whole mass was disintegrated and ready to fall. Though it is much too powerful for any light artillery we may bring against it, a slight earthquake might make huge breaches. It is the action of God's Spirit that can alone effect anything noteworthy."

In addition to her language study, her zenana visiting, and her instruction of native Christians, Irene found a task quite after her own heart in forming a Sunday class for English-speaking children. Mr. and Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe had done something in this direction already, and there was room for such an effort. "On November 28th," writes Irene, "I visited two nice little European families, telegraph people, living in houseboats, whose mothers warmly welcomed the idea of the Sunday class. The European postmaster also welcomed the idea, but his motherless little ones can as yet speak Hindustani only." On Advent Sunday the school was opened; and on her birthday (December 22nd) Irene carried out a home tradition by giving a children's party to fifteen Sunday school pupils, aged from three to thirteen. The class was well attended and firmly established when, in the spring, she handed it over to the daughter of a British officer stationed at Srinagar.

The children's party inaugurated a very bright Christmas season, a pause in their routine which brought the workers into hospitable touch with all amongst whom the work lay. Christmas Eve was spent in decorating a tree with gifts from working parties at Kensington, Mitcham, and elsewhere. Irene was organist at the Christmas Day services in the English church, choosing music familiar at St. Mary Abbots; and Miss Hull and she entertained their colleagues at lunch in English fashion. Then with Miss Neve and four gentlemen she set off for the Takht, where, after a truly Alpine climb, they snowballed each other, saw a huge eagle hovering over the crags, and watched a glorious sunset behind the snowy ranges. Dr. Neve then entertained forty-five Kashmiris in native fashion, and the tree and distribution of gifts followed.

Next day they rode through the snow to the State Leper Asylum, on a breezy tongue of land stretching into the

Dal Lake, beyond the Hari Parbat Fort, and some six miles from the Takht. In 1890 its site and R.4000 for building had been granted by the Maharaja, who placed it under the management of the Mission Hospital staff, an incident which marked the inauguration of a new policy towards the Medical Mission, after a quarter of a century of strenuous opposition from his Government. The yearly expense of the asylum, which accommodates over eighty lepers, is also borne by the State. In Kashmir segregation is voluntary, but many remain where healthy conditions of good air, good food, a placid life, and pleasant, light work, mitigate, and in some cases even apparently cure, the disease. The lepers listen attentively to Dr. Neve's teaching, though they may be heard immediately after, either from sheer inability to perceive that it is incompatible with the teaching of the Prophet or in a spirit of sullen hostility, to mumble the Moslem creed. Their Christmas visitors brought them dails of fruit and sweets; and Irene describes them thus: "Some are terribly disfigured, others look healthy, but probably none can ever be well."

As we shall have no further occasion to take the reader to the Leper Asylum, three very interesting later allusions to it in her letters may be quoted here:—

February, 1895: "A Hindu leper in the asylum told Dr. Neve before the other lepers that he believed in Christ. He is an intelligent man who can read, and if he becomes a real, strong convert will be a great help spiritually among his unfortunate companions. We greatly hope that the years of patient work there may now bear this visible fruit."

June, 1896: "We went down the lake in two boats to the Leper Asylum, and Miss Hull gave a first-rate address in Kashmiri to the three dozen patients. Sad as their lot is, it is certainly cheered not a little by the perfect arrangements for them and all the kind attention they get. The

Hindu whom you heard of goes on well; he teaches the others, and the doctor says he seems to be living a Christian life among them."

March, 1897: "A bright spot in the mission work lately has been the baptism, just before his death, of a leper who has been a Christian at heart for two years. There are now two Christian graves at the asylum; and we noticed with great satisfaction on this occasion that the Mohammedans had volunteered to carry their dead companion, though he was a Christian. The first Christian leper died of cholera during the fearful epidemic of 1892, and then none of the Mohammedans would touch him, and at great personal risk Dr. Neve and Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe did all that was needful."

The day after that Christmas visit to the lepers a little party was given at the Barracks, of which there are detailed accounts in Irene's letters, and also in letters from Miss Hull. We blend their narratives, distinguishing Miss Hull's contributions by brackets.

"On St. John's Day Miss Hull started in a dunga at 12 o'clock, returning from the city shortly before 5 o'clock, with eleven of our pupils, who were not too shy to trust themselves to the terrors of the journey. It was quite a triumph to get these, for Miss Hull never ventured such an invitation before."

["I scarcely expected, when I said to some of those whom we teach, 'We are going to have a week's holiday, now you will have to come and see us,' that they would really come; but they have come and gone. Only those who know something of the fear and distrust of natives generally with regard to the English will be able to realise what it means that three families trusted me with their precious children for the afternoon. The mothers might not come—they were in strict seclusion; but they said, 'We will send our little girls, if you will come yourself to fetch them.' It was rather a

weary journey, calling now at one house, now at another, up one dreary lane after another. Some had forgotten the day—days are much alike in these cheerless homes—so many disappointed us. We passed many things on the way which seemed very wonderful and new to these little prisoners. ‘Mem ji, what is this?’ was a frequent exclamation. At our landing-place Miss Petrie stood ready to receive our guests. They must have been glad to get their tea now, you will think; but they would not eat with us, and the very mention of food would have been disastrous. The whole party, however, squatted happily on the floor, glad, after the frost and snow outside, to toast at our fire, and fill their small fire-baskets with fresh cinders. Miss Petrie struck up a lively air on the piano, and we sang ‘There is a happy land’ and ‘Here we suffer grief and pain.’]

“They were immensely delighted,” continues Irene, “with our house, and our big baja (the piano), and our little baja (the guitar), to which we sang Sanskrit hymns, as the guests were all Hindus. They salaamed to portraits of the Queen, and said we were ‘blessed people.’ Then Miss Neve and I worked the magic-lantern, while Miss Hull explained its scenes from the life of Christ.”

[“The eager question: ‘Is that Jesus Christ?’ as they followed picture after picture from the manger to the cross, and the reverent salaam, the ever and anon ‘Blessed, blessed be Jesus, the Saviour of the poor,’ showed Who was the central figure in their thoughts. Six months ago these women and girls, with two exceptions, had had to learn to pronounce the Holy Name of Jesus; and now with a shout of triumph they hail the picture of the angel standing by the empty grave. ‘He is God!’ they exclaimed; ‘how could death hold Him?’ ‘Ah! Miss Sahib, since that day His image is imprinted on my heart,’ was the fervent expression of one when I visited her six weeks afterwards. The visit to us

was a revelation to them, as none of them had ever been in an English house before.”]

Three uneventful months of work among heathen, Mohammedans, native Christians, and European children followed; and we may close this chapter with the last paragraphs of a letter written by Irene to the College by Post at the opening of her second winter in Srinagar, which gathers up the impressions of this first winter. After describing the routine of zenana visiting and the variety of women visited, she continues:—

“There may sometimes be a flippant listener or, especially in Mohammedan houses, a tendency to argue, but more often the quiet behaviour and earnest look show how glad they are to hear the good news. I can imagine nothing more thrilling than to see the response as for the first time the tidings of a God of Love Who sent His own Son to live and die for them goes home to one heart and another. We believe that here and there in this city there are those who look to Him and trust Him already.

“Many have followed Miss Hull all through the Gospels, and are familiar with other parts of Holy Scripture, which they have learned to love. Others are only beginning to know it, and in a sense nearly all are beginners, for they seldom can hear more than once in a week, and all home surroundings and antecedents hinder rather than help them.

“We earnestly ask your prayers for them, that the Holy Spirit may Himself teach them, and give all the faith and patience and courage they need, if the good confession is to follow the belief with the heart. It is just at this point that you can be fellow-helpers. We may have the privilege of actually going among them; but we feel more and more that the work is God's, not ours, and therefore we beg you to bring the needs before Him. May I suggest three special subjects for prayer?

“(1) The native Christians. Many are not behind English Christians in zeal and love; others are as yet babes, and for them we long for such gifts as St. Paul asked for the Ephesian Christians.

“(2) The non-Christians, some of whom already know much of Christianity; others may have heard perhaps once only, in hospital, zenana, or village gathering, something of the love of Christ. God is able to open the hearts and the understanding of those who hear. Will you ask Him to do this?

“(3) Your own countrymen in this land, including those who are specially called missionaries. What great things might be, if all of us who bear the Master's Name were His faithful witnesses in a dark land; if each of us, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, perfectly loved God and worthily magnified His holy Name! That is, indeed, our greatest need; and grateful we are to the friends at home who, unable to leave England, through family ties or other urgent reasons, are yet by their interest and their prayers doing so much for the great world's need outside.

“Needy as all the Indian Empire is, we are here in one of its neediest corners, and as we look at the high mountains north of us, or in the faces of the fur-clad travellers who find their way here, we often think of the still greater needs of the vast Central Asian regions beyond, where a traveller might go on for three thousand miles without encountering one of our missionaries, and that in thickly populated lands, many of which are open. No wonder that we long that the Lord of the Harvest would thrust forth labourers into His harvest.

“If among those who read these few words there are some who cannot but hear the Master's voice as He says, ‘Go ye into all the world’ to all His disciples, and who are offering and presenting themselves to Him for service wherever He

may direct, then we who have already been allowed to come to one of the uttermost parts of the earth wish you a hearty God-speed.

“If I might add a personal word, it would be just to say that missionary work has far exceeded one’s highest hopes in happiness and interest. Life is indeed worth living out here, and even if permitted to sow only a few tiny seeds, one can rejoice in the certain hope of the harvest, which may be seen only by those who come after, but for which we can trust Christ, knowing that He must reign.”

CHAPTER IX

A SUMMER AT HOME

(MAY 2ND TO SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1895)

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.—MILTON.

“**D**EAR Miss Petrie,—I hope you will have a very happy visit to England, and be able to lead many to see what open doors there are in Kashmir. I should like to hear of many offering for work there.” So wrote, on March 14th, 1895, Miss Dawe, of Nuddea, caring, after the generous manner of missionaries, that a station other than her own should be befriended. The suggestion that in going home Irene aimed first of all at finding new friends for Kashmir was a true one. She also wished to be enrolled as a C.M.S. missionary “in full connexion,” and to see the relatives who were coming over from Canada for the Long Vacation. Here are three sentences from letters on the last point:—

December 28th, 1894: “My heart gives a great bound at the very idea of being with you again, and seeing Martin.”

January 31st, 1895: “It would be so lovely to see home again. I hardly dare think of it, though the more I get into work here, the gladder I am that I have been allowed to realise my heart's desire of being a missionary.”

February 28th: “In a little over ten weeks we may meet (D.V.). What a grand thought it is! Every day I build castles in the air about the train pulling up at Charing Cross,

and the vision of your face, and the first glimpse of Martin." The colleagues at Srinagar greatly enjoyed her Scottish songs, and playfully referring to the favourite "My heart is sair for somebody," declared that the "somebody" for whose sake *she* would "range the world around" must be that small nephew. They thought her so much in need of rest and change that they urged her to take a year's furlough; but the very fact that she went and came at her own charges as an honorary missionary made her the more scrupulous about leaving her work, the more anxious to return to it as quickly as possible.

On February 14th she writes: "According to present arrangements Miss Newnham, Miss Neve, and I start in four weeks, under Dr. Neve's escort, for the Punjab. The Urdu examination will probably be at Amritsar early in April; and on April 16th the *Peninsula* leaves Bombay. I shall feel nearly home when there." After her passage was taken for April 16th, the C.M.S. Conference, for which the rest of the party were going to the Punjab, was postponed till the autumn, but Miss Hull, who had travelled thither alone, considered that Irene could do so also without difficulty; and the welcome news that Miss Hull's sister could be with her at Srinagar for the summer set Irene's mind at rest on the question of leaving her colleague. March 12th found her, as she says, "very sad at the prospect of good-byes here to all the dear pupils and Miss Hull. However, as soon as I get afloat on the dunga bound for Baramula, my heart will begin to leap all over again at the thought of the goal of the long journey. I can hardly take in all the joyfulness of the prospect."

At the moment of starting there was an unexpected delay. "On Sunday, March 24th," she says, "after three services in drenching rain, we noticed, ere darkness fell, that the river was for the first time visible from the windows of the Barracks. Generally it is twenty feet below the bund on that side. All night long we heard the steady splash of the rain, both outside

and inside the house, and on Monday morning the high roofs of dungas and houseboats, usually hidden beneath the bund, were visible. The day was very dark, and an incessant pour of rain was interspersed with snow and lightning. We watched the opposite bank of the river gradually disappearing, and after lunch moved everything movable into the dungas Miss Hull had sent for. Dr. Neve came and kindly assisted in tearing up our carpets and piling the furniture, etc., on tables and shelves; and at nightfall we abandoned the house for a houseboat kindly lent to us. Mercifully, however, the rain ceased at last, and we hear that the breaking of a bund higher up the river and flooding there probably saved us. . . . News of the road speaks of tonga service suspended, many bridges carried away, two and a half miles of road annihilated, and post-runners unable to get in. So my departure is perforce postponed; and as I shall now have to march all the way, there will be barely time to catch the *Peninsula*. However, they are making needed repairs with all speed, and having a dandy, an excellent servant, and a parwana from the Governor for coolies and supplies, I hope to get on all right, and still to have a day in the Punjab for the examination, which I have just heard by wire that they will arrange."

Two days later she started, and her account of what befell her is dated:—

"CITY MISSION HOUSE, AMRITSAR, *April 9th.*

"My solitary journey among the Himalayas is a safely accomplished fact (*Deo gratias!*), and I am thoroughly enjoying a quiet day in feminine society again. . . .

"Saturday, March 30th, was a really lovely spring morning, so Miss Neve proposed a walk together before breakfast for a last view of the dear hills from Rustom Gari. Dr. Neve came in with the news that he starts for the seat of war at once, as medical officer to the pioneer civilian engineering

corps in the Chitral Expedition. He is going to use some long accumulated months of leave due to him on the undertaking, and hopes for opportunities of medical missionary work, as well as for a share in a righteous cause that seems more like a real crusade than any war of modern times. We hear that Umra Khan has already been erecting mosques within the borders of Kafiristan, and making some of the poor Kafirs Mussulmans at the sword's point. . . . At midday Miss Hull and I started in our shikari together and paid some farewell calls. Then she went on with her city work, and I glided slowly down the river in solitary state, getting to Shadipur after dark, where we moored for the night. My only visitors were a centipede, whom I was successful in slaying, and in the gray dawn a huge jungle-cat, who had discovered the milk-jug and got his head inside it, and, half suffocated, was banging it round the boat with a terrific noise.

"On Sunday morning we were on the Wular; the clear blue sky and lake, with just a brown boat or so here and there, being set in a perfect circle of snowy mountains all round. I had full though solitary church services. We were moored at Baramula in the late afternoon, and I gave orders for a start at dawn on Monday.

"The khansaman was well up to time with his chota hazri and packing; but the coolies, who do not love early hours, all quietly hid when loading time came, and we lost nearly an hour while the khansaman went indignantly round with the Governor's parwana to collect them or others again. We got off in good time, though—my dandy, with four bearers and a fifth to relieve them, three baggage coolies, the khansaman and his coolie, and then the canteen coolie. We had to take all needfuls, except eggs and milk, with us. The khansaman, who is as fine a specimen of a handsome Kashmiri as you could find, looked very imposing, and was most prompt and masterful with the coolies, though I forbade him

to use the stick he delighted in flourishing. We started under high walls of snow, but in an hour or two were in crocus-land amid lovely sunshine. Gangs of coolies were at work repairing the road. We spent the night in the dak bungalow at Urie.

“On Tuesday, April 2nd, we made a long march, the hill-sides by this time being covered with almond- and peach-trees in full blossom. The scenery is surpassingly grand. There had been a great landslip in one place, and the whole mountain-side seemed to have overwhelmed the road. A poor horse had just fallen down the slope from the temporary path a foot wide, and at the suggestion of the good old khansaman I gave a rupee for labour, with the happy result that he was restored to his owner, a trader, not much the worse for his fall.

“On Wednesday we did two more beautiful marches, going through all the stages of spring to summer, with corn in the ear and poppies among the corn. My usual routine was breakfast at 6 or 7 o'clock, an early morning march, mostly on foot, Urdu grammar at all quiet intervals during the day, and dinner at 7 in the dak bungalow, where I always got a comfortable room.

“On Thursday we again did two marches ; on Friday we had a hot march right down to the valley, crossed the frontier, and climbed to the lovely spot on the mountain-side where the Dewal dak bungalow is. I had the whole place to myself, as it is off the main road ; and hearing of an English lady who might prove to be a doctor Miss Sahib, quite a number of village people arrived in the verandah to ask for medical help. There were old people with bronchitis, a man who had been blind for eighteen years, and a wee baby with a gentle young mother. I *was* sorry to have to tell the poor things that I was not a doctor, and had very little medicine with me. The incident made passages in the Gospels so vivid ; and I could not help feeling, if one may

think it reverently, what a deep joy it must have been to our Lord to heal all that were sick of diverse diseases.

“The early dawn of Saturday, after the cloudless, starlight night, and the exquisite last march up another two thousand five hundred feet to Murree was something to remember always. I halted to gather violets and maidenhair, and to listen to the cuckoo in a wood; and then as we reached the ridge there was the glorious stretch of now far-away snowy ranges, the nearer view of huge chains of wooded, blue hills, and on the other side the hot, misty, endless plains. I said farewell to the khansaman, dandy, and camp outfit; and soon after 4 o'clock was tucked into the mail tonga to begin a thirty-eight mile drive at full gallop, in the course of which we descended over six thousand feet, getting into Rawal Pindi by moonlight about 9.

“On Sunday I enjoyed four nice services in the most home-like church I had seen for very long. At the morning garrison service there were rows and rows of fresh white uniforms, the Dragoon band led the Palm Sunday hymns, and special prayers were offered for the troops already on the way to Chitral. I also went to a Hindustani service, mostly attended by Christian station servants.” (Some pleasant intercourse with the newly married wife of a young officer just gone to the front, and with the wife of the chaplain, who was the daughter of Bishop French, is then described.) “In the afternoon Dr. Neve called, and most kindly planned to escort me to the railway station at 11 p.m., looking after all my nondescript bundles and managing coolies and gari-walas just as the dear father would have done, and I was not a little glad of help. I had a fine large carriage to myself, and woke at 6 a.m. to see harvest in progress on every side. So I have been through all the four seasons in a week. Coming home for a holiday when so many out here will be facing hardship and grave danger in this war, I feel almost an impostor.”

On Monday, April 8th, Irene was welcomed to Elmslie Cottage, Amritsar, by Miss Wright, and to the City Mission House by the C.E.Z. ladies. On Tuesday she attended a Holy Week service, at which Dr. Imad-ud-din preached; and in response to a sudden summons hastened on Wednesday morning to Batala, where she was entertained at the Baring High School, so closely associated with "A.L.O.E." She arrived at Batala just in time for her first Urdu examination paper on Wednesday afternoon; and before the ink was dry on her second paper on Thursday morning, she hurried off to catch a train for Amritsar, that her written work for Dr. Weitbrecht might be followed by an examination in *Rasum-i-Hind* and Urdu conversation with Dr. H. M. Clark on Thursday afternoon. On Thursday evening she started on a four days' continuous railway journey to Bombay. In spite of circumstances so trying for an examinee, she passed first on the list of candidates that spring, winning over two-thirds, that is, "honours" marks, and taking ninety out of a hundred marks for conversation, which is regarded as the most important subject of all. Such was the reward of her patient plodding.

But it was a costly success. We learn incidentally that she was far from well when she left Srinagar and on the road to Amritsar; and throughout her journey to England one helpless arm was in a sling, the result of a finger poisoned by some city mud, which got under her nail one day when she was drawing off her boot. The agitation of delay and uncertainty, the double strain of her difficult journey and of the long-dreaded examination, taken in hours snatched from fatiguing days of travel against time, came upon her during the intense heat of April in the plains; and instead of the quiet Good Friday and Easter she had planned for, by accepting one of many invitations to stay with friends on her homeward way, she was forced to hasten on without

a pause. She was not one of those who go up for an examination without any quickening of the pulse; and even to her plucky and resourceful nature a week's march with native companions only, must have been an ordeal, especially as she had to carry in silver in her dandy all the money she needed till she reached Bombay. No wonder, then, that she was completely prostrated with fever during the rest of the journey, and reached Bombay on the evening of Easter Monday with a temperature of 103°. But she actually attended an early celebration of the Holy Communion next morning, before embarking on the *Peninsula*, cheered by a telegram of good wishes from Miss Hull.

She left Bombay on Tuesday, April 16th, reached Marseilles on April 30th, and London, by traversing France, on May 2nd. The fortnight at sea was a time of great suffering and weakness; yet on eight out of twelve weekdays there is an entry in her diary of Hindi or Kashmiri study. Her brother and sister, who had left Montreal on the day she left Bombay, met her at Charing Cross, after her thirty-four days of lonely travel, and took her to Mrs. Carus-Wilson's house at Hampstead.

As one of the large family party gathered there she spent the summer; for Hanover Lodge was let till the end of the season, and she was only able to pay it a short visit immediately before her return to India. During the time—less than five months in all—that she was in Britain she paid fourteen visits to friends and relatives in different parts, most of which included a missionary address. When she arrived she was much exhausted; but within three weeks, on Ascension Day, May 23rd, she opened her lips for the first time on behalf of Kashmir at Mitcham.

Between May 23rd and August 4th she gave eighteen addresses on India generally and Kashmir specially; not as a C.M.S. "deputation," for missionaries are not expected

to speak for the Society during the first four months of their furlough, but in voluntary response to requests from those she had formerly been associated with. She spoke to the Mitcham Missionary Union, to the St. Mary Abbots and Latymer Road Sunday schools, to Gleaners at Kensington, Hampstead, Canonbury, and Leamington, to the C.M.S. Ladies' Union at the C.M.S. House, to the Emerson Club, to the children and old girls of the Princess Mary Village Homes, to cadets at the headquarters of the Church Army, to working parties at Kensington and Brighton, to a missionary meeting in a Cumberland village, at a Y.W.C.A. Conference, at the Mildmay Conference, at the Keswick Convention, and at Penshurst.

Miss Lloyd furnishes a reminiscence of one of these addresses given during a happy visit to Addlestone for the twenty-fourth Commemoration Day of the Princess Mary Village Homes. All present and about forty former inhabitants of its picturesque cottages were gathered together on "Old Girls' Day." "Why should mission children never have anything but hymns?" said Irene; and taking her guitar, she sat down, and poured forth bewitching little Spanish songs. Then she talked—bright, sympathetic, simple chat, growing gradually serious, as she spoke of using all gifts to the glory of God, and then of the women of heathendom, their needs and their appeal to us. Then, taking her guitar again, she sang some inspiring hymns. And long afterwards her face, her voice, her manner, dwelt in the memories of those children as an uplifting vision of beauty and goodness. A branch of the Gleaners' Union among the girls was the immediate outcome of her visit; and when, two years later, the village was once more gathered together to hear of her sudden home-call, there were few dry eyes in the great schoolroom. Just three years later, on Commemoration Day, 1898, H.R.H. the Duchess of York opened the "Irene Cottage," "erected to the memory of our beloved Irene Petrie,

with the money she so lovingly bequeathed to the Homes," as Miss Cavendish wrote. It accommodates eight little girls and a mother, and had already given shelter and a first experience of human love to three hapless waifs rescued by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Throughout that all too short summer of 1895 much time had to be spent in renewal of intercourse with friends, eager to welcome her home and hear of her new life; varying from those who rejoiced over it, like one who wrote: "Think sometimes, dear Irene, of an old friend who would so enjoy seeing you again, and hearing all you have to say of your blessed work," to those who met her with, "I suppose you have no thoughts of going back to India." Her bright reply, "I am travelling with a six months' return ticket," puzzled people who were concluding that she had wearied of a whim.

"I know of no one," writes a frequenter of the C.M.S. House, "who gave me more strongly the impression of whole-hearted devotion, and this was joined to so many gifts." The impression was even more influential in quiet talks than in public addresses. It must have been strange to turn from the husband of a former girl friend, who said he had no objection to his wife taking an interest in foreign missions, because "a little philanthropy always sits wells on a pretty woman," to the writer of the following words, who had just been invalided home after five years of happy missionary effort in Japan: "I have such intense recollections of the joy that came in the work at times that I am half afraid of giving exaggerated impressions to people at home. Some of them do seem to think it so extraordinary. Of course, there are disappointments and discouraging times which come very often; still, I don't think there can be any other joy in the world quite like the joy of being with Christ when He finds a soul that has been out in the dark all its life." Mysterious indeed are "the issues from death that belong

unto God." One recalls Irene's visit in June, 1895, when she was buoyantly anticipating a speedy return to Kashmir, to the devoted fellow-missionary who had written thus to her. She found her pale and feeble on the sofa, hardly daring to hope that she would ever be allowed to go back to Japan. Who would have expected that Irene's friend would be labouring on now, in renewed health, having accomplished a decade of service, and that for the vigorous Irene herself only two more years of life and work remained?

Her activities that summer were as incessant as they had ever been, for at home, as abroad, she lived out her favourite motto: "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye." In all intervals she was executing commissions for replicas of the sketches she had brought home to illustrate her addresses. Orders for these flowed in, and the walls of many a house in Britain and Canada, as well as in India, now speak through her skilful brush of Kashmir. She also worked at Hindi and Kashmiri daily, and to those about her never admitted, what she admits not once but often in her diary of that summer, that she was "very tired." In a letter to Mrs. Carus-Wilson, written July 10th, evidently in answer to inquiries and exhortations, she speaks of "having had enough pain in the past week or two to serve as a warning"; and that most motherly friend, writing after her return to India to implore her "to take her life more quietly," says: "I saw with real concern how much less strong and well you were than when I first knew you."

"Kashmir is evidently a trying climate for you," wrote Miss Lloyd. "We thought," wrote Miss Jones, whose affection for her old pupil has been already referred to, "when Irene was in England that her lovely complexion was looking rather more transparent and delicate, and we feared that she might not be able to stand the climate very long." "I was sorry," writes a third friend, "to see how delicate Irene looked on

her return from Kashmir, when I had the privilege of hearing her speak at the C.M.S. House. I feared that the trying climate and her unwearied labours were undermining her constitution; but how she seemed to rejoice at being able to work for Christ!

Looking back now, one realises that it was not only the "unwearied labours" that had blanched her cheek and checked her overflowing vitality and elasticity of spirit. She had seen the affliction and heard the bitter cry of heathendom, and like her Divine Master, she was "moved with compassion" at beholding the scattered and shepherdless multitudes. Love of souls was the keynote of her life, as of the life of every true missionary; and though she never uttered current phrases about it, she was weighed down by the burden of perishing humanity. Her one desire was to hasten back to do whatever might be done by her for its succour.

Meanwhile, Miss Hull, caring for Kashmir and needing her as much as anyone could, wrote thus:—

"MY DEAREST IRENE,—

"I am much troubled that you have been so ill. . . . Now I do hope you will take complete rest in England, and not rush about and try to do too much. A voyage round the Cape or to Australia would be the best thing for you, I am sure. . . . Your people desire no end of love and salaams to you, and there are constant inquiries. My sister takes your Bible class. Ever, dear Irene, with much love,

"Your very loving friend,

"E. G. HULL."

Her friends at last insisted upon an autumn holiday alone with her sister, at some favourite haunts in the Highlands. First she spent four days at the Keswick Convention, of which she writes: "I have been having a perfectly delightful

time here, and have already come up with quite sixty friends, old and new, in this dear place. . . . The great missionary meeting was splendid. . . . It was followed by a gathering of missionaries, accepted candidates, and central secretaries only ; and the gradual recognitions all round and general atmosphere were, as someone suggested, more like one's idea of Heaven than anything else."

Visits to kinsfolk in Northumberland and to friends in Cumberland and Midlothian succeeded Keswick, and Mr. Stock met her just in time to forbid the Kashmiri books to cross the Border with her. Then for barely three weeks she roamed over the hills and moors around Kingussie, Invercannich, Blair-Athol, and Pitlochrie ; and watching a rainbow from the summit of Craigour declared, with possibly a touch of patriotic partiality, that even the magnificent Himalayas must yield the palm of beauty to the Highlands, with their mystical charm of soft colouring. After visiting an invalid relative in Wales, she came to London with strength renewed for the farewells.

During the summer she had written as follows to the C.M.S. : "When first set free to go to India, I went out with the desire to join the C.M.S. a little later on. . . . Since then, having seen the work of many societies, and made the personal acquaintance of over a hundred missionaries, my desire to be connected with the C.M.S. in preference to any other society has been greatly strengthened. Perhaps the chief and strongest reason for this preference is that C.M.S. missionaries have the privilege of being remembered by name by the very large circle of C.M.S. Gleaners and others who use the Cycle of Prayer."

