A KINDLY ACT.

Dr. Pennell saw an old woman staggering under the weight of a heavy bundle. He immediately relieved her of it and carried it himself, to the wonder of all who saw them. Such an act was characteristic of the man.

PENNELL

OF THE

INDIAN FRONTIER

THE FINE STORY OF DR. T. L. PENNELL'S
LIFE ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER
TOLD FOR BOYS & GIRLS

BY

N. J. DAVIDSON, B.A.(Oxon.)

AUTHOR OF
"A KNIGHT ERRANT & HIS DOUGHTY DEEDS," "THINGS SEEN IN OXFORD,"
"BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER"
&c., &c., &c.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

"Dr. Pennell was perhaps the most remarkable Englishman who ever came into touch with the fierce and fanatical tribes of the Afghan border."—MAJ.-GEN. G. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, C.B., C.I.E.

A distinguished officer said of Pennell: "The presence of Pennell on the Frontier is equal to that of two British regiments."

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Lord Roberts in his introduction to the full life of Dr. Pennell, entitled "Pennell of the Afghan Frontier," wrote:—

"Dr. Pennell was a man of striking appearance, of commanding personality, and of prepossessing manner. He was quite fearless (he never carried a weapon of any kind), and he was patient and determined. His aim was to get to understand the people and to be trusted by them; and in this endeavour, living amongst them and mixing freely and fearlessly with them, and by the example of his frugal, self-denying life, he achieved a remarkable measure of success."

Pennell of the Indian Frontier

THE family of the Pennells is of ancient West-country origin, and traces its descent from ancestors who were already living at Penhall, in Cornwall, before the Conquest. Subsequently the family moved to Lupton in Devonshire, where they resided for some centuries.

About 1390, John Penhale and Richard Penhale are recorded as being Priors of Plympton Priory, and in 1415, a certain Richard Pennell, who was Canon of Crediton and Exeter, and Vicar of Paignton, became Archdeacon of Cornwall. He was also President of the Consistorial Council.

Among the girls, chief interest is attached to Rosamond, who at the age of six weeks was adopted by her eldest sister, then the wife of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. It was only by accident that she eventually learned that her supposed mother was really her sister. She was celebrated for her beauty, and her portrait at the age of seventeen by Sir Thomas Lawrence is a renowned and familiar picture. When a child at Kensington Palace, she was sent for to play with Queen Victoria. The "Croker Papers" are full of references to "Nony," as she was called.

Theodore Pennell's father, John Wilson Croker Pennell, was a successful student of Guy's Hospital, London, where he won the Gold Medal of the London University in the M.B. examination in Medicine.

For some years he was in Rio de Janeiro, where he had a large practice and a plantation. In 1866 he married his first cousin, Elizabeth Fanny Jordan, and had two children, Theodore Leighton, born in 1867 at Clifton, and Evangeline Sybil, who died in infancy.

He settled in England after his marriage, though he visited South America once, with his wife and infant son. He died

when Theodore was nine years old, and his widow made it her aim to inspire in her boy the desire to dedicate his life and talents to the service of others.

During his childhood Theodore was rather delicate, and on account of this he was prevented from taking part in the games of his boy friends, and being brought up by his mother, herself a great student, he became an omnivorous reader, and showed a far stronger inclination towards scientific pursuits than is usual in the ordinary boy. Owing to the state of his health, his mother decided to live at Eastbourne, where Theodore became a day boy at the college there.

After the age of fourteen his health improved considerably; and in the course of the next two or three years he attained his full stature, and gained the vigour and intense vitality that characterised him so markedly throughout life.

His personal appearance is thus described by a friend. Standing well over six feet (6 ft. 2 in.), he carried his inches so easily that one scarcely noticed his height. Well proportioned, spare and yet muscular as he was, his quiet and gentle manner gave one but little indication that he was in the presence of a man of special distinction. Indeed, Pennell's own opinion of his abilities was so small that when asked to print his lectures in book form, it was only after considerable pressure that he consented to entertain the idea. Though at all times a striking figure, it was when dressed in the yellow flowing garb of an Indian Sadhu, or the even more picturesque costume of a wild Pathan, that Dr. Pennell was seen at his best. This impression was not at all marred by his wearing glasses, for his aquiline features, clear blue-grey penetrating eyes, and firm mouth, completed a picture as striking as it was characteristic. In fact, one's own mental conception of Dr. Pennell's commanding personality is of necessity and quite inseparably bound up with the native dress which he habitually wore on the north-west frontier.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts thus describes Dr. Pennell: "Dr. Pennell was a man of striking appearance, of commanding personality, and of prepossessing manner. He was quite fearless (he never carried a weapon of any kind), and he was

patient and determined. His aim was to get to understand the people and to be trusted by them; and in this endeavour, living amongst them and mixing freely and fearlessly with them, and by the example of his frugal, self-denying life, he achieved a remarkable measure of success."

In 1884 Theodore Pennell matriculated, and won a medical entrance exhibition at University College, London. His early love for science stood him in good stead, and in 1886 he was able to take his B.Sc. with honours, winning the Gold Medal. This grounding in science formed a good preliminary for his medical career, which was a series of brilliant successes from start to finish. In October, 1890, he passed the M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. examinations, and in November he took his M.B. degree with honours, winning a scholarship and the Gold Medal. At college he won the Atchison Scholarship, Bruce Medal, and Morley Scholarship. The next year he took the M.D. degree and obtained the Gold Medal, and the same year he became an F.R.C.S., though, being under twenty-five he was not allowed to use the letters after his name until the following year.

In all his work he had the stimulus of his mother's sympathetic interest, as she set herself by diligent reading to acquire a knowledge of all his scientific subjects.

Already, on November 22nd, 1890, he had written to offer his services to the Church Missionary Society. From his earliest years his mother had set before him the inspiring ideal of a Missionary's life, and all his reading tended to strengthen his deep-rooted resolve to adopt this career.

His interests were by no means confined to his studies. He had a wonderful power of acquiring knowledge without any apparent effort, and could grasp the details of the most intricate problems, while others were still endeavouring to deal with the bare outlines.

For several summers while at college he was in the habit of taking the boys of the Working Lads' Institute to the Norfolk Broads, where they lived the simple life in the open, sleeping on wherries, and spending the days in trawling and fishing, or collecting butterflies and beetles.

One summer he took thirty-eight boys from the Working

Lads' Institute with three friends to Yarmouth. Another time he took the boys to Wroxham Broad on wherries. Each wherry had a rowing and a sailing boat, so their boating experiences were many and varied. He was always ready to help and advise them, and very few of his "old boys" neglected to consult him in the important, as well as the trifling, affairs of their lives. He never deemed anything too small to do for anyone.

His F.R.C.S. and M.D. examinations took place during the winter of 1891. He did brilliantly in both, winning the Gold Medal at the M.D., though his diary shows that in his modesty he did not even expect to pass, and was surprised at his success. Even during these examinations he did not concentrate his energies solely on the work, as is customary with the average student, but was able at the same time to continue his gymnastic classes for the boys, as well as his regular Bible class, besides arranging his geological specimens and collections of butterflies and moths.

When he had obtained all his degrees and qualifications, he put himself at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society as an honorary worker, leaving it to the committee to decide where he should go. He always felt very strongly that a Missionary should obey unquestioningly, even as a soldier would, and therefore put forward none of his own desires.

From the time he was nine years old his mother had devoted her life to him alone, and now when she saw the fulfilment of her desire that he should go to the Mission Field, she realised that it meant a parting between them. This possibility she felt unable to face, and so when the Church Missionary Society decided to send him to India, she made up her mind to go with him.

After an uneventful voyage they arrived at Karachi, and it is amusing to notice that prescribing for his first patient, a Hindu child, the very day he landed, he ordered *beef-tea*, to the no small horror of the father and the older Missionaries. This is the more amusing when it is remembered that later on he himself became a vegetarian in order to induce the Hindus to eat with him.

From Karachi they went to Dera Ismail Khan, which was to be their first station. His work was to be among Pathans

for the most part, and he soon learnt to know them through and through. The Pathans consider themselves to be descendants of the tribe of Benjamin. Solomon had a son named Afghana, whom they claim as their direct ancestor. Certainly the Pathan physiognomy lends credence to this theory, and many customs still prevalent among them bear witness to their Semitic origin.

To meet the demands of hospitality the Pathan will cheerfully slay his last sheep, or, in default of his own, that of his nearest neighbour. His fine physique and free carriage are significant of his characteristic courage. He is a born fighter, and his conceptions of the rights of property are, to say the least, primitive. A male child, at birth, is passed through an aperture in the wall by his mother, who says, "Be a thief, be a thief!"

Their priests, or Mullahs, have a great influence over them, and constantly incite them to acts of violence against all "unbelievers." Nearly every Border rising, large or small, is instigated by some bigoted Mullah, who preaches that the path to Paradise must be paved with the heads of infidels, either Christians or Hindus. Many a promising young Pathan is transformed into a raging fanatic and bloodthirsty murderer by the preaching of some cowardly Mullah, who incites the hot-blood of youth to commit deeds that he dare not attempt himself.

Dr. Pennell's energetic nature is shown by the fact that, on his arrival at Dera, he plunged into work, learning the language, seeing his patients, watching the schoolboys at cricket. His patients increased rapidly, and he soon found how impossible it was to deal with them without a hospital, or to treat them adequately.

Very soon after his arrival he began planning the establishment of dispensaries as near the border as he could possibly venture. He was an absolute stranger to fear, and risk of any sort simply served as a stimulus to his enterprise.

One of the most earnest desires to the day of his death was to visit Kabul, and if possible preach the Gospel there. During the last days of his life he was making plans for this purpose. Limitations of any sort, physical or otherwise, were irksome to

him, and his only attitude towards difficulties was to find some means to overcome them. If a district were dangerous, he felt inspired to go to it. When he heard that a certain Mullah had preached of his murder as a sure road to Paradise for the Ghazi who accomplished it, he forthwith set out unarmed and unescorted to visit the house of his adversary. If a road were known to be beset by raiders, his intrepid spirit would find exhilaration in traversing just that way. It was this spirit of fearlessness that not only won him friends amongst the manly Pathans, but more than once was the means of saving his life. His powers of endurance were extraordinary, for once on the return journey from Tank he walked twenty-six miles without food or drink, and so was thankful when the mail *tonga* (a light two-wheeled vehicle) overtook him.

He began touring and preaching in the villages during his first winter. He had a wonderful gift for languages, and as he spent much of his time with the people of the country he soon found himself able to speak Urdu and understand Pushtu.

The appointment at Dera Ismail Khan was only a temporary arrangement, until it could be settled where it was best for Dr. Pennell to establish his permanent head-quarters.

During the twenty years he lived in India he never became used to seeing coolies treated as beasts of burden, and on the uphill road from Pezu to Sheikh Budin, a journey of ten miles, he insisted on relieving one of the coolies of half his load, greatly to the man's astonishment. This was merely a characteristic example of his customary attitude towards others. During his Fakir tour, one of the bicycles on which he and his *chela*, or disciple, were riding, met with a mishap which rendered it necessary to carry the damaged machine until a new wheel could be procured. As a matter of course Dr. Pennell strapped it on his own back and gave the perfect one to his *chela*.

