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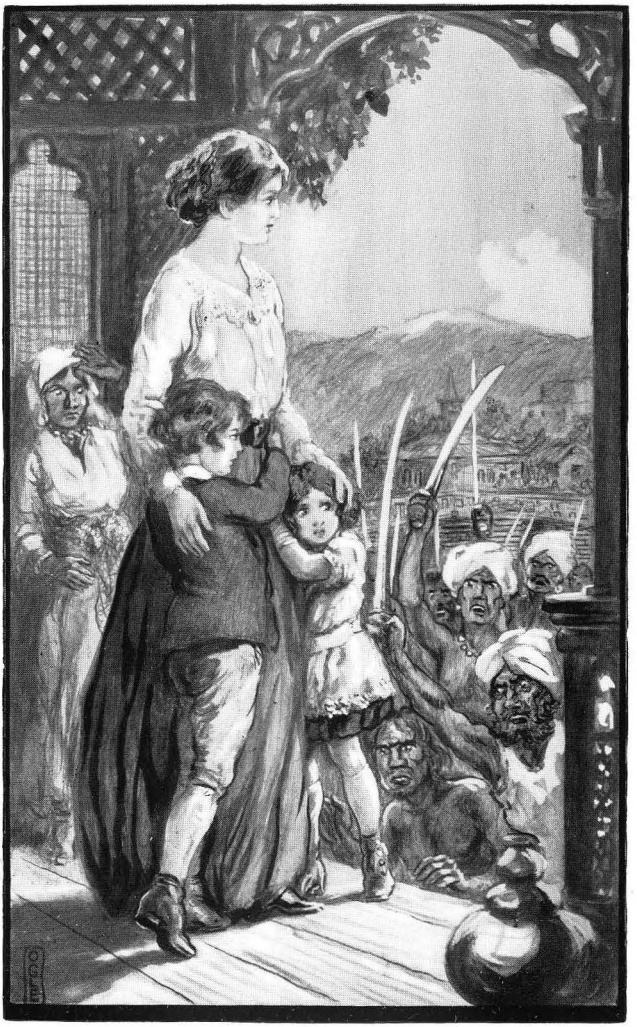

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PREFACE

THE Church of to-day is running a race for the possession of the world. Other forces than Christianity are hard at work, and make much the same promises as the Church. Civilization is spreading so rapidly that in a very few years hence it will have altered the conditions of life of every race and nation upon earth. But it is a civilzation which does not trouble itself much about God, and has nothing to do with another world than this. If we believe in the revelation of eternal life which was made through Jesus Christ, and that the chief end of man is "to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever," we must make haste to proclaim this truth to all mankind before the secular teacher has occupied the ground. Much has already been done to show Christ as the Light of the World, but very much more remains to be accomplished.

The object of this book is to give as vivid a picture as possible of some of the pioneer work which has laid the foundation of all present efforts. The examples here given are all women. The men have been undertaken by other writers.

My endeavour has been not so much to give complete lives of missionary workers, as to present an

impression of the everyday doings of those who accept a missionary vocation. Some of the short histories contained in this volume are exceptionally adventurous, some are not. It may be taken perhaps for granted that the ordinary life of the ordinary missionary is not so. It is composed of a regular round of somewhat humdrum duties, and is as little romantic as teaching in a school at home. Yet adventures of the most tremendous sort may come suddenly and at any moment upon the quiet days of the evangelist and teacher, when his faith in the goodness of God will be put to the test.

Such was the case in China so recently as 1895 and 1900, and such cases may again recur. The earlier missionaries to Africa, to North-West America, to Sarawak and to the South Seas had lives as full of adventure as the most adventurous could desire.

Not a few of the women included in this volume went out as the wives of missionaries. But they were none the less missionaries themselves. Indeed, whatever may be said as to the expediency of sending young wives into certain dangerous or difficult stations, experience has abundantly proved that in very many instances the man who is married doubles his efficiency for good. Wise Mission Boards will, no doubt, make a very careful study in future where single men and single women can be used most advantageously—whether alone or in communities—and where the man and wife can best display the beauty of Christian family life.

The instances given are, as the reader will per-

ceive, taken from " all sorts and conditions " and from various denominations of Christians. We have scarcely yet reached the stage in which ecclesiastical differences bulk largely in the mission field. Here and there there may have been some clashing between differing systems. But things are not generally enough advanced for that. All the teachers are mostly concerned with those elementary truths which lie at the basis of every kind of Christianity. Hence the feeling of tolerance and brotherly-kindness with which missionary greets missionary among the heathen. So far as I have been able, I have tried to give some idea of what all are attempting to do.

I desire to acknowledge, with many thanks, my indebtedness to the following ladies and gentlemen who have kindly provided me with much valuable information concerning many of the subjects of the chapters in this book, contained in private letters, pamphlets, and books :—

Mrs. Robins; F. D. How, Esq.; Dr. H. Martyn Clark; Miss A. M. Stoddart; Eugene Stock, Esq.; John Jackson, Esq., F.R.G.S., Secretary of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East; Mrs. Bunyon, and Mrs. McLaren.

My best thanks are also due to the following Missionary Societies and firms of publishers who have given me permission to make use of the information contained in books issued by them, which are referred to at the end of the various chapters :—

The Religious Tract Society; the China Inland Mission; the Church Missionary Society; the

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; the Moravian Missions; the Women's Foreign Missionary Society; the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; Mr. T. Fisher Unwin; Mr. John Murray; Messrs. Marshall Brothers, Ltd.; Mr. Andrew Melrose; Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier; Messrs. Morgan and Scott, Ltd.; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.; Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The contents of this volume are taken from Canon Dawson's larger and more expensive volume, "Heroines of Missionary Adventure."

Missionary Heroines in India

CHAPTER I

MRS. DUFF

A GREAT MISSIONARY'S WIFE

Her husband, Alexander Duff—Sail for India—Wrecked—A revelation of character—Landed on a small island—Rescued by a man-of-war—A cyclone on the Hughli—Wrecked again—Reach Calcutta—Work in India—Birth of a son, and illness of Mr. Duff—The flood of 1833—She returns to England—A true companion to her husband—Death—Character.

WHEN Alexander Duff went to India, he took with him his young bride Anne Scott Drysdale. Duff was then twenty-three, and had recently been admitted by Dr. Chalmers into the Ministry of the Church of Scotland. The girl whom he asked to be his wife well knew what sort of life she would have to lead. For Alexander Duff was thoroughly committed in heart and mind to missionary work among the natives of India. He was made of hard and

stern Scottish stuff. From the moment when, at the age of fifteen, he left his father's farm with twenty pounds in his pocket, and matriculated at St. Andrews, he kept himself by the prizes and bursaries which Scottish Universities provide for such boys as he. When he came to manhood he deliberately dedicated his sound scholarship and high abilities to India. Whoever became his wife would have to regard herself also as a missionary to the people of India. And that is what the subject of this sketch did with all her heart. It is true that her conception of duty led her to minister, in the first place, always to him whom she had promised to love, cherish, and obey. But in doing this she did not step out of the ranks of the efficient. As Dr. George Smith says, "She worthily takes her place among those noble women, in many lands of the East, who have supplied the domestic order, the family joy, the wedded strength needed to nerve the pioneers of missions for the unceasing conflict that ends in victory."

Mrs. Duff and her husband sailed for India in 1829. A voyage to India in the twenties was sometimes exciting, and they had plenty of adventures. They were caught by a gale at the start, and blown out of their course as far as

Falmouth. Again at Madeira they narrowly escaped shipwreck in a fierce hurricane which drove several ships ashore and drowned their crews. They passed close to one of the dangerous pirate vessels which then threatened navigation off the Cape de Verd Islands. This particular corsair was being chased by a British frigate. Finally, they were wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, striking the rocks of a hidden reef. In an instant the ship's back was broken, and they were in danger of falling to pieces beneath the violence of the waves.

Sudden perils of that kind reveal character. During the few scared minutes which succeeded the shock and the call to the boats, the curtains which hang over people's hearts were lifted. One man declared himself a hypocrite. Another was discovered half-drunk in his cabin, and lost for ever his reputation for sober respectability. To the Duffs it seemed almost like a Day of Judgment, so startlingly did each individual appear as himself and none other. As usual, in such moments of real emergency, the ladies responded nobly to the call upon their courage and unselfishness. They gathered trustfully around Duff, who called them to unite in prayer. They took their turn to fill the boats, which could receive but a

few at a time. A very lovely spirit of self-negation appeared among them. When it was decided that the women should be first saved, the unmarried girls actually besought that the married men should be allowed to go with their wives. The wives protested that they would not go without their husbands. Finally, the boats put off amidst the breakers with the married men on board in addition to all the women. They rowed out into the night through the foam, and somehow reached a shelving beach behind the rocks which had wrecked them.

When daylight came it was found that they were upon an island. Presently two men appeared who lived on the rock during the nesting season to collect penguins' eggs, and with the help of these they made a hasty meal. Mr. and Mrs. Duff had by this time acquired so strong an influence over the passengers and crew, that when one of the sailors found Duff's Bible washed up on the shore, everybody took it as an omen directly sent from God that they would be saved. The extraordinary sight was presented of a shipwrecked company kneeling openly around a missionary while he prayed for them all and read aloud the "Traveller's Psalm" (Ps. CVII.) from the rescued Book.

The egg-collectors' boat was too small to take them to the mainland, but it carried the news to a man-of-war, which after four days transported them over the forty miles of sea which lay between this desolate Dassen Island and the Cape. It is curious to read that so few were the East Indiamen at that date, and so eager were officials on furlough to get back to India before the expiration of their leave, that fancy prices were demanded of all passengers picked up at Cape Town. Mrs. Duff and her husband had to pay 3000 rupees to the last ship of the season to take them to Calcutta.

But their adventures were not concluded yet. At the mouth of the Hughli they were met by a cyclone. So violent was the tornado that their ship was not only torn from her anchorage but was hurled on to the flooded shore. She was pressed by the weight of the hurricane upon the clayey bank, where she worked a hole for herself in the mud. As she was in instant danger of heeling over into deep water and foundering, the passengers were put in boats on the shore side, and deposited with much difficulty and no small peril on a bank, where they stood waist-deep in rushing water. At last they reached a low-lying island and took refuge in a heathen temple. None

of the natives would allow them to enter their huts. " Thus," says Dr. Smith, " the first missionary of the Church of Scotland was, with his wife and fellows, literally thrown on the mud-formed strand of Bengal, where the last land of the holy goddess, Gunga, receives her embrace."

The young husband and wife, thus tossed like a shuttle in the sport of the elements, entered Calcutta a few days later. They were plastered with mud and half-dead with fatigue and excitement, but full of a kind of glory that nothing should have prevented them from reaching the goal of their desires. At last, after eight months' struggling, they were in India. Lord William and Lady Bentinck received them both with kindness at Government House, and wished them God-speed. As for the Calcutta newspapers, when the story of their repeated disasters became known, they wrote: " Surely this man is a favourite of the gods, who must have some notable work for him to do in India."