The C.M.S. enjoys the reputation of being second to no society in setting up a high standard of qualification for candidates, and accepting those only who attain it. Though Irene had already approved herself in the field and passed her language examination, and though she was personally

known to many at headquarters, she went through the usual routine of general examination papers, interviews, and confidential inquiries addressed to her intimate friends; and on July 30th was formally accepted "into full connexion as an honorary missionary." The C.M.S. never had a more loyal missionary, nor one in more cordial relation to all its authorities; and only two months before her death she wrote, alluding to other societies: "I always feel more and more glad to be linked with the C.M.S."

As she sailed before the annual valedictory meeting, they took leave of her and of a Persian party, consisting of the Rev. A. R. and Mrs. Blacket and the Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Stileman, with Bishop Cassels of Western China, at a meeting in the C.M.S. House on September 10th. Three sentences from the Instructions addressed to her by the Committee may be quoted: "We are very glad you have joined us, bearing the honoured name you bear and going at your own charges. . . . The Committee are aware of the very serious obstacles to the progress of the Truth in Kashmir, but they pray earnestly that you may be used of God with your fellow-workers to win for Christ, by His grace, many of the children and women of the land. . . . May many in the Kashmir territory, and even in regions beyond, if God's providence should plainly so direct, hear the Gospel message from your lips." One recalls her in the Committee-room at Salisbury Square that day, her fair young face almost as white as the ostrich feather that shaded it, almost as transparent as her light summer dress, but shining with a rapt devotion and stedfast resolve that gave it a well-nigh unearthly beauty.

Next day her relatives sailed for Canada, and she went to pay a farewell visit to the young Lady De l'Isle and Dudley, who ever since she was ten years old had been her most intimate friend. She was so struck with her delicate look that she wrote to Irene's sister: "Had you been in England, I

would have implored you to detain her here." No one could, however, have done that. On September 14th, in the ball-room at Penshurst, under the chandeliers presented to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by Queen Elizabeth, Irene pleaded the cause of Kashmir for the last time before what was probably the first missionary meeting ever held in that place. Lady De l'Isle wrote to her next day: "Dear, I never thanked you half enough for your beautiful talk to us yesterday, and for all the trouble you kindly took. I know you do it all for the Master, and look for no reward; but even here at home I can see how deeply you have stirred E., and it is an impression that with her will never wear off." Another who was present wrote, four years later, of "the impression left of the sweet, earnest worker who was giving up all for the sake of Christ, pleading the cause she so loved," adding: "I am very glad to have heard and seen one so consecrated. Such lives are an inspiration." The immediate result of this meeting was a Penshurst branch of the Gleaners' Union, which afterwards sent considerable sums to the church, hospital, and school at Srinagar, with many handsome gifts for the mission Christmas-tree, and for prizes to zenana pupils.

The last ten days were spent at Hampstead; and on September 19th she was once more at "the dear C.M.S. House" for the best of all the prayer meetings she had ever been at even there. The first part concerned Fuh-kien, and letters received since the massacre of August 1st were read, with such tributes to the group of martyrs and to the brave little Stewart children. Finally, the Persian group and "our dear friend Miss Petrie" were commended in prayer.

On her last Sunday, September 22nd, she worshipped once more in her beloved parish church, under a tablet placed there two days before to her parents and little sister, for

which she had chosen the text, "At home with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8.).

For the latest glimpses of her we turn to her mother's dearest friend, Miss Lloyd. She had visited her at Hanover Lodge just before she started in 1893, and again at Hampstead on September 24th, 1895. "I felt how grown she was in life and power for service," is her comment on seeing her after two years' interval. In 1897 she recalls the two visits thus: "I saw Irene immediately after your marriage, . . . and felt perfectly satisfied from my interview with her how fully she counted the cost of going. She played the organ a little for me, and we discussed many things. I could not help saying, 'You must be sorry to leave this home of your childhood, all so comfortable and pleasant. But probably you will come back to us in a few years.' 'Not so,' was her reply (and such an expression of her deepest feelings was rare enough to be noted and remembered); 'I give it all up freely and fully. I am not sorry to leave these things—not even the organ—to follow the Master. I know He has been calling me.' I saw her at Hampstead before she went away finally. She looked so delicate that I pressed her to go to a place more healthy for her than Kashmir. But she said that her call was to go *there*, and that she must go. . . . As she waved me farewell from the gate, I thought that probably I should not see her again; but I did not think that it was she who would so soon leave her post of service, she looked so bright, and with such vitality about her. . . . On account of her great likeness to your dear mother she was always a great favourite of mine, and I have felt since she went to India that it was a great privilege to have known her. Her short, bright life was a very happy one; like Mary, she sat at the Master's feet, and did His messages, even to a distant land."

"When shall we see you again?" asked another, whom

she reckoned an "honorary aunt," embracing Irene for the last time ere she started. And to her Irene said what she had not said to her relatives: "I shall stay on in Kashmir as long as I am fit for the work there." Others have been spared to drive a longer furrow for the distant seed-sowing, but no one ever looked forward more unswervingly when once the hand had been laid on the plough.

So she went, and we saw her face no more.

How cheerfully she began the easiest and most enjoyable of her three long journeys is seen from her letters: "Our perfectly happy summer together with all its interests will be one of the brightest portions of our whole lives to look back on. . . . It is all so much happier than it was two years ago. . . . It is such happiness to think of being in the real missionary work again, and of all the prayers for Kashmir promised by the dear home friends. There surely will be a gift of the Holy Spirit for many there soon."

Seen off once more by Mrs. Carus-Wilson and Elliott, she started across Europe from Victoria Station on September 25th. An urgent invitation to address the Gleaners at Davos (see p. 47), which would have involved two additional days of hard travel, was only declined under great pressure from friends. But she fulfilled a long-cherished ambition by halting for one night in Rome. She arrived there early on Friday morning, and left on Saturday afternoon; but thanks to her old habit of taking in quickly what she wanted to know and doing quickly what she wanted to do, and also to the friends there who entered heartily into her desire to turn every moment to account, she carried out a very full programme of sights.

"Fancy dating to you from the Eternal City," she writes, "and on the evening of the day that I have actually seen Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' the Michael Angelo ceiling, and the Via Appia! . . . I had a good sit-down study of the

two greatest pictures in the world, 'The Transfiguration' and 'The Communion of St. Jerome,' which I have longed to see since I was thirteen. Neither could disappoint in the least. . . . But of all the sights the two which have moved me most have been the Catacombs and the Mamertine Prison. We visited the Catacombs of St. Sebastian under the church dedicated to him. A dear old Franciscan took us, who had a more heavenly minded face than any other of the many *religieux* I have seen in Rome. . . . Down in the awful darkness of the Mamertine dungeon, where many had been starved and slain, as well as incarcerated, I felt quite ashamed to call myself a missionary at all, thinking of that grand St. Paul and what he bore for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. I have been reading the Second Epistle to Timothy all over again; it does come fresh after seeing that place of suffering, with the post against which the prisoners were guarded, and feeling the chill air of the lower cell, into which those shortly to die were let down by ropes." Many close pages follow describing enthusiastically "the originals in the Vatican of all the dear old Greeks which we used to admire in Smith's History, and such marvellously lovely statues, that one's life feels altogether enriched by seeing them," and much else; and she concludes by saying: "The whole visit has been delightful, and a real rest on the way. . . . Urdu and Kashmiri will come to the front still; but with thought I can muster enough French and Italian just to manage at the railway stations. . . . Italy is certainly as pleasant and kindly a land to travel in as our dear Highlands."

In the train between Rome and Brindisi she wrote to Mrs. Carus-Wilson: "I can't tell you how I value your united prayers for poor Kashmir and the workers there. I feel so utterly unworthy both of the work and of all the kindness for the work's sake. Do ask that I may get away from self and be filled with the Spirit."

Brindisi was reached in time for a noon service on Sunday, September 29th. That evening the *Oriental* sailed, reaching Bombay on the Saturday of the following week. Contrasting her twelve and a half days at sea with the hundred and fifty-two days spent at sea one hundred and two years earlier by Carey on his way to India should emphasise the far heavier responsibility for India of this generation.

Fine weather and the companionship of particularly agreeable friends, both new and old, rendered the voyage delightful. "Many old travellers," she writes, "say this is the finest passage they have ever made. . . . I am longing now to be back at work. Nothing else is so well worth living for, I am sure." "I am greatly looking forward" (this to a South Kensington friend), "to being with the dear, brown pupils again, and expect a busy winter among the zenanas with further language studies. Please remember Kashmir in prayer." "More than ever," she writes to Mrs. Carus-Wilson, "I feel that the work there is the thing of all others to be glad to live for, even if progress may at present be so slow, outwardly, that only those who come after see results."

Meanwhile, there was work of another kind at hand. Instead of taking between thirty and forty missionaries out, as the *Carthage*, sailing a month later, had done in 1893, the *Oriental* carried only one other missionary, a clerical member of the Cambridge Mission to Delhi. Irene says: "I daresay a good many on board disapprove of missionary ladies. . . . People are amused at my daily attempts to get through a little Kashmiri study; but all are most pleasant and kind, and many come up and ask for information about the work, and even ventilate their own or friends' criticisms of missions, from the sending of missionaries into China to the slovenly attire of lady missionaries in some remote districts. . . . I think it is really good for both parties that we should come into touch in this way, and if only I could use it to the full,

it would be an opportunity for trying to win some station folks' goodwill and interest for the cause." By way of contrast to this, she had for fellow-travellers the late Bishop of Calcutta and the Rev. S. Morley, consecrated Bishop of Tinnevely on October 28th, 1896.

Landing at Bombay on October 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Morley and Irene were entertained by the Rev. W. G. Peel, who was consecrated Bishop of Mombasa in 1899. Two years later Mrs. Morley wrote, on hearing of Irene's death: "I cannot tell you how deeply the news, so unexpected, touched us, for she had won our hearts, even in the short time we had known her, by her bright and sweet manner and her Christ-like love of her poor people in Kashmir. One of the great pleasures we were looking forward to in going there was the renewal of our friendship with her. We have postponed our visit, not caring to see Srinagar without her."

Mr. Morley saw her into the train on Sunday evening for Jeypore, which was reached at 5 a.m. on Tuesday. Here she was the guest of Miss Hull's sister, the wife of Dr. Hendley, of the Army Medical Department. A letter of welcome from Miss Hull awaited her; and hearing how tired and busy she was from Mrs. Hendley, Irene declined an invitation to Lucknow, and hurried on. Enthusiastic traveller as she had always been, she wrote now: "Once on Indian soil, the thought of work again is so alluring that the one wish is to get back to it as soon as possible." The chief incident of her stay at Jeypore—that most picturesque of Indian cities—was a ride on one of the Maharaja's elephants; and she dined "at the Residency, which is very palatial, as befits a house where the heirs to nearly all the European thrones have been entertained. . . . Rajputana is *the* happy hunting-ground of those who shoot tigers, and *the* place for Royal Highnesses who go globe-trotting to have sport after big game."

Leaving Jeypore before dawn on Thursday, she got to Amritsar at 3.30 a.m. on Friday. A pleasant forenoon was spent with her friends there "hearing of recent encouragements that renewed one's longings for our poor Kashmir," and she visited some Christians who had moved from Srinagar to Amritsar. After tiffin Mr. Clark and his daughter saw her into the train for Rawal Pindi, and she finished her very last railway journey at 2 a.m. on Saturday morning, remarking, over a final packing of her trunks for the hills, "I hope there will be no luggage in Heaven." A special tonga brought her to the house of Dr. and Mrs. Spencer at Murree, whose sister had been a London friend. Miss Hull had sent the khansaman here with a second note of welcome to escort her the rest of the way.

She spent a quiet Sunday at Murree, rejoicing, one week after enduring 90° in the cabin of the *Oriental*, in furs and a fire; and set off for Srinagar early on Monday. Murree to Srinagar had been a journey of twelve days in April, 1894, and in April, 1895, Srinagar to Murree had been a journey of seven days; but in the "prosperous journey, by the will of God," of October, 1895, two days by road in a tonga and two days by water in a dunga covered the whole distance of a hundred and sixty miles. When, after swinging round corner after corner down the great sweeps of the descending road, she reached the river, her own head-boatman met her with yet a third note of welcome from Miss Hull, and in glorious weather she was paddled up the Jhelum, Kashmir looking more beautiful than ever.

Sunset on Thursday, October 24th, found her in the city. "As I scrambled up our ladder to the top of the bund I heard the dear Miss Hull's voice, and a minute later was in her arms in the pretty drawing-room, looking cosier and nicer than ever. . . . My thirty days of travel,

during which there has not been one contretemps, are over; and thankful indeed I feel for the journeying mercies which all through have been the answer to the dear ones' prayers, and, above all, for being back here with such an overwhelmingly sweet welcome."

CHAPTER X

SECOND WINTER IN SRINAGAR

(OCTOBER, 1895, TO AUGUST, 1896)

There is nothing fruitful but sacrifice.

BETWEEN October 24th, 1895, and July 8th, 1897, Irene was not absent from Srinagar for more than a fortnight at a time; and the continuous story of zenana and school work, varied by study of a second and third language, is one of unceasing, unceasing labour, each day's work done in the day, each week's work in the week, as if she ever heard the warning voice, "Never if not to-day." She could not have crowded more achievement into those last twenty months had she known that her sun would go down while it was yet day, even before noon.

The "portion" for March 25th in *Daily Light*—that favourite manual of missionaries all over the world—contains these words: "I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land" (Gen. xxviii. 15). Miss Hull appropriated this promise to Irene when they read it together just as she started for England, and now they rejoiced together over its fulfilment. A letter written by Miss Hull to her young colleague in September, 1895, brings both work and workers vividly before us:—

"MY DEAREST IRENE,—

"... I have felt so much for you parting with your dear

sister and her husband and the baby boy. . . . I trust it will comfort you a little to feel how much your coming back is looked forward to, and what a blessed work you are, I trust and believe, coming to do here in poor Kashmir. No place or people could want you so much, and after all, there is much happiness in being where we are wanted."

The day after her arrival Irene went into the city with Miss Hull. "I found," she says, "the dear brownies had an even bigger slice of my heart than I had thought when in England. It is delightful to get into work again in this dear place"; while Miss Hull wrote in *India's Women*: "You can think what a joy it was to welcome Miss Petrie back again. Her bright, loving face was welcomed by many who had learned to know and love her before she left."

There is a notable ring of joy in all the letters about her return; for though she had given up much, life still contained for her in larger measure than for many what she once enumerated as "*the* three great blessings—love, health, and work." Above all, it now contained the joy of rejoicing with the Great Shepherd Who seeks His sheep scattered upon all the face of the earth. Well might a friend who followed every detail of her Indian labours write: "Really, it seems to be an overflowing life of joy and usefulness and peace into which God has, in His mercy, brought you in India."

Was it, then, really a sacrifice to get out of the tame routine of home into a career so varied and interesting? The question directs us to another aspect of her life, for particulars of which one is indebted to opportunities of talk with her colleagues, since her own letters contain hardly a hint of it. The traveller who visits Kashmir for a few weeks of its exquisite spring, and only enters Srinagar once, either to call at the house of a great man which has been specially prepared for his reception, or to shop in the bazar which has just been cleaned up for European sightseers, may imagine that love of excitement

or adventure or some other ulterior motive brings a lady missionary there; and may go home to utter cheap disparagement of her toils, quite ignorant of the conditions under which they are carried on. "You do not require eyes," writes an English resident in Srinagar, in a private letter, "when approaching the habitation of a Kashmiri. So when you find yourself amongst a collection of such habitations you more than know where you are." Few streets possess drains; the courtyards are very cesspools. A refined lady, accustomed to our well-scavengered thoroughfares, passes to her daily work by the accumulated refuse of months, even of years, whose overpowering exhalations force her to press a handkerchief to her face, wondering how the natives, who walk up and down complacently inured to this atmosphere, can survive. In places the filth is above her boots, and her servant must carry her on his back.

His escort is indispensable for another reason. One result of the Mohammedan conquest of Kashmir is that its people have no trace of chivalrous feeling. The men stand idle, and watch the women toiling up and down the ghats with heavy waterpots, believing that their wives were born to be the burden-bearers. When a track wide enough for one has been swept in the snow, a Kashmiri will yield the right of way to an Englishman as he would yield it to a cow or a pariah dog, to avoid trouble; but he would shoulder an English lady into the snow without hesitation if she had no one to protect her from insult. If he is unwilling that the inmates of his zenana should be taught, he will close his door in her face with a rude rebuff, or try to stare her out when she has entered, or set the dogs in the street howling, if staring does not daunt her.

She endeavours to teach in an apartment that is at once schoolroom, drawing-room, nursery, and kitchen, seated generally on an unclean floor, in an atmosphere bad enough

in mild weather, but intolerable in cold weather, when the women keep warm by holding kangres, whose fuel is cow-dung, under their clothes. Irene's senses were peculiarly susceptible to every kind of physical pleasure or pain, and she was so overcome on two occasions that she fainted away when giving her lesson. She was alone; her pupils thought she was dead, and seem to have been too bewildered to do anything. When she recovered, she walked home, and said nothing about it, still less mentioned it in her weekly letter; but Miss Hull chanced to hear of these occurrences afterwards.

And there is the trial, in order not to hurt the feelings of a hostess whose intentions are kind, of swallowing sweetmeats prepared with rancid oil, or tea strained through the corner of the dirty single garment worn by Kashmiris, and "tasting like boiled sea-water, with some grease in it."

We at home seldom hear of these things, because missionaries scarcely allude to them, as they find the difficulties of the work itself far more trying than any mere physical discomforts. The task set before a European to-day of entering into the mind of an Oriental is a harder one than that set before the first preachers of the Gospel; for St. Paul was not the only one of those first preachers who had at once Hebrew religion, Greek education, and Roman citizenship, and who was therefore already in touch on one side with each of his diverse hearers. But how little English women and Indian women have in common spiritually, intellectually, or socially we have already seen. Another worker among the women of India says that one hour with a pupil there is more exhausting than a whole day of teaching in a high school at home, so great is the strain of prayer and of longing to gain the heart and touch the conscience. Not a few of those described by Irene as "the dear pupils who are so nice" were, we learn from others, ignorant and apathetic beyond conception. For generations they have accepted the dictum that a woman

has no intellectual nature to be cultivated by reading and thinking, no spiritual nature to be uplifted by religion. We are told of one girl in particular whom she would not give up, though during two years she had been trying in vain to enable her to master the alphabet.

Little more than a week after her return to Srinagar in good health and spirits Irene was on the sick-list, the result of several long days amid the autumnal odours of the city. She was absolutely forbidden to enter it throughout the month of November; and Miss Hull wanted to take her away for a trip in a dunga. She herself wrote, however: "Having slept in eighty-two different places in the course of nine months this year, I don't think I can be quite in need of a change. . . . I believe I have much needed to learn the lesson of being still and waiting for a while, and it was sent pretty definitely to me." So she used the unwonted leisure in writing her annual letter to the College by Post, putting up fifty Christmas presents for friends at home, studying Hindi, and visiting pupils within a short distance of the Barracks.

Joyfully, on December 2nd, she resumed city work, and spent three active days among the zenanas. "On December 6th," she writes, "I was just thinking, while dressing, how lovely it was to be quite well again, and how much work I hoped to get through now, when violent pain came on, and I had to go back to bed. It was a bad internal chill, due, we believe, to the draughts through our handleless doors. I cannot remember such another helpless time of suffering. For two days I scarcely lifted my head once from the pillow, and was unable to move from one position. . . . I do feel very thankful to God for recovery, and grateful indeed to the kind friends here. I cannot describe how good they were and how clever. . . . The sad part was to be giving such a lot of trouble to all these dear, busy people. I only

hope I shall be able to serve Miss Hull and Miss Barclay in some way some day. Now it is all happily over, one feels how much one may learn at such a time—new lessons, just the ones needed, of course.” Miss Hull relates that her first act on realising that she was dangerously ill was to send for her cheque-book. “Owe no man anything” had always been a part of her religion; and the incident is characteristic of her calm sense of duty under agitating circumstances.

Mr. Clark had advised Miss Hull, instead of facing the rigours of another winter in Srinagar, to migrate to the Hazara, whose inhabitants had never had a resident missionary, but had always welcomed visits warmly. She therefore left Srinagar on December 16th; and Irene accepted an oft-repeated invitation to Holton Cottage, of which Mr. and Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe had taken possession in December, 1894; whose hospitality she had already enjoyed for four days in January, 1895, when, scarcely settled themselves, they took in Miss Hull, who was recovering from a severe cold, and cancelled Irene’s plans for solitary Urdu at the Barracks meanwhile. On December 14th she rose from her bed to pay them a second visit, which lasted till April 8th, 1896, returning to them again from November 7th, 1896, to July 8th, 1897.

On December 17th she again went into the city; but influenza was prevalent there, and Dr. Neve wrote so strongly to her about the risk she was running, that she was compelled to prolong her Christmas holiday, and actually owned to not having a great deal of strength. But to the home friends, who had proposed another furlough on hearing of her alarming illness, she replied: “It would take more than all the king’s horses and all the king’s men to drag me across the world again, within a year, after once getting back to work here.”

Her second Christmas in Srinagar was as happy as the first. On December 21st she writes thus of the joy of giving its message in the zenanas: "The good news comes all fresh to oneself when one tries to make it plain to these women, and many enter into the lessons in a wonderful way."

At the New Year she says: "At last I am rejoicing in really good health again, and appreciate it immensely. I hope now to be allowed to have a long spell of work." That hope was fulfilled, for at the end of 1896 she was able to report that she had not been kept in one working day, and had given, on an average, twenty Bible lessons every week, in addition to much miscellaneous teaching. Four short trips, amounting altogether to six weeks' absence from Srinagar, was all the vacation she took that year. "I am sure," she says, "that present good health is given in answer to many prayers by kind friends at home." Doubtless, also, she had learned lessons of prudence in sparing herself, all home counsels being pointed with the warning, "You will have to leave Kashmir unless you take better care of yourself."

But probably the chief explanation of her sustained health was that she no longer lived in the draughty and ruinous Barracks, at a distance of over an hour's journey from the city, which involved an exhausting day of continuous labour. Holton Cottage is a cosy house, well built in English style, and stands in a plot granted to the mission by the Maharaja on the Sheikh Bagh, a pleasant meadow planted with fruit-trees, and skirted by the Jhelum. A sketch of Irene's done there the following spring shows the sharp tip of Haramuk dazzlingly white through a mist of soft green and snowy blossom in the orchard, a combination of the grandeur of the Alps with the charm of an English April. She was now a mile and a half from the Munshi Bagh, and only four hundred yards from the city; and her move from the Barracks was a move from the eastern to the western extremity



From a photo by Mr. George Tyndale-Biscoe.

HOLTON COTTAGE.

[Facing p. 224.]

are indifferent, or unpersevering, or distracted with other things, there are many whom it is always delightful to teach. Among encouragements may be noted the welcome given in an ever-increasing number of houses to the Miss Sahibs, and that not merely from the desire for an amusing break in the monotony of their lives, or even from a wish to learn some kind of work, but from a real willingness to study, and in many cases to put honest effort into the learning. The lessons in reading and work are, of course, only means to an end; and signs are not wanting that among the pupils some are grasping the thought of a God of Love, and beginning to look to Christ as their own Saviour, not only in their troubles, but also from their sins, of which there seems often to be a real sense. Some have learned to pray to Christ, and to look to Him for answer to their prayer; others, who have been too bigoted in their old beliefs to listen without making some opposition, have expressed real gratitude on hearing that we are in the habit of praying for them.

“As to needs for the work, the minor ones have in large measure been supplied by the kindness of personal friends in England, who have enabled us to give many acceptable little gifts, such as bags for books and work, leaflets, texts, work materials, and dolls for rewards. The great need which we feel more and more is, of course, the power of the Holy Spirit, and we ask friends to pray that this may be given abundantly to both teachers and taught in this place.”

Here are one or two dated extracts from subsequent letters :—

January 11th, 1896: “It is wonderful to think of the change here since the days when it was a concession to allow the ladies to teach even knitting; and when, that learned, the pupils cared for no more visits.”

February 7th: “Seven pupils are now reading as well as hearing the Bible lessons, five in Hindi; and as one gets

more into their speech, the little talks we have become more and more interesting. It is so delightful when they take up the lesson and give it back in different words, showing that the idea is grasped."

February 14th: "There has been so much illness lately that I am like a walking druggist's shop."

March 28th: "There have been some specially interesting fresh openings among the zenanas, and in every case the proposal of Bible teaching, which one always makes on a first visit, has been warmly welcomed, and the lessons have been reverently and often eagerly listened to. You can guess the feeling of responsibility when one begins at the very beginning with those who have never had Christian teaching before. One could not dare to go without recollecting the promises of the Holy Spirit's aid. John iii. 16, Luke xv. 3-7, and John x. 11, always seem to help most then, and one goes to Phil. ii. 6-10 again and again a little further on to sum up the lessons from the Gospel. The Love and Holiness of God are the ideas one longs for them to grasp first."

In March Irene added another undertaking to her already heavy burden of work in Miss Hull's absence. Their old quarters in the Barracks had been condemned as actually unsafe, so a new C.E.Z.M.S. house was being built on the Sheikh Bagh as a "twin" to Holton Cottage, and Irene was preparing it for its occupants. As their return approached, we find her living in a constant nightmare of yard measures and pages of dimensions, sitting up far into the night writing to Bombay for hardware, to Calcutta for draperies, to Cawnpore for blinds, to Lahore for groceries, to the Hills for tea, etc., etc., and hardly able to get off to her visiting in the morning, being waylaid with inquiries and petitions from all sorts of people. That someone should superintend was essential, for just as a Kashmiri domestic will dust a room before sweeping it, a Kashmiri builder will stain the floor

before he distempers the walls. Incidentally her account book shows how liberally she contributed to the plenishing of this house, in which she was to live herself for scarcely six months.

She was also busy in organising a choir of eighteen for the Easter services in the English church, not only to render them as attractive as possible to the residents, but to create an inducement for regular church-going to the choir itself, which largely consisted of young telegraph clerks. "After Easter, if the chaplain and other summer visitors wish to take over the charge of the music, they can easily do so, and I shall be set free for something else," she writes. Which was exactly what happened, and so the choir became a permanent institution. She had always been an adept at discovering work that no one else was doing, and passing it on to others when its need and value had been recognised.

None of these things, however, interrupted her regular routine of zenana visiting, and we can well believe that she was ready for a brief Eastertide outing on the Wular Lake with the C.M.S. School. Reserving particulars of that for the next chapter, we may here complete the story of zenana work up to August, 1896.

Irene had planned to be in Srinagar to welcome Miss Hull to the newly furnished house; but got back from the Wular on April 18th to find that Miss Hull had returned before she was expected, and was already in possession of it. With her were two more C.E.Z. ladies and a group of converts from the Hazara. Miss Coverdale had come to make her third brave attempt at work in Srinagar (see pp. 58 and 128); and Miss Pryce-Browne, who had left England in October, 1895, and divided the winter between Amritsar and the Hazara, arrived in Kashmir as the station to which she had originally been assigned. The party was completed in June by Miss Howatson, who had just become a C.E.Z. missionary in local connexion. She formed a school for Punjabi girls near

the Amira Kadal Bridge, "whose bright little pupils soon became very fond of their teacher, and bid fair to overflow their cheery schoolroom." "We are quite a strong band of workers," Miss Hull wrote joyfully in May; but there was more than enough for each to do. Unhappily, Miss Coverdale's health again failed, and it was not until November that she was able to take part in the work. By that time Miss Pryce-Browne had been invalided home.

We must go back some years for the story of Miss Hull's native following. The Hazara forms the northern extremity of the Punjab, and its chief city, Haripur, lies over a hundred miles due west of Srinagar. In 1882 a Pathan policeman named Sayad Ullah Khan, heard Mr. Knowles, who had not yet joined the Kashmir Mission, preaching there. Later on he heard similar preaching from Major Battye, of the 5th Goorkas; and having long felt the burden of sin, and finding no peace from the Koran, he sought out the missionary and the officer for further instruction, and at last followed Mr. Knowles into Kashmir, a rough journey of some hundred and sixty miles, and asked for baptism. On May 13th, 1883, he was admitted into the Church. He had had to abandon his village and all his possessions, and so bitter were his own relatives against him that his father beat him unmercifully as he lay fever-stricken and helpless in bed. His wife, whom he brought away with great difficulty, was baptised in September, 1883, and three more of his relatives in 1884. In successive C.M.S. annual reports one meets him again and again, as dresser and then assistant house-surgeon at the hospital. In 1891, to the sorrow and utter astonishment of the missionaries, after actually preaching Christ in their company, he lapsed to Mohammedanism. They prayed for him with unwearied persistency, but heard no more till Miss Hull found him, four years later, when itinerating round Haripur. Enemies had intercepted his letters to Srinagar, but he warmly

welcomed her into his house, and she found that he had long since repented of his apostasy, and had preached among his Pathan countrymen with such effect that several of them were anxious for baptism.