On another occasion, while travelling from Bombay, his companions lost sight of him for some time. After some search he was found, laden with an old peasant woman's belongings.

Late one night a Pathan guest arrived from across the Frontier at the Mission House. As the servants had all gone to their own quarters he would not send for them to make other

arrangements, but gave his own bed to his Pathan friend, while he himself spent the night on the floor. The guest was greatly horrified when he discovered in the morning what his host had done, but the act cemented a lifelong friendship.

During the first eight months spent in the country he had passed a language examination, had done much preaching in the bazaar, doctored many patients, and toured on foot on camel and on donkey-back over quite a large tract of country making friends with the people and learning their ways and customs—a remarkable achievement for any man in so short a time.

Along the north-west frontier of India one of the most fertile valleys is that of the Kurram, on the lower waters of which river stands Bannu. In September, 1893, it was decided that Bannu was to be Dr. Pennell's station. Here he arrived in October, 1893, and immediately felt in sympathy with the place where he and his mother were to live and work for the rest of their lives.

But the Bannuchi is not a lovable or attractive type of Pathan. He has all his vices and few of his virtues. The mountains to the north-west and south-west are inhabited by Waziris, another of the Pathan tribes; these are brave, hardy rogues, fearless and unashamed, who inhabit a strip of wild mountain, ous country lying between British India and Afghanistan. Their territory is a sanctuary for all bandits and outlaws from both sides of the border, and the frequent raids that they carry into India are a constant source of anxiety to the British Raj.

There is no question of the difficulties surrounding a Missionary at Bannu, which is isolated, and surrounded by fanatic followers of Islam who count it righteousness and the way to heaven to kill an "unbeliever."

Dr. Pennell found ample scope for his energies. The establishment of a Medical Mission alone would have given him enough to do, but besides this he had the whole Mission under his care, and school work was added to evangelisation of the villages. The work called forth all his enthusiasm, and he immediately set about getting to know the people thoroughly. In his characteristic way he did not wait to learn about them

from other Missionaries, but made their acquaintance in the village *Chaŭk* (or meeting-place), and in their own homes, stopping by the friendly fire on the roadside, walking with the caravans, breaking bread with them on his journeys, sleeping in their mosques, tending their sick, and winning the hearts of their children.

He soon became familiar with their paradoxical characteristics, but it made no difference in his treatment of them to find that their sense of honour was not on a level with his own, and their love of truth somewhat different from his. He had, what is given to few Englishmen, a just appreciation of the qualities of an alien race. This rare sympathy, so free from any feeling of superiority, combined with a keen sense of humour, enabled him to get rapidly into the hearts of the people, and to influence them as no one else could.

Medical practice on the Frontier is full of thrilling interest and variety; an ordinary morning's work often includes a series of urgent cases such as the following, recorded in Dr. Pennell's diary shortly after he reached Bannu.

It begins with the arrival of a Khorot whose leg had been shattered in a skirmish with the Waziris. After a wearisome camel ride, lasting twenty days, to Dera Ismail Khan, this man was met by the disappointing news that Dr. Pennell had gone to Bannu, but with undaunted persistence he had followed him. A small girl, terribly burnt over the arms and back, was brought three weeks after the accident, in a dangerous condition; the only treatment she had so far had being an immediate application of turmeric and burnt rags. Following on this case, a man and woman came running in with a boy of six who had been gored in the face by a cow. His right cheek was stripped down from the nose, eye, and ear, and the jaw was fractured. To add to the accidents of that day, a girl was brought in, who had fallen off a buffalo and fractured her *ulna* and *radius*; and the list of serious cases was completed by a little girl of three with gangrene of both ears, resulting from inflammation set up by the wearing of heavy ear-rings, as large as tangerine oranges.

Dr. Pennell's visits to the surrounding districts were, as a rule, well received, his medical services being gratefully accepted, and his Gospel message tolerantly listened to; but in other parts

the people were incited to violence, and stone-throwing was resorted to, encouraged by the Mullahs.

He was frequently escorted by armed guards through their own country in order to protect him against their friends. They regaled him on the journey with stories of atrocities committed on the road, and recorded by cairns of stones at intervals. One of their stories is as follows.

The Muhammadans have a great regard for the tomb of a holy man or Mullah (priest), and the people of the district in which the tomb is make no little gain from the pilgrims to the shrine. A Muhammadan Mullah, equally renowned for his piety and his wealth, was passing through this part of the country when he fell among thieves, who desired to rob him. He represented to them that he was a lineal descendant of Muhammad himself, and revered by all people for his holiness. On this the brigands brightened up and said: "But that is just what we wanted, we are always being unlucky, because we have the grave of no holy Muhammadan saint here. We don't care about your money, but we'll have you." So they promptly despatched him, and buried him with great honours in the sure hope that with so holy a shrine to sanctify their country, God's blessing would always be with them.

On the occasion of a horse-fair at Bannu the Mission had a bookstall which aroused considerable feeling. This was expressed by unprovoked attacks on Dr. Pennell and a Mr. Day, an elderly missionary, while they were mingling with the rough crowds in the bazaar. Dr. Pennell rushed to the assistance of Mr. Day, who had been thrown down, and immediately shared the same fate himself. Mr. Day fortunately was not hurt, but Dr. Pennell was thrown down time after time and badly kicked while on the ground. One man stamped on him and cut his face about dreadfully. Seeing the damage they had done the crowd got frightened and ran away.

Early in 1895 Dr. Pennell was able to carry into execution a plan for starting a hostel in connection with his school. He was convinced of the necessity for providing accommodation for boys who attended the Mission School from distant parts of the Frontier. The boys thus in residence were in continual touch with him, and profited so greatly by his personal influence

that they in their turn were able to spread his teaching and ideals throughout the school, in a way which would not otherwise have been possible. Till other buildings could be provided he set apart the largest room in the Mission House as a dormitory, of which the first inmates were three Muhammadans, two Sikhs, and a Christian. He took personal charge of the scheme, both sleeping and eating with the boys. This he continued to do for some time, and till the demands of the Mission work, which so often necessitated his absence on tour, made it imperative for him to appoint a special superintendent.

On his journeys dispensing medicine and preaching the Gospel wherever possible, Dr. Pennell stayed with the headman of the village, in accordance with the Biblical injunction. In this way he made great friends with all the Maliks around, and entered heart and soul into the life of the people. On the Frontier the *Chaŭk* is to the villagers just what the forge is in an English hamlet. It is here the men all come to smoke and talk, whether of a summer evening or winter afternoon. Here they gather to listen to the famous deeds of their own braves, recited by some wandering bard. Village affairs are discussed, raids are planned, news from both sides of the border, and matters affecting Islam throughout the world are quoted and criticised. He often joined these gatherings as he passed from village to village, dressed as a Pathan, visiting the sick in their homes, and sharing their simple meals. In this way they soon learnt to love him as a friend, and value him both as a teacher and healer.

On returning from one such journey he and his companions endeavoured to ford the Kurram River, but when they had almost reached the opposite bank their camel put one of its feet into a treacherous part of the sand and was unable to extricate it. The sun had set, but with the aid of villagers armed with spades, after two and a half hours' hard work in icy water they succeeded in releasing the unfortunate animal, which showed its gratitude by lumbering off into the darkness, and was seen no more. But such incidents of an untoward nature were accounted nothing, but were merely regarded as part of the day's work.

The following extract from the Doctor's diary will illustrate

the dense stupidity and profound ignorance of the Mullahs who engaged him in argument:

"Most of the Mullahs kept clear of us, but one endeavoured to get us to discuss all conceivable subjects. He first of all wanted to know what death was—man, woman, or child; green, black, blue, square or round—and then he tried to prove to the people that we must be very ignorant, because I said that none of these epithets was applicable to death, and they all agreed that obviously it must have some colour, shape, or sex, otherwise it would be inconceivable.

"I ought to have realised the extent of their logic from this, but perhaps unwisely asked him for an explanation of the sun's heat. 'These poor strangers require to be enlightened on this subject too,' said he, turning to the people; 'they must be very ignorant!' Then to us, 'Why, of course, hell is under this earth and the sun passes down every night, gets well warmed up in the fire, and rises nice and hot in the morning; and as for summer and winter, the devil puts on firewood every spring to heat the place up, and so we get nearly baked in the summer, and chilled in the winter.' I endeavoured to give him another view of the matter, but all present agreed in regarding such an idea as the earth being round, or the sun itself a fire, as very improbable, if not absurd, in comparison with the rational explanation of their Mullah, and they evidently considered our religious views and arguments must be on a par with our ignorance of the universe."

Another extract from his diary will illustrate his indifference to personal dangers incurred during his wanderings, for although he was not aware of his risk at the time, the subsequent knowledge of it did not in the least alter his course of life.

"Three men met me just as darkness fell, and in reply to my 'Salaam alaikum,' returned, 'Wa alaikum salaam! Ta Feringhi ye!' ('Peace be unto you!' 'To you peace. You are a foreigner!') Two were Waziris and the third a Bannu priest, and they were going to Esa Kheyl on a marauding expedition. The two Waziris suggested: 'Let us kill him and make sure of Paradise, for he is an unbeliever.' But the Mullah restrained them, saying, 'No, he is working for the good of the people, and cures the sick. His blood is not lawful.'

So they passed on, and I knew nothing of it till two months later. Truly the Lord protecteth us at all times."

It is worthy of note that these men later claimed Dr. Pennell's gratitude as they said he owed them his life seeing they had not killed him when they might so easily have done so.

It was in the summer of 1896 that Dr. Pennell was invited up to the stronghold of Chikki, the freebooter of Chinarak. This man was the son of a miller, and by his audacity and strength of character, backed by an unusual strength of muscle, had raised himself to the recognised position of leader not only of his band of robbers, but also of his tribe. He proved an excellent and careful host, and an intelligent conversationalist. The Doctor shortly after his visit heard that Chikki had tired of his turbulent way of living, and had accepted an administrative post under the Amir of Kabul.

Dr. Pennell's next host was the famous outlaw Gulbat. A *badragga*, or escort of three men, two of whom were riflemen, accompanied them to his fort, which he was at the time rebuilding. Gulbat looked little more than a labourer himself. He conducted them to his brother's village, where there were several sick people to be treated. These fierce outlaws were all very friendly and hospitable, and gave of their best to the Doctor Sahib, though it was often but a simple meal of milk and *nhgan*, as the leavened cake of the Waziri is called. Then, relays of guides being provided, the travellers left for Maddi Kheyl and Zarwan *en route* for Bannu.

At all these transfrontier villages he was well received by the Waziris, who gave him food and provided escorts most willingly. Dr. Pennell treated their sick, and preached among them. The travelling was hard, for the Kurram River had to be crossed over twenty times between Thal and Bannu.

In January, 1897, Dr. Pennell visited Lahore, where he bought a printing-press for Bannu. Later on he started the first Bannu newspaper, which was printed by his machine. For some years he ran the press mostly at his own expense, but in January, 1910, when he was going on furlough, he found nobody willing or able to look after the press in his absence, and therefore sold it.

Dr. Pennell was convinced that his adoption of the native

DR. PENNELL AND CHIKKI THE ROBBER.