What that notable work was is fairly well known to all who are interested in Missions, but is fully set forth in Dr. George Smith's biography of Dr. Duff. He lost no time in opening a college, at which not only English but the Bible was taught, and soon secured a number of promising

pupils. This was done in opposition to the advice of almost all the Europeans in India, who were inclined to treat Duff's measures as revolutionary. But he persevered, and before long gained the interest and affection of some of the most intelligent of the young Bengalis. He himself mastered the Bengali tongue, and got as quickly as possible on intimate terms with the men.

Miss Cooke, afterwards Mrs Wilson of the C.M.S., had then been teaching a girls' school for eight years. She had perceived that the Indian girl is not so brainless as she was then supposed to be, and a certain little girl had persistently entreated her to be allowed to read with the boys. She opened school in 1822, and now had two hundred girl students. These, however were mostly of the lower castes. Hindu prejudice was still utterly opposed to the education of wives, and the zenana was almost impregnable. Mr. Duff's freshly trained boys, who had also had an opportunity of studying the family life of their teacher, were of a different opinion. In their debating societies they bravely advocated the emancipation of woman. And though the thing might not yet be in practice, they, no doubt, did their part towards the creation of a more liberal public opinion.

Mrs. Bishop thought very strongly on the subject of the marriage of missionaries. She quotes instances in which weak and ailing wives have injured their husband's influence; and others in which wives, themselves unsuited for the hardship and exile of foreign work, have brought their husband's missionary career to an end. But she would have found nothing but good in such a union as that between Alexander Duff and his wife. If she was not an educationist or a platform-woman, she was much better. She was the warm heart which never failed. She was both stimulant and sedative. Encouraging the man of whom she was so proud to do his utmost, she was always there to comfort and support him when sick and weary. A year or two after their settlement in India, Mrs. Duff's courage was put to the severest test possible. Her baby son was born while her husband lay, as many thought, sick to death. But one does not hear a word of complaint, or any suggestion that she was afraid to face anything that might lie before her.

Yet she had passed through experiences which might have given some women a distaste for such a life. As, for example, when the lower lands were flooded by a cyclone similar to that which had wrecked them when they first entered the

Hughli. That flood of 1833 was long remembered. It carried a ship of 1500 tons some miles inland, and left it stranded there among the villages. It is said that a tiger swam across the tide to a hut which stood on a mudbank, and which was full of refugees. There it landed among the frightened people, and pushing its way through them all, buried its head, trembling with panic, in the darkest corner of the house. It was shot there, and its skin brought as a trophy of the incident to Calcutta. The Duffs thought it their duty to visit the mission stations ruined by the tide-wave, and dared fever and dysentery among the rotting vegetation and putrefying corpses which marked the course of the flood. In all such duties these two were as one.

But Mrs. Duff not only knew how to share all her husband's hardships, she was also ready for the much harder trial of separation when the need came that they should part. Uncomplainingly she rested with her four children in Britain, while her heart travelled forth with her hero in India. Fifty years ago people wrote to one another more formally than now. Letters half a century old sound somewhat stilted to our ears. They are less spontaneous and much more studied in expression. Dr. Duff's letters to his wife are no excep-

tion to this rule. There is nothing of the "little language" in them. But they are, at any rate, essentially the letters of a man to a woman. He treats his wife as his equal, and does not attempt to talk down to her. She is his comrade; he is quite sure she will understand him. He explains nothing, but just tells her what he did, where and how he preached, what people said to him, and how he replied. She knew all about it and would comprehend. That is the greatest compliment a man can pay his wife. Besides, the Duffs were both Scotch. They had not been brought up in a demonstrative school. They loved deeply and took each other's love for granted. Probably that can be carried too far; but one must always bear in mind their innate difficulty of self-expression in gauging the relationship of the members of a northern family to each other.

Dr. Duff's biographer speaks of his "excessive reticence regarding his most sacred domestic feelings," yet sometimes he lets his heart be seen, as when he wrote to his wife about a dead child of theirs: "I seldom allude to the dear child that bore your name, but the sweet image of her often crosses my mind. She was a perfectly lovable one. . . . Even still, when alone

by myself, the thought of her sweet expression and lisping tongue, often brings the tear to my eye,—as now."

And again, reminding her of that awful day on the Hughli river when he lay helpless with dysentery, and she brought forth her firstborn son: "If I forget the 19th of July, 1834, 'Let my right hand forget her cunning'; if I do not remember it, 'let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.'" That was written eighteen years after; and still through the crust of habitual reserve would come upheavals of volcanic feeling.

There can be no doubt that "Duff found his solace and his inspiration in his wife. From her quiet but unresting devotion to him, and his excessive reticence regarding his most sacred domestic feelings, many failed to appreciate the perfection of her service, not merely to her husband, but to the cause for which he sacrificed his whole self." When the wife died at a comparatively early age (she was not sixty), people began to understand how great was the loss. It was then not only her husband who mourned. He, indeed, was broken up with grief. "Ah! How solitary and lonely now! My eyes have become sore with weeping." "My faithful, loving spouse

—my other half, who sustained and cheered and comforted me, and was not merely the light of my dwelling, but my very home itself. . . . She is not, for God hath taken her."

But such a wife is the ideal other-self of the keen worker, always in the public eye, and engrossed in his schemes and organizations. What such a man wants to complete his usefulness is not a partner as keen to use tongue and pen as he himself, but one on whom he can always fall back for comprehension and unfailing love. He wants a woman, not another man. There have been women who have cut out for themselves a line of work independently of their husbands', and have made themselves a name. That was not the wish of Dr. Duff's wife. Nor was she the woman to double her husband, taking her stand with him in public and engineering his successes. Some women have done this with notable effect. But that was not the way of her genius. She neither made speeches, nor led movements, nor organized associations. She was content to be very little known, except within that small circle of her own household in which she was all in all.

But her place in the history of missions will probably be found to be a large one when all things

are revealed. And in this world, where most people are content with effects, and do not trouble themselves to look for causes, most of the strong things, the forces which move the human machine, remain covered up.

A Bengali preacher, however, understood and appreciated her. Perhaps her quiet strength came very near to the oriental conception of the highest goodness. This Indian Christian said to a congregation of Indians, "Her distinguished husband was engaged in a mighty work, and she rightly judged that, instead of striking out a path for herself of missionary usefulness, she would be doing her duty best by upholding and strengthening him in his great undertaking. Mrs. Duff rightly judged that her proper province was to become a ministering angel to her husband . . . who had to sustain greater conflicts than most missionaries in the world, and who therefore required more than most men to countenance his attentions, the sympathy and the consolations of a loving companion. It is a happy circumstance for our missions and for India at large that Mrs. Duff thus judged."

Such a woman—and there are many not unlike her—should not go unmentioned in a book of missionary heroines. For if her part is difficult

who goes forth alone into the field and faces unknown dangers, it is not less difficult to keep the camp, and to watch with straining eyes the progress of the battle, committed to every issue of the fight and to be still.

Most of the material for this chapter has been drawn from the *Life of Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D.*, by George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. (Messrs Hodder and Stoughton).

MRS. ROBERT CLARK
A MISSIONARY PIONEER OF THE PUNJAB

CHAPTER II

MRS. ROBERT CLARK

A MISSIONARY PIONEER OF THE PUNJAB

Robert Clark—Amongst the Afghans—His future wife—Married—Peshawar—The zenanas—Shot at—Death of her daughter—A strange visitor—An Afghan Christian—Kaffiristan—Mrs. Clark invalided home—Returns to Peshawar—The Kashmiri—Opposition of the Maharajah—Mrs. Clark's courage—Medical work—More opposition—Driven from Srinagar—Successful work at Amritsar—Difficulties of converts—Mrs. Clark goes to Scotland—A seven years' separation—Return to Amritsar—The Alexandra Schools—Mrs. Clark invalided home—A ten years' separation—A meeting at Amritsar—Death of Dr. Clark—Character of Mrs. Clark.

ROBERT CLARK is rightly called Pioneer and Missionary Statesman by his biographer. He was educated for a commercial life, but at the age of nineteen decided that he would prepare himself for the ministry. Accordingly he graduated at Cambridge, and was amongst the Wranglers of 1850. His mind was then directed to the Foreign Mission field. After filling an English curacy for about a year and a half, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society

and was sent to India. He was twenty-six when he landed at Calcutta, and went at once to the Punjab. His station was to be Amritsar, the city by the Lake of Immortality.

It was pioneer work at Amritsar in those days. Dictionaries, grammars, translations did not then exist. Everything had to be made from the beginning. A school was soon opened for Sikhs, Moslems, and Hindus. English was included in the school course—a great innovation. Scripture study was also made part of the curriculum. The first preaching of the Gospel in the Amritsar bazaars took place on October 20th, 1852. All sorts of ugly rumours had to be lived down, as that converts were baptized in cows' blood. But gradually the mission established itself, won adherents and gained the confidence of the people.

Robert Clark was the first missionary to the Afghans. Most men thought he crossed the Indus to his death, but he safely explored Kashmir and Ladakh, and penetrated some way into the Himalayas and Western Tibet. He was the first agent of the Church to enter the city of Leh.[1] In 1855 he founded the Afghan Mission at Peshawar. This throve apace, though often in spite of frantic and murderous opposition. Clark's own

[1] See page 135.

life was attempted at least once. His adventures might have been multiplied many times had he not been sent home on furlough a few months before the outbreak of the mutiny in 1857. During that hideous time, however, he was among his own people in England. It was during this time of rest that he met his wife, the subject of this sketch.

Elizabeth Mary Browne was the eldest daughter of a Scottish doctor who had taken up his residence in London. He had spent most of his life in Calcutta, retiring after forty-five years of work in India. Miss Browne was a girl of somewhat unusual attainments. She was a linguist of ability, and added Sanskrit and Urdu to French, German, and Italian. Her thoughts were much in India, and her heart went out to its needs. As a collector for the Peshawar Mission she had corresponded with Robert Clark. They met at King's College Hospital, where she was working as a Sister of St. John. An engagement soon followed, and they were married at Marylebone Church on May 14th, 1858. A month later they sailed together for India.

Robert Clark was now senior missionary at Peshawar. His young wife immediately took her full share in the work. She visited every-

where, and sought out the women in the zenanas. Here her medical knowledge stood her in good stead, and brought her many patients and friends. As she was not allowed to take books into the zenanas, she got by heart considerable portions of the Gospels and recited them with great effect. Recitations are a well-known form of entertainment in the East, and Mrs. Clark's recitations of the Gospel stories and the sayings of the Lord became very popular. Once when Mr. Clark was away she accepted an invitation to reside for a whole fortnight in a zenana, dressing like a Moslem lady, and getting intimately acquainted with many customs unknown to the ordinary European.

She was quite fearless, too, and not averse to an adventure. Once, as she rashly rode northward toward the mountains and the Khyber Pass, two shots were fired at her by some lurking tribesmen.