"So," says Irene, "Miss Hull has brought a family of Pathans with her, and has been settling them in a set of nice back premises in our compound. Three enter our service, two are to be trained for work at the hospital. At the end of his visit to us Sayad Ullah himself is to go itinerating with Dr. Neve, and then return to his house at Mansahra, nearly thirty miles north of Haripur, where, as he is a man of considerable property, we hope he will be a great help to the infant Church. . . . Sunday, April 26th, was an eventful day in the Indian Christian Church here. Miss Hull's whole family of Pathans, four men, two women, and a two-year-old child, were baptised. It was a specially happy occasion for Mr. Knowles, as they had been won by Sayad Ullah, the first whom he baptised here. Miss Hull had clothed them all in white, and they looked such a fine, strong set."

They have continued in the faith; but Sayad Ullah, the following autumn, once more apostatised, under threat of immediate death. Our last glimpse of him is in Mr. Greene's annual letter, March 5th, 1897: "I had been requested to call at Mansahra to visit a Christian, who recanted publicly some five years ago, and had been received back into the Church about five months. We discovered that he was still professing in his town to be a Mohammedan, but was induced to confess faith in Christ before some six hundred townspeople and eleven maulvis. He was publicly denounced as a kafir, and within five days he had again recanted to Mohammedanism." This straightforward record of the falling away of a man who had not only laboured but suffered for Christ, and seemed to be a sincere Christian during eight years, takes us back

from our easy-going Western Christianity to primitive times, and emphasises words of our Lord and of St. Paul which we sometimes hear without heeding.

Irene had at this time about fifty regular zenana pupils, and the work extended steadily. Early in June she writes: "In a new house to which some children pupils conducted me there was a very nice group, eager to learn. One passed on the whole story of the Prodigal Son in broad Punjabi to another, and it was evidently very fresh and very welcome to all." At the end of May the one Canadian telegram that reached Kashmir during 1896 announced to her the birth of a second nephew in Montreal. "Everybody here, British friends, servants, native Christians, were so kind and pleased at my good news," she writes, "and all through the week it has been quite an excitement among the zenana pupils. I hear one passing on the news to another in various forms of Hindustani, Punjabi, and Kashmiri. 'May God give her seventy sons, and may they live lakhs of years!' are some of the kind and comprehensive wishes expressed." The incident shows not only that growing regard for Irene was bound up with the fruitfulness of her work, but that a common sense of the ties of blood helped to interpret to her pupils the life and mind of one so strangely different from themselves.

In spite of its elevation of 5,200 feet above the sea, Srinagar is not only hot but malarious during July and August, as the moisture given off by lakes and marshes and inundated paddy fields recondenses on the mountain-sides like steam in a cup, making the air heavy and relaxing. Irene, more and more immersed in her work, stayed on after the heat had dispersed most of the residents in Srinagar, and seems only to have yielded to a strong letter written to her by Dr. Neve on July 2nd, in planning for two little outings. From July 16th to 31st she was in the Sind Valley with Mr. and Mrs. Knowles and their little daughter Winifred, "a great

ally" of hers. One cannot linger over her description of the girdle of snow-peaks, of the many processions of yaks, led by fur-clad Tibetans, or the one procession of "American tourists, rather a rare species here, whose diamond rings and long train of new boxes looked a little incongruous." From August 7th to 18th she enjoyed some of the most glorious views in the world at Nil-Nag, near Islamabad, a day's journey south of Srinagar, where a pretty little lake lies on the borders of the vast pine-forest clothing the Pir Punjal. Here Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe, whose husband had started for Leh on May 29th, was her companion, and here she wrote an Indian tale, entitled *An Old Padlock*.

The following further sketches of Irene's pupils are gathered from the letters of her second and third winter in Srinagar, and pass, as in Chapter VIII., from Hindus to Mohammedans.

The first two portraits illustrate Dr. Cust's assertion at the meeting of the British Association in 1895, that there are many fellow-subjects of ours in India with whom it is possible to form acquaintances and friendships based on mutual respect, and to associate on the same terms as with one's own countrymen. They also show how absurd it is to say that we may as well leave the peoples of India undisturbed in the historic religions that they have accepted for centuries. Education in Europe involves the loss of caste; few who lose it thus care to undergo the six months of repulsive penances by which alone they can regain it on return to India, and so an ever-increasing number of the ablest men in India become technically outcasts, cease to believe in Hinduism, and are either agnostics or members of the Brâhma-Samâj community started by Rammohun Roy and developed by Keshub Chunder Sen, which endeavours to combine into a Theistic creed selections from the Vedas, the Christian Scriptures, and various philosophical systems of the East and of the West.

In a handsome house outside Srinagar, furnished in

European style, lived the one pupil who knew English really well and had a drawing-room. She belonged to a family well known in Calcutta, and her brother was studying in London. Her husband, a wealthy Bengali, occupied a high official position in Kashmir; and he, too, had been educated in London. "Dear Mrs. X.," as Irene often calls her, undertook a systematic study of the Gospels, in which her husband joined. "I do so want to read the whole Bible," she said one day to her teacher, when they met with an Old Testament reference. "Could you not come oftener?" In graceful acknowledgment of Irene's instruction she sent an exquisite little goblet of silver *repoussé* work to her Canadian nephew on his birthday; and a few words from her letter of condolence to Irene's sister may be quoted: "I often sit down to write to you, but my heart feels so heavy and sore that I have to put it off. I cannot think of the loss of my dear friend Miss Petrie without pain. She was such a dear and affectionate friend; her last good-bye to me is still in my mind."

Close to this pupil, in another pretty, luxurious house of European style, lived another rich Bengali, educated at Edinburgh. A sentry stationed in his hall showed that he held an important State appointment. In deference to the Maharaja's wishes his wife was in semi-purdah, but wore the Brâhma-Samâj dress, which is half European and half Oriental. Her father had been a leading member of the Brâhma-Samâj in Calcutta, and both she and her husband belonged to it. She also knew English, and read our literature diligently with dictionary and notebook; dressed her little daughter like an English child, and gave her an English schoolroom. This advanced lady welcomed Irene most warmly on her return to Srinagar, and had many a long and serious talk with her. One day she was found studying a ten-volumed work of Voysey's, mistaking a treatise hostile to our faith for a standard exposition of Christianity,

because its author had once been a clergyman. An aggressive English Unitarian had placed this in the public library.

Every year secular education is producing in India more Hindus instructed in Western lore ; they sometimes meet the Christian teacher with the arguments of European infidels, from whose writings they derive their whole knowledge of the revelation of God in Christ, imagining that they have weighed it as well as their own ancient religions in the balance, and found them alike wanting ; sometimes they are intellectually convinced of the truth of Christianity, but without either repentance or faith, offering, like Alexander Severus of old, to build a temple to Christ, and enrol Him among the gods, but refusing to acknowledge Him as their "Master and only Saviour." "My head may be convinced by the Christians' arguments, but my heart is not touched, is in effect the profession of many who know much and yet declare that they are not Christians. And then," says Irene, "one feels the impotence of all, without the work of the life-giving Spirit. We do want a Pentecost in Kashmir."

Turning now to those actually Hindus, and as such opposed to Christianity, one finds them less bitterly hostile than the Moslems. As a rule, idols are not very apparent in the zenanas, and as puja is performed quietly in the early morning, the visitor sees little of idolatrous rites. But idolatry is there.

The wife of a Punjabi official, a tall woman with a fine, open brow and handsome face, well set off by her crimson chaddar, had a bonnie little girl about ten years old, named Parbuti. She took her one day to a neighbour's house, where a small pupil was reading an imperfectly prepared lesson to Miss Hull. "Beat her, and she will soon learn," suggested Parbuti's mother. "No ; I am trying another way. Love her, and she will soon learn," was the reply. "She teaches by love ; teach my little girl also," said the astonished

mother; and in Parbuti Irene had a pupil so attentive that she soon earned an English doll as a prize for Hindi reading. She worked hard for it, because she wished to give it away to her elder sister, who was bewailing her young husband; and kind-hearted Parbuti thought the doll would be a comfort to her and her fatherless baby girl. And the mother begged Irene to send her widowed daughter "the Lord's Book," saying, "It will comfort her." Irene had taught them for some time and found them most responsive, when the following incident came upon her as a shock. They were reading the first chapter of St. Mark, and having a lesson on prayer. "Do you pray?" "Oh yes, we pray to Parmeshwar" (Hindu name for the Great God). "There is our prayer" (pointing to an invocation on the wall), "and here is his picture." So saying, they produced a hideous daub of a monster from the box containing their treasures, and salaamed to it. What prolonged, patient effort it must take to eradicate such an idea of God!

One day a visitor at this house asked Irene to teach her also. "She took a lesson," says Irene, "then and there, and I gave her a first Hindi reader, and called at her house a few days later. We could get no answer at all, and supposed everyone was out; but it was explained when we next went to see Parbuti's mother. Her friend's husband had been very angry about his wife's request, declared he would not have her learn about Jesus Christ, and tore her reading-book to shreds lest it should contain Christian teaching."

Again, some Kashmiris, whom she had hoped for as pupils, returned their reading-books, fearing they might provoke their husbands to beat them.

The following sketch brings out the reward of perseverance, in spite of such opposition. In March, 1896, a winsome little Kashmiri girl, with her small brother, sat on the threshold of a pupil's house and overheard part of the lesson. Presently

Irene came out, and having forgotten to call her boatman, was retracing her steps in search of him, regretting the time thus lost. But what seemed a mistake was an over-ruling. The child, perceiving that the "Niki Mem" was going towards her own home, darted after her, took her by the cloak, and drew her past the temple, with its sound of mumbled prayers and group of disreputable faqirs, into a large Kashmiri house, of the sort that the missionaries had fewest and wanted most of. It proved to be the priest's own house; and here she found an eager group, many of whom seemed really to wish to learn, as they squatted round her on the mud floor, all chattering Kashmiri. Of her second visit she writes: "The priest himself was there, and had confiscated all the girls' books, because, he said, it was not their custom for the girls to read; they must spin and pound the rice. I felt rather baffled, but began to teach a little Punjabi guest, who had a book; and meanwhile the old mother gave the priest such a scolding for not appreciating the Miss Sahib's visits, that the books were produced, and one girl at a time came to read, the others pounding the rice with much ostentation close by. A bhajan made them all suddenly silent, and I was allowed to give to a quiet, respectful audience a Bible lesson on the One True God creating the world. When I asked if they wanted me to come again, the four pupils were eager in assenting." She went again, and found mother and wife ready to listen, the priest looking as black as a thunder-cloud all the time. A week or two later he was out; the ladies freely expressed their pleasure in her visits, and one rendered the whole lesson from her "stiff and halting Kashmiri" into fluent colloquial for the benefit of a visitor. By October, 1896, she joyfully reports: "The Kashmiri priest's house has become one of the nicest of all. The women give a wonderfully hearty welcome, and three are learning to read, which represents a good break-down of

prejudice since the time when the priest confiscated their books and scowled at me. The old mother is such an earnest listener to the Bible lesson, keeps the babies in order, repeats emphatically what she approves, and, by the way, calls me her *mother*." They made Irene a real Kashmiri doll as a token of affection. The latest record of this house, just seven months after the first visit to it, is as follows: "Prejudice has broken down, the priest, though he still looks a little sulky, now prompts his womenkind in their lessons, and they really drink in the Bible teaching." The old mother called down blessings every time, not only on Irene but on her sister and her nephews.

Another most attentive and affectionate pupil was the wife of a Dogra priest, court chaplain and representative of the State religion at the Maharaja's own temple, whose massive gilt dome rises beside the palace. Nowhere had Irene a gladder welcome or greater freedom of speech. The priest came in and assented, and when she left, politely escorted her through the courtyard and gateways to her own servant's on the ghat. His wife was able to read the Gospels for herself in Hindi when they left for the Punjab; and as she studied John xiv. with Irene before departing, she said earnestly, "Please pray often for me."

A group of pilgrims from the almost unknown land of Nepal were also most receptive hearers.

One has heard of husbands desiring that their wives should be taught by zenana missionaries. Irene met with a yet more striking request in July, 1896. "While I was teaching in a Kashmiri house where about twelve women came to listen," she says, "an educated man joined the audience, and passed on what I said in good colloquial Kashmiri to those farthest off, assenting to it all. He then told me that he was the master of one of the State schools close by, and invited me to go and give his boys a Bible lesson."

In December, 1895, a father waylaid Irene, asking that his daughter might be taught. She found, in a well-to-do Sikh house, a motherless boy and girl. The girl became a very bright and charming pupil; and her brother, who attended the State school, always tried to be in when Irene was there, and expected to have dictated to him a text gathering up the Bible lesson. He and his sister then learned it during the week. She had other boy friends in the zenanas who listened to the lessons given to their mothers and sisters.

More and more she desired to get at the Kashmiris, especially the shy and conservative punditanis; for, untaught as they are, the women of this class, whence the Mission School is mainly recruited, are as clever as the men, and already there are evidences of what education may do for them. One punditani, a dear, gentle little thing, who brought a dali of rosy apples and sugar, and fetched an umbrella for her teacher when it came on to rain, paid, at Irene's suggestion, a private visit to the hospital, where her poor ears, torn through with heavy earrings, were successfully made whole again.

The concluding Hindu sketches shall be of four ladies of quality, who were especially responsive pupils.

A Gore Brahman of the highest caste of all was a bright pupil reading Hindi, who listened at Christmas, 1894, as willingly as the Mohammedans listened unwillingly to the story of the Incarnation. In February a letter came from her husband, who was at the Palace, begging for a doctor and a visit. Miss Newnham went at once, and Irene also rode off to her distant dwelling, to find her terribly weak and suffering. At her request she read aloud the story of the Crucifixion from St. John's Gospel, and most eagerly did one, who had heard the Name of Christ for the first time only a few months before, follow the story of His Passion, and cry to Him to help her. When Irene returned in

October, 1895, she introduced a new little son, and listened as gladly as ever to the Bible.

"A friend of hers, another charming, high-caste lady, told me," says Irene, "that she was my sister in faith. One day we talked of prayer, and she said, 'I pray daily to Christ; but He has not answered my prayer, for He has taken away all my four children, and He does not grant me another child.' She is one of our dearest pupils; and I tried to tell her of a Love that knows best, and of prayers heard, though not answered at once, or in our way, and of the little ones in His care. How could one believe, beside that poor mother, that unless they are baptised Christians there would be no future hope for that beautiful earthly love? Such are some of the deep and difficult problems of life and death that come up in our teaching."

Another most eager listener was a dear little woman with one small boy, who came all the way from the city to visit Miss Hull, then out of health, just three days before the birth of a little daughter. The next news was of her serious illness. Her husband tended her most carefully, allowed Dr. Neve to see her, and spoke most gratefully afterwards of "the goodness of God and of the merciful doctor sahib." He kept her New Testament at his office to read himself; and after a lesson about the Holy Spirit, the wife said earnestly, "Then He will really come, and always be with us and help us, night and day."

A rais who had been educated in the Delhi Mission School invited Irene to instruct his wife in the Scriptures, saying, "I have a Bible of my own." During two months she took her through a course of instruction following the lines of the Apostles' Creed, and then, as her pupil was leaving Srinagar, went by invitation to say farewell. "She and her husband gave me," she says, "a little ruby and pearl ring as a token of friendship and remembrance. He said so prettily: 'We know we cannot

and must not give you anything for teaching her ; but this is only for friendship. I shall not be poor, and you will not be rich if you take it ; but we want you to remember her by it.' He also promised to read the Gospels aloud to her in the evenings." Six months later she returned, and so far from having forgotten the teaching, had been writing out all her lessons during her absence. She begged for two lessons a week, and though a grandmother, set to work to learn Hindi, taking the Hindi Gospels and second reading-book away with her the following summer.

Here is a picture of some very different experiences among Mohammedans.

"My pupils are mostly painstaking, and really interested—dear things!—and some make real progress. Sometimes one has one's struggles with them in this land of distractions and interruptions. Picture one of to-day's visits : A very large house, with elaborately painted walls and ceilings, and a large garden. Groping up a pitch dark staircase, through a 'knock-you-down' odour, one reaches a big room with a good many costly things in it, and a generally pigsty effect of mess and squalor. Here sit the two wives of a rich Mussulman, remarkably beautiful girls, with slender figures and lustrous eyes, loaded with many pounds of jewelry, their hands dirty, their chaddars draggled, their hair in scores of tiny plaits. Last week they were preparing vegetables with the aid of an excessively dirty but good-natured old woman, who, with men-servants, after the custom of a native house, is constantly bustling backwards and forwards, talking, banging doors, and interrupting the mistresses in a perfectly inconsequent way to ask for keys or pice, or to show a piece of raw meat, or to make the room more untidy than it was before by tumbling in a lot of crumpled bedding. Presently the baby wakes up crying—poor little mortal ! The pupil has torn and dirtied her reading-book almost beyond recognition ; but I refuse to give

her a new one without payment, which is counted out in minute copper coins. Then the lesson seems to be completely wiped from her memory, and after half an hour's pounding at two lines without much apparent progress, I am obliged further to refuse her the knitting lesson she really wanted, promising it next week, however, on condition of a good reading lesson being ready. By the time I am about to give the Bible lesson they have suddenly decided that it is a cold day, and that their cotton garments are unsatisfactory. So a rout-out of their wardrobes follows, and after a long interval they rearrange themselves in figured silk saris and pushmina shawls, and then try and cheer their poor, bare feet over the kangres, which have to be re-filled, or stirred, or blown, whenever there is no other excitement. Just as we again start the Bible lesson a shouting man somewhere below disturbs everything, and the pupils are so inattentive that at last I am driven to an awful threat kept only for rare occasions. 'Do you want me to go, and never come back? There are too many attentive pupils to leave any time for inattentive ones.' All the indifference vanishes now, and with a vehement 'No!' they actually settle down at last, get the door shut, and listen with respect and, I think, interest, which becomes keen when I begin to sing the hymn at the end. That they are determined to have, so I save it up as something to be earned by listening well. This is rather a discouraging sketch; but the house is a new one, and I look forward to the time when they will love the teaching for its own sake, as so many have learned to do. And there is much to love in the girls themselves." These girls may perhaps be identified with a Mohammedan babu's "two wives" who seemed, on another occasion, quite terrified when the sound of his step was heard; one fled, the other was roughly scolded, and burst into a fit of weeping.

In December, 1896, Irene writes: "Yesterday I had the

worst experience of blasphemous opposition I ever knew. A Pathan visitor stirred up my pupils. It was frightfully sad, one more instance of the strength of evil here, especially in that awful Mohammedan system."

We may compare words in another letter of that winter, written when she had been three years in India: "Acquaintance with Mohammedanism is a horrible experience. It is truly a vile thing. I wish the globe-trotters who admire the pious cant which is exhibited outwardly could know a little of the loathsomeness of its real working."

Yet there were encouragements here. "Another Mohammedan lady," she writes, "who last year asked me to come to teach knitting only, did not care to read, and seemed to endure rather than enjoy the Bible lesson, is now both an industrious reader and also one who responds most warmly when the Bible is opened."

The Mohammedan of whom we hear most was the wife of a prosperous tradesman, "a dear, friendly little woman, who listens so nicely," with a daughter six years old. Irene describes her first impression of her pupil in November, 1894, thus: "Like every native room I know, with about three exceptions, her room is as untidy and uncomfortable as possible; shop stores on dusty shelves at one side, at the other an unmade bed, over which the hostess pulls a quilt ere inviting me to sit on it beside her. The lattice windows are pasted up with newspaper; the hen and her brood promenade the floor." The pupil's first impression of Irene, then making her earliest efforts to talk Urdu, was conveyed thus to Miss Hull: "She has a nice face, but is *very* young and unlearned." In January, 1895, Irene plunged through seas of mud to find mother and daughter hibernating, only the tip of a nose visible under the quilt, but ready to receive a Bible lesson. Another day she found her more anxious to argue than to learn, and posted up in the stock

Mohammedan objections to Christianity. When Irene returned in October, 1895, however, she embraced her effusively, displaying a new baby, became a most attentive and reverent listener, and asked to be prayed for regularly. In February she specially asked prayer for her daughter, then pining in consumption, and was touched with the kindness she received at the Mission Hospital, saying, "Our people never do such things." The child died in June, 1896. "She has been quite a pet," writes Irene, "both with us and at the hospital. Her poor mother is in such grief, and the ten-year-old brother looked the picture of sorrow. How little one *knows*, but I do feel that their strong love cannot be a lost good, and that God in His mercy will provide some good thing for that dear little one, so that there may be some happy reunion and future knowledge for these who have only heard a little, but have listened when they heard; though they have certainly not 'kept the Catholic Faith whole and undefiled.' For oneself, one prizes all the articles of that Faith more and more when in such work as this, and longs more and more for others to share in them; but as one knows and loves more and more of these people, who know not their Lord's Will, one is less and less able to accept the terrible sentence passed on them in the Athanasian Creed." In October, 1896, when Irene was proceeding as usual into the house of this pupil, a door was for the first time slammed in her face; and the husband met her, grunting out, "No leisure." "I am afraid it means," she says, "that the man, who is a bad husband and no friend to Christianity, will not let the poor little wife go on learning." The very last zenana visit which Irene paid, on July 7th, 1897, was to this pupil, whom she characterises as "one of the oldest and most affectionate pupils" she had.

Our last sketch introduces a husband of a different type, a Dogra by race, formerly in the Maharaja's Band, now a

tradesman. He had learned much of Christianity in the Punjab, and desired a Bible for himself and instruction for his wife. Irene writes in May, 1896: "When I took him a Bible his whole face glowed, and he willingly gave two silver pieces for it, and spoke with real love and reverence of its teaching. That afternoon Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe saw him reading it aloud outside his shop and praising its truths, in the presence of a number of Mohammedans. He showed it to Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, and told its history, and this dialogue ensued. "Why did you want it?" "Because I wish to read it." "Oh, many wish to read it now. Nearly a hundred come weekly to my house to do so. But why do you wish to read it?" "Because, sahib, I believe it." "Others, too, believe it, but will not confess." "Why should I fear to do so, if I believe it in my heart?" Mr. Knowles read regularly with him, while Irene taught his wife. She gradually became more keen, learning much from her husband's Bible as well as from Irene, who once found her giving lively explanations of some Scripture pictures to a visitor.

A friend who had not been outside Christendom, and whose thoughts ran on missions and revivals in a land where "the reproach of Christ" is for most a mere phrase, put this question to Irene: "Do you have many *true* conversions?" Irene did not live to receive the letter; and one can only imagine that she would have replied with Ezekiel, "O Lord God, Thou knowest." The striking statement of an enlightened Mussulman that at the Resurrection many a Christian will rise from a Mohammedan tomb is especially true of such work as hers. Even here, writing in English and naming no names, one dares not reproduce her statement concerning several of those described that she had reason to believe they were Christians at heart. Miss Kant, of Leh, whom we shall meet again in Chapter XIII., wrote thus to her touching this matter in April, 1897: "I can well understand that you

long for open decision for Christ ; but I think we must not forget what that means for the majority of the native women. It really requires very strong faith and a very great love for the Saviour for a woman to come forward openly and profess her belief in Christ. I think secret disciples of the Lord can do much good for Him, too, if they only are in earnest. And then our work is only to lead them to Christ ; accepting Him is their part, and the desire to confess Him openly must be wrought by the Holy Spirit. Of course, it would be much more encouraging if we saw more open results of our labours ; but the Lord knows best why He cannot grant that to us yet. We will take comfort from our mutual experiences, and pray all the more for each other and for the work entrusted to us. If only we are faithful in doing the work which the Lord wishes us to do we need not worry ; He will surely let us see fruit thereof, if not here, then before His throne."

The Church at home and abroad thanks God now for the career of more than one missionary who never to his knowledge had a single convert—for instance, Henry Martyn and James Hannington ; and words written by the former will close this subject more fitly than any generalities : "Even if I should never see a native converted, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries."

CHAPTER XI

WITH THE BOYS OF KASHMIR

'Tis in the advance of individual minds
That the slow crowd should ground their expectation,
Eventually to follow.

BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

TWELVE hundred years ago, when Britain was very slowly becoming a Christian country, a twofold work of evangelisation and of education went on together, and the missionaries were teachers as well as preachers and pastors. So it is to-day in India generally, and in Kashmir specially. Soon after the arrival of Dr. Neve and Mr. Knowles schools for boys were started at Srinagar and at Islamabad, Christian homes rather than educational institutions, but influential enough to rouse Government opposition in 1883. In 1889 there were some three hundred pupils.

Meanwhile, a future Principal, in whose hands the C.M.S. School was to become what Irene calls "an ideal missionary work among the lads," was studying at Jesus College, Cambridge, and making a reputation on the river, being coxswain of the victorious crew in the University Boat Race of 1886. One of a well-known Oxfordshire family claiming kinship with William Tyndale the reformer, he had been solemnly warned on going to Cambridge against "the missionary set" as against lunatics, but he got into it, nevertheless. After leaving Cambridge the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, M.A., became curate to the Rev. A. J. Robinson, of Whitechapel, well known

as a warm friend of the C.M.S. He married, in 1891, the daughter of a Birmingham clergyman, who had, like Irene, been at the Notting Hill High School. By this time the C.M.S. had accepted his own offer of service, and as a scholar and athlete, fresh from an English public school and university, he had found a large and most congenial task before him in helping Mr. Knowles to develop the school in Kashmir. It now numbered some five hundred boys, including sons of the leading men in the country. The Islamabad school was given up, partly for lack of funds, partly because it did not seem wise to keep as headmaster there a native Christian removed from all the means of grace. But Mr. Knowles returned from furlough in 1893 to find that the original School in Srinagar had grown into a group of schools, and in 1894 he handed over the principalship to Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, remaining Treasurer and Visitor himself. In May, 1896, Mr. George Tyndale-Biscoe, Associate of King's College, London, came out at his own charges to co-operate with his brother as Vice-Principal. He was Acting-Principal during the furlough of the latter in 1897-98. Two more relatives of the Principal have since joined him—an Oxford M.A., as superintendent of the technical department, opened in 1899, and a Cambridge M.A., a Wrangler, who has become weekly examiner (see p. 118).

Such is the whole European staff, which has superintended the following five schools: the Central School, between the third and fourth bridge, and opposite the Shah Hamadan mosque, of which Mr. Sircar, whom we have already met in Chapter VIII., was Headmaster; the Renawari School, in a suburb beside the Dal Lake, close to Hari Parbat Fort, of which Mr. Paul Thornaby, a Christian from the North-west Provinces, was Headmaster; the Habba Kadal School for junior boys, close to the second bridge, of which Poonoo, a Kashmiri, is Headmaster; the Amira Kadal School, close to

the Sheikh Bagh and the first bridge; and the Ali Kadal School, close to the fifth bridge.

Of forty-four native masters in July, 1899, three are Christians, five Mohammedans, the rest Hindus, nearly all old boys, who work loyally and well for much less pay than they would get in the public offices. All the schools, both at work and at play, are under the constant supervision of the European teachers.

Eschewing the solemn, conventional missionary report, the Principal has told the story of the C.M.S. School at Srinagar year by year in a most graphic and original way through a series of pamphlets, entitled *Breaking up and Building* (1893), *Tacking* (1894), *Coaching in Kashmir* (1896), *Coxing in Kashmir* (1897), *Paddling in Kashmir* (1898), and *Towing in Kashmir* (1900). The names call attention to the fact that rowing is as useful as reading in developing ideals of manliness.

What, then, are the boys when they come to this school? What do their teachers endeavour to make them? How do they try to accomplish their endeavour? Does this school, taking it as a typical school in the earlier stages of a mission, justify the distrust and indifference with which many good people at home regard educational missions?

In race the boys vary even more than the inmates of the zenanas, coming from Kashmir, Punjab, Bengal, Nepal, Nagar, Dras, Tibet, and Afghanistan. They are mostly Hindus, but include some Moslems and Sikhs. Socially they vary from relatives of the Maharaja to waifs of the street, from holy Brahmins to despised hanjis, but most of them are of the small but influential pundit class already described in Chapter VI. The school contains faces of all hues, dresses of all kinds, long hair, plaited pigtails, shaven crowns.