The Doctor knew no fear, and thereby gained the admiration of the wild hill people. He was treated by this notorious freebooter both courteously and hospitably

dress gave him a speedy entry into the affections of the people. It certainly made them look upon him as a friend, and he felt that for his part it gave him a just appreciation of the feelings of the people among whom he worked if he resembled them in outward appearance, and was therefore likely to be subjected to the same treatment that they received. He went all over the country dressed in the various local fashions of the Pathan, as a Waziri, a Peshawari Khan, or a Mullah, according to the errand on which he was bent, and the district in which he was travelling.

On the 10th of June, 1897, a treacherous attack by a large force of Waziris was made on a detachment of British and native troops in which many of the latter were killed and wounded, and compelled to retreat.

Because of this affair the officer in command of the troops at Bannu wished the Mission to have a guard of soldiers, a precaution of which Dr. Pennell distinctly disapproved, as he maintained that the surest way of calling forth the kindliness and protection of the tribes was by showing them that he did not rely upon material arms for his defence. For this reason he never carried arms of any description himself, and on more than one occasion it was this fact which saved him from assassins, who deemed it cowardly to attack an unarmed man. He also felt that among the Pathans anyone carrying firearms exposed himself to the danger of being killed and robbed by the tribesmen, who value such weapons more highly then anything else on earth, and will risk their lives to acquire them.

For some time after this there were frequent scares of Waziri risings and raids, and news of projected attacks on the Mission, but Dr. Pennell fortunately did not know the meaning of fear, and made no difference in his daily round of duties, still visiting his patients in the city or neighbouring villages, and touring in the Bannu district.

It was always his habit after arrival at any place to set to work with as little delay as possible. A bath and a meal, not always the latter, were what he allowed himself, and then, however fatigued by the journey, he would set about doing whatever duty lay nearest. One of his favourite modes of saving time was to travel all night after a busy day's work in

one place, so as to arrive at the next place in time for the work of the following day. This custom of his had taught him to sleep in almost any position when travelling. In a *tonga* (or cart) he generally slept sitting upright, with his long legs curled over the luggage ; in a *tum-tum* (kind of dog-cart) he found it less risky to sleep in the net under the seats, his head at the driver's feet and his feet sticking out over the footboard at the back ; and as the driver generally kept the horse's grass in this net, he found it a very comfortable bed ! An *ekka* did not afford such good sleeping accommodation, so he would unwind his turban, and plaiting it about the poles of the awning would draw his knees up to his chin, and thus leaning against the back-rest made by his *paggri*, or turban, would sleep peacefully until his journey's end.

Very soon after he acquired a bicycle, which greatly helped him in his wanderings, and superseded the donkey, camel, or horse of earlier days. He acquired it in his usual impulsive way. On one of his treks across country he met an officer who, for some reason, desired to part with his machine. Without any knowledge of bicycling, Dr. Pennell immediately bought it and brought it back to Bannu. This machine was the one he used on his Sadhu journey.

Coming back from Lahore, he paid a visit to Tank, using his bicycle from Dera Ismail Khan. One pedal got out of order seven miles from Dera, so for several miles he had to work with the remaining pedal only, till a friendly Tehsildar (Government Revenue Official) coming along, gave him a lift in his *tum-tum*.

At Tank he had a disagreeable task to perform. The Christian hospital assistant was found to have been taking bribes right and left. Dr. Pennell called together all the Muhammadan headmen of the village, and investigated the case thoroughly. When he found the man was really guilty he dismissed him. It is one of the most trying and difficult experiences in Indian hospitals to prevent impositions on the patients by the subordinates.

The return to Bannu after any absence always necessitated an extra amount of correspondence, accounts, and business, and invariably a number of patients, who refused to be treated

by any other doctor than their own beloved " Padre Sahib," would also be waiting for him.

This little summary gives the keynote of his life. He always considered his money and goods were not his own, and acted literally on the Biblical injunction, " He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none, and he that hath meat let him do likewise," so that his wardrobe was in a continual condition of wanting replenishment. His gold watch and chain he also sold to supply the wherewithal for a Mission building. To his mother's great horror she found that his gold medals were going the same way, and she therefore rescued them and locked them up safely. It was not till after her death in 1908 that these were again seen ; and he noticed with embarrassment that in the empty cases of the missing medals she had left notes saying for what object he had sold them, a fact which he had hoped to keep secret. In his later years, there was only one threat which kept him from giving away the greater part of the scanty wardrobe he allowed himself, and that was that more clothes would be ordered to replace those he gave away. He had almost a horror of any multiplicity of goods, and any reduplication worried him exceedingly. This trait led to an amusing incident. Finding two fountain-pens on his desk one morning, he immediately presented one to the pathology clerk. Later in the day, one of his fellow-Missionaries, who had been hunting high and low for her fountain-pen, found it in this youth's possession. For Dr. Pennell there was only one way out of the difficulty. He immediately gave the youth another pen, but he never heard the end of it from his colleagues, who were greatly amused at his commandeering their property also to satisfy his generous instincts !

In his own house his womenkind had to keep a very sharp look-out on all household goods not in actual use. Perhaps the first intimation they got of the transfer of some quilt or blanket or even of his personal clothing, would be when it appeared on the back of some indigent convert in the Mission Church, or enveloped the familiar form of some shivering beggar in the bazaars. He always kept in his study a box into which he put things he thought would make suitable presents to his children friends, to the boys in his schools, or to any of his many

dependents. His gift-box had to be examined periodically, for many precious household treasures constantly found their way into it. The very last Christmas that he spent in Bannu he was the cause of great merriment to his colleagues, because during the decoration of the Christmas tree, he went round the house, making a raid on every cupboard and storeroom. It was only by mere chance that he was intercepted, and the treasures rescued.

At one of the great horse-fairs held in the spring a crowd of rowdy Kabulis surrounded the bookstalls of the Christians and tore up as many of their tracts and books as they could, consequently a general scuffle ensued. While the ringleader of the disturbance was being taken by the police, the other *Talibs*, or disciples, tried to effect his rescue, and in the scrimmage Dr. Pennell had his thumb sprained and his finger bitten. The next day the *Talibs* came to Dr. Pennell to beg that the man might be let off, and to this he agreed. A few days later, when the case came before the Courts, Dr. Pennell asked for the culprit's release. It was acts of forgiveness such as this that won for him the affection of these vindictive people.

The school hostel was becoming increasingly popular, and in June of this year there were eighteen boys and three masters in residence. However busy he was with his hospital work and district touring, Dr. Pennell never lost an opportunity of sharing the boys' sports or supervising them generally. He held it inexpedient for a Missionary to belong to the European Club in his station, and so instead of spending his few leisure hours in tennis or croquet with the English residents, he was able to take his boys for walks or for swims in the river, or would arrange matches for them against the regimental teams. The hostel boys came in for a special share of attention, for his study used to be open to them at all hours, a privilege of which they were not slow to take advantage. Up to the very day before his last illness, his evenings were given up to his enquirers and students.

The following is only one of the many instances showing how far the vindictiveness of the relatives was carried towards the converts at the Mission Station, causing Dr. Pennell constant anxiety and unremitting care on their behalf.

One afternoon after the bazaar preaching, a stalwart Marwat followed Dr. Pennell and asked to be allowed to become a Christian; he could give no reason for this desire, but as he was quite willing to be taught, he was received as a catechumen. While he was being instructed he was given some work whereby he might earn his daily bread, but his zeal generally outran his intelligence, and the damage he did by his excessive strength made him a most expensive employé.

He had no fear of his Muhammadan friends and never attempted to hide the fact that he was a Christian, going boldly into the bazaar with the preachers, and proclaiming his change of faith. Naturally this excited the enmity of the Mullahs and other Marwats, and they waited their opportunity to do him harm. One day at the bazaar preaching, this man had been very conspicuous, not only because of his great height, but because he deliberately put himself forward in his desire to show his fearlessness in acknowledging his new faith. Dr. Pennell was detained for a moment afterwards by a questioner, and in that interval the angry mob surged round Seronai, the Marwat, and set upon him, raining down blows on his head and tearing his clothes. He rushed after Dr. Pennell, crying: "Save me, save me!" and then they were both set upon. Dr. Pennell himself was severely handled; both had their turbans knocked off, till at last the police came on the scene, and settled the matter by marching the poor victim Seronai to jail! Next day he declared before the authorities that he wanted to be a Christian, and his tribesmen were warned to use no more violence.

Later on he was kidnapped by his relatives, bound and carried home, but by the aid of his mother escaped and returned to the Mission. Finally he disappeared, and after a lapse of two years Dr. Pennell learnt that he had been executed, charged with a double murder, though to the last he strongly averred his innocence. To the Doctor, who saw him before his execution, he confessed that he had been true to his faith, and still believed in Christ.

Dr. Pennell had a keen sense of humour, and was quick to see the ludicrous side of any incident. On one of his journeys his camel stumbled, and his medicine chest was thrown into

FINDING THE TRUANT.

Dr. Pennell's courage, determination and patience are here illustrated by his successful search for and recovery of a missing member of the Mission.

the road, the contents being scattered in all directions. Amongst them was a quantity of medicines in tabloid form. The coloured ones could be recognised, and were carefully collected, the others being indistinguishable from one another were left as they lay. A thifty native, grieved at the waste, picked them up, though warned of the risk.

Some years later, Dr. Pennell, passing through this village, noticed that it boasted a village *Hakeem*. To his amusement he recognised in him his old friend of the pill episode.

The shop displayed a shelf full of Indian medicines, among which was conspicuous a large bottle labelled "Assorted Pills."

"What are those?" enquired Dr. Pennell.

"Those, Sahib," said the man, with pride, "are more sought after than any of my drugs; they are the pills you threw away three years ago."

"But surely," was the horrified reply, "you daren't prescribe those in total ignorance of their properties!"

"Indeed, yes, Sahib, for I only give them to patients whose cases I do not understand!"

Later on he had an interesting Waziri patient in the wards, who had been shot through the lung by his uncle. When convalescent he begged for a few cartridges, because he wished to go and shoot the uncle. Dr. Pennell refused, and said he supposed they would soon have the uncle in the hospital, also wounded. "No, indeed, Sahib!" said the man. "I am a far better shot than he is."

In 1903 the state of Dr. Pennell's health gave cause for anxiety, and Captain Bamfield, of the I.M.S., examined him and found that he had cardiac dilatation. Dr. Pennell was, however, far too busy to take a holiday as he was advised to do. There seemed to be special difficulties in the Bannu Mission about this time, and he was deeply engaged in settling quarrels, in negotiating serious matters in the hostel, and dismissing unsatisfactory assistants. His own health was apparently the one matter that he felt he might neglect; it was therefore not to be wondered at that he continued ill. One doctor who examined his heart wanted to know if he were a great smoker, but as Dr. Pennell had never touched tobacco in his life, this was rather amusing.

At last he was compelled to go up to Sheikh Budin for a few days, where, by doctors' orders, he was made to rest completely for a short time. As soon as he felt better he walked down the hill to Pezu (ten miles), and returned to Bannu by *tonga*.