In 1859 she lost her firstborn child, a daughter, but did not let her sorrow divert her from the fixed purpose of her life. Her interest in the regions beyond was intensified by a strange visitor, who came floating down to her on the waters of the flooded river. Among the drowned cattle and the ruins of homesteads, which were

borne down from the hills upon the raging torrent, was seen a half-submerged haystack, on which crouched the form of a strange-looking woman.

This woman, being brought to land, was found to be different from any in the district. She was fair and dressed in hide. Her language none could interpret. Mrs. Clark at once undertook her care, but could make little of her. She was in great grief and would brood silently for hours, straining her eyes toward the distant mountains. Then she would look at the baby boy in Mrs. Clark's arms and fall into a passion of weeping, lamenting her case in some barbarous tongue. It was conjectured from certain sounds she made that she came from Kaffirastan, and from her actions that she had lost her own baby in the flood. One day she stole Mrs. Clark's child and got almost to the hills with it before she was overtaken and brought back. She was a wild creature who would not be tamed, and one day she disappeared altogether to reappear no more.

The coming of this strange woman out of the mysterious North opened up the question as to what manner of people those might be who dwelt behind the rampart of the mountain range. The Moslems called the land Kaffirastan, or the

Regions of the Unbelievers. It was known that no Mohammedan could penetrate there and live. Those wild tribes made hate of the Moslem a part of their creed. Mr. Martyn Clark says, "No male of the race was accorded the privileges of manhood until he could bring a tale of twenty Mohammedans slain."

In spite of this it was hoped by Mr. Clark that a native *Christian* might be received and secure a hearing. Mr. Martyn Clark gives some delightful and racy examples of the dauntless warrior-spirit which animates the Afghan Christian, and makes him delight in dangerous pioneer work for the religion he has embraced. Thus when he was preaching at a fair a Moslem began to question his statements. Whereupon a young Afghan mullah who had accepted Christianity, entreated, "My father, my heart is so full of love to Christ that I beseech thee let me enlighten this man." The conversation accordingly began quietly; but presently a yell rang through the fair. The Moslem was on the ground howling, "He has killed me! Do you call this Christianity?" Above him stood the wrathful Afghan, heedless of the Moslem crowd about him, and shouting, "Just say that again!" Then he explained, "This scum said that Christ was not the Son of

God; so, of course, I knocked him down." The victim found nothing to say, but "Call this Christianity!" To which the white padre replied, "Yea, verily. Had this youth been a Mohammedan Afghan, thy life alone would have satisfied him; but inasmuch as he is a Christian, rejoice that the loosening of a few of thy teeth hath sufficed." "Verily, the words of our doctor sahib be the words of truth and wisdom," cried the crowd. Then to the prostrate man, "Fool, what demon drove thee to affront the Afghan? Knowest thou not the race?" It was enough; the discomfited refuter of foreign doctrines had to listen to the remainder of the discourse without any further interpolations.

Another Afghan convert was preaching, when a Moslem Afghan rushed at him with, "Say but one word against the blessed Prophet of God, and may I be accursed, root and branch, if I do not at once dispatch thee to hell!" In an instant the other Afghan had accepted the challenge. With a shout he replied: "Wilt thou indeed lay down thy life for that lying camel-driver of Mecca, dead and gone, with his very bones mouldered into dust, who never did a hand's turn for thee; and shall I do less for the Lord who ever liveth, and bought me with His own blood? Come on!"

Whereupon like rival bulls they locked together, and had to be separated by main force. Nor could the young champion of the Cross be made to see that there was anything inconsistent with Christianity in his action. "Could I do less for the Lord?" was all he would reply.

Truly those men find it difficult to turn the cheek to the smiter; though even that they will do when their Cause is not in dispute. But that amongst them can be found strong stuff for pioneer work one is not surprised to learn. Mr. Clark says (*Missions in the Punjab and Sindh*), "The first Christian missionary to Kaffirastan was an Afghan. He took some medicines with him, and wrote an amusing account of his reception as a medical man, although he had only received one hour's instruction, together with some labelled bottles, from Mrs. Clark." Nothing daunted by his brief apprenticeship, this man at once set about doctoring the natives. A little girl who took his medicine for her neuralgia, went on crying with the pain; but her mother promptly boxed her ears, saying that if she was not cured, she ought to be, since she had had her physic. This same bold adventurer into a savage land saw twenty-eight Mohammedan strangers who had crossed the frontier massacred together. The

Kaffirs began to drum and pipe while they danced round their unsuspecting guests; then, without a moment's warning, at a given signal, several men flung themselves upon each Moslem and cut him down with their knives. They then took off their heads, and flung the bodies into the river.

These wild and excitable men of the mountains apparently had no grudge against a Christian. They received Robert Clark's forerunner in a friendly and even enthusiastic spirit, begging him to bring some Europeans with him next time. The outcome was that a "Kaffirastan and Border Mission" was commenced, with some encouraging results. But life in the neighbourhood of fanatics is never very safe, and Mr. Clark's coadjutor, Mr. Tuting, narrowly escaped while preaching in the streets of Peshawar. An Afghan charged him with his murderous knife, and the stroke was barely averted by a brave bystander. As for Mr. Tuting, says Dr. Martyn Clark, "he finished his address as if nothing extraordinary had occurred."

None of these things terrified Mrs. Clark for a moment, but repeated attacks of fever at last compelled her to return to England. She had made great progress in her work among the women. It still went on during her absence; but her hus-

band wrote to her, "We want you badly, for the women take to you, and are, through the men, always asking for you." After an absence of about a year and a half she was allowed to return to Peshawar, quite restored to health. She and her husband then made up their minds to adventure into Kashmir.

Mrs. Clark's opinion of Kashmir, after a short experience of place and people, was the same as that of almost every other missionary. Everywhere dirt, and people who minded it not. "We have been brought up in it," they would say, "and so we do not mind it; but if any one comes from the country, it makes him ill."

The Kashmiri people, too, were not of a sort to invite affection. Their Afghan and Sikh neighbours used to say, "Kick a Kashmiri first, then speak to him." However, Mr. and Mrs. Clark determined to try what could be done, and they made for the capital, Srinagar. There they found a house, and hoped to be allowed to settle down.

The Maharajah of Kashmir, however, was of a different opinion. He did not want a Christian mission. And though he dared not openly assault an Englishman, he was entirely minded to turn him out. He gave secret instructions to the police,

who in their turn gave the word to the mob; and when the Clarks' boats arrived they were pelted and not permitted to land. An Afghan disciple who went about foraging discovered another house at another landing, and in the early dawn of the following morning the Clarks rowed there rapidly and took possession. They were soon discovered by the mob and for a while the worst was threatened. The house was besieged by a howling mob of men and boys. Stones were thrown, and breaches were made in the walls of the stable and compound. The authorities carefully kept away. The crisis was barely averted by the gallantry of a Frenchman, a Monsieur Gosselin, a shawl merchant who lived across the river. He, seeing the tumult, came over armed only with his whip, and being known by the people, reached the house, and obtained a parley. At one moment it looked as though he would be flung over the bridge into the flooded river, but courage prevailed and the cowardly people let him through. Mr. Clark managed to take advantage of the division to reach the Wazeer and demand justice. Dr. Martyn Clark, who was then a child, says that he has a clear remembrance of his mother that day of terrors. "She watched the howling mob with an amused smile, and so interested her

children in the doings of the crowd that they forgot to be terrified." While the frantic populace beat against the house like a tide, and filled the air with their roaring and vile threatenings, " hooting as only Kashmiris can," she faced them all with an untroubled brow. Surely a mother to be proud of.

Finally Mr. Clark got some sort of justice from the Wazeer, and the people were dispersed. But it was only when some of the English officials made common cause with the Clarks, and gave it out that they would defend the house with their bodies, that any peace was assured. Nor was Mrs. Clark at all disposed to yield to violence. When her husband put it to her whether she would go or stay, representing the danger they were in, she replied that " she was not afraid either for herself or the children, but was confident that God could and would protect them, and that at any risk they ought to remain."

They did so, and proceeded to open a dispensary. Mrs. Clark started as doctor to the city. Crowds came to consult her. Patients became friends. Timid people who thought that her medicines were made up of the hairs of dead Sahibs, and had a magical effect to compel the swallower to become a Christian, changed their

minds, and sought healing too. Things began to look quite encouraging. Mr. Clark gained a footing as teacher. Even the Dewan came to consult the Memsahib about his health. But in the end the unyielding opposition of the Maharajah prevailed, and they had to return once more to Peshawar.

Before this happened, every sort of attempt was made, on any possible legal pretence, to oust the missionaries from their house. On one such occasion a native officer and a Baboo were sent by the Wazeer to bid them quit. As Mr. Clark was away, they walked straight into Mrs. Clark's room, without any introduction, and called out loudly and insultingly whether she intended to obey orders and go? "Well, what does she say? Are they going or not going?" Mrs. Clark said not one word, but rose and left the room, and sent a servant to request them to leave.

The Memsahib was always quite equal to such an emergency, and was not to be browbeaten. The Kashmir doors, however, were not quite yet to remain open to the Christian teacher.

When they were once more in the Punjab they set to work to develop the mission in the most practicable possible way. Mrs. Clark's success

as a doctor had taught her husband with what key the native mind might most readily be unlocked. He set that movement on foot which resulted in the wide establishment of medical missions throughout India. The Clarks also opened a sort of caravanserai for Christians at Amritsar. Christians had to suffer all sorts of inconveniences and rudenesses in travelling, and a place of rest for the convert on a visit to Amritsar was highly appreciated. While all this was going on, the Clarks lost their second son at Amritsar; but no personal sorrow could turn them from their work.

Mrs. Clark was, as has been said, extremely popular with the women and young people generally. The native ladies had a great affection for her. "Such was her influence," says her biographer, "that, for her sake, her husband and other gentlemen were sometimes actually allowed into the jealously guarded zenanas."

The first, and perhaps the last, occasion on which Mr. (afterwards Bishop) French saw into the interior of a zenana was through the special confidence which the master of the house felt in Mrs. Clark and her friends. Mr. French said of the lady of that house, "She goes to the top of the house sometimes to look at the roof beneath

which, she loves to think, a Christian woman lives close to her."

Some of the zenana ladies were very apt pupils and disciples. Dr. Martyn Clark tells the original of that story, which has been often quoted, of the high-caste lady who lay dying of cholera. She besought that the Christian pastor might be sent for to baptize her before she died. Her friends refused. Whereupon she begged for a cup of water. But as soon as it was brought she poured it over herself, saying, "I baptize myself in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; and if I do wrong, may Christ forgive me."

Dr. Martyn Clark also gives some instances which came under his own observation of the excessive difficulties under which converts labour. Everything is done to prevent them from earning a livelihood. A Christian milkman was allowed to supply an English family. All went well, and the quality of his milk was undoubted, till one day, when the lady of the house was receiving a large party of guests, four huge earth-worms wriggled out of the cream-jug into the cups. Horror, indignation, and disgust! But the Kansumah meekly replied, "What knoweth thy slave of the living creatures? It is *Christian* milk, as

your honour willed." Of course no more orders went to that luckless dairy.