"A Kashmiri is as different from a European as a sheep is from a war-horse," says the Principal, in a private letter; and it would be hard to imagine a greater contrast to an

English schoolboy than a Kashmiri boy when he first comes to the C.M.S. School. He is clad in the pheran, or woman's dress with hanging sleeves, which a conqueror's insolence imposed long ago upon the men of Kashmir. His person and clothes are so conspicuously dirty, even on great occasions, that the Resident, when distributing the school prizes one year, was moved to offer a prize of R.20 to the boy who appeared to be the cleanest at the next prize-giving.

He is afraid to climb the hills, for their summits have been reserved for the gods, who might revenge themselves on an intruder; he is afraid to go out after dark, for the jinns or goblins have appropriated the streets then. He is not afraid to tell lies, for falsehood and hypocrisy are in his blood; and if his master were unwise enough to believe him, he would feel honoured on hearing that he was the best friend the boy had ever had, and that love for him came before love for his parents. He is not afraid to "sneak," but will come to the master with, "Please, sir, I wish to speak to you privately," and then in the most plausible way will proceed to say all that he can to damage the character of another boy or of a master, hoping to curry favour by slander.

He has a great reverence for the bovine species, for Apis is sacred to the Kashmiri, as it was to the Egyptian, and in Kashmir "vaccicide" is a capital crime. Once a class of pundit lads were listening to the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The order to kill the fatted calf made them all rise and stamp with indignation at such a profanity, and henceforth the missionary had to translate the phrase freely by "Get dinner ready." While he has this great reverence for cows, the pundit has no reverence at all for women, but dreads the idea of female education, lest it should lead to men having to do some of the toilsome work now performed by their sisters, wives, and mothers.

He believes that contact with leather defiles, and a football

is therefore polluting ; that manual toil degrades, and to touch a chappar would therefore lower him to the hanji's level ; that any active exertion is unworthy of a gentleman's dignity. He is full of self-complacency over being a holy Brahman by caste. He has no consciousness of sin as Christians understand it, and no dread of defilement from "the things that proceed out of the man."

He will sit at his books all day long and dearly loves cramming for an examination. He will sleep and work in alternate shifts of two hours the whole night in order to write himself F.A., or B.A., or M.A., as the stepping-stone to get a snug official post. When he finds games and gymnastics on his time-table he remonstrates, declaring he has come to school to learn and not to play. He much prefers instruction in Christianity to athletics, will ask to read the Bible out of school, and will engage in pious conversation on the most holy subjects for hours. Then when the unsuspecting missionary is rejoicing over an out-spoken inquirer, on whom he has expended time and effort for months, he receives such a letter as this one actually sent to Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe by a Mohammedan : "I believe in Christ, and wish to be baptised"; then came a postscript, containing the pith of the communication : "Please find me a lucrative post, a house, and a Christian wife."

Is it possible to turn such lads as these into manly Christians? The question had a decided answer a few months after Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe's arrival from a young officer who stood on the banks of the Jhelum watching his efforts to get some high-caste boys to pull an English oar. "So you think that you will get these lazy Brahmans to row, do you? You might as well try to change a leopard's spots or a nigger's skin as attempt that. The best thing you can do is to pack up your boxes and go back to England. There are plenty of people to be converted there." Others

spoke in the same cheering way; and when, one year later, crews of Brahmans swung past in good style and time, another wiseacre pronounced: "Yes, of course you have Brahmans rowing in English boats, because they like to copy sahibs; but you will never persuade them to paddle in their native boats like the common hanjis." But six years later crew after crew of Brahmans might be seen thoroughly enjoying themselves as their chappars urged on the swift shikaris.

One puts this fact in the forefront, rather than the fact that at the entrance examination for the Punjab University in July, 1899, nine out of ten candidates sent up by Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe passed, because in bringing about that transformation of character which is the supreme aim of the school, mere book-learning is secondary to the discipline of alternating study with sports systematically. Getting up subjects for examinations will never overcome the tyranny of *dastur*, the hopeless answer to argument and persuasion: "Our fathers from time immemorial have been dirty, effeminate, superstitious, cowardly, lazy, liars, sneaks, and hypocrites."

Moreover, book-learning is not to be had at the Mission School only. For just as Lady Dufferin's Fund followed the pioneer medical work done by zenana missionaries, so Government schools in India have followed the pioneer educational work of the Church there. And in Kashmir the State School has a great advantage over the Mission School. It enjoys, besides the active favour of the authorities, Government grants that enable it to secure the most expensive teachers, and to offer not only free education, but free books and scholarships, to a people inclined to be penurious in such matters. But being in a native State, the C.M.S. School cannot apply for the Government grant that is given to mission as well as to other schools in British India.¹ The

¹ This year (1900) the Kashmir State is, however, giving it a grant of R.1,800.

annual C.M.S. grant was raised from R.1,800 to R.3,000 early in 1897, and is now R.6,000. Even this is scarcely half of the whole expense of upkeep; and in 1898 the fees charged amounted to hardly one-thirteenth of the outlay. For the balance the Principal and his friends are entirely responsible—a state of things which may be compared with the facts already given about the Hospital. Yet, fees, daily Christian teaching, and compulsory games notwithstanding, the C.M.S. School more than holds its own. In November, 1895, Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe wrote in a private letter: "For some reason unknown to me, the sons of the big men here are leaving the State School and coming to the Mission School. One has to be very careful in one's treatment of them, as they imagine they are dukes, and if one is too severe upon their cheek, they leave." In October, 1898, the number of boys had risen to fifteen hundred, and as the accommodation was overcrowded, fees had to be raised to reduce numbers.

While the State School keeps them at the books they love from morning to night, athletics have from the first been prominent in the Mission School curriculum. As early as 1886 native friends were subscribing to a cricket club; in 1892 a fire brigade was formed, which has not only done good service in the frequent conflagrations at Srinagar, but is an invaluable lesson in practical humanity, an almost unknown thing outside Christendom. Every day an hour is spent in the gymnasium, where the giant stride is the favourite appliance; every Thursday there is compulsory cricket and football *en masse*; besides voluntary games daily, and boating and swimming once or twice a week in summer. Now, football cannot easily be played in a pheran.

In other ways unceasing war is waged with *dastur*. A boy must "eat shame," for instance, when his dirty face is publicly scraped with a knife. "Our keenness," says the 1899 report,

“especially in the matter of clean faces and swimming, has lost us more than fifty boys. We always lose scholars at every upward move, as the parents are so stupid; but our schools refill, and if we keep firm to our resolution and show no sign of budging, we always gain our point, and start once more on a higher platform, ready to rise again.” Such recent incidents as the following are turned to account by the master, and the boys must learn and unlearn many things when he says to them: “Go and help that poor fellow who has fallen over the rocks. He lies badly wounded, and no passer-by is concerning himself about it”; or, “Row out at once, and bring in that sepoy who has been cut off by the flood; his countryman is bargaining with him for seven rupees ere he will stir a finger to save him”; or, “Look at that big coward of a schoolfellow who is kicking his mother. Go and duck him in the river till he begs her pardon”; or, “Come down the lake with me, and find out how to enjoy an open air holiday, climbing and swimming and living under canvas.”

Not in one day but in many days a change comes over those who in another few years will be the leaders of their people. As surely as Pharaoh's craven bondsmen became a nation of heroes under Joshua, after their forty years' education under Moses, so surely will the Kashmiri pundit become eventually a “Christian knight.”

“The contrast between the ordinary State School trained Kashmiri and the manly and courteous Mission School lad, whose standard is often a Christian one, is most striking,” says Irene. “To know many of these fellows is to love them,” writes the Principal. “They have such kind thoughts, and are so thoughtful. One cannot make out why they are not Christians; many of them in their lives are superior to many an English schoolboy.”

A Government head clerk recently thanked an “old boy” for introducing manners into the office. About a weightier

matter Irene writes: "Through various old boys who are employed in the department we have heard disgraceful accounts of the deliberate attempts to bribe and intimidate them to give false evidence against the innocent; and it is good to hear of these lads standing firm in the midst of the universal corruption." "You have made me a man," said one old boy to the Principal. "Formerly, if I saw someone lying by the roadside I would go on, thinking it was no affair of mine; now I would try to help him." Even more encouraging was it to hear on a stormy night when they were finding their way down a precipice, "Please, sir, let me go first"; or after there had been a row and an inquiry, "It was not his fault, sir; I did it." So the modest and plucky, the frank and truthful, the cheerful and helpful, the kind-hearted and loyal type of character gradually begins to be.

"Is this all?" some may ask. "Is it not much?" one asks in return. But it is not all. Of still more important results we must not expect precise statistics. "I take it for granted," says the Principal, "that you will understand that I should not be here spending all my time amongst the boys every day if I had not the one great central truth at heart—Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the world, whom the Kashmiris do not know. My work here and the work of my colleagues never will or can be complete till every man, woman, and child have become not merely followers in name, but true Christians, as we say here, pakka followers of Jesus, the Son of Man, the Son of God. Nor can this people be great or good or noble until they have God's Holy Spirit in their hearts."

At the daily Bible lesson the taught are more eager than the teacher. It is followed by an address to the whole school, illustrated with Scripture pictures. On Sunday afternoons there is a Bible class, at which attendance is entirely voluntary. The number rose from fifty in February, 1896, to over seventy on Easter Day, and in January, 1897, from sixty to seventy

found their way to it through deep snow. It grew into quite a school, in which the Principal was aided by his wife, his brother, and Mr. Sircar's eldest son. "These eager boys and men, gathered in the Holton Cottage garden, are really a wonderful sight," says Irene. Its influence was acknowledged in a remarkable way when rival Sunday afternoon lectures were started at the largest Hindu temple in Srinagar. Attendance at these could, however, be counted on the fingers, while the Bible class increased steadily in numbers.

Prizes for Scripture knowledge are annually offered to all the Mission Schools of the Punjab and Sind in memory of General Lake, one of the soldiers who won the Punjab for Britain, and took the first steps towards winning it for Christ. In 1896 nine of the Srinagar masters and elder boys entered for the senior examination: one obtained the third prize, the rest were honourably mentioned. In 1897 a Srinagar boy won the first junior prize.

Not so easy to state are the effects of Christian influence and example out of school hours, and especially in private talks with individual boys during holiday excursions. They were evident when at a festival of the goddess Rajin the schoolboys dared to stand upright amid a worshipping crowd. Here are boys reading their Bibles quietly at home, and bringing many questions to the Principal; here is a master most zealously and ably translating a Bible lesson from Urdu into Kashmiri, developing truly Christian traits of character, trying to make the boys love the One True God and one another, but still in outward profession a Hindu; here is a boy confessing his faith in Christ when alone with the Principal, and the first question he is asked is, "Are you willing to die for this faith?" For in India relatives have no scruples about taking strong measures to avoid the scandal of a baptism in the family, and a Christian, determined to make open profession, can be, and is, slowly poisoned or

starved, and so quietly made away with. Thirty years after Elmslie began work in Kashmir not one pundit had been baptised.

If, therefore, the value of missionary work is to be gauged by number of converts, undoubtedly the most satisfactory missionary method in India is preaching in bazars to men who have nothing worldly to lose, and who may have something worldly to gain by accepting the creed of the ruling Briton. And people who only want stirring tales of missionary success must turn to the triumphs of the Gospel among the unsophisticated pagans of Africa and the South Seas rather than to educational missions in India. But if it is worth while to mould in accordance with Christian ideals the most promising young manhood of an important nation, as the manhood of our own nation was moulded slowly a millennium ago, then what missionary has a grander opportunity than the master of such a school as this? If comfortable Christians at home ask why have not those whom he convinces of the truth the courage of their convictions, one can only emphasise the answer, Baptism may mean death; it must mean becoming an outcast. None can judge the Kashmiri lad who defers the moment of open confession save persons whose own religious convictions are in deed, not in word, dearer to them than all their property, all their reputation, all their prospects, all their friends, all their kinsfolk, and life itself.

The leaders of any enterprise become so much a part of it themselves that they can hardly appreciate its character and value; and the estimate of it formed by the mere visitor may be as one-sided as it must be superficial. Hence Irene's descriptions of the C.M.S. School, already to some extent drawn upon, are worth quoting. She watched its working from month to month as one whose own task lay elsewhere, and her enthusiasm for it manifestly grows. "I can imagine

no finer kind of missionary work," she says; and to such words as these she added actions, giving more and more time and effort of various kinds to it herself.

She tells many things that cannot be repeated about inquirers, known even in the mission circle by numbers, not by names, so great was the risk not only to themselves but to future inquirers had conversions been reported; of others won to inquire through them; of persecution at home stedfastly endured. Even in the busy spring of 1896 she made some time to aid in instructing such inquirers individually.

In January, 1896, after alluding to the new readiness to hear in the zenanas, she says: "The change Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe speaks of is even more remarkable. In the early days of the school he could only give historical teaching from the Bible, and that with the utmost caution, to avoid wounding prejudices, and always with the chance of flippant argument and questioning. Now, he says, he can go right to the point, speaking without reserve in all his Bible lessons, and reverent listening is invariable. . . . There can hardly be any country where open profession by high-caste Hindus would be more difficult and dangerous, and yet there are all these opportunities for teaching and all these earnest hearers."

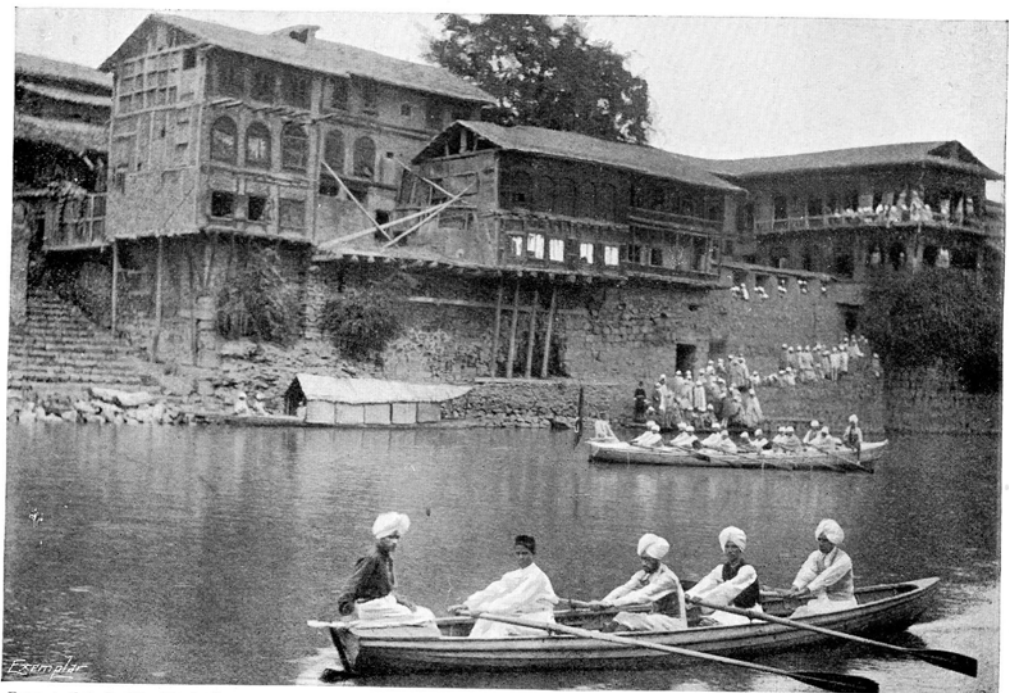
In February, 1896, she writes: "A sad blow to the schools has come this week, showing the jealousy and opposition of the non-Christian powers that be. The headmaster of the Maharaja's School has got an order issued by the Council at Jammu to say that only those who have been educated in the State School shall be eligible for employment in any Government office. If enforced, this will practically deprive all Mission School boys of the power of earning a living, and already the State School boys are jeering at them in the street about it. The order seems additionally shameful after all the recent smooth speeches and protestations of friendship from the Government and the State School." Yet that very month two

new branch schools were opened, and four or five more were asked for. In the end the order in Council was annulled through the intervention of the Acting Resident, Captain Chenevix Trench.

Irene gave her first lesson to some eighty boys in the Habba Kadal School on January 16th, 1896, a month after her arrival at Holton Cottage. In March she examined the boys of the first and second classes in the Urdu version of St. Matthew, and corrected papers in Roman history.

On March 28th she writes: "One feels more and more what an immense silent work the Mission Schools are doing. One would like all the Christians with tongues and pens and purses to see and hear what I have seen and heard. Then Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe would no longer wish in vain for some University men as assistants, and for sufficient funds. . . . Many good people withhold the gifts they might give because in the present stage they cannot count out baptised converts."

During the annual festivals of certain gods the school is closed. Recognising that it is out of school that the most valuable lessons can be taught, the Principal has proposed, as a counter-attraction to these festivals, expeditions to the Wular Lake. A few years ago the proposal was met with a dead, discouraging silence, and even the handful who were coaxed into accepting the invitation backed out of the trip, daunted by its possible dangers, at the last moment. Nowadays, however, so many want to go, that only the most satisfactory boys and most promising oarsmen have a chance of being taken. Board and lodging under canvas are supplied on condition that the boys will work; and when they must pull hard at the oar hour after hour to get in before nightfall, they have no time to think of the ignominy of hanji's work and the terrors of twilight demons. Nor do they find their footing on the mountain-tops disputed by any supernatural powers. So they enjoy a holiday invigorating to



From a photo by Mr. Shorter.]

PUNDIT OARSMEN : THE FIRST SCHOOL FOUR AND THE "FANNY."

[Facing p. 259.]

both mind and body; and the Principal finds these trips "most helpful in breaking down the terrible barrier which divides the native from the sahib."

Eastertide coincided with the Hindu New Year in 1896, and from April 8th to 18th a party of fifty enjoyed an early and lovely spring on the Wular Lake, which is about the size of the Lake of Galilee.

Irene's lively chronicle of the expedition, called *An Eastertide Holiday in Kashmir*, begins by enumerating its *personnel*—the Padre and Mem Sahib with their two baby sons, Miss Barclay and herself, nine masters and the little Punjabi wife of one of them, about twenty boys, and servants, including "the head boatman, whose beard is dyed red in honour of Mohammed, and the pundits' cook, a holy Brahman, whose ideas of neatness and punctuality would not commend him to unholy Westerns."

The slow houseboat starts a day in advance; then one day's hard rowing brings the twelve-oared cutter *Fanny*, the pair-oared *Blanche*, and other smaller craft to the camping place at Zurimanz, a green hollow where a tiny mountain stream trickles out into the lake, and the white- and pink-robed branches of the fruit-trees wave over brown huts clustering together on its edge, gay with countless blossoms of the iris, just bursting their sheaths. "The surrounding mountain views suggest the Bay of Uri on the Lake of Lucerne," says Irene, whom we find now sketching, now taking an oar, now giving a Bible lesson to the boys.

"It is charming to see them all so happy; it is good to look at the Padre Sahib among his boys and to recognise in many of them the results of his training. We hope this time of coming apart from all their old surroundings may be a help to them. The air is grand, and the sound of the waves breaking on the shore makes one think of the sea. Bible lessons and quiet talks in little groups round the bonfire

or alone with the Padre Sahib come home to them as they could not do in the city, and their hearty and intelligent singing of hymns to the 'baby organ' is a delight to listen to."

Heavy rain during three nights and two days brings out the best side of the Kashmiri character—a contentment that makes light of hardships: nothing seems to damp the spirits of the whole party; the more it rains, the louder the boys sing and laugh in their soaking tents.

Some adventures add zest to the trip. One day the Padre Sahib and a party of twenty-eight, with the *Fanny* and another boat, accomplish the unprecedented feat of travelling to Baramula and back between 6.45 a.m. and 8 p.m., sixty miles in all, and the boys, many of whom have never been so far from home before, feel quite like heroes at the great journey they have made.

Another day they cross the lake to Bandipur. Their co-religionists there refuse to give or sell them any food, and as they cannot touch food prepared by those of another religion, they have to return hungry, realising that the law-givers of Hinduism could never have travelled. While they are recrossing the lake a storm comes on, and the *Blanche* has to lay to, and wait for the *Fanny* to rescue her crew and take her in tow. One boy says, "I am not afraid of being drowned myself, but I have a little brother, and he will be so sorry if I go down." The three women left at Zurimanz—

Looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown.

It is very late and dark when at last they hear shouts and oars plashing, and run down with lanterns to welcome the party, whom the villagers put up in their mosque, as the tents are soaking. A rumour reaches Srinagar that they have

all been drowned in the storm, and at the request of Captain Trench, the Governor of Kashmir telegraphs inquiries. A weeping and excited crowd gather in the capital, to be pacified by this telegram from the post-office official at Sopur: "Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe and all his pundits are standing beside me now."

The fears thus roused seem to add warmth to their welcome when their little procession enters Srinagar on April 18th. *An Eastertide Holiday in Kashmir* concludes thus: "It is a thrilling experience to see the crowds on bridges and ghats, and to hear the pleased expressions of welcome from those within speaking distance. On the outgoing journey the State School boys had jeered at the Mission boatloads for doing hanji's work; we decide to return the jeers with cheers coming back. As we pass under the fifth bridge we see that that whole State School has turned out to watch, and hundreds of turbaned heads are clustered thickly on the bank, tier above tier. The *Fanny* comes opposite, a halt is called, and with a 'one—two—three—four!' the rowers rise to give a salute of oars and three ringing cheers, which are warmly echoed back from the bank. Beyond the third bridge another halt is called, and all adjourn to the Central School, where the Padre Sahib addresses the boys, commends their good conduct, and reminds them of the thankfulness we should feel to the Father Who has kept us in safety. All sing 'O worship the King' and join in prayer. Then comes a pleasant impromptu speech of thanks to the Padre, and three cheers for him and the ladies. Finally, we halt at the Sheikh Bagh, the joyful singing of the boys' favourite hymns to the plash of oars ceases, and we disperse to take up each our own work again, feeling enriched and strengthened by our happy time of rest apart with Nature and with the Lord of Nature."

Henceforth the school took a more and more prominent

place in Irene's life, and she describes her mornings there as the most interesting in the whole week. She taught, as we have seen, in the Habba Kadal School, early in 1896. She thus describes teaching, later in the year, at the Renawari School: "I have the pleasure at present of taking a little share in the school work, and very delightful pupils these intelligent boys are. From one school in a distant suburb on the Dal Lake the school boat comes to meet me, manned by over a dozen pundits, who, after saluting with their oars, row the teacher swiftly, among the willows and bulrushes and lotus, to the school, where seventy or eighty boys are gathered for the Bible lesson, at which they answer well." When deep snow made the expedition to the Renawari School impossible, she taught in the Amira Kadal School. She says: "I am going through the Book of Daniel, a very interesting subject, one's point of view with Hindu boys, who are all students of Persian, being strangely different from what it would be in an English class. More advanced Scripture teaching with smaller senior classes follows, and here a knowledge of the Gospel narratives is shown that would shame many English children. Finally, there is an English lesson, which has its comic side as regards pronunciation."

Her pupils wrote out and sent in to her for correction the texts they learned. She received every week from fifty to a hundred of these, some illustrated and illuminated after the gaudy and elaborate Kashmiri fashion. Mrs. Grimke had kindly sent a number of her well-known polyglot Scripture cards, which were given to successful scribes as rewards. A pupil who wrote out his text particularly well was one of two brothers, sons of a monarch claiming descent from Alexander the Great, whose stronghold had been stormed by Colonel Durand in the Hunza Nagar expedition of 1891, and who was now detained in Hari Parbat Fort as a prisoner of state. Mr. Tyndale Biscoe relates how his eldest son was brought to

the school by the Assistant Resident in November, 1895, adding : "I hope he may stay long enough with us to receive the full benefit of a Christian education, so that when he becomes ruler his subjects may benefit by his enlightenment."

Sir Lepel Griffin says that the Kashmiri pundits stand second in astuteness and versatility to the Mahratta Brahmans of Western India only, which quite explains Irene's enjoyment of them as pupils.

On March 1st, 1897, the longest shikari on the Jhelum was launched. It had been built for the Central School under the Principal's direction, and purchased out of the proceeds of two of Irene's sketches, one a commission from a Canadian lady, who had seen some of her work in Montreal, the other bought by Mr. Geoffroy Millais. So almost daily thirty-five pundits might be seen paddling the *Irene* up and down the river, with Kashmiri chappars, to the amazement of both Europeans and natives. May the spectators some day include the subaltern quoted at the beginning of this chapter ! She gave the school a second boat shortly after, out of proceeds of a second picture bought by Mr. Millais and another bought by some residents as a wedding gift to the Accountant-General's daughter. Two more sketches were ordered by an American sportsman passing through Srinagar, and again the school coffers profited. But more and more the demand exceeded the supply that her scanty leisure could produce.

We catch a last glimpse of Irene with the boys out of school hours in May, 1897. "The Renawari School took Miss Howatson and me in their shikari across the lake to the Nishat Bagh, where the lilacs in masses are a great sight. They are favourite flowers here, and one sees bunches of them in the poorest shops and houses, as well as sprays tucked into the boys' turbans. We made tea, and I bought some Hindu sweets for the boys, who were most polite cavaliers."

Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, who in his annual letter to headquarters speaks of Miss Petrie as "a very great acquisition," pictures her influence among his boys as splendid, and says the mere carrying of her sketching materials on such expeditions was an education to them. In his 1898 report he recounts "some of the labour lovingly given by her in connexion with the schools," saying: "She filled a great want in teaching Scripture, and the boys much appreciated her visits. . . . Whenever she could find a spare hour she devoted it to painting, for which she had a great gift, and sold her paintings for the good of the school funds. . . . But above all her special gifts for painting and teaching was her personality, ever bright and cheery. No matter what her state of health, or weariness of brain or body in her work, she was ever the same, ever a beam of sunlight and brightness which never seemed dimmed, because she lived and worked not for herself but for her Saviour and for those to whom He had sent her."

The attractive power of the "personality" spoken of here had struck a London acquaintance, who, after meeting her again in 1895, wrote: "Dear, sweet, beautiful creature! I thought when I saw her that merely to look at her was enough to convert a heathen. There was a look of exquisite purity and refinement such as only Christianity can produce."

So little idea had she herself of any capacity for work among the boys of Kashmir, that when mentioning the C.E.Z.M.S. reinforcements she had playfully lamented thus: "It does seem a pity that some of us cannot be turned into efficient men, to be twice as useful as a pack of women."

But remembering the deep-rooted contempt of the Hindus for the weaker sex, and the inordinate value they set on intellectual attainment, one can easily imagine that the "Niki Mem," with her beaming face, her sweet voice, her culture, her trained skill in teaching, her independence, and her gentle dignity, all

illuminated by her faith in Christ, must have inspired the Kashmiri pundits with a new ideal of womanhood, must have impressed them once for all with the conviction that Christianity is no mere system of dogma alien to themselves, but the sole power adequate to the task of regenerating their nation.

CHAPTER XII

THIRD WINTER IN SRINAGAR

(SEPTEMBER, 1896, TO JULY, 1897)

Hodie mihi, cras Tibi.

A VISIT from their diocesan, which marks an epoch in the Kashmir Mission, most happily inaugurated the winter's work of the little band reassembled at Srinagar in September, 1896.

During the early days of C.M.S. work there young Englishmen used to go to Kashmir with the undisguised intention of escaping from the restraints, none too strict, of ordinary Anglo-Indian life; and the only sign that the sahib lóg had any religion was a gong summoning Europeans once a week to service in a summer-house, formerly used as a dancing-hall. Writing from Srinagar in July, 1871, Bishop French says: "British Christianity never shows itself in more fearfully dark and revolting aspect than in these parts. People seem to come here purposed to covenant themselves to all sensuality, and to leave what force of morality they have behind them in India." The upper room on the Sheikh Bagh that then served as a place of worship was so ill-appointed that the Bishop had to send for his own camp-table when he administered the Holy Communion there.¹ The fierce opposition aroused by his attempt to evangelise the Kashmiris has been described already in Chapter VI.

¹ Life, vol. i, ch. xii.



Exemplar
From a photo by Mr. George Tyndale-Biscoe.]

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH AND THE C.M.S. HOSPITAL.

[Facing p. 267

Even in 1883 Mr. Clark speaks of Srinagar as the one place where English Christians were actually prohibited from building a church, so bigoted was Runbir Singh. The present Maharaja, however, permitted the erection of a humble wooden structure on the Munshi Bagh, in the compound of the senior C.M.S. missionary, who acts as honorary chaplain, except for the few weeks of spring when a chaplain arrives with the throng of English visitors, moving on later to Gulmarg with them. The Urdu service for native Christians was, as we have seen, held in the waiting-room of the hospital.