In October, 1902, Dr. Pennell acquired his horse "Beauty," a white Arab whose devotion to him was most touching. Often in his journeys she would follow him like a dog for miles at a stretch, and they were such companions that Beauty understood his moods perfectly. On his night journeys he would sometimes dismount and go to sleep by a rock or under a bush; he would then tell Beauty to watch, and she would stand there quite still till he woke. Only once did she play him a trick, and then it was probably because she enjoyed the joke! He was riding home from one of his journeys on a hot day in June, and about twelve miles out of Bannu he came upon a lovely pool of clear water; being very hot and dusty he thought a bathe would refresh him, so he stripped, and, putting his clothes by Beauty, told her to keep guard. She was very good and stood quite still till he was just about to get out, when she turned and calmly trotted off. He jumped out, seized his garments, and gave chase, using every endearing term and every coaxing modulation of voice to get her to stop. She would slacken her pace until he got near, and then would gallop off, with just a backward glance at him. When he was a hundred times hotter than he had been before the bath, and in addition was fairly tired with his run, she stopped, and he took care to slip her bridle over his arm as he dressed.

Beauty's love for him made her very jealous of his attention to other horses. In 1908 a mare was given Dr. Pennell as a wedding present, and when he and his wife went out he often rode the "Beast," as the new mare was called. This greatly distressed Beauty, and she would keep near him, and if she saw him pat the Beast, she would come and lick her master's boot and rub her head against his knee till he noticed and petted her.

One of Dr. Pennell's most endearing traits was his readiness to learn from anyone, however humble. This often led to a mistaken sense of importance on the part of the undeveloped

but cocksure youth, and it was often difficult for his colleagues and relations to stand by and hear with equanimity the "advice" poured forth by some callow youth or patronising person on Dr. Pennell's grateful and humble head. An entry in his diary will show how he received any correction.

"I gave Abdulla a Bible for the valuable lesson he taught me in the Scripture class. I was teaching from St. John xiii. about serving the poor, and he reminded me that a few days previously, during class time, when Duran Khan Malik came to see me, I left the class to speak to him, and that when a poor patient came later, I sent a boy out to tell him to come next day at the usual time for out-patients."

The Government of India has a decoration which it bestows on those who have rendered public service to the country. At the Delhi Durbar in 1903 Dr. Pennell was awarded this silver Kaisar-i-Hind medal. To a man of his nature it was of course a great surprise that there should be any public recognition of what seemed to him merely the daily round and common task. It never occurred to him that his fearless courage and influence for good over the turbulent tribesmen were noted by any official eyes. The Missionary feels he is simply doing his duty in gaining the confidence of the people, if he ever has time to think at all, and decorations and recognitions are quite outside his aims or desires. Dr. Pennell was riding in the districts one day when an English official accosted him with, "I say, Pennell, I have a medal for you," and that was how he first heard of it.

Pennell was always a very keen promoter of the School Tournaments, maintaining that the Mission Schools could give a good tone to the proccedings and though he often had very disagreeable tasks to perform, he found his reward in the fact that the schools in his district were much more sporting in later years than any others. And whereas in early days the tournaments often led to hand-to-hand fights and feuds nearly as bitter as the vendetta, under his tutoring the Bannu Mission boys often showed a truly British spirit of magnanimity to their opponents, and were quite ready to combine with the opposing school in friendly combat against a common enemy. It took some time for the boys to get used to the idea that

because they were " Dr. Pennell's boys " they were bound to set an example to the others, often to their own disadvantage.

Being a keen athlete himself, Pennell was very anxious that his school should stand well in sports in the Punjab and Frontier. It was impossible to find qualified instructors in Bannu, whereupon he immediately went in for the Senior Gymnastic examination, which he passed at Lahore. There were fifty-three Indian candidates, but no other European. Having got the certificates he was able to train his own boys, from whom he then selected an instructor.

He had thus travelled far from his early prejudice against a medical man undertaking the management of a school. He found his best material in the boys of the province, and in every way he could he set himself to train them to be good citizens and upright men. As in this instance, so wherever there was a gap he did his best to fill it, overcoming all obstacles, complying with all regulations, at whatever trouble or inconvenience to himself, to give his boys the best he could for every part of their education.

Pennell's aim to get to know the people of India, and to understand their aims and religious life, induced him to take a remarkable journey in the winter of 1903–4.

Asceticism has always been a religious ideal in the East, and Oriental religious teachers have from time immemorial subsisted on the gifts of the people, living the simple life, travelling about preaching their doctrines, accepting the simple hospitality of the village as naturally as they adapt themselves to the position of revered and honoured teacher at a great man's board. Pennell was anxious to prove for himself whether this method of religious teaching was one that should be adopted by the Christian Missionary. He therefore started out, accompanied by a young Afghan, without purse or scrip, as a Christian Sadhu. As his time was of necessity limited, he and his companion had to use bicycles, a mode of progression unknown to the Sadhus and fakirs of old, though it is at present not an uncommon thing to see a holy man riding this novel steed. It was fortunate that both machines, though by no means new, were very strong, as they had to stand much rough usage before the journey was over; still, after riding about 1500 miles they were able to ride

back into Bannu at twelve miles an hour with the machines in as workable a condition as when they started. Their difficulties commenced at once, for they had to make their way through yielding sand and ford the Kurram River several times, losing themselves in the jungle, and getting their clothes torn to rags. This, however, was nothing compared to their difficulties a little later. Their way led them along a road ploughed up on each side into deep furrows by the wheels of ox-wagons, and leaving only a narrow track in the centre at all traversable. But this was nullified by a veritable *chevaux-de-frise* of acacia spines which were strewn all over the road, lopped off from encroaching wayside plants, and in a short journey of only twelve miles they had to stop eight times to repair punctures. This was succeeded by further tracts strewn with boulders, and it was aggravating to find, after toiling up a steep ascent in the joyous hope of coasting easily down the other side, that it was furrowed deeply by mountain torrents. They rattled through villages and splashed through streams, while all the people ran out to see what new phenomenon had visited them.

They went merrily down the Grand Trunk Road to Gujar Khan, having done about fifty miles that day, which is almost the greatest distance they ever had occasion to traverse at one stretch. Just before entering Gujar Khan a moderately steep hill had to be descended, and they were gaily coasting down it to the expected completion of their day's journey when an ill-starred sheep chose that moment for crossing the road. Pennell was riding a little behind and saw a sprawling figure flying through the air, and a dazed sheep struggling out from beneath the machine, the front wheel of which was lying loose owing to the snapping of its axle.

By a remarkable providence they found a friend here whose bicycle was lying idle owing to the crank having been broken in a recent fall, and they were able to fit its front wheel on to their machine by means of a little adjustment, and so were ready to start forth the next morning, as usual, for a forty miles' run into Jhelum.

A slight difficulty occurred at the Jhelum Bridge. Having no money they could not pay the toll, and the keeper told

them, "No pice, no path," although they explained that they were Sadhus. He eyed them doubtfully, but refused to allow them to pass. A party of Hindus who were passing by, on learning who they were, and the object of their journey, refused to help them. So they sat down patiently to await the trend of events, Pennell remarking that Providence would come to their help, at which the Hindus scoffed. Just then an English officer came riding up with his sowar (orderly), and to him they explained their predicament. He was greatly amused, and of course their difficulty was at once removed. As they rode away on their bicycles Pennell remarked to the Hindus that, much to their discomfiture, Providence had not kept them waiting long.

Leaving Jhelum they pedalled along the Grand Trunk Road, then left it in a north-eastern direction, a change very much for the worse, for the rough road and acacia thorns soon did their fell work. The last piece of rubber was used, and again another puncture. They, however, managed to bandage the wounded tyre with fragments of pyjamas torn in the jungle, and succeeded in struggling into Pasrur, a wayworn and dishevelled couple, where they received hospitality.

The New Year dawned crisp and frosty as they prepared to leave Dera Baba Nanak, and they were loath to turn out of the warm house with their thin cotton clothes and bare feet! A little brisk running with the bicycles was beginning to get them warm when pop went a tyre again, and both hands and feet got cold dabbling about in a ditch mending the first of a series which finally resulted in one of the bicycles striking work when still twelve miles out from Batala. They were holding a council as to what to do when an empty *ekka* came trundling along, and they persuaded the driver, after some difficulty, to take up one bicycle and its rider while the other rode on into Batala on the still sound machine. (Shah Jehan, the *chela*, drove on, while Pennell bicycled the weary way.)

All the cold and weariness of the journey were forgotten when they got a warm welcome and some needed refreshment in the hospitable home of the Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. Inayat Nasir, and they spent two very happy days under his roof. Batala is a place second only to Narowal in its C.M.S. interest,

for it was here that the sainted A.L.O.E. (Miss Tucker) spent the greater part of her missionary life, and gave to the Baring High School some of its valued traditions. This lady presented a vestry door here, the archæological interest of which far exceeded its vertical height; consequently a double inscription is placed above it: "The Lord shall go before thee," above, and below that: "Mind your head!" There were a good many fakirs of sorts here, one of them, the guardian of an old tomb, entered into a spirited argument with Dr. Pennell on the necessity and indeed the merit of sinning, as thereby we gave scope to the forgiving qualities of the "All-merciful One!"

Reaching the River Beas they found that the toll-keeper was on the further side and the river itself unfordable. Asking the boatmen whether they could cross without paying toll as they had no means of doing so they said the only way was for one of them to cross over and ask; they thought on their part that it would be better for both to cross over and ask, and as the boatmen agreed to this proposition they heaved their machines aboard one of the boats and crossed over with a number of camels and bullocks.

Safely arrived on the other side, they went to the toll-office and did what most Orientals do when they are in a quandary, sat down and waited to see what would turn up. The toll-man leisurely collected the coins of all the passengers, both quadruped and biped, eyed them narrowly without speaking, and then deliberately commenced to smoke his *hookah*. As time passed they both became contemplative, he on the wreathing columns of smoke from his pipe, they on the bucolic landscape around them. His patience was the first to waver, and he broke silence with, "Now, Sadhu-ji, your pice." "Indeed, I carry no such mundane articles." "Then what right had you to cross the Sarkar's river in the Sarkar's boat?" "Indeed, our purpose was to crave a favour of your worthy self." "What do you desire of me, O Sadhu-ji?" "Merely that as we are on a pilgrimage to India and have no money, you should allow us to cross without paying toll, and as you were on this side and we on that, and nobody would take our message, there was no alternative but to come in person to ask the favour." "Very

well, Sadhu-ji, your request is granted, and may you remember me."

Many and varied were the incidents which befel Dr. Pennell on this extraordinary journey, some of them not without a spice of danger. The following amusing adventure is given in his own words. Reaching Delhi " the Jumna is crossed by a very fine iron girder bridge, with the railway running overhead and the cart traffic below, and I had started along the underway when I saw two inoffensive-looking cows some twenty yards ahead. As they were crossing very leisurely, I, without meaning any offence, passed them on my machine, but had not gone fifteen yards ahead when I heard a tramping noise behind me, heightened by the reverberation of the hollow bridge and the rattling of the plank floor, till it seemed like a troop of horsemen at the charge. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the cows head down at full tilt ; as there was no time or opportunity for explanation, I also put on speed, and we were all making good time and rather enjoying the race when a fresh difficulty presented itself. At the further end of the bridge the roadway appeared to terminate abruptly in the box of the toll-taker, and there was no clue as to whether the road itself turned to right or left or went up in a lift (it turned out that it bifurcated at right angles to both right and left, but this was invisible from a distance), so the race continued till the toll-taker at the winning-post was reached. The man stood the charge with the pluck worthy of a British Grenadier, and the cows and I were a dead heat and all of us rather mixed. However, after sorting ourselves and making the necessary explanations, we all parted good friends.