The Christian butcher may supply the freshest of meat, but a short while in the sun gives "Christian meat" a flavour which does not incline the Sahib to continue his patronage. The "Christian meat" has a way of arriving just too late for dinner, or it will be exchanged for a tough and stringy piece of a similar size. "Not the fault of your lordship's slave. Lo! it is Christian mutton." "Christian tea" followed the same rule. There are several ways of letting tea lose its flavour, and the tea from the Christian shop soon discovers one of them. In fact, the only way to make a Christian household work would be to have it Christian from the top to the bottom.

Mr. Clark tried hard, and not altogether without result, to overcome these impediments to the formation of a Christian community. He founded the first Christian village in the Punjab, and obtained 1900 acres of land from the Government for the purpose. This village was called Clarkabad, in his honour. At the first attempt it did not succeed, but later, after the experience of failure, it became a notable success.

When Mrs. Clark and her husband returned to England in 1868, it was hoped they might enjoy a considerable furlough and regather their scattered strength. That, however, was not to be. A prominent worker died at Lahore, and it was almost impossible to fill his place. In this stress Mr. Clark at once offered to break into his furlough and to return to India. It was perhaps as great a sacrifice on his wife's part as on his own. She was left with her children, and retired quietly to Scotland. It was some compensation to hear how Mr. French had received the telegram that Mr. Clark was to join him at Lahore. "Then," said he, "were we all filled with gladness and laughter, and we said, This is the answer of God to our prayer."

It was some seven years later that Mrs. Clark again saw her husband. When he was able to return home she hastened to Egypt to meet him. Dramatically enough, their two steamers came into Port Said from India and Europe at the same moment. It was as though the long-separated flew to greet one another from East and West. Together they went hand in hand through Palestine and Syria, then by coasting steamer along the shores of Asia Minor to Constantinople, and everywhere they found time to

regard all they saw with the eyes of the pioneer and statesman. They made careful notes of the effect of Mohammedanism in each country through which they passed, and laid up facts for use when they should return to their work. Then came a few summer weeks at North Berwick with the children, and already Robert Clark's holiday was done. His wife and he, after they had arranged for the education of the young people, went back together to India in the autumn of 1876. They landed at Bombay at the close of the year, were present at the Delhi Durbar on New Year's Day, 1877, at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and a few days later were in their house at Amritsar.

A difficult work had now to be faced: the rearing of the Alexandra Schools. They threw themselves into the task of collecting the necessary funds. They were discouraged by nothing. "If there were but one brick left in the Punjab, Robert Clark would have it," remarked a friend who had probably himself been put under requisition. At last the splendid school was erected, and our gracious Queen, the then Princess of Wales, allowed it to be known by her name. The middle-class school for girls followed, and, later

still, the Baring High School for Boys at Batála.

All this prodigious work, in which Mrs. Clark co-operated with her husband, broke down the wife's health. In 1878 she was ordered home, almost at a day's notice, as the one chance for her life. Her children were startled to hear by the mail that their parents were actually half-way home. Then Mr. Clark broke down also, with pneumonia, and that winter was spent at Algiers. They then returned to England where Mrs. Clark was compelled to remain, while her husband hastened back to the duties which demanded his presence in the Punjab.

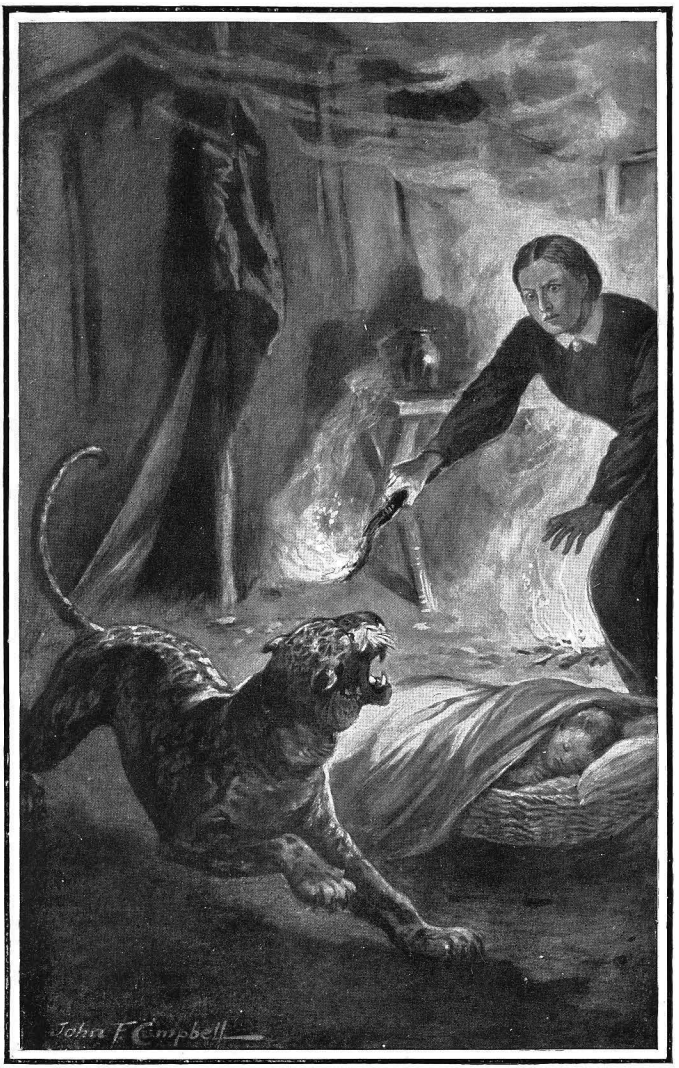
Robert Clark wrote to his wife, " It is hard for you and me to be so much parted; but the children need a mother more than a father, and we must commit each other to Him. . . . Here I am ' at home.' I feel very much for you, and I long to have you with me for work and comfort; but you are clearly in your right place with the children now." Ten years passed before the two were together again at Amritsar in 1889. As Robert Clark's work and influence grew, the strain upon him and his wife became heavier. That is a law of life. The older the really capable and willing become, the more they have to do, until the day

at last arrives when the body refuses to obey the mind and spirit. They knew no rest these two, and they inspired others with their boundless energy.

An amusing illustration of this is given by Dr. Martyn Clark. A servant of the Clarks missed his train to Lahore from Amritsar. He jumped into a country cart to catch it at the next station. When he arrived too late, he pushed on to catch it at the next, and so on, always pursuing, but always behind, he persevered, till at last he did catch that train. But it was in the station at Lahore.

But the end was drawing on. In 1896 Mrs. Clark was again obliged to take a rest. This time she sailed to Australia. Her husband wrote to her: "Life's work is nearly done now, and we must get ready to depart." Four years later, on the 16th of May, 1900, he passed into the Beyond. Almost his last words were: "I am very tired; let me sleep, for Jesus Christ's sake." Mrs. Clark was by him to the last. When they inscribed an epitaph upon his memorial-stone, his wife, who knew best what was always in his mind, added the words—

"He was among you as one that serveth."



A COURAGEOUS MOTHER

Mrs. Clark awoke one night to find a panther in the act of carrying off her infant. With wonderful bravery and presence of mind she snatched a blazing stick from the fire in the tent and thrust it full in the brute's face.

A Missionary of the Punjab

The following note on his mother's life has been kindly supplied by Dr. H. Martyn Clark, of Edinburgh.

" Elizabeth Mary was a woman of extraordinary mental gifts. She studied medicine first at the University and hospitals of Paris, an unusual thing then for a woman to do. She joined the group of students who in the early seventies of last century took up medical study in Edinburgh. She took a keen interest in the work of missions, corresponded with various missionaries, and collected for their work. One mission was that of the C.M.S. at Peshawar. Eventually she married Robert Clark, of the Punjab. She had an extraordinary gift for languages, spoke many fluently. I have heard her speak English, French, German, Italian, in one hour, so that none could tell from her tongue of which of these lands she was a native! Hebrew, Latin, and Greek were familiar to her. In her latter years she daily read her Greek Testament. To Western languages she added a number of those of the Orient. As a rest and pastime in her old age she took up the study of Russian! Her memory was marvellous. She never forgot a thing. She was an acceptable and fluent public speaker; she had the pen of the ready writer and was a poetess of high merit. Everything in life touched some point in her many-sided nature, and her versatile genius enabled her to do everything, and do it well. Science, history, geography, literature, were all familiar fields to her. She was a lecturer as well as a writer, and was an exceptionally brilliant conversationalist.

She possessed an amount of courage and determination that few have. In the face of what she considered duty

her will was inflexible. When her fourth child was born a bad epidemic of cholera was raging in Amritsar. She daily went to the dispensary, and herself saw hundreds of patients. One morning she was absent; the news spread a son had been born (Hamlet Edward Clark, B.A., LL.B., barrister-at-law, who two years ago gave up the practice of his profession to become a C.M.S. missionary at Clarkabad, in the Punjab). The following day Mrs. Clark had herself carried to the dispensary, and under her directions the patients were attended to. She sent the child straight off to the hills with his ayah, and it was three months before she saw him again. On another occasion a lady with whom Mrs. Clark had had a great deal of unpleasantness, so that they were antagonistic, developed small-pox. Mrs. Clark had another infant at the time. She promptly left it in good hands, and went to the stricken woman and nursed her devotedly through the small-pox. Another anecdote is characteristic of her. An officer, with whom she had had some differences, so that intercourse was straitened, fell ill. She heard he was lying with none to care for him. She went off at once, removed him to her own home, and nursed him assiduously for weeks; and her last word were: 'Remember now that you are well—we are as we were before!'

She was the pioneer of medical missions, of woman's work in the Punjab, of orphanages, etc. (Vide *Robert Clark, of the Punjab.*)

In every home duty Mrs. Clark was as brilliant as in public life. She was not of the number of those who are so intent on the good of others that their own vineyard they neglect to keep. There was time to the fullest for the duties of wife and mother. Very tender was the bond between the children and this most loving and under-

standing of mothers. She devoted herself to them. When the present writer told her of his resolve to be a missionary, she said, 'Son, all the years you were at home from your earliest childhood, as boy and lad and young man, do you know what my last act was every night? I bent over you while you slept, and prayed God to make you His missionary servant; so my prayers are answered to-day.' So great was the mother's love in her that though she had six children of her own, she adopted four, to whom she was mother indeed, and who took their place as her children among their brothers and sisters.

When the present writer, a baby of six months old, was given up by doctors in Peshawar—for only a cold climate could save him, and there were no railways then or facilities for reaching hill-stations that now exist—the mother rose to the occasion. The Afghan mountains look down on Peshawar—wild, inhospitable, full of cruel men, and every danger—but *cold*. They seemed but to mock the distracted mother with her stricken child. For all the good they were for her baby they might have been in the moon. 'I will camp on those mountains in spite of every danger and difficulty,' she said; 'my child shall not die if the cold can save him.' And camp on them she did, with soldiers to guard the tents, and it was adventurous work. One night she woke up to find a panther in the tent in the very act of annexing her infant; and if she had not, with the greatest courage and presence of mind, snatched up a stick from the smouldering fire and thrust it full into the animal's face, the present lines would never have been written.