Exactly twenty-five years after Bishop French penned the sentence just quoted, his successor, Bishop Matthew, came to Kashmir to consecrate three churches: a church at Gulmarg, All Saints' Church on the Munshi Bagh for the Anglo-Indians, and St. Luke's Church on Rustum Gari for the natives (see p. 116). All three were on ground ceded by the Maharaja to the British Government, and Mr. Nethersole, State Engineer to the Kashmir Durbar, was architect of the two in Srinagar. The story of the erection of St. Luke's suggests a parable. The walls first raised collapsed, and they discovered that the ground was undermined with Mohammedan tombs; so they set the foundations anew upon a solid rock, and now no building in Kashmir stands more secure. It is a cruciform structure of red brick, with a vaulted roof, ceilings of pretty Kashmir parquetry, lancet windows glazed in geometrical patterns, a gracefully proportioned apsidal chancel, and a carved screen across the nave beyond which non-Christians are seated. "A most lovely church, pinkish red inside, like Exeter Cathedral," is Irene's description. It accommodates two hundred, and cost about £500, less than many a luxurious congregation at home spends on a new organ or a new scheme of lighting that is not really necessary. In the main it was built out of the fees received by the Drs. Neve from their wealthier patients; and the furniture and

fittings of this, the first Christian church in Kashmir, were likewise almost all freewill offerings of or through those who had already given themselves to God for the evangelisation of that land. Miss Hull gave the font, Miss Pryce-Browne the ewer, Miss Coverdale the lectern. The chancel rails were a gift from one of Irene's friends in Philadelphia, who wrote to her that "they had already flashed their blessing across the seas to America"; the reading-desk was a gift from the Penshurst Gleaners (see p. 210); the Holy Table represented the proceeds of a lecture on Kashmir delivered in Montreal at Irene's instigation,—nearly all these things, given by dwellers in three different continents, were of native work in finely carved cedar and walnut wood. Irene's own characteristic offering, purchased out of the proceeds of sketches of Kashmir sold in India, Great Britain, and Canada, was the organ, of solid polished oak with a full and sweet tone. She secured the kind interest of Mr. Henry Bird in choosing and despatching it from London, and lent it for the summer to All Saints' Church, which had been opened on May 3rd.

The Bishop of Lahore arrived on September 10th with his chaplain, the Rev. Edmund Wigram, son of the late Honorary Secretary of the C.M.S. Other visitors for the occasion were Colonel Broadbent, C.B., with his wife and daughter, staying at the C.E.Z. House; and the Rev. Cecil Barton (C.M.S., Multan), staying at Holton Cottage. Miss Broadbent became Mrs. Cecil Barton in October, 1896; and in November, 1899, Mr. Barton was transferred from the Punjab to Srinagar.

Early on September 12th Irene and Miss Howatson were decorating St. Luke's with flowers. Irene thus describes its dedication: "All the Indian and Kashmiri Christians came, and a large number of the English inhabitants, headed by the Resident, Sir Adelbert Talbot. The choir was led by some of our party, and Dr. E. Neve played the organ. Dr. A. Neve received the Bishop and six clergy, who came to

the west, or rather east door, as the church is *occidented*, and presented the petition for the dedication of St. Luke's, which was read in Urdu. The Bishop went separately to the font, the lectern, the place of weddings, the place of confirmations, and the Holy Table, praying for a blessing on each. After the ante-Communion Service he preached a fine sermon in English, which Mr. Wigram rendered into Urdu for the native half of the congregation. The Communion Service in Urdu followed, and it was touching to see aged Qadir Bakhsh coming forward, supported by his son. The dear Bishop, who walked part of the way back with me, said he had never enjoyed such a service more. He is delighted with everything in both churches."

Henceforth service has taken place daily in St. Luke's; and from that lofty site its spire witnesses to Christianity throughout Srinagar. "We hope," says Irene, "it may be to future generations what St. Martin's at Canterbury is to England, when Kashmir has indeed become a 'Happy Valley,' which, alas! it is very far from being at present."

The *fête* for the building fund and organ of All Saints' in May had been *the* event of the Kashmir season. Irene had lent sketches to its exhibition, contributed largely to its concerts, and helped to sell at its stalls. This church was consecrated on Sunday, September 13th. "We have had a most beautiful Consecration," she writes. "May Pryce-Browne and I have been agreeing that we were never at a more personally helpful service. We were a choir of sixteen, and there was a congregation of about two hundred. The Resident read the petition for its consecration. The offertory sentence was 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord' from *Elijah*, taken as a quartette: soprano, I.E.V.P.; alto, Mrs. G. A. Ford; tenor, Mr. Barton; bass, Dr. E. Neve. There was a choral Communion, the choir being all communicants themselves, as well as a large part of the congregation; it was

quietly and reverently done, and so delightful . . . The evening service was even heartier than that in the morning ; many said it was like a home church service. The clever bandmaster, who is organist now, and plays up to a first-rate professional standard, said it was the best service he had ever heard in India. Yet it was certainly no mere performance, but a congregation all praising God together, as in St. Mary Abbots. For anthem we had my most dearly beloved air and words from *St. Paul*,—

O Thou, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,

as a quartette, taken by the four singers of the morning." At the special request of the chaplain, the Rev. G. A. Ford, Irene and Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe sang some oratorio solos on the following Tuesday, at a further service attended by many not usually church-goers.

The Bishop also gave the prizes in the School ; visited the Hospital, and described it as a model of what a mission hospital should be ; consecrated the English cemetery, and held two confirmations—one at All Saints', where the candidates included two daughters of a Unitarian who had been under the influence of the C.M.S. missionaries ; and one in St. Luke's, where eleven candidates, representing seven nationalities, professed their faith. Having thus "confirmed the souls of the disciples, and exhorted them to continue in the faith," that "real father in God to all under his jurisdiction" went on his way ; and two years later, on December 2nd, 1898, after an episcopate of nearly eleven years, he was suddenly called home. He had preached with all his usual power on the evening of Advent Sunday about the Church's duty to proclaim the witness of Christ's Kingdom to the world, exhorting his hearers to be ready, should the summons come that night, to answer gladly, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

These were the very last words of his ministry and almost of his life, for before he could pronounce the benediction at the close of the service he was smitten with paralysis, which proved almost immediately fatal.

The above episode has again introduced the British residents at an Indian station. Their relation at Srinagar to Irene and her fellow-missionaries may be dealt with further here, the narrative being both a contrast and a complement to that in Chapter V.

At home even the least benevolent of the well-to-do are brought into some kind of friendly contact with lives less prosperous than their own, and do something for their humbler neighbours, if only through taking a Sunday school class. But in India great barriers of race, creed, and language rise between the sahib lóg and those who serve them; and the missionaries, belonging to the former class and living in India for the sake of the latter, appear to be the only people capable of breaking this barrier down. The state of affairs in Lahore showed us how little actual intercourse and mutual understanding there may be between busy missionaries living in the native quarter and even religiously disposed Anglo-Indians in the European quarter. Not in India only, but among the darker races generally, the average Briton probably hardly realises how much has been done by the missionary in opening up a country where he finds his work and income, or how much is being done by the missionary in preserving law and order within its borders. And the missionary hardly realises what keen critics he has in his own compatriots; how much "saving common sense" in ordinary affairs of life, as well as devotion to his work, may enable him to influence them for good. There is often help that he would gladly receive from the station folk, who would in their turn find that the givers of such help are even more blessed than the receiver.

A letter from the wife of an Englishman holding an important State appointment at Srinagar, who is herself very nearly related to a well-known Indian general and to a well-known Indian statesman, speaks thus of the relation between the station and missionary communities there: "I know and can fully sympathise with the deep interest which you feel in this subject, which bears so closely upon the life of your gifted and beloved sister. I have been in various stations in India which were centres of missionary work, and have seldom seen the same spirit of friendship and co-operation as exists in Kashmir between the workers and the ordinary English community. To me it seems a pity that the two parties should not always be 'in touch,' as both would benefit by freer intercourse, and more influence would be brought to bear on the work done by the missionaries. . . . That we are more fortunate in this respect in Kashmir is, in my private opinion, due to the personality of the missionaries themselves, most of whom are men and women of culture and good social position, and endowed with gifts and qualities which win not only admiration but also friendship and support. Foremost among them was your sister, and it was with much pleasure that I heard of the endeavour to raise a fund to her memory, which I hope will meet with due success."

The residents in Srinagar, who are to be distinguished from the great tide of visitors to Kashmir that sets in with spring and recedes again in autumn, consist of some fifty or sixty Europeans connected with the military and civil service, engineering, and commerce, varying much in character and in social position. Both with them and with the Eurasian community the missionaries cultivated friendship, enlisting the help of some of them for work that did not demand their own special training or knowledge of languages. There was the Resident, who always read the lessons in All Saints' Church, and whom the Maharaja had learned to trust and respect for his known

religious principles. There was the Assistant Resident, who had successfully intervened on behalf of the schools. There was the son of a late President of the Royal Academy, whose photographs have familiarised not only the scenery but the mission buildings in Kashmir to many. There was the lady artist, who was Irene's chief ally during the winter, in which she was the only zenana worker. These two last helped in so many ways that they seemed almost like members of the mission circle. There was the venerable Colonel, who, with the aid of Qadir Bakhsh, sometimes conducted a service for beggars. He delighted in Irene's Jacobite songs and well-informed talk about good Scottish families; she brought him heather from the Highlands in 1895, and he brought to show her his treasured heirloom, a sword that had belonged to Prince Charlie. Other unnamed station people there were of whom even the charitable Irene is driven to say: "The worst thing of all in Kashmir is the conduct of some of the English people who find their way to this remote place. It is grievous to hear how the inquiring and intelligent natives point to them as the stumbling-blocks in the way of their accepting Christianity. I wish they could be packed off to Antarctica, or other uninhabited regions where there are no poor puzzled non-Christians to be caused to stumble."

The residents received from as well as gave to the mission. Many attended the daily evening service held by the missionaries in January, 1896, during the Week of Universal Prayer, "several of whom seemed really to care." They mustered also in large numbers in the Library, the rendezvous of the fashionable world of Srinagar, to hear lectures by Dr. Neve, one on "Recent Progress in New Testament Criticism," one on "The Resurrection—A Fact," which attracted English who were not church-goers as well as educated natives, and the whole missionary party prayed that these lectures might bear fruit. Again, the ennui of the

winter 1894-95 was to be relieved by a series of concerts in the Library, and they came to the missionaries for really good music, Irene on one occasion taking part in eleven out of eighteen performances, either as vocalist, instrumentalist, or accompanist. Every resident practically was there, and they acknowledged this help by devoting half the proceeds to the C.M.S. Hospital, the other half going to the All Saints' Building Fund.

Outside the fashionable world were the small officials, some of them Eurasians, a class that won Irene's sympathy here as in Lahore. She observed that many of them sent their children to a Roman Catholic school at Murree, not because they were Roman Catholics, but because the education was good and cheap; also that some were too far off to attend the Sunday school already described in Chapter VIII. So in January, 1897, she started a second Sunday school at the house of one of the mothers of these children, and found English-speaking boys and girls "quite a holiday after zenana women."

Her Easter choir of telegraph clerks has been mentioned. These young men were often welcomed to Holton Cottage for pleasant evenings, to whose pleasantness Irene was always ready to contribute. It is amusing to see her on one day transposing Adam's "Cantique de Noël" into another key to suit the fine voice of the important British Resident at a great Oriental court elsewhere in India, and on another day improvising a piano accompaniment to the violin of a shy Eurasian clerk, who had left all his music "down country." Alcohol proves at least as insidious a temptation in India as it does here, and the missionaries realised that their friendliness had not been in vain when, after the midnight service on New Year's Eve, 1896, five of these clerks signed the pledge.

One of Irene's fellow-workers remarks that the comparative dearth of good music and intellectual interest in Srinagar must have been a real privation to one of her antecedents.

She writes herself: "I always have *The Weekly Times* from home, and Miss Hull and I enjoy it together. Then it goes to a nice little couple who are not well off, and greatly like a newspaper. I think we missionaries should try to keep *au courant* with what goes on in the rest of the world; in such a secluded vale as this we might get groovy." The quotation illustrates her retention of a fresh interest in many fields of thought and action which undoubtedly gave her there, as here, an attractiveness in general society not found in those who can talk and think only of their own particular enterprises. It also illustrates how she shared these interests with others. Absorbed as she was in her work, she still appreciated the recreative power of a good book that turned her thoughts into quite another channel. In a rare moment of leisure we find her feasting on *Aurora Leigh*, "which is splendid, so rich in new thoughts." *À propos* of a clever but cynical short novel of the day, taken up at another moment of leisure, she says: "There is so much misery of every kind in this bad old world that I always feel angry with the people who increase it by writing miserable books"; and on the other hand remarks that "amid the gossip and mischief-making of such an isolated station as Srinagar, the lives of my colleagues and books like Ian Maclaren's are a tonic." The many books sent her as gifts by home friends, added to the little stock she brought out, seem to have formed quite a circulating library among her English and native acquaintance.

She had always been quick at finding out and comforting those who, in the world's phrase, are "down in their luck," and courageous in taking by the hand those "under a cloud," and endeavouring to remove prejudice and misconstruction—a far harder work of charity than subscribing to the relief of the destitute. It is naturally impossible to give any instances of such fulfilments of the law of love in India; but sentences from letters written to her by Europeans of different nationalities

in two Indian cities may be quoted, one a case of trouble through wrongful accusation, the other a case of deep need :—

“How kind and sympathetic of you to have written such a sweet letter ! . . . Many, many sincere thanks for your help in prayer ; it is all in all to us just now, and we are most grateful to feel God has so blessed us with friends. . . . I have read your letter more than once, for it is most consoling.”

“Some time back you sent me a very comforting verse to think of from the Word of God. Will you please send me another message of peace and love. I do feel so thankful for the privilege of writing to you sometimes.”

The words of three of her fellow-missionaries will fitly conclude this subject :—

Miss Pryce-Browne says : “Irene had a wonderful influence on society in Srinagar, not by what she said but by what she was.”

Miss Phillips, whom we meet later, says : “Irene’s broad-minded outlook and delight in all that was good, and her wonderful power of attracting love, gave her a great influence over the whole community at Srinagar. Her tact and sympathy brought out all that was best in those she came into contact with, and made them think of themselves in a way that stimulated them to become their best selves. Upon merely worldly people she made a great impression, not by what she said, for she never thrust religion upon them ; but what she *was* compelled them to respect the principles she professed. No one else could fill the place she filled here.”

Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, at a public meeting in Kensington in January, 1899, spoke thus : “Perhaps Miss Petrie’s strongest point was the way in which she used her opportunities of intercourse with the Europeans. Everyone was obliged to allow that she was there wholly for the love of God. Artist and musician, and most accomplished, she was always well received, and won many to care for missionary work. It is not easy

to keep up such social intercourse when absorbed in that work, but one of her talents was being methodical. Looking only at the work she did among her own countrymen, one could never say her life had been thrown away."

A new trial to the much-tried Kashmir Mission followed quickly upon the bright incidents of the Bishop's visit. Since her arrival in India in 1895, Miss Pryce-Browne had been much out of health, and when she returned from a summer trip to the Toshmaidan worse rather than better, the doctors decided that she must go home, "a terrible disappointment to her, and a real sorrow to us," says Irene. "Though in India for less than a year, and constantly suffering, she has done some real and lasting work, and her influence has already been one for which many have cause to be thankful." For instance, there are among Irene's papers several letters from a driver of the Royal Horse Artillery acknowledging missionary magazines, etc. They tell how he was won to God through an address which Miss Pryce-Browne gave at a hill station in December, 1895, and show that he became leader of a little band of whole-hearted Christian soldiers in his battery, and was devoting all his leisure to Urdu, hoping for work among the natives later on. Her friendship with Miss Pryce-Browne had been a great help and happiness to Irene, and it was she who sorrowfully escorted the invalid to Baramula in October, 1896.

Of the three young colleagues who had rallied so hopefully round Miss Hull in April, 1896, one was invalided home within six months, one was laid aside again and again by illness, one had less than sixteen months yet to live. All had been medically passed and fully trained. Let the arm-chair critics who hint that the lives of missionaries are easy take such facts to heart; and let the supporters of missions at home realise the importance of sending out only the robust,

of making all possible provision for their health and comfort in the field, and of insisting that they get rest and change enough after their arduous toils in an exhausting climate. Missionaries are breaking down at undermanned stations; thousands of cities and villages are still unevangelised; the cry for more workers comes from all parts of the world. Of five hundred and forty-five who recently approached the C.M.S. with more or less articulate offers of service, only a hundred were accepted, of whom seventy-seven had first to be trained. And all experience suggests that of the twenty-three ready to go at once, some will soon be invalided home or die at their posts.

It is right to set up a high standard of qualification; and it is equally right to guard against all preventable waste of life and health in those sent forth. But great is the responsibility of others who hold back when they are qualified to go, for they cannot say, The work we might do there will be done as well, perhaps better, by someone else if we stay at home. There is indeed need to pray that in the day of God's power His people may offer themselves willingly (Ps. cx. 3). One may doubt, however, if Europeans can ever win India or any other heathen land as a whole. Their work is rather to win its future evangelists from among their countrymen, and as Bishop Selwyn used to say, "The white corks are only to float the black nets." Lastly, that there is at work a Divine Power that "can save by few" is demonstrated by comparing missionary resources with missionary achievements. When Gideon, at the head of 32,000 men, met the multitudes of the children of the East, "innumerable as locusts," at least 135,000 in number, he was making no common venture of faith. But less than one in a hundred of his warriors stood the test imposed on them, and starting with one to four, he was not given the victory till he had one to four hundred and fifty of the enemy.

That history contains a most instructive allegory of present-day missionary enterprise.

On November 7th, as Miss Coverdale was now better and able to rejoin Miss Hull, Irene returned to Holton Cottage. "Both abodes and work seem to shift and change," she writes, "and one readapts oneself without much loss of time." This, however, was to be her last move. Her routine of work was now as follows: An early morning lesson in Kashmiri with the munshi; on five days in the week morning and afternoon rounds in the zenanas, till three of her mornings were claimed by the schools; on Saturday, study, correspondence, and choir practice. Her Sunday was very full, including early Communion and morning service at All Saints', either as organist or in the choir; morning and afternoon service at St. Luke's, as organist always at one, and after March at both; Sunday school for European children after morning service; visits to native Christian women; and Bible classes for her own servants and for the Holton Cottage household.

The following dated glimpses into the zenana work of that last winter well illustrate one comment in an article on Irene's career, entitled *A Heroine of the Cross*, by Blanche Macdonell¹: "Hers was a patient, persistent enthusiasm, unwearyed by disappointment, undeterred by drudgery":—

August 22nd, 1896: "I have got back to work at once, which is always delightful. The pupils are so sweet and nice, and so pleased to see me. One old Kashmiri body hugged me, and said her liver had been longing for me."

October 30th: "In most instances the appearance of the Bible is the signal for a hush all round, and the mistress herself resolutely checks interruption; sometimes "because the Miss Sahib is reading," but sometimes—which one prefers to hear—"because the Miss Sahib is reading the Holy Book."

¹ In *The New York Churchman* for June 11th, 1898.

November (to the College by Post): "For almost uninterrupted opportunity for work, and many helps by the way since 1896 began, there is great cause for thankfulness, though there may not be much of excitement or romance to relate. . . . There is ever-growing interest in knowing and loving the pupils better, and watching a growing love in them for what we have come to tell them. . . . Occasionally indifference proves worse than opposition; but sometimes one has the happiness of watching it changing to interest. In one house the sowing once seemed to be by the wayside, and among thorns, for the young girls almost hailed the distractions caused by barking dogs, crowing cocks, roaring babies, and shouting mothers. Now these same girls are models of reverence and attention, they coax the poor wee babies into quietness, and begin to remember and understand what they hear in their lessons. . . . There is indeed a rich field of work in Kashmir and the lands near, and our small mission party can do but a little. I suggested lately to a pupil leaving Srinagar that there might be a lady where she was going who would help her to continue learning. 'It is a little village,' she replied; 'what Miss Sahib would have time to come and teach us?'"

Annual letter to C.M.S. Headquarters, January, 1897: "The total number of pupils, not all under instruction simultaneously, has been about sixty. . . . Both Urdu and Hindi are studied, and in some houses conversation has to be entirely in Kashmiri. . . . In addition to school work and a certain amount of miscellaneous teaching, I have been able to pay over six hundred zenana visits, when a Bible lesson has been given, during 1896. . . . One is more and more glad to be in this needy place, though we look increasingly to the help of those who cannot be here themselves in intercession for more of the life- and love-giving power of the Holy Spirit."

Press of work from day to day can have left little time for preparing all these lessons; but every hour of patient Bible

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study in former days had its reward now, as Irene brought forth out of the good treasure of her heart good things accumulated there almost from childhood. Many minute notebooks, some filled with memoranda concerning the circumstances of all her pupils, Asiatic, European, and Eurasian, some with skeleton lessons carefully grouped, show that her work was as methodical as it was rapid and ardent.

She had learned to walk on the sunny side, and it is only now and then that one gets a glimpse of discouragement and difficulties. One day in January, 1897, we find her adjourning with an eager set of pupils to the courtyard, because their men relatives were too churlish to make room for the Bible lesson. "Snow was falling heavily, but," says Irene, "if they did not mind, poor things! in their cotton rags, it was not for me to mind in my nice warm furs."

Less cheerfully she writes later on: "One learns to expect nothing from Orientals"; and in June, 1897: "One does long that their languages could be more easily read. Even a diligent pupil after two years of weekly teaching would hardly ever be able to read the Gospels. One envies the simplicity of the North American syllabic system, or of the Roman character used in Uganda. . . . There seems to be an unsatisfactory amount of waste labour somewhere. . . . I don't see any way out of the present groove as yet, but am far from sure that endless zenana teaching on the system we have to follow here is the most excellent way." And again: "Another woman whom I had met and given a Gospel to long ago asked me to come, and I found an unusual and gratifying state of things. She could not only read, but she had read the Gospel, and had a very fair idea of its contents and meaning. She had learned to read in a Government school at Sialkot; and it is delightful to think that our time together can consequently be spent on real Bible study, instead of so much being swallowed up in the endless

and sometimes apparently hopeless grind at alphabet and syllables."

Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe writes: "Irene toiled away so patiently and bravely, but it was often very discouraging and uphill work; the hardness of the women and their utter incapacity to grasp or even to listen to the Gospel story were very trying at times to dear Irene. One was sometimes tempted to think she was lost on Kashmir; yet no work for the Lord is in vain, and her call to glory may be His way for her to glorify Him. It was indeed a laying all at the Master's feet when she came here."

The onlooker rather than the combatant can foresee the issue of such a scattered and prolonged warfare as this. Here, for instance, are some significant words from an article recently written by a Mohammedan in India, in which sullen hostility gives place to passionate and almost panic-stricken denunciation of missionaries generally, and zenana missionaries particularly: "The missionaries who pour like a flood into this country are striking deadly blows at the root of our faith. . . . If we let them work unmolested, if we allow English women to undermine our faith, in a few years (if, indeed, one Mussulman remain in India) our knees will be feeble, our heart faint, our religion gone."

On her return in 1895 Irene had resumed her Bible class for Christian women, but some of her pupils had left Srinagar, and the small flock of native Christians had become still smaller because some had been drawn into another fold. She writes: "The Roman Catholics did some sheep-stealing recently, and got a ward assistant at the Hospital, a very ignorant old Christian, and his boys, little more than infants." Mr. Knowles's account in his annual letter to headquarters says that the man was bringing so much reproach on the Name of Christ by his laziness and constant

grumbling about the smallness of his wages that he was told to go, and went to the Roman priests, who housed him and made him very happy for a while by giving him nearly twice the pay he had with the C.M.S. missionaries. In June, 1896, having tired of the priests, he returned to Hospital employment. The incident, which has many parallels in India and elsewhere, illustrates that Roman preference for fields already worked by other Christian missionaries which compelled the gentle and large-hearted Bishop Matthew to say in his first Charge: "I deem it my duty to protest against this marauding policy, this wanton aggravation of bitterness and of those divisions which we deplore." It forcibly contrasts with the policy of our own Church in seeking out all over the world the wholly unevangelised.

In November, 1896, Irene passed her Christian class on to Miss Coverdale, whose still precarious health made city visiting undesirable for her. "It was very sad," she writes, "to say good-bye to the class, but one's hands were filled with other work, and many new pupils were asking for visits." She still had some native Christians on her list. There is, for instance, a most grateful letter in Urdu, signed "Your Christian sister," from one living remote from any missionary, to whom she seems to have found time to write letters and send magazines.

Just before Christmas she had what was almost her only experience of village itineration. About twelve miles from Srinagar lies Yetchgam. The fact that this means "bad village" and is a corruption of its original name Atchchagam, or "good village," suggests an unattractive degeneracy in the place; but its recent history is encouraging enough to be traced out, as typical of a kind of work that should not be altogether omitted in the story of Kashmir. There, as throughout India, a very large proportion of the people live in villages. In August, 1889, two fully qualified medical women, Dr. Butler, and Miss

Werthmüller, of Peshawar, whom we shall meet again, with Miss Hull and Miss Edgley, of Clarkabad, a fourth C.E.Z. lady, came to Yetchgam. The doctors operated successfully on the wife of the lumbardar—that is, the hereditary tax-gatherer, the headman of the village, on whose character and influence its prosperity largely depends. They relieved many other suffering women, preached, and left Gospels with those who could read. “Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening, that is God’s plan for us,” said Dr. Butler, as they turned homeward from an arduous fortnight’s work in this and other villages; and within seven weeks her own evening fell suddenly, as we have told in Chapter VI. But the seed had not been sown in vain. The lumbardar’s son read their books diligently.

Five years after, in November, 1894, Miss Hull went by invitation to Yetchgam with Irene, who says: “We rode through the now dry rice fields, where the last of the crop was being threshed in primitive fashion, then across one of the flat chalk tablelands a few hundred feet above the valley, then down to the hollow with its pretty brook and grove of grand crimson chenars, under which the tumbledown houses were clustered. We had lunch in the lumbardar’s garden; the feast began with fruit and nuts, then toffee and sweets, then curried mutton, lastly chapatis, honey, custard pudding, and tea. The family and their friends assembled on all sides to see the lions fed. Then Miss Hull and I sang bhajans to the guitar, and she spoke on the story of Zacchæus in Kashmiri. Medicines and presents were distributed, and we went on to another house, where over thirty (not counting babies) gathered and listened with rapt attention to the story of the Prodigal Son. We rode home by moonlight.”

In December, 1895, as Irene was leaving the house of the Chief Justice’s wife, she found the son of the lumbardar of Yetchgam waiting for her at the ghat, to secure, if possible,

through her pupil, judgment in his favour in a case trumped up against him. Miss Hull explains the matter in *India's Women*. An influential mauvi had visited the village, and the people took the opportunity to lodge a complaint against the young man on account of non-attendance at the mosque and reading pernicious—that is, Christian—books given him in 1889. A great disturbance ensued, and he was threatened with excommunication. He replied: "God has given me understanding, which I must use in search of truth; and if that be denied me here, I will save you the trouble of turning me out, I shall go myself. But the more you persecute me, the more my conviction of Christianity grows." In February, 1896, after the case had been pending six months, decision was given in his favour.

On December 14th and 15th, 1896, Miss Hull and Irene spent "two delightful days" at Yetchgam, finding "the people so simple and so eager to hear the Gospel." Miss Hull thus describes the visit: "Dear Irene Petrie and I visited a village, where the lumbardar, one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew, had started a school, managed by his daughter, in their own house. All the chief men in the village assembled in its largest room to see Dr. Neve's lantern, which Irene worked, while I explained the pictures of our Lord's life. At that of the Crucifixion absolute silence fell on the room, and we left them to their thoughts. The Resurrection and Ascension followed. Then the lumbardar rose and said: 'Truly we do love Him. It is our one thought and hope that He may come again.' A few months after this open profession of his faith he died."

In Srinagar on Christmas Day the largest number of communicants ever gathered at a native service there knelt at the Holy Table in St. Luke's. "The message of Christmas seems so much richer and more wonderful every year, as expressing the central truth, especially when one has been

trying to give it to the pupils here," writes Irene. ". . . On December 29th the whole British community, with hardly an exception, accepted Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe's invitation to a carol concert. . . . Mr. Millais lent his American organ, and the old English church, an unconsecrated building, was decorated with crimson hangings, mistletoe, and pine and ivy, and the text, 'Good tidings of great joy to all people.' Every seat was filled, and the audience were asked to refrain from applause as the concert was sacred. About seventy were present, and the concert was repeated for some fifty English-speaking native gentlemen." Irene's share in the music was a large one.