" Proceeding to the Cambridge Mission, I met my companion, who, not being quite up to the mark, had accepted a lift from a kind friend, and we both set out to see the bazaars of Delhi. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile I observed another cow bearing down on my starboard quarter. Being unable to believe that three cows could be so insufferably rude in one city, I steered a straight course, on the right side of the road too, till I found the animal's horns almost touching my knee, when I jumped off and regretfully resigned my machine to the inevitable. The cow, without so much as by your leave, put

its head through the frame, and with a haughty toss of the head swung the bicycle on to its neck and then went careering down the corn market with my machine swinging round its neck like a windmill and we two Sadhus rushing wildly after it. After a fifty yards' run the cow seemed to have some qualms of conscience, and with a twist of the head, threw the machine some yards off on to the ground, then with a sniff and a snort, trundled off to pastures new. I quite expected to find the merest wreck of my machine, but beyond a bent crank and a few minor injuries the Elswick had braved the storm in a way that is a credit to the manufacturers."

After a pleasant ride along the banks of that great engineering feat, the Ganges Canal, Pennell and his companion arrived at the sacred town of Hardwar.

Hardwar presented a very animated scene. A constan stream of pilgrims is ever passing through the bazaar to and from that particular part of the river, the water of which is supposed to possess a superlative sanctity. There they fill the glass bottles of all sizes which they have brought for the purpose, and then place them in wicker baskets on the two ends of a bamboo pole, which is balanced over their shoulder, and with which they will often travel hundreds of miles on foot till they reach their destination. If the Hindu for whom the water is being obtained is well-to-do, he will have it fetched with great pomp and ceremony, ringing of bells, playing of instruments, and chanting of *mantras* (hymns), while the baskets containing the precious liquid are gorgeously decorated and a servant is deputed to fan the aqueous god as he is borne along. Naturally the town drives a thriving trade in the bamboo rods, baskets, bottles, and all the appurtenances of a mighty pilgrimage. The bazaar is crowded with monkeys, the feeding of which affords opportunities to pious Hindus for accumulating merit, and these return the favour shown them by surreptitiously snatching sweetmeats and fruits from the open shop-fronts and darting off with their booty to the top of the shop opposite, where they devour their stolen goods in quiet, with sundry winks and leers at the burgled shopkeeper, who, though inwardly wrathful, cannot retaliate on the sacred animals lest he should be dubbed a heretic and lose his trade.

Any cow or calf which is in any way a monstrosity—has three horns, one eye or an ugly tumour—is a valuable asset to its fortunate possessor, who will parade it before the eyes of the devout visitors as an illustration of the vagaries of Divinity, and shovel in a plentiful supply of coppers with which the misguided spectators hope to propitiate their destiny.

They then proceeded on their journey to Rishi Kesh, which is eighteen miles from Hardwar, higher up on the right bank of the Ganges. As a visit there would necessitate a much closer following of the Sadhu idea than had hitherto been adopted, his companion was persuaded to proceed to Dehra Dun and await the Doctor's arrival there. Above Hardwar the banks of the Ganges are clothed with a dense forest, and the road to Rishi Kesh is merely a rough track through jungle; pious Hindus, however, have erected temples and rest-houses at short intervals, where travellers can spend the night and get refreshment. Having left his bicycle behind, Pennell had proceeded about six miles through the forest when he met a Brahman journeying to Rishi Kesh with a heavily laden pony. The animal was obstreperous and the luggage kept falling off, so he offered the Brahman his services, which he gladly accepted, and after repacking the luggage in a securer style they got along very well. The Brahman beguiled the time by relating histories of the past glories of the Rishis of Rishi Kesh, and of how the spread of infidelity and cow-killing was undermining the fabric of Hinduism, and false Sadhus and Sanyasis from the lower (non-Brahman) caste were crowding into their ranks for the sake of an easy living, till it was almost impossible to distinguish the true from the false, and a bad name was brought upon all. It was getting dark, and the forest path becoming difficult to follow; they reached a clearing with a temple and a few cottages built round it, so they decided to spend the night there, and through the kind offices of the Brahman Pennell was given a small room adjoining the temple, on the stone floor of which he spread his blanket and prepared to make himself comfortable for the night. He had consumed his supper of bread and pulse, given the remains to the temple cow, and settled himself to sleep when he was roused by a fearful din.

The temple in which he found himself was dedicated to

Vishnu and Lakhshmi, and their full-size images, dressed up in gaudy tinsel, were within. The time for their evening meal had arrived, but the gods were asleep, therefore the violent tom-toming and clashing of cymbals which had roused him so hurriedly was really intended to make the drowsy gods bestir themselves to partake of the supper which their worshippers had reverently brought them. When the gods were thoroughly awakened and the dainty food had been placed before them, he priest proceeded to fan them with peacocks' feathers while the imaginary meal was being consumed; meanwhile the worshippers bowed themselves on the floor before them, prostrating themselves with arms and legs extended on the stones and foreheads in the dust, the more zealous continuing their prostrations as long as the meal lasted. The repast ended, the worshippers knelt reverently in line and received a few drops each of the water left over and a few husks of corn that had been sanctified by being part of the meal of the gods, taking them from the priest in their open palm and drinking the water and eating the corn with raptures of pleasure and renewed prostrations. After this the worshippers departed, and the gods were gently fanned to sleep, the priest and the most substantial part of the dinner were left alone, and Pennell went off to sleep.

The next morning the Brahman and Pennell were up betimes and girded themselves to negotiate the nine miles of forest which still lay between them and their destination, before reaching which they had to ford several small rivers. The rays of the sun had scarcely become unpleasantly warm when they found themselves elbowing their way through the Sadhus and pilgrims who were crowding the small bazaar of Rishi Kesh.

Rishi Kesh has so little in common with the world in general, is so diverse from all one's preconceived notions and ideas, and its mental atmosphere departs so far from the ordinary human standard, that it is difficult to know whether to describe it in the ordinary terms of human experience or whether to look on it as a weird dream of the bygone ages of another world. As for Pennell himself, he had not been wandering among its ochre-coloured devotees for a quarter of an hour before his mind involuntarily reverted to a time many years gone by, when he was a student in Bethlem Hospital, and to a dream

he had at that time when he imagined himself to be an inmate, no longer as a psychological student, but with the indescribably uncanny feeling "I am one of them myself. Now, these madmen all around me are only counterparts of myself." So here, too, as some of the forms of voluntary asceticism, nudity, or ash-besmeared bodies aroused feelings of abhorrence, he had to check himself with the thought: "But you yourself are one of them also, these weird Sadhus are your accepted brothers in uniform." And so the illusion continued so long as he moved among them, and when finally he left Rishi Kesh behind him it was like waking from some nightmare.

Most of the devotees were sitting out in the jungle under trees or awnings of matting, avoiding the proximity of their fellow-creatures, recoiling from intrusion, preserving a vacuous expression and a prolonged silence, and resenting any effort to draw them into conversation or to break into the impassivity of their abstraction. They do not look up as you approach, they offer you no sign of recognition; whether you seat yourself, or remain standing, they show no consciousness of your presence; flies may alight on their faces, but still their eyes remain fixed on the tip of their noses, and their hands remain clasping their crossed legs. They have sought to attain fusion with the Eternal Spirit by cultivating an ecstatic vacuity of mind, and have fallen into the error of imagining that the material part of their nature can be etherealised by merely ignoring it, until the process of atrophy from disuse often proceeds so far that there is no mind left to be etherealised at all, and there is little left to distinguish them from one of those demented unfortunates who have been deprived by disease of the highest ornament of humanity.

Amongst those with Delusional Insanity the first Sadhu asseverates that he is possessed by a spirit which compels him to eat only every third day. Another avers that he is in reality a cow in human form, and therefore must eat nothing but grass and roots. A third is found sitting on his grass mat in nudity and arrogance, repeating sententiously time after time, "I am God, I am God." But Pennell was considerably surprised to meet here a Bengali Babu, a B.A. of the Calcutta University, who had held high posts under Government, but now in later

life, in dissatisfaction with the world at large, had thrown it all up and sought in the garb of a Sanyasi at Rishi Kesh for the peace which an office and Babudom can never afford. Recognising Pennell as a novice, he took him by the arm, saying in English (which in itself seemed strange and out of place amid these surroundings), "Come along, I explain to you jolly well all the show." They strolled in and out among the Sadhus, and each group he would apostrophise after this manner: "See this man, he is a humbug, pure humbug." "Look at these here, pure humbugs." "See that man lying on all the sharp stones, he is a humbug." "There, that man reciting the *mantras*, he pure humbug, these all humbugs," and so on.

Some of the cases of Mania are acute, others more or less chronic, or passing on into a drivelling dementia. Here is a man almost naked except for the white ashes rubbed over his dusky body, who with long dishevelled locks and wild expression hurries up and down the bazaar barking like a dog, and making it his boast never to use intelligible language.

Another, after painting his naked body partly white and partly black has tied all the little bits of rag he can pick up in the road to various parts of his anatomy A third had adorned his filthy mud-covered body with wild flowers, whose varied beauty, now withering in the noonday sun, seems a picture of how his mind and conscience, once the glory of his manhood, have faded into a shadow.

Another is lying voluntarily in the mud by the roadside to be fouled by the dust of the passers-by, and almost trampled on by the cows, thinking by this abject affectation of humility to be considered the greater saint. Another wanders aimlessly about, picking up bits of filth and ordure and putting them in his mouth. But to continue an account of these caricatures of humanity will be loathsome to the reader.

Night came on, and though the floor was stone and the wind chilly, Pennell would have slept soundly had not his next bed-fellow, or rather floor-fellow, for there were no beds, thought it divinely incumbent on him to spend the night shouting out in varying cadences, "Ram, Ram, Jai Sita Ram, Ram, Ram." Pennell suggested that keeping a weary fellow-pilgrim awake all night would detract from the merit he was acquiring but

only received the consolation that if he were kept awake he was thereby sharing, though in a minor degree, in that merit. So it perforce went on till in the early morning Pennell's ears grew duller to the " Ram, Ram " and his mind gradually shaped itself into an uneasy dream of ash-covered fakirs, chapattis, cows, and squatting Sadhus. It was not till he was some miles away from Rishi Kesh on his return journey that he breathed freely and was able to consider with an evenly balanced mind whether the mental aberrations he had observed were merely the natural products of an environment, or whether these were not occult agencies from an unseen world.

On reaching the little jungle station of Raval, which is so deep in the forest that it is difficult to discover it if one gets off the beaten track, Pennell found a party of native gentlemen who had been out hunting, waiting for the train. The chief was an elderly, thickset man, with an iron-grey beard and dark piercing eyes behind gold spectacles. He eyed Pennell narrowly a short time, and then said to one of his attendants, " That man is an Englishman." Pennell replied, " I recognise you gentlemen as Afghans." He assented, and Pennell entered into conversation with one of the Pathans with him, and learnt that it was H.H. Yakub Khan, late Amir of Afghanistan, who had recognised him, this being one of the few occasions on which he was detected by a stranger to be European before making himself known in conversation.