The memories of her greatness and goodness, of her wit and brilliancy, and of the rich reward of her labours crowd on me—but I must forbear. The Dutch and the

Mrs. Robert Clark

Scots origin blended well in her to form a strong, devoted character, illumined by the fire of genius and graced by an exquisite tenderness and love.

Many beyond the flood would give her welcome home, as there are many among numerous kindreds, peoples, nations, and tongues to call her blessed."

Much of the material for this chapter has been derived from *Robert Clark, of the Punjab, Pioneer, and Missionary Statesman,* by Henry Martyn Clark, M.D. (Edin.). Andrew Melrose.

A.L.O.E. IN INDIA

CHAPTER III

A.L.O.E. IN INDIA

Batála—Charlotte Tucker—Her works and charities—Her family —"Auntie" reaches India—Work at Batála—At Amritsar—Illness—At work again—Bishop French—Her work at Batála —Dies at Amritsar.

THE letters A.L.O.E. and Batála are closely enough associated in the minds of all Church-workers in the north of India, but they will both, possibly, be cryptic to some general readers. Balála is an Indian town in the Punjab, and A.L.O.E. was very well known by the last generation of children, for whom she wrote an unceasing stream of popular books; but fashions change and names pass quickly in these rapid days. When A.L.O.E. went to Batála, the place had a sufficiently bad reputation. A Deputy-Commissioner complained that it was "the most troublesome and litigious city in the district." Things are better now. There is a church there, and a school with 280 boys. This school goes by

the name of the A.L.O.E. High School, and whatever change for the better there is in Batála, the lady who was known by those letters may well be remembered as the mother of it.

As most people probably know, the letters A.L.O.E. stand for A Lady Of England. They were the *nom de plume* under which Miss Charlotte Tucker wrote her books. She was a very voluminous authoress. Her works would fill a good-sized bookcase. About eighty of them were published in England, and more than forty more were issued in India and translated into various Indian tongues.

There are many middle-aged people who will remember the pleasure they got from the delightful *Giant-killer,* that dauntless hero whose breathless adventures wrapped the meaning and moral of his exploits in a ruddy cloak of thrilling romance. Then there was that cunning *Rambles of a Rat;* and, though second to the *Giant-killer, Pride and his Prisoners. Fairy Know-a-bit* too pleased us well, and so did many of the others. Forty years ago colporteurs used to hawk books about the countryside, walking from hamlet to hamlet and farm to farm; and people used always to look out for some new book from A.L.O.E. on the good man's tray.

A.L.O.E. in India

Charlotte Tucker is a splendid type of the indomitable English woman, who never knows when she is old, and will not confess that she is tired until she comes to die. There are all sorts of types in Britain, and some that are very lovely and very unlike Miss Tucker's. But we should do very badly without a strong infusion of that Tucker type. It is a beautiful type which has no physical beauty, and is so lovable because it is so unconscious that it is worthy of love.

But it must be confessed that women like Charlotte Tucker are not to be met with every day. Some may have her talent, others may have her courage, and more may have her gentle humour and humility, but in very few have all these qualities been so happily combined. For Charlotte Tucker was entitled by her gifts to a high place in the world of letters, and she had all the courage to occupy such a place had she chosen to do so; but she was also the least ambitious of women. Strange that one so strong and brave should have asked nothing more than the love of her friends, and their leave to do her duty!

The life of this woman who became a missionary in middle age, after she had found her place in society and made her name in the world, is the most wholesome and stimulating reading

possible. It shows the way clearly out of that listless unhappiness which clouds so many unoccupied and self-conscious lives, and teaches all who will follow her how to escape and be joyful.

In the first place Charlotte Tucker dared to make her own acquaintance. She knew herself thoroughly and was quite aware of her abilities and disabilities. The latter would have appeared formidable to many women. She was not good-looking, distinctly plain, in fact; and she was quite aware of it. As a little girl she came to that conclusion, and, laughing at her own funny little face, made up her mind that if she were to get on in life it must be in spite of it. Some one saw her, a mere girl, take up a glass and apparently put her face through the ordeal of a stiff examination. After a critical study of each feature she shook her head decisively. She had evidently passed sentence upon her looks. After that she gave herself no further trouble about them.

In the next place she had a very strong sense of duty, and very early came to the conclusion that that must come first in life, and that when it was placed first, other things might be expected to arrange themselves satisfactorily. So she

followed on contentedly from duty to duty, and never found time hang heavy on her hands.

Charlotte Tucker was born when the last century was still young, on May 8th, 1821. She had the advantage of coming into the world in the orderly ranks of those who know neither poverty nor riches, who are neither hampered by too many honours, nor are devoid of honours and place altogether. Her father was a man of good family and standing, a Bengal civilian who became chairman of the East India Company, that great "John Company," the directors of which were, in fact, the rulers of India. In consequence she met the best men and women, and knew a great number of the most interesting people of her day. She began to write before she had left the schoolroom. The family was great at private theatricals, and Charlotte wrote several plays which have considerable merit. She had a rare humour and an incisive way of making points quite peculiar to herself. Her gift of badinage never deserted her all through her life.

Apparently her sense of religion came to her gently and without any spiritual convulsion. She was always deep in her thoughts. Witty, but never light. Moreover, she had a habit of facing facts and acknowledging them. So religion was

a very real thing to her. At about the age of twenty-six her religion pressed more decidedly upon her conscience, and she put herself under a definite rule. She systematized her charities and her work among the poor. Among other duties she began to visit the workhouse. She also put her pen into harness. She was thirty-one when she published the *Claremont Tales*. Other books followed quickly, the profits of all of which were used for charitable ends.

It must have been quite early that Charlotte Tucker's mind was turned toward India. Not only had her father served there, but five of the Tuckers were in India during the Mutiny, and one of them fell at the hands of the mutineers. This brother, Robert Tucker, was a man of immense determination. His lion-like stand at Futteypore will never be forgotten. Single-handed he defended the Treasury against a horde of sepoys. All the Europeans had escaped from the doomed town but himself. He absolutely refused to quit his post. When the deputy-magistrate, a Mohammedan, in whom he had placed peculiar trust, turned against him, he retreated alone to the roof of the Cutcherry where he barricaded himself as well as he could. There he remained all day in the blinding sun

and half-dead with thirst, till he was attacked by the whole force of the rebel police. They had to pay a heavy price for the life of this grim and steadfast man, who stood not merely for himself but for the authority committed to him. He killed twenty, some say thirty, of them before he was shot down.

This same Judge Tucker belonged to that sturdy band of Christian soldiers and statesmen who left such a mark on that generation. He was keenly interested in the evangelization of the Indians. He opened a school at Futteypore during his magistracy, and himself preached to the natives. He gave royally to the missionary cause. One of his recorded sayings is: "If every hair on my head were a life, it would be too little to sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ." Men of that kind can be the most terrible opponents when they have to defend the right. And Charlotte, too, who came of such a stock, could be uncompromising enough when her choice lay between right and wrong. She was always for duty.

Another brother took an active part in founding the "Christian Literature Society for India," and distributed, among other books, Charlotte's work on *Futteypore,* which she wrote at the con-

clusion of the war. One way and another she was drawn India-ward, and her desire grew to devote herself wholly to its needs. It was not, however, till she was fifty-three that the way was actually opened. She was then widely known. Her literary signature had become a household word, and at least sixty-eight of her books were in circulation. She held a settled position in society, and enjoyed a sufficient competence. Of course, her friends did all they could to dissuade her from going out. How could a woman in her fifty-fourth year expect to cope with oriental languages, not to mention climate and conditions of life?

But they talked to no purpose. Charlotte Tucker was, in reality, a young woman—young in everything but years. She had splendid health, nerves under absolute control, and a cheerful courage which could match most things. In person she was fairly tall, spare and slight of build, and at this period of her life presented to the world an earnest, quaint face, framed in those low-sweeping rolls of hair in which ladies of middle age were then accustomed to enwrap their heads. If the forehead was a trifle narrow, any tendency which might be deduced from that was counterbalanced by the irregular nose and full,

kindly mouth; while no one could look into her eyes, behind which twinkled perpetual humour, without wishing to be her friend. "Auntie dear" was the name by which she was known in her own circle. Indeed, she seemed born to be an "Auntie," the kindly friend and counsellor of many "nephews" and "nieces," whom she alternately spurred with a racy and relentless tongue and comforted out of the treasures of a steady heart.

As to dress, every one seems to agree that she was completely careless of it. She would put on anything that came to hand. Middle-aged ladies used to wear caps in 1871, and she wore one; but she never could make her own, and wore whatever was given her. Once when, for a wonder, she had a new bonnet, a friend borrowed it without leave, and wore it at a party. There Aunt Char met her, and remarked approvingly that she seemed to be wearing quite a pretty bonnet that afternoon. She had no recognition of it as her own.

For all this, or perhaps on this very account, she always looked well. Somehow her spare figure, with its rather jerky and eager motions, never lost its dignity. People did not take liberties with her, however many chances she might seem

to give them. She loved a romp with the children, and danced with them, leaping higher than any of them, but they found nothing to laugh at. Young men and women whom she encouraged to drop ceremony and call her "Auntie," never seem to have been tempted to treat her otherwise than graciously and with respect.

A lady who met her in India describes her thus: "Tall, slight, with lofty brow, sparkling eye, face constantly beaming with love and intelligence; genius in every look; figure frail and fairy-like, agile and graceful; very brisk movements and light tread." All boys naturally took to her, and she to them. She had a perfect genius for games of all sorts, and would keep any company amused. On her way out to India she was quite the most popular person on board. A passenger speaks of the "influence she had over the men, some of them quite indifferent if not hostile to religion." "No one," she says, "could withstand her genial, loving ways; and it was a sight to be remembered to see her gathering the young fellows round the piano, while she led off in some old English ditty."

It was the same with her young men and boys at Batála. She wrote plays and songs specially for them. One of these plays was called *The Bee*

and the Butterfly. It was plentifully furnished with songs. One of these had as a refrain—

I am a brisk and sprightly lad
But newly come from sea, sir!

The boys shouted it with great applause. "They think," she remarked, "that ours must be a very pleasant, genial kind of religion, connected in some sort of way with singing, cricket, and kindness." One is not surprised to hear that her boy's Bible class was very popular. She knew exactly how to interest young people and make them eager to ask questions.

On social evenings at the Mission she became naturally master of the ceremonies. Everybody was kept amused with stories, comic songs, historical anecdotes, anagrams, and round games. Or sometimes she would give a recitation from *Shakespeare*. She was not only an admirer of the king of poets, but she believed that he exercised a sound moral influence over all who studied him properly. She would have liked, had she been able, to have translated *Shakespeare* into the Indian languages.