So she entered on the last seven months of her life; and none of the friends in England had her more in their hearts than two who thus worded their wishes for 1897: "I earnestly hope it will be your best year, my dearest Irene." "May the new year of your life be to you one of increasing knowledge of the power of Christ's Resurrection." Truly fulfilled were both wishes.

From the day she began Urdu at The Willows Irene had been labouring without intermission at three languages. An Indian missionary who has passed the first examination in Urdu has a choice between a further examination in Urdu or one in the language of his own district. Irene having passed in Urdu in 1895, accordingly presented herself in 1897 for examination in Kashmiri, a tongue in which two Europeans had hitherto been examined, some half-dozen only having learned it. The language is difficult and uncertain in itself, and there are hardly any books to help the student. Nor is it easy to express oneself colloquially with the limited vocabulary of the uneducated, for whom the more accurate terms borrowed from Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic by the translators of the Bible into Kashmiri would be unintelligible.

In the first months of 1897 she worked for four or five

hours daily with a munshi whose circumstances were characteristic of modern India. His father, a Brahman of the highest caste, forbade him to go to the C.M.S. School, and when he went notwithstanding, burned his books and expelled him from home for six months, avowing his fear that he would become a Christian. Later on he withdrew the prohibition on the ground that the English might rule Kashmir entirely some day; but he pressed his son to read the Ramayana instead of the Bible. When, however, the Bible was read aloud to him, he admitted that it was very beautiful, and in spite of himself it seemed to influence the old man's life. Seeing his son with *Daily Light* (Irene's gift), he begged him to lay it aside, "for perhaps this book will convince you of the truth of Christianity"; but once more he listened, and admitted that it was good. How deeply the young man was influenced was shown one day when he said quite simply: "I thank God and Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe that I have been able to give up lying entirely." He was, however, an affectionate and dutiful son, and open profession of Christianity must have meant for him death to his family.

Miss Newnham and Irene went up together for examination on March 30th and 31st. "It was rather a struggle," says the latter, "and I felt strangely stupid over some of the papers. I see the force of Dr. E. Neve's prescription of fifteen years to get a hold upon Kashmiri." Dr. A. Neve and Mr. Knowles were the examiners, and once more she came out with honours marks, gaining most over conversation. "It is a comfort to have done with the examination," she writes, "but I have no means done with Kashmiri study, and mean to 'munshi' again."

She was also making considerable progress in Hindi. "One lady," she wrote of her zenana pupils, "wanted me to teach her Persian and Pushtu, another Gurumaki, another laments that I cannot speak Bengali, so one often feels small."

Dr. A. Neve wrote a few months later: "You probably know how brilliantly she passed her Kashmiri examination. Her examiners rejoiced in the thought that these linguistic powers would open to her the hearts of hundreds of women in the dark city of Srinagar."

The very day after the examination, and amid all her usual work, she wrote for the mail of April 3rd the Letter to School-girls inserted at the end of this chapter. The request for it from the Headquarters of the C.M.S. had expressed a hope that when she came home on furlough she might be able to give special help "in interesting bright, keen girls at our best schools." They also asked for an illustrated article for *The Gleaner*, which was never written.

A few days' absence with Miss Pryce-Browne in October had been the only break in nearly eight months' work, and the examination had left her weary and troubled with an obstinate cough. So she was quite ready for the annual school outing to the Wular Lake, April 9th to 23rd, which proved pleasanter than any of their trips hitherto. Mr. and Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe took forty-two boys, and all went well. "Even I," writes Irene on April 15th, "am not ambitious nowadays about getting a certain amount done, and so many expeditions fitted in. I am just lazing for a while, and already feel a different creature. One comes to a point at which it seems impossible to go on giving out and teaching without a little pause for taking breath and getting change of thought." Dr. Andrew Murray's *Jesus Himself* was her companion on this holiday, and she took with her "Biscuit," a horse she had just purchased, which new possession enabled her to see more of the "Happy Valley" in the next three months than she had seen in all the preceding three years. On Easter Day Jusuf, the Ladaki, the only Asiatic Christian in the camp, made the fourth communicant. In the afternoon Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe held his pundits' Bible class, and Irene looked up some

of the women in the village. None could read, but she had an audience of over forty for a Bible talk and the *Heart Book*. They were very friendly, but woefully ignorant. "How well I remember," writes Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe, "Irene singing—

On the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again

(Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 499) at our last quiet Easter Service in the tent at Zurimanz. It was such a lovely Easter, and we were all so happy!"

Refreshed by the clear mountain air and by Nature at her loveliest, Irene returned to work harder than ever for ten more weeks.

Two incidents stand out, of both of which she writes buoyantly. On June 9th she was one of a party of six men and three ladies, "six of whom had attended St. Mary Abbots, and six of whom had ascended Ben Lomond," that climbed "the Rigi of Kashmir," a peak which Irene had longed almost daily to scale for three years. A thousand feet was accomplished on horseback, the remaining four thousand feet on foot, the whole expedition lasting sixteen hours.

Then came the Diamond Jubilee celebrations, and her full and animated descriptions show that no one entered into them more than she did. These few sentences from her letters must suffice here:—

"A book given me at the New Year, called *The Queen's Resolve*, has been well worked in the zenanas, and also at the school. When the picture of the Malika Qaisar-i-Hind appeared, all the boys quite spontaneously made a deep salaam, and some wanted to start for England in order to see her for themselves.

"The festivities included a School regatta, at which the Resident and the rest of the sahib lóg attended, and the performers, over a hundred in number, appeared in really

clean things; a review, at which the Maharaja's troops looked very soldierly, though not gorgeous, in khaki; a *fête* in the Residency Gardens; and a great durbar, a very gay and interesting sight, at which the Maharaja entertained all the sahib lóg, including the missionaries. At the military sports in the afternoon of Jubilee Day a telegram was handed to the Resident, who showed it to us at once. It was the dear Queen's own message, and we read it with such a thrill, within half an hour of its despatch by her own hand."

Irene's power to do and to enjoy were apparently as great as ever. Thrice in her last week at Srinagar she made three expeditions into the city in one day; "organist at four services" is the entry for her last Sundays; the friends who feared that day was too arduous for her already could not dissuade her from undertaking what was so great a delight to herself. "Her bright enjoyment of everything made her always the life of any little party," says Miss Hull; "and her music was an unfailing source of pleasure to us all." "She was the life of the mission," says Dr. Neve; "and with all her inexhaustible activity there was no appearance of rush or flurry. She would spend a social evening, entertaining us with her music and conversation, and then retire to write letters till 2 a.m." "Her amazing energy enabled her to accomplish much in her short life," says Miss Pryce-Browne; "and it is hard to imagine Srinagar without her." "In three years she accomplished," says Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, "what it would have taken another ten or twelve years to do."

She herself wrote to a friend who had her inmost confidence: "Ask for me that I may more fulfil those lines,—

Striving less to serve Thee much,
Than to please Thee perfectly."

And what the companions of those closing months emphasise most, and in a way very significant to those who had known

the impetuous and ambitious Irene of earlier years, is her gentleness and absolute humility and unselfishness, reminding one of Tennyson's—

Ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

There is much to be learned as well as much to teach in the mission field, and, as her missionary friend at Agra writes: "Dear Irene must have been quick in learning what it takes others a long life to complete." "Our darling Irene," writes an American friend, "was so true, so heart-whole, so simple in her love of Christ, that few stood by her side in the work and worship which she offered; and can we wonder that the great love found acceptance without length of years?"

Growth both in wisdom and in grace is manifest in her later letters. Tolerant she had always been, not with the shallow tolerance of those who have no deep convictions, but with the large-hearted intelligence of a sympathetic nature. And many things are in a new perspective for the missionary. She says, for instance: "Why must High and Low Church people be at war with each other always, when both are so good, if only they would be a little broader and more tolerant towards each other? It is really pitiable to hear the paltry grounds on which a Christian of one party will furbish up a criticism on one of another party. One wonders how there can be room for all these small spites in face of the great non-Christian world." Elsewhere she speaks of "good Churchmanship with a Keswick flavour, which is the reverse of high and dry," as being what she herself loves.

"As much as anyone I ever knew, your dear sister approved herself a servant of God by kindness," writes Miss Hull; and one mark of this was the growing generosity of her judgments. That the harsh judgment is as often unfair

as the kind judgment is just was a lesson she had fully taken to heart. Not only is there the deepening appreciation of what was admirable in each of her colleagues, the constant record of small kindnesses and courtesies shown to herself; but also the qualifying statement when she is obliged to mention what is to anyone's discredit, the merciful allowances made for those to whom others were merciless. She rose to the requirement of the aged St. Paul that "the Lord's servant must be gentle towards all."

And she left many things unsaid and undescribed that fill a large place in much private correspondence. "Had she," one asks, "no unsatisfactory friends, no trying colleagues, no worrying acquaintances, no inconsiderate companions, no stupid helpers, no dilatory tradesmen, no careless servants; were hopeless weather, uncomfortable accommodation, wearing delays, vexatious losses, bodily aches and pains unknown to her experience?" If they were known, she neither brooded over them nor chronicled them.

Miss Pryce-Browne, who lived in closest intimacy with her for six months, says: "Irene's unselfishness and the humility that never claimed anything for herself were wonderful. Her wide sympathies gave her a marvellous memory for everyone's concerns, and enabled her to enter into their lives; and for everyone she had a kind word. Her thoughtfulness for others appeared in many little things. In trying conditions of work and climate it is hard for a missionary to be always bright and amiable, as she was. Returning from a long and harassing day in the city, she would refrain from saying a single word about her own experiences, but promptly enter into mine."

"So many things in her daily life," says Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe, "little things in themselves, were the very things which helped those around her to live the unselfish and therefore the happy Christian life she lived."

More and more one sees in her the living embodiment of St. Paul's portrait of Love, refusing to be affronted or alienated, or diverted by passion or prejudice. More and more one sees in her the spirit of Christ, discerning and calling out what was lovable in all whom she met, and loving them accordingly.

This ripening of character is the only premonition of swift-coming death. "Yet," writes Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe in August, "now that we look back upon all, she had seemed overwrought of late, and was rather depressed at times. She said once, 'I feel as if I had come to a blind road; I see no way before me.' Then she did not seem very keen about going home next spring. I think she felt she was more needed here, and that it would not be right for her to neglect her post."

Her relatives were writing about a probable return to England in 1898; but she wrote on October 30th, 1896: "Here one never seems to look very far ahead"; and in the spring of 1897: "I am making no definite plans of any kind at present, beyond this summer." She never once speaks of returning home again herself; but in her latest letters dwells again and again with intense pleasure upon the thought that in the near future "the dear old Lodge" of so many happy memories might once more become the permanent home of her sister.

Her fruit was ripe already, and "when the fruit is ripe, straightway the husbandman putteth forth the sickle, because the harvest is come" (Mark iv. 29).

An In Memoriam article in *The Intelligencer* for March, 1898, picturing those latter days in Srinagar, and the Letter to Schoolgirls, which was the last thing she wrote for the press, are appended to this chapter.

IRENE PETRIE

BY MRS. C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE

It is an impossible task to write anything that can do full justice to such a beautiful and bright life as dear Irene's was, but I will do my best to give a few little glimpses of what she was to us and to the work in Kashmir.

There are many people who can talk beautifully, and can win much praise and respect from the outside world, but it is not everyone's life that can stand close inspection. We had the privilege of having Irene in our home for a year, and can only say that her presence was one continual joy to us, and the longer we knew her the more could we see how her outward life was fed by the inward Power. She was one who had laid all her gifts and talents, which were many, at her Master's feet, and had learnt how to pass on the Love of Christ not merely by words but by deeds also.

She would be the last to wish anyone to speak of her wholeheartedness, unless it was for some practical purpose. So let me recall a few facts in her Kashmiri life, that they may be helpful to others.

1. It is well known how gifted she was in intellect, and what a power she had for retaining what she read, so much so that she was to us as an ever-ready book of reference. Remember her powers, and now look at her work. She has for some time been giving a Kashmiri girl lessons in reading, and has at last succeeded in teaching her the first page of the Urdu Primer; the lessons are interrupted for a short time, and when she returns the girl has forgotten everything, and all has to be begun over again. And time after time she would visit at the same house and repeat the same Gospel message without seemingly making any impression. But bravely she would plod on until a gleam of intelligence would dawn on the dull faces of the listeners.

She would often come in after a long and weary day's teaching amongst such people tired out and depressed, but in a very short time would be her cheery self again, once more ready to go bravely on, and to struggle with a dulness resulting from generations of mental undevelopment. One can understand a person of less ability having some sympathy with such dulness, but for one so highly cultured as Irene, her patience and sympathy were indeed wonderful.

2. The ladies' work in Srinagar is increased by the indescribable filth of the city. . . . Think of the refinement and comfort to which Irene had been accustomed, and then carry your thoughts to the scene of her labours. Kashmir, for tourists, may be one of the most beautiful places in the world; but workers in its cities and villages can tell another tale.

3. There are people full of energy and activity that are tempted to look down upon the work of others who are not able to do as much as themselves; but not so Irene. She was always advocating rest for others, and making out that everyone worked far harder than she did, and could speak the language far better than she could. Her wonderful energy of mind seemed to triumph over physical weakness; she never seemed to know when she was tired or needed rest; and we have even known her start out to her work with a temperature over 100° , so that we have had to give positive orders to her boatmen not to take her to the city. She did not intend to be deliberately rash, but her energy and spirit were so great that she would not believe she was unfit for work. Considering her indomitable energy, it was marvellous to see her sympathy for the unenergetic; she had all sorts of excuses ready for other people who were unable to do as much as she did.

4. Although so full of her own work, she had room for interest in other branches of the mission, and in all good works, whether at home or abroad. She rendered us

invaluable help in our schools, by taking charge of one of them and teaching in a second. . . . One seldom finds Christian workers who can take as much interest in the work of others as in their own.

5. Another pleasing incident in her life was her thoughtfulness in little things. She kept shelves and boxes stocked with useful articles, ready for birthdays or other special occasions; if any of us required anything it was generally to be found amongst her stores, and nothing delighted her more than to be able to find she could meet our little emergencies and supply our wants.

We can indeed say of Irene that she had—

A mind to blend with outward things,
While keeping at Thy side,

for she was always ready to enter into the social gatherings of her friends and contribute to their enjoyment by her wonderful musical talent, and her sweetness and brightness must have left a hallowing influence on all with whom she came in contact. . . .

The Kashmiris have indeed lost a true friend; the work a whole-hearted and earnest worker; and we a bright gleam of sunshine, which welcomed us in the morning, and in the evening helped us to forget the little worries of the day. She was one who had freely received and who freely gave. God give us grace to follow in her train!

IN THE VALE OF KASHMIR

BY IRENE E. V. PETRIE

“The glory of our Jhelum is its fulness,” says a Kashmiri proverb about the great stream that winds through this valley, till at Baramula it enters the rocky gorge through which in a narrower channel it will rush onwards mile after mile towards the Punjab. Then the mighty Indus, having received all the Five Rivers, rolls seaward through burning desert plains. What a contrast between them and the ice-bound winter fastnesses our Jhelum issued from first!

Crossing the river, this first week of spring, one sees eddying patches of foam which tell their tale of the force and struggle of waters high upon the mountain gullies, where the sun’s rays, after long sleep, are just now hourly breaking up the masses of snow.

As one thinks of the welcome moisture which will help dried and famine-stricken lands far off, the river highway itself seems a parable of the Master’s will for the flow of His life-giving Word in an ever widening and deepening stream through this land, that “every thing shall live whithersoever the river cometh,” as we read in the vision of Ezek. xlvii. That is the promise for the future which we hope and expect. As yet, however, we seem in Kashmir to be still scarcely emerging from the ice-bound stage and the wintry sleep of ignorance and superstition, and darkness is only beginning to be broken here and there after centuries of sway.

What is being done in Kashmir to bring the life-giving Word within reach of those who need it, and what are the difficulties and the hindrances staying its flow?

Probably you associate with the name of Kashmir the thought of shawls and mountains and big game; and if you

sometimes visit the Indian Museum at South Kensington you may see sketches of the people, the city life on the river banks, and a panorama from a high hill near here of the central valley through which the Jhelum flows, and of the great Himalayas beyond between us and India. Pictures, however, give but a faint idea of the glory of the scenery at certain times of the year, and the strange varieties of aspect from plains round Srinagar glowing with heat in summer and snow-blocked crags and steeps high up where the cold may be Arctic. . .

People at home sometimes think that life out here must be very romantic, and picture *Arabian Night* palaces and ladies gorgeously robed and covered with jewels. A few days of plodding through the unspeakable mud of unsavoury streets and lanes in thaw time, and a few visits to the abodes of even the well-to-do, would soon dispel some of the romantic ideas, and leave squalor and shoddiness as the prevailing impressions. What grandeur does a load of jewelry convey even when real—and “Brummagem ware” is not uncommon—when the lady wearing it has a stained chaddar and dirty hands, and when no corner of her house is free from dust and mess?

Then, again, there may be, and sometimes are, eager listeners, but more often one has to realise that minds and hearts asleep to all but the most material things have to be treated as we should treat those of a small child. Perhaps remembering what it was once to listen to a book or sermon far beyond our comprehension, we can sympathise with these poor things who all the time have possibilities of such good in them. The sun's rays penetrate the ice and snow and let loose the waters to revive and fertilise, and the Light of the Sun of Righteousness can and will penetrate their hearts that the Word may do its work there, though it may be at the cost of struggle.

Let me try and recall as examples of our pupils some houses visited during the last few days. Here are some Sikh girls who

come in from rice pounding and water carrying to take their lessons, and are always bright and affectionate. After more than two years of work they begin to read quite nicely; they love singing, and remember fairly well, and are good listeners when a pause from the chorus of babies, dogs, cocks, and horses down below makes the Bible lesson possible. Some way off is a highly educated Bengali lady in a dainty European house, who enjoys advanced Bible study. A contrast to her is a policeman's wife from Poona, who shares a diminutive hut with a large goat, and seems almost too dull to take in anything, though she loves to be visited, and perhaps progresses a little.

From a rickety house a mile beyond, which looks as if it must tumble bodily into the river at the next big earthquake, issues a gay, little, round-faced Punjabi maiden of seven. With refreshing readiness she goes through last week's lesson perfectly, and both she and her mother listen reverently to the Bible lesson and seem to comprehend a good deal. Here is another house, where the woman nurses a pet gray cat with a necklace on, while reading fluently in Hindi. Of her own accord she has lately begun initiating a neighbour into the mysteries of the Shastri character, and yesterday the said neighbour took a very satisfactory lesson.

Thence crossing fields one reaches a village chiefly inhabited by people connected with the native regiments of Dogras and Goorkhas. A dog barks noisy welcome to a house where the widow of a native officer lives, whose son is a master in the Mission School. Two months ago she was quite confined to bed with acute rheumatism. Dressings and medicine from the hospital have done their work so well that she is about again and in good spirits, and the Mission Hospital has once more opened a home to the Christian teacher. Two little girls thence are now going regularly to school; and yesterday, when

the mother had her weekly Bible reading, visitors from Kishtewar and Nepal came in to listen and learn, too, so representatives of four countries were assembled in that one little room. Some had never heard the message before, but seemed to understand well enough when I showed them the little *Heart Book*, and then, in view of the glistening Pir Punjal snows opposite, taught them the prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." . . .

Now you have heard a few of our ups and downs in the daily work here. Will you help us and those we work among by praying for the power of God's Holy Spirit here? And will you think if you can *do* anything, either now or later on, when after school days you will have more responsibility in shaping your own course? In Ezek. xlvii. we read of one sad thing along with the description of the river of blessing—that the "miry places and the marishes shall not be healed." I sometimes think of that when passing green, stagnant pools with poisonous exhalations which lie here and there, *near* the running water of the river, and yet separated from it. May it be that none of our lives will stagnate into a mere passive state of "hoping we are doing no harm," but may we all know something of the flow and fulness of the life-giving River shadowed in Ezekiel's vision!

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST JOURNEY

(JULY 8TH TO AUGUST 6TH, 1897)

Ne dites pas qu'elle est partie : dites qu'elle est arrivée.

WE do wrong, as Bishop Westcott remarks, to the great promise that the gates of Hades shall not prevail against the Church when we interpret it only of successful resistance, and not of irresistible advance. Our Lord Himself said, "Other sheep I have, . . . them also I must bring." St. Paul had hope that as the faith of his earlier converts grew, he would be able to preach the Gospel even unto the parts beyond them (2 Cor. x. 15, 16). And ever since missionaries have looked farther than their immediate sphere of work. Xavier pressed on from India to China and Japan; French forsook the partly evangelised Punjab for wholly unevangelised Arabia.

Kashmir is *the* frontier state of Hindustan, and some fifteen hundred years ago it sent out five hundred missionaries to promulgate in Tibet the Buddhist creed, which is still in possession there, though only its mouldering relics now remain in Kashmir itself. Remembering this, the Rev. R. Clark wrote nearly twenty years ago: "Had the Kashmiris as much of Christian life and power as they have already of natural vigour and talent they might stir all Asia for Christ, as they have in times past done much to form its destinies."

Irene utters the thought of the little band at Srinagar to-day when she writes in February, 1895: "Needy as Kashmir is, we who are here are often led to think of the still deeper needs of those vast Central Asian regions, to many of which this Valley is the highway, in which no missionaries of any kind are working, and from some of which the request for Christian teachers has come more than once."

As we saw in Chapter VI., the great range of the Western Himalayas divides two very different provinces ruled by the Maharaja of Kashmir: the Vale of Kashmir, or basin of the Jhelum, to the south-west, whose people are Aryan by race and Hindu and Moslem by religion; and Ladakh, otherwise known as Kashmiri Tibet, Tibetan Kashmir, or Little Tibet, the basin of the Upper Indus, to the north-east, whose people are Mongolian by race and Buddhist by religion.

As long ago as 1854 Mr. Clark and Colonel Martin travelled into Ladakh to reconnoitre, and, mainly through the munificence of Colonel Martin, a Moravian Mission was established at Lahul. Need any reader be reminded that the Moravians who went out in 1732 were the first organised band of missionaries to the heathen from any reformed Church (for the venerable S.P.G. laboured almost exclusively among our own colonists then); that the Moravian is still the one Church that has missions in all the five quarters of the globe; that of its communicants one in 60 (as compared with one in 3,500 of other reformed Churches) is a missionary? For 170 years the utter simplicity, unworldliness, and devotion of these humble apostles has been a grand object lesson to Christendom, and their converts are now three times as numerous as the parent Church.

In 1885 the Moravians occupied Leh, the capital of Ladakh, a most appropriate outpost for the spiritual warfare now being waged on the confines of the Indian Empire. It is a cosmopolitan city, where four languages are commonly spoken,

and four religions, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Sikhism, are represented. Here Dr. Redslob started a school and a dispensary. Mrs. Bishop describes him as a man of noble physique and intellect, a scholar, a linguist, an expert botanist, and an admirable artist, whom the Tibetans quickly discovered to be the truest friend they had ever had, and on whom, says Dr. Neve, they bestowed the title of "Khu-tuktus," or "Incarnation of the Deity." Mrs. Bishop also pictures the humble, whitewashed mission station, its garden gay with European flowers, and the favourable contrast to their compatriots presented by the Christian Tibetans. Dr. and Mrs. Marx, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Shawe, from England, joined Redslob later, and by 1890 their work was flourishing. But May, 1891, found all the five missionaries and Mr. Redslob's daughter dangerously ill with a prevalent epidemic. In their extremity of helplessness an English surgeon, Dr. Thorold, just starting with Captain Bower on a remarkable journey from Tibet to Shanghai, came to their aid the day before a son was born to Mrs. Marx. Here, as in so many other missions, we see in lives laid down the seed of the future harvest, for Redslob, Marx, and the infant died, while the two widows and the little girl crept slowly back to life. In 1897 the mission staff consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ribbach (on furlough in July and August), Mr. and Mrs. Fichtner, Mr. and Mrs. Francke (he was of the same family as the famous preceptor of Count Zinzendorf), and Miss Kant, a fully trained nurse (see p. 244).

Since 1897 Dr. Shawe has rejoined the mission with a young wife, who died in giving birth to her first child in September, 1899. During 1899 nearly six thousand medical and surgical cases were treated in Leh. There are now three schools, with an average attendance of fifty children, and a Christian congregation of twenty-five. The unvarnished statement of the report of February, 1899, says :

“Though we cannot boast of great victories, striking results, and great numbers of conversions, we are grateful to say that the power of the Word is evidently proving itself in some hearts.”

One Ladaki, formerly destined to be a Buddhist priest, was brought in 1895 by Miss Kant to Srinagar for education, and both Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe and Irene characterised him as “the best native Christian that they knew.” Having lived a plucky and consistent life in school and out of it, he returned to Leh, saying: “Sahib, I don’t want popularity or power or wealth; but what I do want is to go back to my people to preach Jesus Christ and His saving power.” Irene had taught him regularly; he was present at her last Easter Communion; and we hear in 1899 of his continuing to speak of her with the deepest reverence and affection. Two other pupils of hers from Leh were described in Chapter VIII.

Dr. Neve hopes that the dominion of the Grand Lama himself, the one country absolutely closed to Europeans, may one day be evangelised by the Christians of Ladakh. Meanwhile, Ladakh itself is waiting to be spiritually conquered from Kashmir once more. Its religion, appropriately called Lamaism, from its lamas or monks, is one of several religious systems of which Buddhism is the generic name—systems which differ almost as widely from each other as they do from the original teaching of Siddartha, pictured in the beautiful though largely mythical story which Sir Edwin Arnold has retold for Western readers. Its leading characteristic in Ladakh is propitiation of evil spirits by means of grotesque ceremonial. Empty and ruinous monasteries are among many signs of its quiet decay at the present time, but what is to supersede it? Islam makes steady progress in Ladakh; and while “a lie which is all a lie” (like demon-worship) “may be met and fought with outright, a lie which is part a truth” (like Islam) “is a harder matter to fight.”

No wonder, then, that Irene was keenly interested in the efforts of the Moravians at Leh. Only six weeks after her first arrival at Srinagar she chronicles many particulars of the work at Leh which she had learned from talk with Dr. Shawe, and several subsequent allusions to it occur in her letters (see p. 194). In January, 1895, she relates how Dr. Neve and Mr. Knowles had been sending home a strong appeal to the C.M.S. to make Kashmir the base of operations for a campaign in trans-Himalayan lands open to the Gospel and wholly without missionaries. In November, 1895, Miss Kant, and in April, 1896, and March, 1897, Mr. Francke, visited Srinagar.

A walking tour among mountains had always been Irene's notion of an ideal holiday, and in February, 1896, she writes: "Ada Barclay and I are rearing a tall castle in the air for a journey to Leh. It is probably very much in the air, but that would be a very interesting summer holiday." On May 8th, 1897, she speaks in almost the same words of a similar plan with Miss Tyndale-Biscoe, then visiting Kashmir. On May 9th she met Dr. Graham, who was on his way to Leh as State surgeon. On June 5th she says: "We still talk of Ladakh for next month." On June 19th: "I have no idea where I shall be this time next month. Having good health, a horse, and time this year, the big march to Leh would be my ambition, if it can be realised; but other ladies with an indefinite appetite for continuous exercise are scarce." On June 26th: "It seems a pity to go away when Srinagar is still so cool; but holidays have to be taken, and perhaps they are good as a precautionary measure even for those who, like myself, have to be thankful for very good health. . . . I may perhaps still go to Leh." On July 3rd: "My plans have been shaped at last by a kind letter from Miss Phillips, of Peshawar, welcoming me to join their party for a journey to Leh. I owe this to dear Miss Hull. She told the ladies, who are great friends of hers but

whom I have never met, of my wish to travel in Ladakh. . . . I have such kind letters of welcome from the missionaries at Leh, written when the plan was still only a castle in the air, which I feared it would remain a week ago. It is most delightful for me to be so happily provided for, and to have the prospect of such an interesting journey to regions which I have long had a strong desire to see."

The story of Irene's journey from Srinagar, capital of Kashmir, to Leh, capital of Ladakh, will be elucidated by a preliminary sketch of the route, taken mainly from Mr. E. F. Knight's *Where Three Empires Meet*, and Mrs. Bishop's *Among the Tibetans*.