Passing through places too numerous to be recorded, including Cawnpore and Lucknow, they reached Allahabad. The roads had become slippery after a shower of rain, and turning round a sharp corner Pennell's machine skidded and he fell. Just at that moment an English girl was passing, and taking in the situation, she called out in Hindustani, " Oh, Sadhu-ji, you must have stolen that bicycle, and that is why you do not know how to ride ! "

They reached Bombay, but their resources were at an end. They had enough money to buy their tickets, but not to pay freight for their bicycles, so they sat down with true Oriental resignation to await the interposition of Providence, being jeered at by a very holy Brahman. At the last moment when the vessel was about to cast off on her voyage to Karachi a

ship's officer came up and told them that the captain was willing to remit the freight for the bicycles; so, with a friendly nod to the Brahman, they gladly stepped on board. But their difficulties had not ended. Their money was all spent, and as the vessel had to anchor some distance from the wharf the passengers had to be transferred by boat. But the boatman naturally wished to be paid, and so it seemed as if the two Sadhus would have more difficulty in quitting the vessel than they had in embarking. Just then a launch came alongside with the mails, and a ship's officer came up and asked if they would like to go ashore on it. Of course they jumped at the offer, and had their machines on board in a trice, and were safe on *terra firma* again before the other boats had left the steamer's side.

At Karachi the trip was practically over; the railway fare from there to Darya Khan had been provided for them at Karachi and they had only the 110 miles of road to bicycle between Darya Khan and Bannu before regaining home. They did, however, nearly get arrested at Karachi on the supposition that they were spies. An Indian detective at the city station interrogated Pennell very closely, and his suspicions not having been allayed he came back with a police constable and both got into the compartment with them and travelled up to the cantonments station, where he called an English police officer, who also questioned them minutely; but he was apparently more satisfied than his subordinate, as they were allowed to pursue their journey in peace. His friends in Bannu made great preparations to welcome him back, several of them, masters and boys, city fathers and old patients going out miles to meet him, some on foot, others on horseback and on bicycles.

After his return much of his time was naturally occupied in picking up the threads of work dropped during his absence, in adjusting certain domestic troubles, in dispensing, and itinerating.

Dr. Pennell was deeply interested in a new station at Karak, which had been for some time occupying his mind as he saw that the situation was favourable for such an enterprise, but the lack of funds proved an insuperable barrier. As usual, he

left the matter in the hands of Providence, and one day the mail brought him a very substantial gift from an anonymous donor which he regarded as a direct answer to his prayers, and enabled him to commence his pet scheme without delay.

At this time there were several regrettable instances of murder and assault by fanatical natives, incited thereto by cowardly Mullahs, who in cases of this kind took a very inconspicuous place in the background. Unrest amongst the tribes, moreover, caused a certain amount of nervousness in the Mission, but Dr. Pennell did all in his power to allay the feeling, his calm demeanour and fearless manner enheartening and encouraging the more timorous.

In May, 1905, he had the happiness of opening the new Dispensary at Karak. Several of the Christians went to Karak from Bannu for the ceremony. There was considerable rejoicing over this triumph, for the villagers were now quite friendly and welcomed the establishment of the Mission, forgetting how inhospitably they had received Dr. Pennell on his first visits.

The heat in Bannu was intense in July of this year, and cases of sunstroke were common. One woman, aged thirty-five, was struck down, and died before Dr. Pennell could get to her. At Lakki, too, there was an epidemic of sunstroke, and Dr. Pennell was wired for to go to a patient who was seriously ill. He started off at 8 p.m., and it came on to rain so heavily while he was on the journey that he got soaked to the skin. He borrowed a horse at Manghiwalla, and hurried on through drenching rain. The Gambela was in flood, and as he was about to swim across the people on the other side made frantic gestures dissuading him. He waited an hour, and then he and one of his boys who was with him decided to cross. They kept together to mid-stream, and then the cartilage of Dr. Pennell's knee slipped and he was unable to use his left leg at all. Immediately he was carried rapidly down-stream utterly unable to help himself. Writing of it he says :

" I offered a prayer that it might right itself, and in about three or four minutes it went in with a jerk as I neared the opposite bank."

A huge crowd of people were waiting on the bank and, as all

clothes had been left behind, the swimmers had to be wrapped up in anything that could be spared by the spectators. Dr. Pennell walked through the bazaar wrapped in a borrowed *chadar* (or sheet) and a cap, till he came to the Tehsildar's house, where he was able to have a wash and get clothes.

In the Mohurrum week Dr. Pennell paid a visit to Karak, and while there he narrowly escaped infection from rabies. The Assistant Commissioner brought his bull-pup with a story that it had a bone in its throat, and asked Dr. Pennell to remove it. Accepting the diagnosis, he began giving the animal chloroform, but when it was anæsthetised he could find no bone at all; this aroused his suspicions, and on questioning the owner closely, found the latter had no grounds for his diagnosis of the bone, and Dr. Pennell realised that the dog was suffering from rabies, so he increased the chloroform and later did a post-mortem examination. The brain and the spinal cord were sent to the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli, and the report confirmed his suspicions.

On his way back to Bannu he witnessed one of those little instances which prove the schoolboy nature of the Wazir. Two Khattaks were leading their camels along the road, the animals being laden one with corn, the other three with beams and rafters. Something alarmed the leading camel, who fled into the jungle. Soon his load got entangled in the branches and fell off, dangling between his legs. This increased his alarm, and he careered off at a great pace. Dr. Pennell coming on the scene, offered to look after the three other camels, and sent the second Khattak to help in catching the runaway. Then some mischievous Wazirs came upon the scene and began to halloo and make a great noise, setting a dog at the heels of the camels, who thereupon began to jump and dance, and with their unwieldly loads were very difficult to control, especially by a novice.

It was only by great good luck that no one was injured, and the poor frightened animals were at last calmed.

The relations between the police and the military on the Frontier are always rather delicate. A soldier of the 59th Rifles was fighting a man of the Border Military Police, when a police-sergeant of the town came to separate them.

The two combatants immediately turned on the would-be peacemaker, a general fracas ensued, and partisans of both sides joined the fray. The police being fewer in number and poorer in spirit, were compelled to escape as best they could, some of them only getting away disguised as civilians. The enraged soldiers swarmed in the bazaars, seizing sticks, the legs of beds, faggots of wood, anything wherewith they could belabour the police. They shut the city gates so that no one could escape. In the confusion some of Dr. Pennell's schoolboys got locked into the city, and it was only when he helped them to climb over the gates that they were able to get out of the scrimmage.

A British officer came down from the fort with a squad of men to restore order, but it was two hours before the military could be cleared out of the city and business resumed.

Dr. Pennell had many disappointments which he felt acutely, but about his successes he was extraordinarily modest. It remains for others to eulogise the great work he carried on amidst people lawless and vindictive to the last degree.

General G. K. Scott Moncrieff said of him: "Dr. Pennell was perhaps the most remarkable Englishman who ever came into touch with the fierce and fanatical tribes of the Afghan Border."

A political officer after visiting the hospital wrote: "I had heard a great deal about the Bannu Mission Hospital before Dr. Pennell took me over it, and was much interested in seeing what is now (to leave other aspects of the work out of the question) an important political factor on the Bannu frontier. I never fail to advise Tochi Waziris to go to Dr. Pennell at Bannu, and in future I shall advise them more strongly than before. This splendid work will long be remembered by all tribes and classes."

The Bishop of Lahore follows with these words: "If, as noted above, it constitutes an important political factor on the Frontier, and to the value of this I am fully alive, much more certainly may we feel that it is an immense service in breaking down opposition, softening hearts, making clear to the very rough and untamed people of these parts the real meaning and bearing of the Gospel message, and so preparing the way for its reception."

A distinguished officer said of Pennell: "The presence of Pennell on the Frontier is equal to that of two British regiments."

During this year Dr. Pennell took his football team a long round of the neighbouring country, playing any team, either as challengers or as challenged; and so well and thoroughly had the true spirit of sportsmanship been inculcated in them that they won golden opinions for themselves from all who came in contact with them. Dr. Pennell, when opportunity offered, held meetings and gave lectures. It was during this tour that he met his future wife. At Guntur Dr. Pennell was taken ill with abscesses and fever, but struggled on to Calcutta, and here a tour which should have ended brightly and happily, leaving only pleasant recollections, came to a disastrous end. The Doctor was ill, the weather execrable, and, worst of all, the boys were attacked by a crowd of low rowdies who severely injured some of them. The police came to the rescue, and the boys were detained as witnesses in the court cases which followed. Dr. Pennell was so ill that he was obliged to return to Bannu, but after a protracted attack the fresh air and his own familiar surroundings restored him to health. The boys returned a few days later and had a great ovation.

It was a saying in the Bannu Mission among the Christians that "as soon as the Doctor Sahib left the place the devils came in," and he had returned to find a great deal of misunderstanding, slander, and insubordination, which all needed his controlling hand. The work in the hospital, too, always increased by leaps and bounds as soon as he returned. The news was carried all over the countryside in no time that the Doctor Sahib had come back, and patients flocked in in great numbers. Among the daily tasks came a remarkable major operation on a woman from whom he removed a tumour which weighed thirty-two pounds more than she herself did after the operation!

The following months were occupied in Dr. Pennell's usual work, work that would prove very unusual to the great majority of men; when he was not engaged in visiting the sick or carrying comfort to the distressed in the surrounding districts, hospital and school work filled his remaining time.

He writes : " This year we have had a great deal of reparative surgery to do. In Afghanistan summary justice largely takes the place of the law courts of British India, and one of the commonest punishments is the slicing off of the culprit's foot by a stroke of a sword ; in the resulting stump the ends of the bone are usually left projecting, and they supply us with a number of Syme's and Pirogoff's amputations. One peculiar case, as unusual as it was brutal, was that of a fine muscular Waziri who was held down by his enemies while they cut out both eyes with a knife. He was in one of the ' Bath ' wards for some time, and used pathetically to beg us to gain him just sufficient sight to take his revenge, and then he would be satisfied."

In the frequent outbreaks of fire his boys and he did great service to the Bannu citizens in saving life and property. For years their courage and daring were talked of, and remembered with gratitude.

As he was leaving for his first furlough to England, after sixteen years of work, the good-byes touched him exceedingly. He was so far from realising the place he held in the hearts of these people that when they showed their grief at his departure he was surprised beyond measure.

Farewell dinners, garden-parties, and meetings were arranged by the reises of the district, by his own beloved boys, and by the City Fathers. Addresses were presented, songs composed in his honour in Irdu, Persian, and Pushtu. People flocked to the house in streams to see him and tell him how greatly they would miss him.

Then he had to say good-bye to his mother, whom he saw for the last time. It was the first real parting between mother and son ; all his life she had been with him ; in his youth, as he was delicate, she had lived at Eastbourne, so that he could go as a day boy to school. When he came up to London to do his medical course, she took a house in Gordon Street, so as to be near his work and still keep him at home. Yet she was no sentimentalist, and indeed, if anything, erred on the side of too much severity, hiding her affection and inculcating asceticism and a hard life. She used to say to him he must never let the thought of her deter him from going into any danger, if it

were necessary for his work. "Remember, I shall be proud of you if you die doing your duty," were words calculated to set alight his own daring and love of danger.