Such was the woman who went out to win a corner of India for Christ when she herself had passed the meridian of her life. She was a woman of warm enthusiasms. She loved with

a will, and glorified her loves. She thought there was no one like her fellow-workers at Amritsar and Batála, and that Batála itself was one of the most desirable spots upon earth. "Ours is such a dear little church," she would say; "I am not aware that there is one really black sheep in it, though there are some infirm ones." Again, when others were doubtful about continuing a work which they did not see so rosily as herself—"Batála must NOT be abandoned." She would scarcely take a holiday, and would never consent to go far away from her beloved town. As for the natives, she liked them cordially. If she had been allowed, she would have dressed in Indian fashion altogether. The inevitable result was that she won their hearts. Here is an example of the sort of thing which sometimes led to a swift acquaintance, and more. "I saw a bullock-cart with a red, dome-shaped vehicle on it which contained some pardah lady. As I passed the red cage, a bright, jewel-bedizened lady, smiling, exchanged glances with me. I thought her a pretty creature. I wonder what she thought of the old lady who smiled at her." No doubt she thought pleasantly too. One could not think otherwise of one whose face so sweetly shone. They say that when she sang in church and played

the harmonium, her face would light up wonderfully. Indians, not yet Christians, would walk far simply to look upon the face of the Miss-Sahiba. They considered that such an illumination upon a mortal face was well worth a journey to behold. One native continued to come to church solely that he might watch her face as she recited the *Gloria.*

Miss Tucker's belief in the native went very deep. She was sure that none were too degraded to be helped up. Some one had spoken slightingly of the Mihtars, or sweepers, who came for baptism, and she wrote to her nephew at home: "But you know, my T——, that there is plenty of room in heaven for Mihtars, and when they shine in white garments and crowns, no one will despise them." To show the Mihtars themselves how she felt towards them, the unclassed, no-caste folk, she sat down with them on the straw and shared their dinner with them.

As for her Batála boys, they were all gentlemen and knights in embryo. She wrote many school songs to get this idea into them too. Here are two verses:—

What is it makes a Gentleman? His dress is not the sign;
Though on each finger of each hand a jewelled ring may shine.
His necktie may be elegant—his boots be superfine—
Howe'er you dress a monkey, sir, he is no friend of mine.
He cannot be a Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

The real Gentleman is he whose aims are pure and high;
Who scorns a base, dishonest act, and tramples on a lie;
Who treats the woman and the child with gentle courtesy;
Who holds the Christian faith and hope, so does not fear to die!
He is the real Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

The last line of each verse was sung in chorus. Here is another school song, likewise with a chorus:—

Generous and just,
True to his trust,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Eager to learn,
Knowledge to earn,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Valiant to dare,
Patient to bear,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Ready to show
Love to a foe,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Of course, virtues put into such shape stick in the head, even if they go no deeper.

Charlotte Tucker gloried whenever any of her Indians showed that they could stand up for the Faith and hold their own with the whites. Once, at a railway station, she met two young Indian Christians and introduced them to an English subaltern on the platform. As soon as her back was turned the officer asked the Indians why they had forsaken their ancestral religion. "It's all the same," said this sage philosopher, "Mohammedans, Hindus, and Christians all know there is one God." "If that is the case," said one of the Indians softly, as the train commenced to move, "what is the difference between you and us and the devil?" If that young man is still alive, perhaps we may know some day what answer he made to himself!

Miss Tucker's thoughts were always with these people. She was always planning to do them good. It was not merely that she would give her bedding away to one sick man and her rug to another, but she would be seen picking out of the path pieces of broken glass. She could not bear to think of the bare feet which so often got hurt by the careless scattering of fragments.

Another point about her was that she saw the fun in everything so clearly. Even when burglars threatened, she could not be horrified out of a laugh. Robberies were terrifying people at Batála, and the open windows of an Indian house make a woman feel very defenceless. So "Auntie Char" armed herself. "Herbert is to lend me his revolver. On the alarm I am to jump up and fire at the trees or the stars. I am to have a very determined look; and we have all tutored one another *not to laugh*. I wonder how Nellie kept her countenance when one of the servants expressed a hope the Miss-Sahiba would give some notice before firing, and wanted to know what would happen if she killed a thief? I never fired the revolver, yet the *report* of it had a great effect."

Her figure was well known in the streets of Batála, and everybody knew that she was perfectly accessible. One day a native usher passed her with some boys from the Government school. He stepped to the rear and hastily put the following questions:—

"I beg your pardon. Do you pronounce opiate or opiate?

"Who were the Jacobins? Were they the same people as the Jacobites?

"One more: What is 'Black eye? Give a black eye?' I can't find it in the Dictionary."

Miss Charlotte Tucker went to India in connection with what was then known as the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society. It embraced women of various denominations, and was eventually divided into two, the one being under the Church of England, and the other retaining its undenominational character. When this separation took place Miss Tucker naturally joined the society associated with her own Church. On the 28th of February, 1875, she solemnly dedicated herself at the Holy Communion to work in the zenanas. She went entirely at her own charges.

When she arrived at Amritsar, well known to all the workers by repute and with the atmosphere of her literary fame about her, they were a little shy about attempting any immediate intimacy with her. But she took their affections at once by storm. "Don't call me Miss Tucker. Could you not call me Charlotte Maria?" Then, when there was still some hesitation, "Call me Auntie, then. So many call me Auntie. All of you must do so." And very soon they all found themselves doing quite naturally what she asked. But it was "Auntie" in the real and affectionate

use of the word, coupled too with respect. Among the native members of the church she was known as the Buzurg or Honourable Miss-Sahiba, though the title Firishta, or Angel, was given her by some of her more adoring disciples.

One likes to think of her stopping her punkah wallas from working the great fan at two or three in the morning, lest they should be over-tired, and coming down to breakfast covered with mosquito bites in consequence. At first she would not take a place in the covered carriage to church, but insisted that she should walk, until a sharp head-ache reminded her that Europeans cannot trifle with an Eastern sun.

When she settled to go to Batála she found a deserted lodge which had been once a Sikh hunting-box, but was then in ruinous condition. It seemed fairly habitable, so she caused the owls and bats to be driven out, and the rats as far as possible hunted down. She then took up her abode there. Some one compared the house to the Garden of Eden, because, whenever it rained, "four rivers flowed through it."

Though Charlotte Tucker had a comfortable income of her own, she would never spend more than was required to meet her barest necessaries, and gave all the rest away. This gave some the

impression that she was poor. One of her fellow-workers, visiting England, spoke rather plainly to Charlotte's sister on this subject. When she looked round on the well-appointed house in which the English sister lived she was moved to say, "When I see how comfortable you all are here, and think of your sister, it makes me sad." She was much astonished to learn the actual amount of Miss Tucker's fortune, and that her meagre surroundings were entirely her own choice. No one, indeed, knew how wide and bountiful her charities were. She would give £100 at a time to a cause which needed it; and there was always a spare ten or twenty pounds for an emergency call. As her biographer says, "She had the gift of liberality by inheritance, and she cultivated her gift as a matter of principle." She was very sparing in the use of food, and even denied herself ice—almost an essential in such a climate. Her ideal of a "Mission Miss-Sahiba" was that first and foremost she should "never complain."

In 1882 she was happy to see a church commenced at Batála, and a proper mission bungalow. "You should have seen our servant," says Charlotte, when the Lieutenant-Governor came to lay the foundation-stone; "he was quite mag-

nificent. He had on such a gold-adorned pagri that it might have graced the head of a rajah." As for herself, she put on something plain and simple. She wanted to look what she was—just a missionary.

The new bungalow was handed over to two German ladies, who called it Sonnenschein, or Sunshine. By and by Miss Tucker herself built an appendix, which she inhabited, and named it Gurub-i-Aftab, or Sunset. Here, as the name implied, she purposed to spend the remainder of her life.

About three years later Miss Tucker's high thinking, hard working, and plain living nearly brought her to the grave. She was given up by the doctors. It was apparently only her joyful exultation of spirit at the thought of approaching death which kept her among the living. She could not die. Her biographer tells the story very touchingly. When she asked if she might recover, they gave evasive answers. She insisted, "I am very deaf with the quinine, I can't hear what you say. If the doctor thinks I shall stay, do this," holding up her hand, "and if sinking, this," dropping her hand. Her friend dropped his hand. Whereupon a joyful exclamation escaped her. "I am so glad," she cried, "glad

to be dying in harness. . . . It is too good to be true. . . . The bowl is broken at the fountain." But this very thrill of gladness brought her back into the circle of life. From that instant she became better, and was, before very long, at her work again. Her condition of mind at this time may be gathered from her conversation with her friends and nurses. "I *want* to go. You *must not* pray for my recovery. The doctor *says* I'm worse, doesn't he? I cannot do any more work, but I depart in the full glad hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ *only*. . . . I am almost surprised at my ever coming out to be a missionary. I was so very ignorant!"

But eight years more remained before she was allowed to "go home." There was a fine welcoming among the boys when she again appeared amongst them, and a feast in her honour.

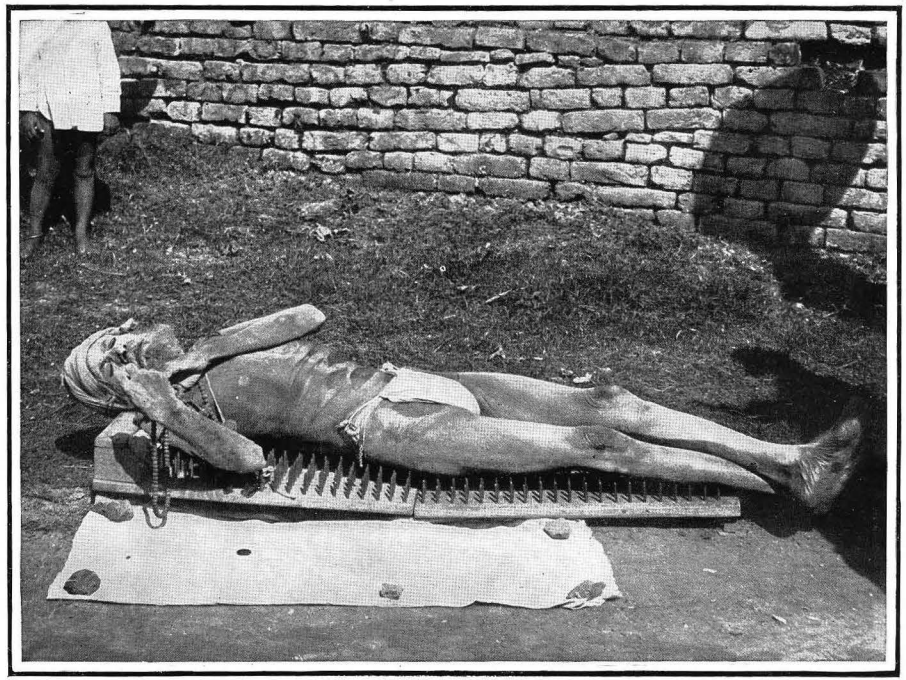
Next year the venerable Bishop French, who was retiring from his charge of Lahore (1887), visited Miss Tucker. One writes of this visit: "It was beautiful to see them together. The Bishop and Miss Tucker went about in company, attended church together, and had many a long talk—both of them white-haired, fragile in look, worn out with heavy toil, aged beyond their years. Both would be so utterly absorbed in the subject

under discussion as to see nothing around, to hear nothing that went on. There was about each of them a remarkable 'other worldliness.' They were citizens of heaven, not of earth, and they realized the fact to an extent not often equalled."