The road, which lies due east along the highway from North India to Central Asia, is in many places merely a rough bridle path, along precipices and over landslips, diverted by unfordable rivers, swept by avalanches, and exposed to tropical sun and arctic gales. It is open to travellers during the later summer months only, and even then is impossible for vehicles, and in many parts dangerous for horses. The journey is divided into nineteen marches, which means that 260 miles—a distance equal to that between London and Newcastle—is traversed in a longer time than the journey from London to Bombay now occupies.

Its first stages, up the Sind Valley to Sonamarg ("golden meadow," so called from the crocuses which stud its fields), are by luxuriant pasture, dark pine forest, and towering snow mountain, through some of the loveliest and most diversified scenery in lovely Kashmir. A sudden ascent from Sonamarg leads out of the Vale of Kashmir by the Zoji-Là—that is, the Zoji Pass—the lowest depression in the Western Himalayas, 11,500 feet high, their average height being 18,000 feet. This may be described as a gigantic step into the highest inhabited country in the world. Keen winds rush with tremendous force between the vertical slate cliffs on each

side of it, and it is "a thoroughly severe pass." No part of Ladakh is less than 9,000 feet, and many of its people live at an elevation of 12,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea. When they visit Srinagar (5,200 feet) they declare they are stifled by being on such low ground; while the missionaries admit that the high altitude, to which these Tibetans have become inured, is wearing them out; and travellers find that the air passages become irritated, the skin cracks, and ultimately the heart's action is affected. Sandy plateaux, barren mountains, and flaming aridity are the features of the route through Ladakh, the one extensive oasis on the way being at Kargil. This cloudless, rainless wilderness, where burning sun alternates with biting blasts from snow slopes and glaciers, and the absence of perspective in the thin, dry air makes small and distant objects seem near and gigantic, strangely fascinates the traveller. It is peopled by a race who do all they can to make their surroundings yet more fantastic, and who are as great a contrast to the Kashmiris as their land is to Kashmir. Their irredeemable and grotesque ugliness is heightened by their costume; but they are healthy, hardy, and long-lived; for Orientals, fairly truthful and honest; peaceable, cheerful, contented, and industrious. In order to keep down population in a country affording but meagre sustenance to its people, one-sixth of them become monks and nuns. Ladakh formerly acknowledged the Emperor of China as its suzerain, was annexed by the Sikhs in 1834, and handed over to Golab Singh in 1847. His successor still acknowledges the Grand Lama as its pope by sending yearly gifts to Lhasa. All over the land are chortens, or cenotaphs (white-washed, globular monuments crowned with little pinnacles, containing the ashes of lamas), and manis, or mendons (walls from two to nine feet high, and sometimes half a mile long), on which the Buddhist invocation, *Om mani padme hum* ("Oh the jewel in the lotus"), is repeated again and again.

After two more passes, the Namika-Là (13,000 feet) and the Futu-Là (13,400 feet), the road descends to Leh by the Valley of the Indus.

The most weird and ghostly spot on the whole route is Lamayuru, whose scenery is so bare and wild that it suggests a landscape on the dead moon. Past Lamayuru the road leads through a hot and glaring desert, the sky changes from turquoise to copper hue, and a haze of the finest granite dust fills the air. At last the traveller emerges from the narrow gorges of the Indus on the wide expanse of a valley in which Leh appears, nestling beneath a huge monastery perched on a beetling crag. Being at an elevation of 11,500 feet, the city itself stands higher than the summit of Mount Etna, and the distant snow mountains closing in the views from all its streets must recall Innsbrück. The Empress of India is represented there by the British Joint Commissioner, who settles all disputes arising between the Maharaja's subjects and those of the Emperors of China and Russia; for in summer it is the meeting-place for the Central Asian caravans; but as it is nearly 1,000 miles as the crow flies from the sea, and about 500 miles from the railway, it may be regarded as one of the least accessible cities in the world.

Irene began this arduous expedition in the best of spirits on July 8th. In a letter written that day (which reached Canada five days after the startling telegram announcing the bare fact of her death) she does indeed remark: "Fever has been epidemic, and I have not quite escaped lately. However, we look forward to losing all the 'temperatures' among the hills." Her friends seem also to have had some misgivings about her. Miss Hull, who refused to believe that one with Irene's exquisitely fair complexion could be as "tough" as she said she was, had observed that in one year she had done three years' work, getting up early and sitting up late; and



From a photo by Mr. Geoffroy Millais.

[Facing p. 308.]

HIGH STREET, LEH.

that sometimes she returned from the zenanas so dazed with fatigue that she seemed neither to see nor to hear anything that was passing around her, yet woke up presently to become the life of the party during the evening, the spirit within her habitually sustaining her infirmity. Earlier in the summer Irene had said to her, "I feel a great longing for a good rest"; and, had she known how much fever her colleague had, Miss Hull would have restrained her from starting. But she was on the sick-list herself that day. Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe says: "Dear Irene had for so long been full of her trip to Leh. . . . All the Holton Cottage party were to start together, as we were going to Sonamarg; but on July 8th my husband got fever, and we had to defer our trip. So Irene started alone. . . . She had been rather run down, and let out, so unusual for her, that she had slight fever, but was full of getting away to fresh air. She looked very tired the day she left, and I put it down to all she had been doing."

Preparations for the journey had been no light undertaking. They had to obtain a special *parwana*—that is, an order for transports and supplies from the tehsildar, officers in Her Majesty's service being the only people allowed to travel without this, and to take all requisites, even eggs and milk, with them. "Yet," Miss Hull says, "up to the last day in Srinagar Irene was visiting her pupils, and, amid all personal preparations, sending off pictures to the Simla Exhibition to bring in some help to the schools, which were so much on her heart!" The larger of the two pictures she sent to this, the thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the Simla Fine Arts Society, was sold at once, the smaller one subsequently. Their proceeds, her very last gift to the C.M.S. School, are acknowledged in the 1899 report. And as she went down the river, fatigued, fevered, and agitated about keeping her fellow-travellers waiting through an unexpected delay, she was writing at length concerning "a pet scheme" for putting Hanover

Lodge at the disposal of "the dear inmates of Holton Cottage" when they left Kashmir on furlough in the autumn.

The first twenty days of the journey are described in Irene's own graphic journal, supplemented by various letters. For the closing ten days of her life there are the full records penned to tell her nearest and dearest all they most wanted to know by companions who cared for her as lovingly as they themselves could have done. The impression made by the whole narrative on those who have already seen it was uttered not by a sentimental woman, but by a London business man, who wrote: "In reading this story of her last journey one seems to forget that it is the description of a summer holiday expedition; an inner meaning comes out of it, and one feels that the ascent of those great mountain passes was indeed the ascent to the Gate of the Heavenly City of one who was so fit to enter there."

IRENE'S LAST JOURNAL.¹

"*Thursday, July 8th*, is, after the manner of summer days in Srinagar, scorchingly hot, and the final preparations for a long journey, after all the days of winding up work, seem rather like a bad dream. However, all is made easy and pleasant by the kind aid of the friends at Holton Cottage. Farewells are said to them at midday, on embarking in the dunga, which carries tents, furniture, luggage, and the writer to Gunderbal. The Dal Lake is glowing, and the mountains are misty in the sunshine; willow-trees and weeds give all a green effect, as the waterlilies are over, and the time of rose-coloured lotus and brown bulrushes has not yet arrived. The inhabitants seem to have plenty to talk about, as usual, as the boat scrapes under the bridges of the Mar Nullah Canal; and its roof

¹ Passages from letters are distinguished from the journal by being enclosed in brackets.

makes the ripe mulberries rattle down like a shower of hail from overhanging trees. Alas! as we emerge from the canal the whole country appears like one vast lake, and it becomes evident that instead of getting to our destination by sunset, when the other boat, coming up the river from Baramula with the Peshawar ladies, is to meet us, we shall be many hours late. As a matter of fact, it is Friday morning before either boat reaches Gunderbal. [I am in a little of a plight, as the servant engaged to attend on me has disappeared, and my temperature goes up to 103° , a point at which one does not enjoy cooking, washing up, or bed-making particularly. However, the boatman does anything he can, and I am wonderfully better next day.] The rushing Sind River, coming straight down from the snows, makes Gunderbal far cooler than Srinagar, though it is only fifteen miles off.

July 9th.—[I have a very pleasant meeting in the morning with Miss Werthmüller and Miss Kutter, both from Canton Berne, and Miss Phillips, out since 1884, with whom I chum in one of the tents. All are of the C.E.Z.M.S., and I think we shall be a very happy party. The Swiss ladies are great walkers and mountaineers. Miss Phillips is not very strong, and travels in a dandy, in which she kindly insists on putting me for a part of our first march. My dear Biscuit is on his best behaviour, and my syce, who knows the whole country well, is a great help in many ways. The Peshawar ladies have brought a nice little Pathan cook-bearer, and their horse and syce.] The first day's march to Kangan is cheered by the scents of wild roses and rich jasmine, which drape the trees with snowy clusters for many miles. Halting to pitch tents within view of the crags of Haramuk, we are hailed by a kind greeting and invitation to dine from Captain and Mrs. Albert Tyndale-Biscoe, on their way down from Sonamarg."

[In a letter to Elliott Miss Phillips thus describes the

meeting: "It was just four weeks before she was called Home that your beloved Miss Irene Petrie stepped off her boat to greet us. I remember being struck by her brightness then, as I was often afterwards, and we had a delightful afternoon together. . . . I soon got to love her, she was so thoughtful and did so many kind things unobtrusively. It was a great pleasure to me to watch her sketching, and how she loved singing!" Mrs. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe writes: "A letter from my sister-in-law with whom Irene dined at Kangan, says, 'That kind Miss Petrie gave me another lesson on the guitar last night. She told me her temperature was up to 103° the night before, when she was all alone in the dunga. I did feel sorry for her, but she seemed to think it rather a joke, and appeared as well and cheery as usual.'"]

"*July 10th.*—The ascent to Gund is a typically lovely march, between fresh green rice fields, trickling streams, blossoming trees, the rushing river, grassy slopes, forest-clad heights, and beyond, crags and snowy summits. Here, under walnut-trees, tents are pitched for *Sunday, July 11th.*

"*Monday, July 12th,* is happily fine for that most beautiful of marches, the ascent to Sonamarg, and grand indeed the snow peaks and glaciers look above the endless pine forests. In two places the roaring Sind River has burst right over the path, and farther on we have our first experience of the snow slopes on avalanche tracks before reaching the green meadows of Sonamarg.

"*July 13th.*—Our last ride among the pine forests to Baltal is a very lovely one. Exquisite alpine flowers and asparagus fern grow in clusters under the trees. Here and there avalanches have fallen right across the river, which has forced a way through, between high cliffs of ice and snow, leaving a big snow slope on the bank, by which we are going. Many of the mountains have pinnacles like the Chamonix

Aiguilles. Our camp is just at the foot of the Zoji-Là, opposite the peaks (17,000 feet), which overshadow the Cave of Amarnath, whence the Sind has its source. Though only 9,000 feet above the sea, we find the breezes chilly already. [We have got on so far most comfortably and happily. I am with such nice, kind companions, and the mountain air is a wonderful tonic. I hope this grand trip will set me up for many a long day to come.]

"*July 14th.*—By 5 a.m. our procession is starting, and the four ladies, dandy, two ponies, six servants, ten baggage ponies, and ten coolies, wind across the first glacier of the Zoji-Là in a thin line. After a long pull of 2,000 feet up the steep, zig-zag path, we give the green and wooded land of Kashmir a last look, and turn into the long valley between peaks 14,000 feet high and upwards, which is the summit of the Pass. Here for many hours we tramp along the snow. At first no water is seen in the hollow, then at its bottom the glacier is broken, and the streamlet of the Dras River appears, trickling between vast blue cliffs of ice, to the northeast, for we have crossed the water-shed. Our horses look remonstrance for being brought into such places; the little terrier from Peshawar is trembling with fright and cold in the bearer's arms. It is like nothing we have seen before, except pictures of Greenland. The river grows bigger and more tumultuous, and the horses are led through the water breast high to the path beyond. An oasis where the snow is melted, and pretty yellow and white anemones have come hurrying out, enables us to sit down for lunch; but the water we boil for cocoa seems curiously cold, till we realise the effect of 11,500 feet of altitude upon boiling point. At last we reach spongy meadows, with only occasional glaciers. One or two of these are a test for the giddily disposed, as the path is only a foot wide, and below the ice slopes with tremendous steepness to the perpendicular cliffs rising from

the rushing river. At 4.30 p.m., after about ten hours' walking, we reach Matayan, where the stone-built, flat-roofed *thana* for travellers has already a Central Asian look. Here our tents flap vigorously in the bitter wind, and we pile on all our wraps. The village is small, but quite a concourse of patients assemble, to whom Miss Werthmüller, the 'doctor Miss Sahib,' ministers.

"*July 15th.*—Weather looks forbidding, and we feel rather tired still. However, Matayan is not attractive enough to detain us, and we start on again, down a bleak valley, brightened only with a yellow, flowering, poisonous kind of samphire. During the twelve miles' march to Dras we pass a solitary village of Pandras, where the poor, half-starved looking people must get a very scanty living on the late crops of barley growing on the few ledges which can be irrigated and cultivated among these bleak heights. It is a relief to get into the more open valleys and see small villages and patches of green. The people must lead a strange, isolated life, and their haggard faces and ragged, patched garments suggest great poverty; the coolies brought in response to our parwana seem far weaker than Kashmiris. They wear conspicuous Mussulman charms, and carry a steel and tinder-box for kindling light with flints. Fuel is very scarce, the willows in a tiny plantation by the thanadar's house being almost the only trees in the land. But all that we see gives a pleasing impression on these Dras people. Two years ago, when Dr. Neve passed through, he was greeted by an old patient, who wished his little son to be given a Christian education. This boy, Karema, has been living at Holton Cottage ever since, and attending the C.M.S. School. All like him as a bright, willing little fellow, and hope he may become a true Christian and go and teach his own people some day. As yet, however, he has much to learn. Lately, when asked if he knew why the missionaries had come to

Kashmir, he replied that it must be because they could not get bread enough in their own country, an answer which one understands after visiting Dras. The thanadar is a Punjabi, and his ladies beg us to go and see them. Miss Werthmüller and I pay them quite a long visit. They produce their stock of literature—a volume of Hindu mythology with pictures, written in Sanskrit characters, which they can read, and a Kashmiri New Testament, which unhappily they cannot read. Christian teaching is evidently quite new to them, but they are delighted with some of Mrs. Grimke's Hindi texts, and with the promise of a Hindi Testament, which I hope to send them later on.

“July 16th.—We march twenty miles, nearly all on roads so bad that it is getting dark when we reach Kharbu. Leaving the broad Dras Valley, we are shut into a long, cheerless gorge, surrounded by bare, towering heights. At intervals the monotony of the path along the precipice becomes broken by a waterfall, which the ponies have to be led through, while we cross by a bridge made of some three thin, round, pine branches, with a few scraps of basketwork laid on them and held down by stones. Mountain travelling accustoms one to many things one could not dare in cold blood at home. Masses of wild roses in full bloom adorn the scene, many lizards inhabit the rocks, a large kind of magpie ventures close to us, and the voice of the cuckoo is heard higher than any other.

“July 17th.—At an early hour tents are struck and sent on, and we try to cover as much ground as possible before the great heat sets in, for we have descended to 8,300 feet. Moreover, supplies are running short, and it is important to reach a place for Sunday where the servants can get a good meal, which they cannot do in these poor little hamlets. The road seems rather worse than yesterday's, its last stage being along the Suru River. But it is refreshing

to look at the green villages about Kargil, and our camp on a hillside among poplars is a nice resting-place for *Sunday, July 18th*. We read the service in the only shady nook that can be found—a large stone by a stream under scraggy willows. The midday heat is intense, and we are glad to enjoy some cooler breezes in the starlight after dinner, till startled by a stream of water which has just broken through a nullah higher up the hill, bringing a small river right through our tents.

“July 19th.—Continued fatigue, fever, and the uncertainties of the next march, owing to the destruction of Kargil bridge, detain us for one more hot day, and we reap the benefit of the Kargil postmaster's intelligence in stopping various letters addressed to us at Leh. [We are all very glad of two days' rest here, though in this strange, barren land of huge mountains and roaring rivers the sun is shining with such strength as one has imagined in an Arabian desert only. The air is marvellously clear and dry. Our servants are all doing well, the ladies are delightful, and we are very thankful for freedom from accident and mishap so far.]

“July 20th.—There is nothing for it but to make a long detour up the Suru Valley, where at Kinor, fifteen miles on, the river can be crossed by another bridge, shaky enough, but just able to bear our procession in small detachments. We come under the brow of some perpendicular mountains, reminding one of pictures of Sinai, and arrive after dark at Tikzan.

“July 21st.—A gray day with showers—unusual experience for these parts—makes our march particularly pleasant. We begin with a steep ascent of 800 feet to a plateau, where are wild roses of all shades of pink and white; then comes a descent into a valley; then another ascent of 2,000 feet and a delightful breezy walk over the hills, with splendid views on all sides. A curious rocky valley with reddish cliffs

like pillars leads down past the old Sikh fort to Paskim, and there, soon after our arrival, we have the pleasure of seeing Dr. Arthur Neve, Mr. Millais, and Mr. G. Tyndale-Biscoe, who have come from Dras by another pass, and are on their way to Nubra. They dine with us, and we hear how one of the shakiest of the bridges on this side of the Zoji-Là was washed away the day after we crossed, and the sahibs had to wade through the roaring current; also how a hundred patients had come to the doctor in Dras, and forty in Kinor that morning.

“July 22nd.—It is somewhat exciting to know that to-day we shall reach the Buddhist country. At Shergol we see the first monastery, some flags waving before it. Then, as the valley opens out, the rocks and mountains begin to assume the fantastic shapes associated with Tibet, and we feel more than hitherto the curious effect of the clear, rarified air in the deception it causes as to distances. The huge, spire-like rock at Mulbekh, with the monastery perched on its extreme pinnacle, seems higher than Ehrenbreitstein, and more striking in outline than Gibraltar. Here we see chortens and manis—raised by the piety of many bygone generations—and red-robed monks, and pigtailed men with jolly, smiling faces and willing ways. . . . The three sahibs invite us to dine in their cosy little camp.

“July 23rd.—We follow the course of the Wakka for some miles farther, then the path leads by a small side stream along a gloomy nullah, walled in by absolutely bare rocks, and overlooked by one gigantic, perpendicular peak, with a horse's skeleton in the foreground. This is the Namika-Là (13,000 feet high), and a more dried up, desolate place it would be difficult to imagine. The forbidding look of these mountains in the fierce noonday glare reminds one of the scenery near Aden. The Pass is easy throughout, and we enter another valley, in which are some more spire-like rocks,

crowned with ruined buildings; they must have been placed there by people as skilled in rock-climbing as the little Tibetan goats. Under one of these we pitch our tents, by a second village called Kharbu (11,780 feet high), shut in by the weirdest rocks and peaks, among which the watercourses, with fresh, running streams, have been cleverly led on all sides. The reds and yellows and purples of the hills at sunset are extraordinary; but the would-be sketcher is completely baffled by the scenery here. All previously conceived ideas of sketching seem as upside down as everything else in Tibet. The queer shapes, utter absence apparently of atmospheric effects, unprecedented colours, and extraordinary dryness of the air, which arrests the flow of one's pigments, are difficulties hitherto undreamed of. European travellers of any kind are not common, and ladies with paint-boxes appear strange monstrosities in the puzzled eyes of the ladies of these parts, who come to say '*Jin*' ('Salaam') very politely. The people all seem friendly; and the thanadar, having received a letter about us from the Leh friends, is most attentive. Either from the elevation or the sun, both Miss Phillips and the writer are on the sick-list, so a three days' halt for recruiting is made.

"*July 24th* is, alas! almost a lost day. Few things have such a vexatiously incapacitating effect as this sun-fever; the only longing is to lie in a heap, seeing, hearing, eating, doing nothing.

"*Sunday, July 25th.*—The breezes are fresher, the invalids are better, and the able-bodied have discovered a charming little cathedral, a semi-cave in the great rock above the watercourse, with embellishment of delicate ferns and alpine flowers. Here, at 11.30 and 6.30, in a veritable temple not made with hands, the three sahibs, who reached Kharbu yesterday, join the four ladies for two very happy services. Dr. Neve is chaplain, the other sahibs read the lessons, and

a chapter of Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master*, which I had brought with me, forms our sermon. I jot down a few Cathedral Psalter chants, and we venture on a fully choral service. Dr. Neve says it must be the first time the Psalms have been sung thus in Tibet, and these must be the first Christian services ever held in Kharbu. May they not be the last!"

[“I can see Irene now—dear girl!—leading us in our service of praise,” writes Miss Phillips. “The hymns she chose were ‘The sands of time are sinking,’ ‘For all the saints who from their labours rest,’ and ‘Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?’”]

“*July 26th.*—We enjoy a quiet day at picturesque Kharbu getting various sketches. The pretty green oasis, with waving barley in the fields and hedges of wild roses, is such a welcome break among the bare, stony hills around. Another great spire-like rock, crowned with ancient fortifications, which seem now quite inaccessible, forms the most striking feature of the scene.”

[She wrote her last letter to her sister that day, saying: “We are pretty far in the wilds now; really among the lamas and monasteries and chortens and manis. This is indeed a queer land, unlike anything else. Even the rocks look perfectly uncanny. . . . You and the dear ones are constantly in my thoughts, and nearly every night I dream that we are in London together. It is so funny to alight from a Metropolitan train, or turn aside from a Piccadilly shop, as I did this morning, and open one’s eyes in a tent in Tibet. . . . Miss Phillips, about whom we were rather anxious, consulted Dr. Neve, who recommended resting till Tuesday and taking our journey as easily as possible. So we shall hardly reach Leh before the 31st, but still hope to see something of the missionary friends and their work. Dr. Neve has put me also on a course of quinine, so I expect to have no more

fever, and already feel quite well. We are all enjoying our stay in this interesting place.”]

“*July 27th.*—We march farther up the valley, and ascend by an easy slope the Futu-Là. The peaks all round are magnificent, and from the top of the Pass there are grand views of the ranges on all sides. Unlike the Zoji-Là, these two last passes are free from snow. The chortens and manis on every side become countless as we descend two thousand feet to Lamayuru, which must therefore be specially holy. We go up to pay our respects to the monks and nuns in the queer-looking rookery of a monastery. Two wild, dirty figures, bare-headed and clothed in red rags, receive us, and conduct us through the doorway, with its big prayer-wheel, up narrow stairs and passages, past dark, gaping holes and clefts, and the proverbial fierce mastiff of Tibetan gompas. A lock and key of unique design fastens the chapel door, and when this swings back we pass into a dimly lighted chamber, hung round with coloured, Chinese-looking scrolls; low kneeling-stools being ranged up and down the floor for the thirty or forty monks whose duty it is to pray for the community, they in their turn supporting the monastic institutions. Upon the altar, raised on gaudily painted boxes, are set small water vessels and oil lamps, all in burnished brass. Vases of flowers and fans of peacock feathers and paper lanterns are prominent. In the midst of these is an offering of grain to the long row of gaudy idols behind the altar, amongst whom Buddha and Chamba are conspicuous. A copper vessel is opened to display the ever-burning lamp—a lighted wick floating in oil. We are shown the musical instruments—gongs, trumpets, bells, rattles, shawms—and the books. Permission is given to make pictures, and Miss Kutter and I have a busy twenty minutes photographing and sketching, in spite of the unspeakable stuffiness of the atmosphere. We ask after the nuns, and they produce one, a giggling young lady also dressed in red rags, who proudly

stands beside the lamas to be photographed. . . . The Lamayuru people are not troubled with shyness. All round our tents they cluster, and two girls, with the assurance of Ladaki ladies, come inside bringing roses, and then squat down to watch us brushing our hair. We get rid of them happily by presenting each with an English pin!

Besides the journal, which ends here, there are sketch-books containing more than a dozen water-colour sketches made by Irene during this journey: in the foregrounds manis and chortens, in the middle distance grotesque rocks of crudest colouring, in the distance towering snow mountains—all rapid work en route, but full of vigour and spirit; and one who knows the region says: "She has quite caught the rich colouring peculiar to Ladakh." There are half a dozen pencil landscapes, too, with full memoranda for carrying them out in colour later on, and telling outlines of picturesque figures at many places, and curiosities from Lhasa seen at Lamayuru. The last sketch was made on July 30th.

In a letter written to Mr. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe on July 27th Irene says: "We hope to reach Leh on July 31st, get about four days there, and then return. The entire change is doing us all a world of good, and we are such a happy party."

This same day she was eagerly planning that when the Swiss ladies turned back, she and Miss Phillips would go on together to Himis, which would have involved the great fatigue of riding a yak. There are two jottings in her diary for the coming August: "*August 4th.*—Godson," to remind her of the birthday of the little son of Mr. Sircar, who had left Srinagar for the Baring High School at Batala some time since; and "*August 20th.*—Hindi Gospel for Dras thanadar's ladies," to remind her to follow up what had been her very last bit of missionary work. "Returning from Leh," writes Miss Phillips, who sent the promised book, "I went in to see

the women at Dras, and told them about her having passed away. They seemed to have been much impressed by her visit." In a letter to her sister of July 19th Irene had said she would be thinking specially of her elder nephew on August 22nd (his third birthday), and had ordered the Child's Bible for him from London as her birthday gift.

So truly in the midst of life she was in death! "It is almost impossible," wrote Miss Coverdale, reporting to headquarters, "to realise that it is Miss Petrie who has gone and will never come back to us. She seemed so unlikely to die (if one may say such a thing)—so full of life and energy and plans, not at all intended for death."

But for her that toilsome journey had been one prolonged battle with a malady well known to be most fatal to the young and strong. "She started in spite of fever," says Dr. Neve, "justified, perhaps, in thinking that a change of air and a holiday would put her all right." "She suffered with fever off and on most of the time," say the Swiss ladies, "but was the life of the party, equal to more than any of the other three." It seemed to be no more than an ordinary attack of fever, not at all uncommon on the road from Srinagar to Leh. What could not be discovered yet was that while she was suffering from ordinary fever in the fierce midsummer of Srinagar the germs of typhoid had found their way into her system, doubtless through the foul smells of that unclean city. The exhilarating mountain air, and possibly her own spirit and determination, had retarded their development.

Higher and higher she went, deeper and deeper into the heart of the mighty mountains it had been the dream of her life to see, intent only on the idea of renewing her strength that she might continue to tell those least likely to hear it from others that God loved them. And neither she nor anyone else knew how few were the marches between her and Home as she nightly pitched her moving tent. We have seen that

love of home was one of her ruling passions, and among the very few possessions she took with her to Leh were the portraits of her parents and her sister Evelyn. She had given up the earthly home freely and for ever; but now, her work being accomplished, she was to rejoin those dearly loved ones in a moment, and to be, like them, for ever "at Home with the Lord."

After the happy services in "Kharbu Cathedral," as they called it, the three sahibs had gone on their adventurous way. A week or two later they approached Leh, expecting to see there the colleague whom they regarded, says Dr. Neve, as "the strongest and most able of the lady zenana visitors." But when they drew near the city a messenger met them with fatal news, and they entered it to find only a new-made grave.

On July 27th Irene had used for the last time the pen whose speed had always been a proverb among her friends. She had then done over two hundred miles of the journey, reckoning their detour. Sixty-six miles remained, of which Miss Phillips writes thus:—

"On July 28th Irene seemed perfectly well. I had been ill, and I was so touched by her thoughtfulness. We had to cross a very high pass. Being in a dandy, I travelled slowly; and though I said nothing about it, I much dreaded the possibility of an attack of illness when alone. A few miles on, dear, sweet Irene came to me and said: 'I am going to stay with you all the time. You shall not be alone at all to-day.' I remember so well her joy on reaching the top of the pass, and seeing the glorious views all round.

"On July 29th we had a long and difficult march. After starting about 6 a.m. we found, four hours later, that the Indus had overflowed its banks, and it was necessary to go through the water. It was too deep to ride through, so she was carried over in my dandy—an uncomfortable and rather dangerous experience. Then we had to cross a

perilous track on the face of the rock. It was fearfully hot, and she said to me, 'I am feeling this terrible sun so much.' I had to go on without stopping, as my men carried me very slowly. She stayed in the shadow of a great rock, and overtook me at the entrance of our camping-ground. We were both tired out, and after tea I begged her to go to bed. 'No,' she said; 'it is so dull in bed. I could not bear it.' So she took a little sketch of the mountains in the glorious sunset glow." (One, if not two, vigorous water-colours of snow peaks rising beyond the gloom of pine woods represent that evening's work.)