She herself had a presentiment that she would not live to see him return. Many attempts were made to get her to accompany him, but she was over seventy-three, and it was her great desire to die among the people and in the country for which she and her son had given up everything. To her he was a son such as few mothers have had—devoted, patient, ever obedient in all matters where their judgments and principles did not clash. She was somewhat masterful, and often wished to direct Mission affairs in a manner not meeting with his approval. But all along the Frontier there is scarcely a village where the Doctor Sahib's mother is not held in love and gratitude in the hearts of the people whom he tended so generously. In other hospitals the patients are able to pay for treatment. In Bannu the tribes-people are so desperately poor that Dr. Pennell and his mother had to keep their purses open always, every outgoing patient was sent away with a little money for the journey, perhaps enough to pay for a camel to his distant home.

While in England all his time was occupied in lecturing and pleading the needs of the Afghan Mission. The news of the death of his mother was most heartbreaking. It was the greatest sorrow to him that he had not been near her to ease her last hours and give her the devotion and attention which he had lavished on her all her life. But it made no gap in his work. His programme was faithfully carried through, not a lecture missed because he himself was in trouble. He spent his spare moments in brushing up his medical and surgical knowledge at University College Hospital, and at Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital.

On June 17th, 1908, his engagement was definitely settled by cablegram, his future wife being at the time in Srinagar, Kashmir. Now a new side of his character was developed. For though he had always had the companionship of his mother, he had never known the joy of real comradeship of one of his own tastes and generation since his college days.

The voyage back to India was without incident. At Bombay

his fiancée met him, and they went first to Poona and then spent a week before their wedding with her mother at Nasik. The marriage took place in the cathedral at Allahabad on October 17th, and he and his wife went to Fatehpur for a day, and then to Simla for a week, which was all the honeymoon they could allow themselves.

An enthusiastic reception was accorded the couple, and the celebration of their arrival at Bannu was kept up for days.

The return to Bannu brought much work, medical and otherwise. The troubles that dated from the time of Dr. Pennell's leaving India for his first furlough took a long time to conquer.

The journeys of mercy were resumed into the surrounding districts, though now he was accompanied by his wife, herself a practitioner with high qualifications.

To Dr. Pennell's great surprise and disappointment the Deputy Commissioner thought it wise for him to give up his journeys through Waziristan, owing to the unsettled conditions across the border.

The Waziris themselves were much distressed, as many of them had feuds with all the villages around, and found it very difficult to bring their sick into Bannu in the teeth of armed foes who skulked behind every rock ready to take advantage of them under any circumstances. They themselves undertook to supply *badraggas* (escorts) to conduct Dr. Pennell through the independent territory and to be responsible for him, but the political officers did not feel justified in allowing him to take the risk, and so for the future the journey to Thal, only thirty-four miles from Bannu, had to be done by one of the roundabout ways that skirted Waziristan, the one most used being eighty miles by *tonga* to Kohat and then sixty by the little narrow-gauge railway line to Thal.

On January 5th Dr. and Mrs. Pennell took this journey, and were able to treat many patients all along the route. At the various *tonga* stages patients seemed to crop up in the few minutes it took to change horses, and the chest of medicines they always carried with them was called into use at every halt, Dr. Pennell diagnosing the men's cases while his wife did the same for the women. Together they visited his and her

cases in the city, the patients valuing his opinion when he came as consultant, and the women and children being glad to make friends with his wife when she accompanied him to his cases.

This partnership was thus a fresh source of strength to the Mission.

A Mission had been established at Thal, a Military Frontier Post, and the work of building was progressing rapidly; and one or two rooms being completed, the drugs and appliances were moved there from the little dispensary in the bazaar. Several of the patients that had been seen at the alfresco clinics at the railway stations between Kohat and Thal were treated immediately. Indeed, it was a very busy time, for there was not a single street in the little village that did not have its patients lying in wait for Dr. Pennell.

Thal was full of Waziris and Turis, who had come in for a *Jirgah* (tribal council), and many of these were old friends and patients who brought their relations or their sick and sorry folk to be introduced to the "Padre Sahib." An ever-increasing crowd of Waziri Maliks and Turis followed him as he went about from place to place.

The Mission bungalow was not ready to be inhabited, so Dr. and Mrs. Pennell stayed in the comfortable little quarters of the Border Military Post lent them by the commanding officer.

Here after the day's work the Maliks followed him to have a chat, sitting round a glorious wood fire. One old Wazir from over the border was greatly interested in the fact that his friend was just married, and was most anxious to know what price had been paid for the new wife, especially when he learned to his amazement that the list of her accomplishments included surgery and photography.

The next days were taken up with medical and surgical work. The Waziri bullets being of the expanding type produce most serious injuries.

Dr. and Mrs Pennell were sitting by the fire late one winter afternoon with their assistants, listening to accounts of the doings of their Waziri friends, when suddenly an alarm sounded. From the roof of the Military Post they could see and hear the tumult in the little village of Thal. The Turis and Waziris having had their disputes settled, and having enjoyed a big

feast in honour of the event, were in a mood for horse-play and so raided the bazaar. The shopkeepers and villagers took cover, and from the shelter of their roof-tops tried to throw stones on the raiders below, who replied with rocks from the dry river bed.

Fortunately no shots were fired, as the tribesmen meant it more in fun than otherwise; but to prevent any contre-temps, the police-sergeant rushed out with his men; Dr. Pennell and his assistants formed an ambulance corps, and a ward was hastily prepared for the wounded. The Hindu shopkeepers and Thal-wals were too scared to appear, and only a few of the offenders had anything to show for their sport. One man was brought back by the police as a prisoner and confined for a few minutes, more as a warning than a punishment. He was not at all annoyed, but cracked jokes with his captors, and was released.

A new era had dawned for the dreary little village of Thal, and it was very touching to see the grand send-off they gave their Doctor Sahib when he left next day. Maliks and patients flocked to the station with many entreaties that now the hospital was opened the Doctor Sahib would come at least once a month to see them.

At Lachi, a town on the same route, the hospitable Khan had arranged to provide dinner, and about nine o'clock a fat, kindly gentleman walked in, followed by a string of servants, each carrying a tray covered with a gay "*roomal*" (lit. handkerchief, really an embroidered tray-cloth), under which were succulent Indian dainties, *pilau* and *dalwa*, and *shorba*, and a Russian tea-service and varieties of fruits. While the guests ate, the host sat in silence propping his eyelids open, as he was very sleepy; the villagers and attendants sat on the floor. Etiquette forbade their speaking while the Khan was silent and the honoured guests eating. Suddenly shots were heard and shouting; the police guards in the courtyard fell into line, and on the word of command rushed out into the night. On enquiry it was discovered that a gang of fifteen raiders had come into the village of Durmalik near by, looted the house of a Hindu, and carried off his small son of two years old. Finding their booty as much as they could carry, they left the

little lad in the mountains, where the police found him next day.

Several patients were treated before the early start next morning, and at Domel Dr. Pennell casually asked a sad-looking old Hindu if anything had lately been seen of the raiders. "No," said he, "not since they carried off my son a fortnight ago!" The poor man lived next to the police station, but the clever raiders had managed nevertheless to get his son, and to hold him to ransom for the sum of Rs.2000.

Some weeks later he very proudly produced the recovered son, but he himself was reduced to great poverty, having had to sell all he possessed to pay the ransom.

Towards the end of February Dr. Pennell had one of his attacks of fever and sore throat, but could not be induced to stay in bed. It was very cold in Bannu, and a severe storm with rain lasting several hours had freshened the country, but had made Bannu very muddy. As he had several patients in the city seriously ill he had to go and visit them in spite of the weather, and as the work in the hospital had accumulated, long afternoons were spent in the operating theatre. To add to his ordinary medical and surgical practice he now had some cases of madness to treat. One was an old boy who was brought to him with his mind quite gone, and no one but the Doctor Sahib could control him.

Dr. Pennell's power over mad people was quite wonderful. A patient would be raving, breaking up the furniture, biting bits out of the wall, perhaps chained by his alarmed relatives because of his violence, and at the entrance of Dr. Pennell, without a word said, he would instantly be quite quiet, and with meekly bowed head would answer all questions, promising to control himself. At the soothing touch of the Doctor Sahib the patient would immediately do anything he was told, would take his medicine, lie down, or eat his food without the faintest protest. Naturally this added to his duties, for unless he was present the patient refused both food and medicine.

It is difficult for Pathans to see the necessity of a cutting operation under certain conditions, when what they have regarded as similar cases have been cured without the knife.

A young Pathan lad was being operated on for stone. The

condition demanded lithotomy instead of a crushing operation. The elder brother could not for some time be brought to consent to this procedure; at last he was persuaded, but he insisted on standing by his little brother, and reiterated at intervals, "If he dies, I'll take your life for his. If he dies, I'll take your life!" and he meant it too. Those who stood by saw with wonder how unaffected Dr. Pennell was by this blustering person. He was quite unmoved by his threats, and with unruffled calm completed the operation.

And day after day, as the boy hung between life and death, the elder brother sat by his head night and day, and whenever anyone went near they heard him mutter, "If he dies, I'll take your life!" But at last the day came when danger no longer threatened, and the little fellow would smile a welcome to his loved doctor, and the brother's affection was slowly won; but later, when he was asked if he had really meant to take revenge in the event of the boy's death, he calmly replied, "Of course I should have kept my word."

The Pathan temper is one of the most difficult to deal with, and on one occasion when two brothers began to accuse each other of shifting landmarks and other villainies, it took a good deal of patience to persuade them that each is as honest as the other! All that day and the next the quarrel went on. Dr. Pennell argued and persuaded and discoursed and entreated, but one point being settled another would crop up, and so the trouble went on, till finally he refused to break bread in their house or drink water, and ordering the horses proceeded to leave them. But though they were prepared to continue a family feud till Doomsday, neither could bear to let his beloved Sahib leave like this, and so with the delightful simplicity that makes the Pathan so lovable, they fell on each other's necks and made friends simply to keep their Doctor Sahib with them; the horses were taken away and a merry meal partaken of, and the cup of peace passed round.