From this time onward Auntie Charlotte was more of the old lady, and was treated, if possible, with greater tenderness by all her companions, but she did not, for that reason, spare herself. The natives regarded her with an extraordinary mingling of affection and respect. One couple insisted on presenting her with a handsome and valuable Cashmere shawl. In vain she protested; at last she says, "I *had* to go away wearing it, though I took it off in the duli, and took care of it, as if it had been a child."

Her old spirit renewed itself in the face of any opposition, and of oppositions, of course, there were plenty. "The Mohammedans," she said, "have done us a good turn. They have rubbed hard against our shield, and have caused our motto on it to shine bright." She came to think of her own personality, always a strong and vivid one, less and less. "We are only the housemaids. We open the door; but they come in, and go themselves up to the King."

In consequence of this shedding of self, a great



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AN INDIAN FAKIR RECLINING ON A BED OF NAILS

This devotee is lying by the roadside at a spot passed by hosts of worshippers on their way to a great Hindu Temple. Notice the cloth spread for the reception of the gifts. There is already one coin on it. The nails are somewhat blunted, and he lies down with great circumspection.

quiet fell upon her. "I have felt that a beautiful Wing has been spread over me, which is lined with down and stitched with gold; and I am quite safe. Nothing can harm me so long as I remain under it."

So the year passed at Batála, full of restful activities. Charlotte Tucker was content to wait there till the end of her ministry came. "I think what is wanted out here is missionaries' graves; . . . the graves of old missionaries who have given their whole lives for these people."

She was now thinner and more ethereal than ever—"her face covered all over with fine wrinkles." But her bodily and mental vigour continued unabated until almost the end of 1893. In November that year she was again seized with a fever, the result of a chill. The last entry in her diary, of November 15th, is "Too poorly to work." Much against her will she was persuaded to go to Amritsar, where she was taken that she might have the best possible medical advice. There she passed away on December 2nd. Her last distinguishable words were "Quickly, quickly!"

So this sweet and gentle soul was gathered up into the Everlasting Arms, and her frank and childlike spirit was admitted to the Light Eternal.

To her, the offer of self-oblation in the Holy Communion had never been anything but most literal and personal: "Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee." When at length the day came in which she was allowed to be "fulfilled" with that Grace and heavenly Benediction for which she had so often prayed, she was very glad.

Her way of life had been so unassuming, and her conversation so kindly familiar, that some of those among whom she moved had scarcely realized how great a lady had shared their company and ennobled their intercourse. But, after death, all the latent strength in that strong face reasserted itself. Dr. Clark says, "I never saw a face so altered. It became a face of massive power; more like that of the Duke of Wellington than anything else; the nose particularly so, and the jaw. A strong, massive, determined, powerful face. I suppose the power was always there, but masked by the habitual gentleness and tender consideration for all around, which was so beautiful a feature in her beautiful character." Charlotte Tucker had learned, as few women have done, how to harness an indomitable will to the Yoke of Christ.

She was buried at Batála. Her body was carried thither on a *charpai,* a native bedstead, and was laid in the Church of the Epiphany. There her dear boys took turns in watching her all through the stillness of the night. She lay, they say, " like a crusader," with folded hands and sweet, set face till dawn brought with it the friends who were hastening from all quarters to be present at the funeral. Then they placed her beloved body in the cemetery hard by " Sunset," the house which she had built for herself. Her name will always sound sweet at Batála.

Most of the material for this chapter has been derived from the *Life of A. L. O. E.,* by Miss Giberne. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

FANNY J. BUTLER, THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR IN INDIA

CHAPTER IV

FANNY J. BUTLER

THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR IN INDIA

The first lady doctor in India—Character and abilities—Studies medicine—Work in India—Kashmir—Medical work at Srinagar—The dispensary—Death.

MISS BUTLER was the first fully qualified lady doctor who went from Great Britain to work in India. She dedicated herself to the women of Indian in 1880. Fanny Butler, known to a large circle of devoted young friends as Aunt Fan, was one of those girls who come early under deep religious impressions, and who conceive highly of their duty to the Saviour of the world. At the age of fifteen she began to dream of her life-work for Christ. Her imagination even then pictured herself as a missionary somewhere in the foreign field.

It is remarkable how, though so young, she directed all her energies in that direction. She deliberately took up languages, and did her best

to master thoroughly, not only French and German, but Latin and Greek, saying, "If I get into the way of learning languages it will help me when I am a missionary." It was remembered afterwards by her friends how, when still a child, she never took the best or most comfortable places anywhere, and how eager she used to be to do tiresome things, and to do without treats and delicacies. They recalled how clearly she had shown a vocation for the ministry she afterwards undertook. If any one was unwell, or troubled, or in bad spirits, it was always Fan who could be relied upon to set aside everything and make them comfortable. There are some people who serve everybody, and yet never give the impression of being put upon. Fanny Butler was one of these, first in the nursery, among her brothers and sisters, and afterwards in the great world.

It was a long visit to a sick sister, and the charge of the children during the protracted nursing, that led Fanny Butler to the definite determination to become a doctor. All that she had heard of the sufferings of neglected Indian women deepened upon her as she saw, from day to day, what a difference skilled and trained nursing made in the home of the sick mother.

When her sister expressed her regret that she

should be spending so much time nursing her, instead of carrying on her studies, she would say that she was all in the way of her career, since she was learning in the most practical way how to nurse, and how babies should be washed and dressed. When they praised her voice, as she sat in the twilight singing hymns, she would say, "I am practising for my zenanas."

With this future kept steadily before her, Miss Butler did not grudge a long preparation at home. She was fully thirty before the opening came for her to visit India. She was thorough in laying a proper foundation. In 1874 she passed second in the Preliminary Arts Examination of the Women's School of Medicine out of 123. She also passed very highly the L.M. examination at Dublin. In 1880 she was accepted by the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, which afterwards became the two distinct societies of the Church of England Zenana Society and the Z.B.M.M. She began her work at Jabalpur and then at Bhagulpur, in the Central Provinces of India, where she practised dispensary work, and learned how to deal with the thousands of out-patients who seek the help of the medical missionary. It is a wonderful experience, that eagerness of a people, practically without

doctors of their own, to avail themselves of the skill of the European. Eight years later, in 1888, Miss Butler was invited to commence work in Kashmir. She loved the Bhagulpur people, and they were enthusiastic about her. "Ah, Doctor Miss-Sahiba, but will any one who comes next *love* us as you have done?" So her poor friends asked, and besought her to stay. But she was "under authority," and the word had gone forth that Kashmir was to be her destination; so she went, and was associated with Miss Hull in her work at Srinagar (Srinuggar). There she opened a dispensary, and was soon immersed in medical work.

Miss Hull gives a charming picture of Miss Fanny Butler in a pamphlet, *Itineration in the Villages of Kashmir*.. We see her on horseback, then on foot, preferring to walk rather than trust to her bolting pony. Very weak and tired, as the trouble grew upon her which ended in her death; but always sweet and hopeful. Always ready for more work, too. Miss Hull thus describes a morning at a village: "The gospel address is listened to attentively, and the prayer interspersed with many an assent; and then all come, one by one, to be examined and prescribed for by Miss Butler. The eye cases are passed on to Miss Werthmüller,

and Miss Edgely makes up the medicine. Plenty, and more than plenty, for all to do. The struggle to get first to the front grows painful as the day advances, somewhat as it must have been at the Pool of Bethseda when the waters trembled at the angel's touch. And now the day wanes. Some eighty sick women have been soothed and helped. We sit down by our lantern to our evening meal."

And so on, day after day. "Again the crowds gather and clamour, noisy, dirty. . . . The noise ceases for a while at the sight of my yellow Kashmir gospel . . . and again the sad crowd of unwashed humanity tries to crush forward to the little table where Miss Butler is getting ready for them."

"Dear Kashmir women," asks Miss Hull, "why won't you wash?" "We have been so oppressed, we don't care to be clean," is the dispirited reply. They crowd round Miss Hull, though she declares, "I am not the great Doctor Miss-Sahiba." They throng the dispensary door. Mrs. Bishop, describing Miss Butler's work, says: "It was a terrible sight to see the way in which the women pressed upon her at the dispensary door, which was kept by two men outside, and another inside. The crush was so great as sometimes to over-power the men, and pre-

cipitate the women bodily into the consulting-room. The evil odour, the heat, the insanitary condition in which Miss Butler did her noble work of healing and telling of the Healer of souls were, I believe, the cause of the sacrifice of her life."

She died on October 26th, 1889, quite worn out, but in great peace, and was buried on the 28th at Srinagar.

Her servants asked the honour of bearing her to her grave. "We have eaten her salt," they said, "and no other arms must carry her."

MARY REED AND THE LEPERS OF THE INDIAN HILLS

CHAPTER V

MARY REED

AND THE LEPERS OF THE INDIAN HILLS

Born in America—Sails for India—Zenana work at Cawnpore—At Gonda—Invalided home—First symptoms of leprosy—The asylum at Chandag—Work among the lepers—A question of water—Her vigour.

THERE are many establishments of lepers in various parts of the world, and unselfish Christians have always been found ready to minister to the needs of the unhappy sufferers. Some instances of personal devotion have made a specially deep impression on the mind of this generation, and have appealed to the generous imagination of all who love great and heroic deeds. If the name of Mary Reed has not yet been widely known outside the circle of those who are more particularly interested in missions to lepers, all that is needed is to state plainly those facts about her which her modesty will permit to be published. Her life hitherto has been a very

delightful illustration of the manner in which a vital and practical Christianity triumphs over every evil which can befall " this vile body."

Mary Reed was born in America. Like many American girls of good education and slender means, she was destined for the profession of a teacher. She served in this capacity for about ten years, and having been consciously converted at the early age of sixteen, she made the most of her many opportunities among her pupils to instil in them the love of a Christian ideal.

Her people were Methodist Episcopalians, a body which does some notable mission work in the Foreign Field. In the early eighties Miss Reed offered herself to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of this Church, and was accepted for work in India. She sailed in the autumn of 1884. When the Society's Conference met in the following January she was selected for work at Cawnpore in the zenanas. From Cawnpore she was sent to Gonda, where she remained until 1890. The climate of India had by this time told upon her rather severely, and she returned on furlough to her home in America.

It was during this visit to Cincinnati that certain symptoms which had for some while puzzled her became so pronounced as to leave little doubt

that she had contracted leprosy. How or where it was impossible to know, but somewhere in India the fatal contamination had fastened upon her. She had for some months suffered from a perpetual pain in the forefinger of the right hand, and a livid spot appeared on the cheek close to the ear. The doctors could not find any explanation, till it came to her with the force of a stunning conviction that this was none other than the mark of the leper. Her fears were quickly confirmed by the physician whom she consulted, and his diagnosis was confirmed by specialists in New York, London, and India. One can well imagine what a terrible ordeal it was through which this poor young woman had to pass. The future must have seemed to her full of terrors, while imagination would supply all those loathsome details which accompany the halting but certain career of that incurable disease. That she should have quickly risen out of the sea of trouble into which she was for the moment plunged, speaks volumes both for her personal character and for the reality of the faith which upheld her.