"About 8 a.m. on Friday, July 30th, we passed through the picturesque village of Bazgo. 'I must just sketch this,' she said; and springing from her pony, she sat on a stone, and took a rapid pencil-sketch, putting in notes to guide her as to future colouring, and expatiating on the beauty of the scene. . . . She arrived at Pyang just as it was getting dusk. I had been there an hour, and ran out to meet her. She said, 'I am so tired,' and cried a little. Miss Werthmüller suggested that it would be better for her to stay at Pyang till Saturday afternoon.

"Saturday, July 31st, I stayed with her, and the others went on in the early morning. At midday she said she did not think she could sit on her pony, and asked whether I thought we had better stay another day. All the servants and food had gone on; it was a desolate place; her temperature was 104°, and I knew there was a doctor in Leh, twelve miles away. So I sent for the headman of the village, and told him he must get men to carry her on her bedstead; and at 5 o'clock, when it was cooler, I took her off."

Miss Kant thus describes her arrival:—

"Dear Miss Petrie had written to me about coming up to Leh this summer, and I was looking forward to her visit with great pleasure. . . . We expected her party during

the forenoon of Saturday; but only the two Swiss ladies arrived, telling us that Miss Phillips and Miss Petrie would not come in till the evening, as the latter had suffered very much from fever during the last three days. This news rather alarmed me, and I thought it would be better if Miss Petrie would share my own room, instead of being in a house in the compound with the other ladies, as I should be better able to look after her and 'mother' her, especially as Dr. Neve had told me that she had been really overworking herself before leaving Srinagar. How glad have I been that God did put this into my mind! We went out in the evening to meet the two ladies, and were greatly alarmed first to see Miss Petrie's riderless pony led in by the syce, and presently to see her carried on a bedstead. But in her lively manner she made light of it, and wanted to walk the rest of the way. She was carried into the compound, and just rose to walk into my room, which she was never to leave. . . . I found her temperature alarmingly high, and at once went for Dr. Neve.

"On Sunday she wanted to get up for the English service, to which she was eagerly looking forward, and was greatly distressed when I said that Dr. Neve did not wish her to rise till he had seen her. Flowers from my little garden gave her so much pleasure, and she repeatedly said she felt as if she were in old England again."

Miss Phillips says of that Sunday: "She seemed so lively and bright that there was difficulty in keeping her in bed. Mrs. Francke told me afterwards they thought she could not be ill at all. . . . I told her all about the service, which seemed to please her. Miss Werthmüller and Miss Kutter had to return to India on Wednesday; but I felt I could not leave her, so stayed on and helped to nurse her."

Only on that day was the real nature of her illness suspected. On Monday, August 2nd, Dr. Neve left her in the hands of

Dr. Graham, State surgeon at Leh, a man as able as himself, having arranged that special messengers should recall him at once if matters took an unfavourable turn. Her fine constitution and the skilled care of Miss Kant gave Dr. Neve every reason to expect that the fever would run a normal and favourable course, approach the crisis on his return some ten days later, and detain her in all some six weeks at Leh. Not being absolutely certain yet that it was typhoid, they never told her what they feared; and the only thing that seemed to distress Irene herself was the breaking up of others' plans through her detention. On Tuesday she remarked that the illness must have been sent to teach her patience, words showing that she had no idea that her end was drawing near. "I was, however, strongly impressed," says Miss Phillips, "with the conviction, not that her life was nearly over, but that some great change in it was at hand; that she would not resume the old routine in Srinagar. She seemed to be recapitulating and weighing all her work there, as if she were closing a chapter."

We return now to Miss Kant's narrative: "Monday was a trying night, and Miss Phillips, to whom she seemed greatly attached, sat up with her. . . . On Tuesday afternoon the home mail arrived. It contained a photograph of her younger nephew (a baby scarcely a year old) in his mother's arms. How she did love to have this picture! I am truly thankful that it arrived on that day; had it come a day later, I fear she would hardly have had power to recognise it. I put it on a little table beside her bed, with a vase of sweet peas, mignonette, and carnations. Her eyes rested on it again and again, and her frequent remark was, 'Are they not dear, sweet things?' I am so glad our Heavenly Father gave her this last taste of earthly love; she did so fully enjoy it, and was so thankful for it. On Wednesday there were marked signs of sinking strength. . . . In the afternoon I read her the first page of her sister's letter, and she enjoyed it much, looking

forward to the rest, which we were never able to give her. She remarked, 'I did worry very much about several things during the first day, but I have asked our Father to take it all away, and He has done so, and now I can be quite contented.' It was so touching to hear her expressions of thankfulness for the little I was able to do for her. We could not do very much, but I know from all the members of our mission that what we did was done in Christian love, and it was a pleasure to be able to do it. A remark of hers on Wednesday, when I was doing something for her, was, 'I am so glad the Lord sees everything you are doing for me. I am only one of the least, yet He has said He will reward what ye do for one of the least.' This was about the last really intelligent utterance. On Thursday consciousness was fading away more and more. All through Friday she was perfectly unconscious and did not speak one word."

On Friday morning Mrs. Fichtner wrote to Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe that Irene was lying unconscious, but that Dr. Graham saw no actual danger; and Miss Phillips wrote a letter to her sister, suggesting that on its receipt—*i.e.*, six weeks later—a telegraphic message of love should be sent from Canada. But in the late afternoon Dr. Graham noticed a failure of the pulse that made him send instantly for Dr. Neve, expressing a fear that he might not be in time. This was the first note of real apprehension. In the evening she began to speak again, making an inquiry about her pony's feed on the level of ordinary talk that reassured Miss Phillips, who went to bed feeling quite happy about her. But the experienced Miss Kant saw an expression in her face showing that the words merely reflected what had passed in her mind before consciousness failed, and said this was the worst sign of all. Miss Kant continues: "Dr. Graham seemed more hopeful when he left her at 10, but gave orders that he was to be summoned again at 12. I then put her in charge of Mrs.

Francke, and for some time after heard her trying to sing. Then all was quiet, till suddenly Mrs. Francke called me. I was at the bedside in a moment, just in time to see the last breath taking its flight from this earthly body."

She was spared the pain of parting tears,
She was spared all mortal strife ;
It was scarcely dying ; she only passed
In a moment to endless life.

The last words she listened to before she became unconscious were these : "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee : because he trusteth in Thee." The Christmas child, whose name was Peace, who gave her life to preach the Gospel of Peace, who would, we are told, always be remembered first of all as "the peacemaker," entered into the peace of God under the shadow of the great monastery with its vain dream of the peace of Buddha.

Very unusual had the issue of the illness been. After an abnormally lengthened preliminary stage, suddenly, ere the crisis was reached, heart failure supervened, due partly to the great altitude and fatigue of the journey, partly to reaction, after fighting the malady inch by inch instead of succumbing to it at once. Four restless days of fever, nearly two days of unconsciousness, then, without gasp or struggle, almost imperceptibly, her spirit passed, summoned in a moment, from the promise of many years of happy, fruitful work, into the immediate Presence of her Lord. Most literally fulfilled was His promise : "If a man keep My word, he shall never taste of death." To her, even more than to most, gradual loss of health, slowly failing power to accomplish what she willed to do, prolonged helplessness, would have been a keen trial. Moreover, this life had been sweet to her, and ready as she was to die, she, who was dear to so many, and to whom her chosen work was so dear, had many reasons for desiring to live. So for her, and surely it

was a token that God had pleasure in her single-hearted service, there was no "sadness of farewell," no vain longing in the last hours for her dearest, no sense of our sorrow in losing her. One Friday she was sketching meadow and mountain with her wonted delight, next Friday she was breathing out her life in song in the hour of release from all suffering. For full of hopes and plans for the morrow as she was, her work had already been faithfully done, and "she fell asleep like a tired child on her father's knee." Such is the simple description of her end given by the young wife of Mr. Francke, who adds: "I think it a great blessing to have been allowed to be present when this blessed child of God was called Home. . . . All who witnessed it will never forget the impression it made."

And for her who lay now, they said, "with a lovely flush on her cheek, looking so beautiful that it was hard not to believe she would presently awaken as from happy dreams," for her who had all her life made music, this same Mrs. Francke gave her harp-case, and out of it Mr. Francke and Dr. Graham wrought the coffin; and only Christian hands bore her to her grave in the Moravian God's Acre outside Leh, to rest beside the noble Marx and Redslob.

On Sunday evening, August 8th, all the missionaries and all the native Christians gathered in the little chapel, with Captain Stewart, the Queen's representative at Leh, who had sent most beautiful flowers and had desired to be one of the bearers. After a Tibetan hymn Dr. Graham read the Anglican Burial Service, the four ladies sang "For all the saints who from their labours rest," Mr. Francke gave an address, and then they sang in Tibetan the beautiful aria "Wo findet die Seele die heimath, die ruhe." The service was concluded in the God's Acre with "Jesus meine Zuversicht" in Tibetan, followed by Mr. Fichtner reading the Tibetan litany, portions of Scripture, and more German

chorales. Dr. Graham then finished the Anglican service, and the ladies sang "Peace, perfect peace."

So Irene "sleeps to wake" where the giant mountains she had from earliest childhood longed to see keep watch and ward over the little grass-grown grave. Miss Kant planted clematis, "caring for it as if it had been the grave of her own sister"; and every Easter Day the Moravians meet on that spot to give thanks in a special liturgy for those who have departed in the faith since the Feast of the Resurrection was last celebrated.

On Sunday, August 15th, there were memorial services at Srinagar. "I preached a funeral sermon at St. Luke's," says Mr. Knowles, "from the text 1 Cor. xv. 19, exhorting the congregation to remember that the better part of our hope in Christ is laid up for us in heaven. Miss Petrie, I know, felt this very much, or she could not, as she told me once, have done the things she did. The hymn after the sermon, 'For ever with the Lord,' was one of her favourites." At the evening service in All Saints' Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe preached from 1 Cor. xv. 58, referring to her bright example and the Power that led her to leave all for Christ's sake, saying that while many are ready to scoff at missionaries and suggest that they have ulterior motives, no one could say that it was desire for position or love of travel that brought her to Kashmir. She had heard the call of Christ Himself, and obeyed it.

Before the darling youngest child, for whom she had cherished so many fond hopes, was given to her, Irene's mother carefully copied out in her graceful writing a poem called "The Missionary's Grave," which concludes thus :

Here a soldier's ashes rest
 In this desert spot of ground ;
 Long the foe around him pressed,
 Now he is with glory crowned.
 Let the world its heroes praise,
 Round their tombs its laurels twine ;
 May the Christian's fighting days
 And the Christian's grave be mine !

CHAPTER XIV

AN INSPIRING MEMORY

If I could have such a memory of one as dear to me, I think the joy would outweigh the sorrow.—*A Letter of Condolence.*

One death in the mission field is worth six lives at home.—T. V. FRENCH, *Bishop of Lahore.*

“IRENE PETRIE was universally and deeply lamented,” says the historian of the C.M.S., and it is no mere stereotyped phrase concerning one who had, like King David, bowed the heart of all who knew her. Few taken so early can have been more widely mourned, can have left so far-reaching an influence. The news came as an enduring personal sorrow to very many to whom she was “our beloved Irene,” and ever extending circles all wept and bewailed her, beginning at Leh with those who had nursed her so tenderly, one of whom had first seen her that day four weeks ago, the other had taken her as a slight acquaintance into her room to mother her less than one week before. “What one felt and still feels about it,” wrote Miss Kant to Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe, “one can hardly say. It is too much for words. She had grown so dear to us during the few days she was amongst us.” And the doctor, who had done all that human skill could do for her, wrote thus to a medical *confère*: “Why such a strong, earnest, clever, happy worker should have been taken, our short sight cannot see. For India’s sake I would most gladly have taken her place.”

The news reached Srinagar, and "it was as when a standard bearer fainteth." Dr. Neve wrote in *Picturesque Kashmir* (p. 123): "Our stay in Ladakh was saddened by the illness and death of Miss Irene Petrie, a charming and accomplished young lady"; and in his annual report: "The Mission Hospital has lost a true and generous friend. An honorary missionary of rare gifts and accomplishments, a good linguist, unselfish, sympathetic in manner, given to good works, her sudden Home call has left a gap in our small mission band which it will be hard to fill"; and in a private letter: "All the mission will feel it, not merely for a few weeks, but for months and years. But surely one will ever be thankful for having known her, till the time of the ever-blessed reunion takes place."

Mr. Knowles wrote to headquarters: "I scarcely know how to write. . . 'Tis hard to say, and still harder to feel, God's will be done. Miss Petrie was such a true friend, such a devoted worker, such a real helpmeet in the work. Only a little while was she spared to us, but her goodness and her earnestness will live in our memories for many a day. Only a short while was she spared to the work, but her ministration among these people of Kashmir will endure for a long time as a power in the lives of many of them."

Miss Hull wrote: "The news came to me as a most terrible shock, and it seemed so much to change and sadden one's life that one so bright and full of life and energy should have so soon ended her earthly course. I have indeed lost in her a most kind and loving friend, whom I shall sorely miss. . . I trust I shall come in time to rejoice with her who rejoices now in her Saviour's Presence; at present the sense of loss prevails over everything." At a meeting in London in 1899 she said: "Irene Petrie's short and bright life and work among us will always be a holy memory."

Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe wrote: "Kashmir has lost the truest of friends. For many months she has been a true, loving

sister to us, and we have shared one another's joys and sorrows."

Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe wrote: "It seems impossible to realise that dear Irene has gone from us. Such a wonderful life of usefulness and brightness, spent in love and thoughtfulness for others; herself always last, or rather nowhere at all. She has left a very great blank in our home; she was so entirely one with us. . . . But we both feel that it is one of the happiest calls Home that we know, for one so ready and just a little tired with the burden and heat of the day."

Miss Coverdale wrote to headquarters: "We could ill spare her, and are inclined to think that God's work here must suffer through her removal; but we know that He would not have taken her if His work or plans would be hindered thereby. It has been my sad duty to tell all her zenana pupils, and without exception there has been great lamenting."

Miss Howatson wrote on January 10th, 1898: "I visit several of Miss Petrie's zenanas, and it is a great happiness to me to hear the oft-repeated words of praise and love spoken of her by her pupils. She is much missed and mourned by them. Some of the women, when they first heard the sad news, shed honest tears of sorrow, and we wept together. But one brave little Mohammedan girl said, 'Never mind, Miss Sahib. Surely she is with God now, for see how she loved and served Him here on earth.'"

The news reached the homeland, and fresh as if she had not been four years away was the grief over what one neighbour called "the overwhelming calamity of her ever-to-be-lamented early death."

"I feel completely stunned," wrote a friend living in Switzerland. "Her dear, sweet face is looking at me now from my writing-table, where I have always loved to have it, and seems to say, It is not true."

"She was such a bright, devoted young creature! It seems as if a star had gone out," wrote a London friend.

"The world seems emptier since your sweet sister left it," wrote the author of *C.M.S. Sketches*.

"Our dear, bright, splendid Irene," wrote the distinguished artist who had painted her portrait, "how dearly we loved her! How we admired and prized her! One feels everything poorer without her."

"I cannot express the feeling that comes over me when I think that I shall never more look upon that lovely form or listen to her voice," wrote a life-long friend, who only survived her a few months.

"Like everyone else who came across her," wrote her friend at Mitcham, "I found her friendship and the winning influence of her bright spirit inexpressibly helpful; and it is hardly possible to say how much we owe here to the work she did in helping to start and promote missionary interest among our girls. They loved working for her; and it was very touching to see the real sorrow with which they heard of her death."

The following words, pathetic in their very simplicity, were written by a Highland woman, in whose cottage Irene had twice spent some days: "Dear, dear Miss Petrie has gone home—sweet, loving, kind, gentle, noble Miss Petrie! When I read it, I just sat down at the fireside and wept till I was tired."

The news reached friends in Canada, the United States, New Zealand, Japan, and in each place the sound of lamentation was taken up.

"It seems impossible," wrote the friend in Japan whom we met in Chapter IX. invalided home, "to believe that it can be true. She looked so bright and young, as if she might have so many years of beautiful work before her."

But in this chorus of voices lamentation is not the dominant note, nor even admiration, nor love, though these notes ring out loud and clear, as is seen by the following expressions of appreciation of what she did from India, and of affection for what she was from Britain. And all these things were written by those to whom she had no tie of blood, for she was as poor in relatives as she was rich in friends.

A Canadian traveller, who arrived in Srinagar with an introduction to her, says: "I had the great privilege of meeting her. She was one of those rare and precious beings whom to know is to love. . . . I was struck with the rare gifts of both head and heart that Heaven had favoured her with. She took such an intelligent interest in her work, and at the same time was so bright and cheerful and full of human sympathy and kindness."

A London friend, who visited Kashmir in 1898, says: "I had a longing to see Kashmir; but it seemed so sad to come here with no bright welcome from dear Irene, that I almost shrank from it. . . . I have asked many people about her, and I am much struck by worldly people as well as missionaries witnessing to the great charm of her sunny brightness and sympathetic thought for others. They tell me how gifted she was, how ready to join in all the harmless amusements of the station, while the missionaries testify to her thorough, unfaltering devotion to duty and power of winning the people."

Another traveller in India says: "She was so talented! I thought her gift for languages quite marvellous when I went with her to the zenanas and school one day. Her life seemed to me a very complete one, and she was an example to us all of diligence and love."

Dr. Graham says: "Her example and influence have, I know, told widely."

Miss Phillips says: "Her reputation in India was that of

a splendid worker. Her sweet, fair, beautiful life will bear much fruit far and wide."

Out of many, we quote these brief expressions of affection by two friends in England and America, by a schoolfellow, and by an aged neighbour who had known from childhood Irene's mother as well as Irene:—

"My love for dear Irene was very great."

"She was to me exceedingly precious, and her friendship one of God's blessings."

"It seems too sad—poor, sweet thing!—to think of her being ill and dying among strangers. I did love her so!"

"I do think I loved Irene as if she had been my own daughter."

Then above the regret, the admiration, and the love, rises the chord of inspiration, in which blend the quickened faith that—

Transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere,

and the rekindled desire to follow Christ here as she followed Him. Again and again in letters about her occur such phrases as "called to higher service," "quickly promoted"; and to many the thought of the larger life beyond seems to glow luminous as they contemplate a life begun thus on earth. Not only she herself, but her special gifts and acquirements must surely live on.

Here, from widely different places and people, are one or two expressions of this faith and this desire:—

"Though her visits to the zenanas are over, her work, we know, is not done."

"How truly she is still living and speaking, though not still here!"

"How very near she seems!"

"Somehow, she often seems so near now, as if one could talk things over with her. No more human limitations for her immortal spirit, but strength always to do."

"It seemed to me unlike a death. She was needed by her Saviour to renew her work in a higher sphere."

"As I think of our beloved Irene at rest, I think of her also as having been removed from work below to something nobler and perhaps more difficult above, for which our Father has seen her still better fitted. I do not believe her active, clever, capable, spiritual mind and her loving, earnest, ardent soul have ceased to work for the Master she loved and lived for, and for the souls for whom she willingly laid down her precious life."

"What a beautiful, consecrated life it was! What a glorious life it is, freed from all earthly bonds, and having entered into the fuller service of Heaven!"

"Heaven is getting richer."

"I think of her as a power not less but rather more than ever active in the Master's service; and the thought seems to bring with it a greater longing than ever not to suffer oneself to fall too far behind her, or to become too unworthy of her influence, her example, and her love."

"Called away in youth, yet leaving so intensely bright a memory that she will live long in influence."

"She will ever be an inspiration for all that is good."

"You will like to know what an inspiration she was to me, and how often the thought of her, with her brilliant gifts and attractive, sweet ways, given so absolutely to God's service in Kashmir, has given quite a new colouring to missionary life and its possibilities, and an impetus to my missionary interest. Her example must have stirred and quickened very many; and her so sadly early, and to us mysterious, Home call will, I trust, result in many pressing forward to try and fill her place."

"I so often think of her longing that the women of Kashmir should know more of the Love and Holiness of God; and have often prayed for this, and for the many houses she

visited. It is such a privilege to be able to help her work by continuing to pray for it," says an Irish friend.

"Let us pray every day for all those dear women over whom she yearned, who heard the sweet Word of Life from her," says a correspondent in New Zealand.

And the three next quotations are from letters of Canadians who knew her by report and by her writings only:—

"It is good to know that such lives are possible."

"I had come to feel that I knew and loved her too."

"What a lovely life hers was! May her memory abide as a blessing in the land for which she sacrificed herself so freely!"

This last letter is from Srinagar: "I came to Srinagar motherless and fatherless, and thinking myself friendless, as everyone here was a perfect stranger to me. But I was not friendless long, for the Master had one of His own disciples ready to love and care for me. This one chosen to be a friend in the truest sense of the word was Miss Petrie. To know her was to love her, and I loved her from the first. All my little troublesome thoughts used to vanish on seeing her face with an ever welcome smile, and hearing her voice; and I always left her feeling better and braver and happier after our meeting, and for her love and sympathy. She became a part of my daily life here, and I never could imagine Srinagar without her. Your dear sister's life here has been, to everyone who knew her, a pattern of holiness, love, and charity. It is my constant prayer now that I may be helped in my endeavour to follow in her footsteps, and be as worthy and ready to enter into His gates with thanksgiving as she was."

At the Church Congress in London in 1899 a note of encouragement for our generation was sounded when, turning from mere ecclesiastical questions and controversy about religion, they considered Experimental Religion itself as a

force manifested in the practical work of the Church at home and abroad. One of the strongest papers on this subject by a well-known layman led up to the following climax: "Whence come the increasing number of missionaries, men and women, many at their own charges, leaving refined and cultivated home circles to spread the Gospel of Christ? Whence come the Pilkingtons, and the Fremantles, and the Irene Petries?"

A striking proof that her life had touched other lives to bless them was seen in the impulse in different quarters to perpetuate Irene's memory by doing something for Kashmir. Any costly, conventional monument would have been contrary to her character and wishes. In addition, however, to the simple tablet near to the organ and to the marble commemorating her parents and sister in the parish church of Kensington, a brass, with inscription in Urdu, has been placed in St. Luke's Church, Srinagar, by two fellow-missionaries "in loving memory of Fanny Butler and Irene Petrie."

But to us she seems to say, Kashmir had my life; may it not have some of your service, or at least some of your substance?

One girl friend, whose proficiency on the violin had made her a valuable ally to Irene in the concerts she so often organised, proposed to her music pupils—most of them children, none of them personally acquainted with Irene—to undertake the support of an orphan girl, saved from the famine, as an "Irene Petrie" scholar in Miss Hull's boarding school. This "Inasmuch Society," whose existence became known to me quite accidentally, has since adopted two more children, and members who cannot contribute the penny a week asked for, promise at any rate to pray regularly for their little *protégés*.

The *Irene Petrie Memorial Fund* was the outcome of proposals independently made by various friends. Of late

years the C.M.S. has given to individuals, parishes, and local unions, contributing a fixed sum annually, the privilege of appropriating one of its workers abroad as their "own missionary." A sum will, it is hoped, be raised, to produce annually an "Irene Petrie Fund," which shall be used by the C.M.S. to provide Kashmir with one more missionary. A considerable amount has now been collected, and some of the gifts are noteworthy enough to be mentioned. The earliest offering was the first of three gifts, amounting to several pounds in all, from the children of the Latymer Road Mission School, mostly gathered in coppers. A factory girl, who was a diligent student in the College by Post, spent some of her scanty leisure in earning half a crown to give. Almost the last act of a friend over eighty years of age was to write a cheque for the fund, and speak in eager appreciation of Irene's work. Another gift was sent by the daughter-in-law of William Carey's colleague Marshman, writing in extreme old age, little more than three months before her death, and recalling Irene's interest in spiritual things as a member of her Bible class when a very young girl. Of the largest gifts, one was a thank-offering for recovery from critical illness, "in loving memory of Irene"; one was part of a large sum dedicated to foreign missions in consequence of zeal awakened by a talk with Irene before she went to India; one was from a lady whose own hope of offering for work in Kashmir had been thwarted; and a sum of nearly thirty pounds was the result of a collection made in Montreal by a Canadian who knew Irene only by repute.

Montreal has given yet another gift to Kashmir. Chapter VI. told how the John Bishop Memorial Hospital was endowed for Dr. Butler, and in what loss and disappointment that promising enterprise ended. Since then the erection of a Jubilee State Hospital for women in Srinagar,

and the enlargement of the women's wards in the C.M.S. Hospital, has lessened the need of it there. The C.M.S., to whom, with the consent of the C.E.Z.M.S., Mrs. Bishop transferred its endowment in 1899, are therefore re-erecting it at Islamabad, and sent out in March, 1900, as its future medical officer, Miss Minnie Gomery, M.D. She is the daughter of a clergyman at Montreal, and in her medical course at Bishop's College she carried off every prize for which she could compete, and ended by winning the gold medal. As a young medical student looking forward to missionary work, she heard so much about Irene that she desired to go to Kashmir, of all fields. The Montreal Branch of the Gleaners' Union have pledged themselves to support her as the gift of Canada to Kashmir, and as one result of Irene's missionary career, Dr. Butler has at last a worthy successor.

Irene always diverted attention from herself to her field, saying in her letters, "*The work, not my work, remember.*" Thither, therefore, we will, in conclusion, follow Dr. Gomery.

"The impression of Irene's beautiful life lives on, and helps us in many ways," writes Mrs. Tyndale-Biscoe in October, 1899. "What she was to us and in our home I never can express in words. Whenever I hear music and look on lovely scenery I seem to miss her most; but they are all such happy memories, one can feel thankful they have been given to us."

"One of my Mohammedan masters," writes Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe in December, 1899, "was telling me how his little sisters and mother missed the visits of Irene, and were often talking of her. Thanks to Miss Petrie and Miss Howatson, he said, his sisters now read very well; and he intends (their father being dead) to give his sisters in marriage to educated men, who need companions and not furniture; and holds to his disapproval of child-marriage, though people are saying

it is a shame the elder one is not married yet. The little girls, now fourteen and twelve years old, are teaching others to read, and one of them taught the master himself the Ten Commandments in rhyme; he then taught them to his boys at school. Their volunteering to make garments for a neighbour aged ninety-eight, to save her a tailor's bill, was a little act of kindness so unprecedented in Kashmiris that it formed another proof that the hours of patient labour in that house had not been lost."

The following incident is related by the wife of a master in the C.M.S. School, who, as Miss Rudra, was an assistant C.E.Z. missionary at Srinagar. She is the daughter of a Bengali clergyman, and sister of a master at the S.P.G. College at Delhi. "I visited a pupil of your dear sister's," Mrs. Singh writes, "a girl of twenty, who said, with tears in her eyes, that she had known of many teachers coming to her house to teach, but that no teacher was like her own, who taught the way to God, without money and without price. I am quite sure that the seed which is sown in such hearts as these will never be choked, but will some day bring forth fruit unto eternal life."

Within a fortnight of her departure from Srinagar Irene herself wrote: "One is quite content if one is allowed to scatter a few seeds, and to help to lay foundations for the people who come after to make something of." Seedtime has come in Kashmir; but it is still dark winter, and only when summer brings harvest can results be estimated. Such shrewd observers as Sir Herbert Edwardes and Bishop Cotton uttered their deliberate opinion that missionaries as a rule underrate the amount of their success. And our Lord Himself illustrated the saying, whose truth He endorsed, "One soweth and another reapeth." When, after three years of sowing, He lay in the tomb, the world said that a first promise of success had been followed by utter failure. Yet, in consequence of

His sowing, the apostles reaped three thousand souls in one day. The world had not allowed for His "glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and the Coming of the Holy Ghost," and its appreciation of His life work was utterly at fault. So now the world entirely fails to gauge the forces at work in such a field as Kashmir. And when the missionaries of the future seem suddenly to enter into the labour of the past and present missionaries whose story has been told here, even the Church will be astonished, instead of recognising in their swift success the inevitable result of all the previous patient toil. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, being patient over it. . . . Be ye also patient; . . . for the coming of the Lord is at hand." "The King is coming," wrote Irene, very shortly before her Home call. And the one certainty is that in due season they will reap, if they faint not.

Half a century ago Lord Lawrence, one of those Christian Governors who sought to establish the rule of Christ as well as the rule of Britain in India, was asked by the Maharaja of Kashmir to suggest a design for his newly issued coinage. He gave him the letters "I.H.S.": in Greek, the first half of the Name that is above every name; in Latin, the initials for "Jesus, Saviour of men." Every time, therefore, that a Kashmiri handles the silver coin of his country, he touches the superscription of the true "King of the Nations" (Rev. xv. 3, R.V., margin), and unconsciously passes on the symbol of a sure and certain hope that the troubled history of Kashmir leads up to the hour when there, as in all the world, a King shall reign in righteousness.

THE END