Constant hard work and troubles and transgressions amongst the hospital staff caused the Doctor great anxiety, and so seriously affected his health that he started with his wife for his summer holidays far from well. The strain of the last months at Bannu had left him so exhausted that he was

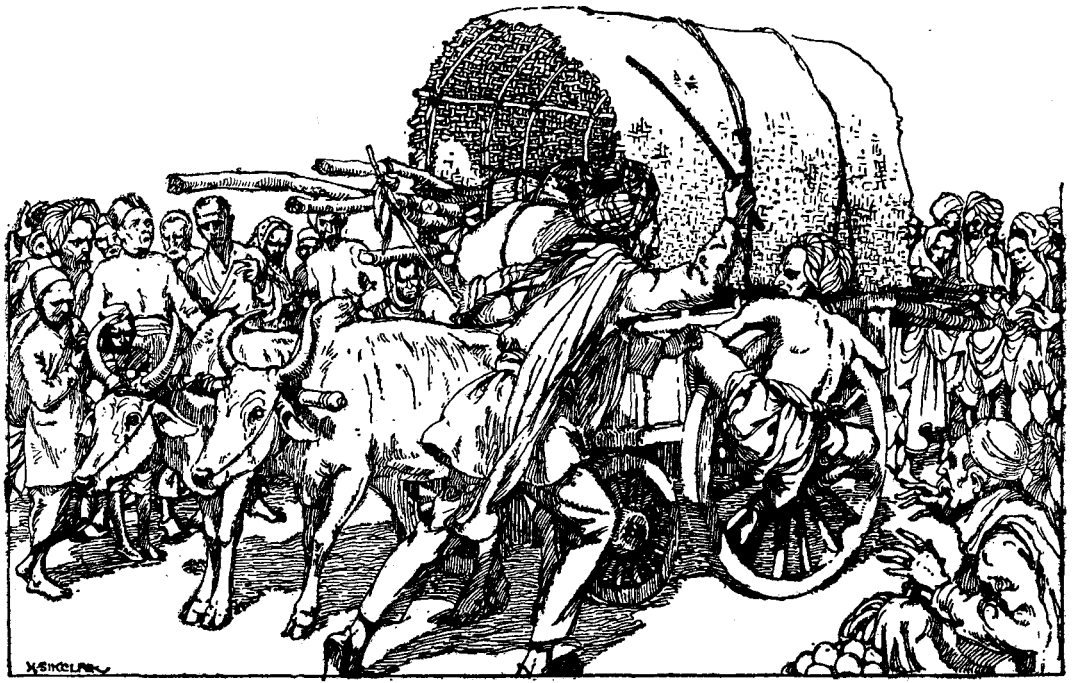
susceptible to the slightest infection, and during the journey from Bareilly to Lucknow he became so ill that he was with difficulty taken to the Mission House, where Mr. and Mrs. Morse kindly received him and his wife, and where they spent two days while he recovered.

They then proceeded to Calcutta, and one day when they were driving down one of the big streets they saw a bullock-cart very heavily laden ahead of them. The driver was lashing his miserable cattle unmercifully. The goaded animals had so learned to dread the whip that as he raised his arm they quivered with fear, shrinking away from the falling lash. It was a piteous sight, and fortunately one not often seen on the Frontier. In a second Dr. Pennell had stopped his own carriage, and, running towards the cart, must have seemed like an avenging angel to the brutal driver. He, however, was not only cruel but cunning, and before Pennell had reached him he set up a fearful howl, and, throwing himself off his perch, clung to his wheel as if he were being murdered, hooking his feet round the wheels in a most practised acrobatic fashion.

As he was already yelling it seemed a pity not to give him something to yell for, and he probably had the best beating he had ever had in his life, as a warning never to ill-treat his beasts again. Meanwhile his cries had attracted a crowd, but the scarred and bleeding backs of the cattle showed what had brought the stick on the boy's own back, and the onlookers thought it wisest not to interfere with so stalwart-looking a "Pathan." This in Calcutta was surprising, and Dr. Pennell had known quite well what risks he was running, when his indignation had made him punish the bully. But cruelty of any sort, whether to man or beast, he could never see without being moved to action!

Shortly after their return to Bannu urgent business called Dr. Pennell to Karak. This journey had serious results for him, for it was then he got infected with enteric, but in spite of a temperature rising to 104° his work was never relaxed. This disregard for his own health finally culminated in a severe hæmorrhage, and for several hours he hovered between life and death.

The sad news spread all over the city and into the villages



A BULLY WELL SERVED.

Cruelty of any sort, whether to man or beast, at once roused Pennell to action. In spite of repeated warnings from the Doctor, the man continued to lash his cattle, so Pennell seized his whip and administered a sound thrashing to the brutal driver who clung to the spokes of a wheel in terror and yelled lustily.

with incredible rapidity, and the Mission House presented a most extraordinary appearance. Silent crowds collected in all the adjoining rooms and on the verandahs waiting for the least sign ; most of them were praying, many weeping as well. Women and children, Christians, Muhammadans, and Hindus, each in their own way, poured forth their hearts in prayer for his recovery. All business in the city was suspended. In dharmsalas and mosques his friends, Sikhs, Muhammadans, and Hindus, made special intercession for him. His humbler friends, beggars and Wazirs, came to the house, and sat near the door waiting for news, praying for the life so dear to them. The schoolboys hushed their games, and they and their masters swelled the waiting throng outside. Those patients from the wards who were able to walk limped or were helped by their friends to the verandahs of the house, where they also joined their prayers to those of the people already gathered there. One old blind beggar walked round and round the house, his cap in his hand, reciting the Quran if haply that might win life for his beloved Doctor Sahib.

But his splendid constitution helped him through, and gradually his strength recovered, till, on December 10th, his temperature was normal for the first time since November 6th. From that time onwards he made a steady recovery.

As soon as his health was sufficiently restored he and his wife set out for England on an enforced furlough, and stayed for some months with relatives in Russell Square, where unfortunately Mrs. Pennell fell seriously ill. After delivering many lectures and transacting much business in the interest of the Mission, Mrs. Pennell being now able to travel, the return to India was begun, and the journey accomplished without event. Needless to say their arrival was welcomed with heartfelt rejoicing. But alas ! there was the usual tangle to unravel, and rough places to again be made smooth. To add to their troubles thieves broke in and completely emptied the linen-room—a great loss. The following night the building was again broken into, but this time the thieves were compelled to drop their booty in order to escape. Again, the day following a fire broke out in the dispensary, but fortunately did not do much damage.

The work in the Mission was very heavy at this time, many of the cases being the results of border raids or private feuds. These wild people have an unpleasant method of treating wounds which so often end fatally. A goat is killed, and its reeking skin tied over the wound. This naturally leads to septic poisoning, and eventually, death.

On May 13th a new school building was opened by General O'Donnell. For years the accommodation had been far from adequate, and as no funds were forthcoming from the Mission, Dr. Pennell built the new school in memory of his own and his wife's parents, his own funds being helped by a Government grant.

It was with great pride that the boys entered their new building, the last memorial to be built by him in his lifetime.

Two days later, driving by night to Kohat, the Pennells had a bad motor accident. Dr. Pennell's knee was severely cut, and he had to be brought home at once to have it sutured. It was a fortnight before he was able to use his leg again, and for part of that time he was on crutches.

In his campaign against all forms of evil, Dr. Pennell tried to teach the people of Bannu something of the dangers of the spread of tuberculosis—which at this time was attacking the youths of the town and district. To this end he gave a public lecture on the subject, with the result that many of his boys and masters determined to do all in their power to prevent the spread of the disease by the insanitary customs of the people, and a crusade against these habits was immediately started.

At the beginning of December the Pennells went to the Delhi Durbar.

On the day of the State Entry, at the tail end of the procession rode a somewhat haphazard band of Frontier chiefs, poorly equipped and indifferently mounted, but fierce and strong to look upon, and quite without any of the gay trappings that their richer fellow-chiefs displayed. Suddenly one grizzled member of this little group caught sight of an Englishman in a Pathan *paggri*, who was one of the few (perhaps the only one) who applauded them. "There's our Bannu Padre Sahib!" he cried, digging his neighbour in the ribs, and then

they all gave a resounding Frontier shout, and waved frantically in greeting, rejoiced to see a friend. Not a few of the bystanders looked round to see who could be the friend of such a ragged lot of Border ruffians.

At the end of January the Bishop of Lahore paid a visit to Bannu. He held a confirmation in the Mission Church, and on February 1st went out with a large party of Bannu Christians to the village of Karak, in the Khattak country.

The first function was the consecration of the cemetery in the Mission compound. It was a great day in the annals of this little Frontier village so lately hostile to Christians and especially to Missionaries. For the first time in its history there were forty Christians at the service held before the laying of the foundation-stone.

Then a procession was formed, the Christian boys from Bannu constituting the choir and singing lustily, " The Church's One Foundation " and " Onward, Christian Soldiers ! " in Urdu. The villagers joined the procession and behaved wonderfully well throughout. After the stone had been well and truly laid " in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the Bishop led the choir and procession round the foundations, the 127th Psalm was recited, and " The Church's One Foundation " again sung. Then the Pathans sang Pushtu hymns, and the procession marched back, singing, to the hospital. It was a day of great rejoicing, and for those who had borne persecution, even to the point of being stoned and denied shelter or a cup of water in this very village, it was a day of solemn thanksgiving. This was one of the happiest days of Dr. Pennell's whole life.

At the Frontier Mess one night, General O'Donnell, in giving the toasts of the services, added a little tribute to the Mission, of which he said that " though it worked as it should, unobtrusively, yet it was always to the fore when needed." And Dr. Pennell found himself being carried round the Mess dining-room on the shoulders of the younger officers, to his great surprise and embarrassment.

A virulent case of septic poisoning was the immediate cause of the fatal illness which overtook Dr. Barnett, a colleague, on March 15th. He had intense pain in the axilla, and signs

that demanded operation. Dr. Pennell operated on his colleague, whose pain was greatly relieved, but alas! he himself took the infection.

That night, however, at 2 a.m., Dr. Pennell was called again to administer an anodyne as the pain was increasing, and gradually Dr. Barnett's condition got worse.

Dr. Pennell was now bearing the burden of the whole Mission work, in the school, and of the men's wards in the hospital as well as the duties of the church. His colleague's serious condition necessitated frequent and long visits to him. On the 19th he himself began to feel ill, but he struggled bravely to carry on the work.

On Tuesday, the 19th, after lunch, he was too ill to do operations; but was only persuaded to stay in bed when his wife undertook to do them for him, as he knew several patients had been waiting some days. That afternoon he sat up for the last time, coming in to the social little tea-party that he enjoyed with his fellow-Missionaries. He was too ill, however, to do more than lie on the sofa; after that, as his fever was high, he was persuaded to go to bed.

On the night of the 19th Dr. Barnett's symptoms became more alarming. Kind volunteers in the station were ready to help and nursed him devotedly. On Wednesday, the 20th, it was obvious that all hope was gone, for he sank rapidly.

Meanwhile, Dr. Pennell lay at his own house very ill indeed, but with his thoughts full of the duties he was perforce unable to perform. He insisted on interviewing his clerk and settling many pressing questions; his house surgeons and the masters of the school also visited him and reported on the work in hospital and school.

He insisted that every message for help from his colleague should be responded to at once. "Do go to Barnett—I am all right," was his constant cry.

That afternoon, the 20th, Dr. Barnett died, and Dr. Pennell's first thought was that Mrs. Barnett should be cared for. Then, though suffering himself and very weak, he wished to assure himself that nothing was being left undone that could possibly lessen the shock of the tragedy, as well as show honour to his friend and colleague. He insisted on being left while Mrs.

Barnett was comforted and cared for, even in his extremity feeling that her need was greater than his own.

That night he was in acute agony, and then followed two days and nights of fluctuating hope and despair, and violent pain, only relieved by sedatives.

That evening, at nine, his pulse began to fail, and it was seen the end was near. When he was told, he discredited their fears; but death had no terrors for him, his only regret was for work left unfulfilled, his only sorrow for those who grieved his loss. He rallied for a time, but at 6 a.m., as the strains of the réveillé rang through the morning air, the watchers saw that he had passed into a new life.

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