The first clear vision which came to Miss Reed was that she was being divinely set aside for a special work. Who could better minister to the lepers than a fellow-sufferer? Who could more

effectually persuade them to accept the Gospel of Christ than one who had herself tested that Gospel and found it sufficient for her own bitter needs? So she made her way back to India to offer herself for service in the leper settlements.

A friend who saw her at this time writes, "I wondered at the ivory pallor of that sweet face, and at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies." This same companion tells how when, on their way through England, they visited Canterbury, the guide pointed out "the lepers' squint" in St. Martin's Church, where old-world lepers were permitted to stand and watch the Blessed Sacrament through a slit in the thickness of the wall. "If I had known," she says, "what I knew afterwards, my heart would have bled for the woman at my side."

The Mission to Lepers in India and the East accepted Miss Reed's offer, and appointed her superintendent of the Asylum for Lepers at Chandag, among the mountains of Northern India. The situation is glorious. Miss Reed wrote of it as "Chandag Heights, the beautiful, in the Himalaya Mountains." The asylum is perched on

the crest of a steep range overhanging a peaceful valley which lies a thousand feet below. It is an ideal spot, and might seem a peaceful eyrie from which the world of toilers could be contemplated in security and tranquillity. But upon it rests the curse of a slowly creeping horror—the lagging doom of the hopeless leper. Into this place of woe Miss Reed brought with her a light of hope which restored joy to many who had long given up all thought of happiness.

To quote from a letter written by a missionary from Almora, "We reached Chandag Heights and found dear Miss Reed busy in the hospital, tending three patients in a much advanced stage of leprosy. She was binding up with her own hands the terrible wounds, and speaking soothing words of comfort to these poor distressed ones." Miss Reed has been able to increase and develop the asylum from a mere congeries of huts capable of housing thirty-seven lepers, to a considerable station of comfortable houses with accommodation for about ninety."

She soon saw some fruit from her teaching. "Of the fifty-nine now with us, all but six are Christians. . . . Gentleness, patience and peace are now manifest in the lives of some who one year ago were unhappy and so quarrelsome that

I was often called several times daily to settle differences." In spite of her own trouble, Miss Reed has always set the example of personal activity in behalf of the community. When the villagers objected to share their water with the lepers, she set to work to find a spring for herself. "I have made a discovery," she wrote in 1894. "I set out upon another search for water, and to my surprise found upon some waste land belonging to Government, a strong spring, within a mile of our boundary wall. It lies in a deep ravine in an out-of-the-way place, hence my failure to find it before. . . . By skilful engineering I think the water can be brought around the brow of the hill, conveying it through troughs and ditches into our own grounds. So this very week I am setting men to work to make the troughs and ditches." She also attends the great festivals of the heathen on the Ram-gunga, to seek out lepers and bring them to her sheltered home.

This absorption in her work has had the happiest result in maintaining Miss Reed in a health which has often astonished her friends. Living in the simplest style, without a single "unnecessary," as Mrs. Bishop used to call the luxuries of life, and spending her whole time and

energies in behalf of others, she has often seemed to rise entirely above the level of suffering, and to enjoy a vigour granted to few of those who are accounted robust. She herself is a profound believer in the supremacy of the mind over the body, and of the Spirit-wrought spirit over the mind. She has thus far been justified in her belief by possessing to a wonderful degree what she has named "Divine Health." Her work is one which must always have the sympathy of the whole Church of Christ, into fellowship with which she has herself been instrumental in introducing more than a hundred and twenty of those poor sufferers who, without such a message as she and her fellow-workers are able to bring them, would indeed be without hope in this world.

The material for the above chapter has been gathered from *Mary Reed, Missionary to the Lepers,* by John Jackson (Marshall Brothers).

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

I

CHAPTER VI

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

I

A society girl—Her family—Influence of Dr. Maclagan—Her mental gifts—Her generous character—Work among the poor—Arrives in Lahore—Learns Urdu.

IT would be difficult to find a more delightful personality than that of Irene Eleanora Verita Petrie. Among the group of charming girl-missionaries whose lives have conferred a special grace upon this generation, she appears like a sunbeam. It is too often taken for granted that young women who offer themselves for missionary work abroad have none of those talents for Society which could bring them success and content at home. They are supposed to be the " awkward squad," which is recruited from the unlovely and ungifted, the unplaced and disappointed. This has often and again been refuted by facts, but seldom more patently than by Miss Petrie's enlistment in the missionary ranks.

Irene Petrie of Kashmir

She had every advantage of birth, education, and breeding. She had her own well-established position in Society, and was as popular as any girl can wish to be. She was the acknowledged leader of an admiring group of friends. She had almost all that is dear to the heart of a girl, if one may count among these things an exceptional dower of good looks, a ready wit, a natural gift for music and painting, a strong and sweet voice which responded to training, till she became one of the best amateur singers in London, and, what some would think pleasantest of all, plenty of money to spend as she liked, on what she liked.

A young lady so situated is generally supposed to have the world at her feet. She can marry or not, as she chooses. In these days of freedom and liberality of ideas, she can take up whatever kind of life she may prefer.

Now there is abundant proof that Irene Petrie found life a very pleasant thing, and this world a sufficiently pleasant place for such a girl as herself to live in. If she chose to let Society go its way without her, it was not because she was dull or neglected, or in any way disappointed with her reception by the world. There was everything, apparently, to keep her at home and to guarantee her success. It must have been a strong and clear

spiritual call which drew her away from what the majority are so eager to possess. She must also have found in her work something which the world cannot give, since not one word of regret on her part exists to show that she was aware she had made any sacrifice in adopting the life of a missionary. On the contrary, it is clear that she thoroughly enjoyed her work and found her happiness in it.

There are thousands of young women in Irene Petrie's circumstances who make the most of what they have in the world, according to their lights, and, thinking only of themselves, lose utterly what she so abundantly found. Undoubtedly she chose the best part, and certainly she never had a doubt on the subject herself.

It is always interesting to know something about the antecedents of those who have in any way come to the front and done good work. For blood and training usually count for much. The details will be found in her memoir, which every girl should read, and which will be a revelation to some.

It is interesting to learn that this girl, who flung herself with such enthusiasm into the breach in Kashmir, was not only of Scottish extraction but had in her veins a strong infusion

of that old cavalier blood which had fought so desperately for the fortunes of Prince Charlie. The Sir William Dunbar who suffered for that lost cause was her great-grandfather. The traditions of that struggle were always kept fresh in her family, and when she sang a Jacobite song with her magnificent voice, her heart seemed to give new life to the sweetly pathetic strains. She nourished the idea and glorified it, that the best way is not always the easiest, nor the safest the most honourable.

Whatever the Jacobites were, they were staunch Episcopalians, and Irene held with them in that. For the rest she had far too large and practical a disposition of mind and heart to commit herself bound to any party in the Church. There was not a particle of that bitter partizan spirit in her which has gone so far to paralyse the work of the Church, and make it ridiculous in the eyes of the world. But the atmosphere of the Anglican Church was all about her, and she was the child of its devotional system. While she was neither High Church nor Low Church, she was thoroughly Anglican. This is not said in disparagement of any others. Only it must be borne in mind in following Miss Petrie's career.

The first to make his pastoral influence felt by the eager and earnest child who listened to his preaching was the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan, then vicar of Kensington. Her confirmation, as is so often the case, produced a deep impression upon her heart, and she was fortunate in being prepared by the present Bishop of Peterborough, the Hon. E. C. Glyn. She became a devoted member of St. Mary Abbots, the musical services at which were entirely to her cultured taste. As she grew up she made a very independent choice of spiritual guides and selected what she found most helpful from the writings of such men as Westcott, Body, Phillips-Brooks, Henry Drummond, Moule, and Moody. Here, as in the practice of life, she made no difference between "schools of thought," so long as an author had any heavenly light to throw upon the way.

At first Irene's keen ambition turned to self-culture. She was conscious of gifts, and did not want to be second to any one; so we find her "grinding" for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, and coming out triumphant with first-class honours. That accomplished, she turned vigorously to her music. She had a wonderful musical memory and a voice of great

promise. Her instructor in singing thought so well of it that she was urged to come out on the professional platform. She did indeed sing on several occasions with professionals for charitable purposes. One of her friends says that her singing always reminded her of the line, "She sings as a bird sings," so natural-seeming and unstrained was that voice upon which so much careful training had been spent. Irene's singing was often turned to account in dark and stuffy zenanas, and the voice which had charmed a critical London audience proved its power to while away the thoughts of sad Indian women from their surroundings.

But she was almost as clever with her brush. She might have made her mark as a painter in water-colours. She exhibited on several occasions and got good prices for her pictures. Her sketches proved quite a mine of wealth to the mission in Kashmir. She seemed always able to sell them, and the money bought boats for the boys' school at Srinagar and many other things which from time to time were required—amongst the rest an organ for the church at the hospital.

In the meanwhile she did not let her literary or artistic ambition turn her into a "blue-stocking." She was duly presented at Court in

1885, and went through the ordinary course of social functions which succeed a young lady's "coming out." It was still fashionable to travel on the Continent, and that too she did. In fact, about that time she was in rather a whirl, and was sought after by an increasing circle as an acquisition to their set.

It does not seem that the inner and spiritual sense ever slumbered very deeply within the young girl; but no doubt her soul responded to the sharp reminder of the uncertainty of things which came to her in her mother's sudden death. It did not affect her buoyancy, but turned her thoughts more distinctly upon service. She had all the instinct to be of use to those who were worse off than herself. Her more observant friends noticed how, whenever there was a party, she would have an eye for any one who might seem to be left "out in the cold." Often, while the applause was still sounding after one of her own songs, she would slip aside to devote herself to some elderly and deserted or timid guest, till she had brought all into warm touch with one another. She was also a difficult person to pay a compliment to, and was not in the least inclined to "frivol." Popular as she was, she does not seem to have had any love affairs. In fact, she

gave no openings. As her biographer says, she took things responsibly, even in the ordinary round of amusements and calls. " Her calling list abounded with people who had few callers, and she was always glad to have those asked to the house who could not ask again."

It is happily no unusual thing to find luxuriously brought-up girls who will patiently undertake the work of teaching in the Sunday-schools, and give their minds to the organization of clubs and guilds, but Irene Petrie did all this, and more, with a thoroughness which belongs to few. The Latymer Road Mission knew her well in many capacities long before she thought of becoming a missionary abroad. She got up health and hygiene, and won a silver medal from the National Health Society, all with a view to her work among the poor. It all came in usefully enough later on. The picture we have of her is that of a very wholesome and charming girl, full of a subdued vivacity, and with a decided personality; a girl who might perhaps be inclined to take the lead at once if things did not go as they ought, but whose capacity for hero-worship made her the ready and loyal disciple of those whom she loved and revered. Altogether a delightful companion and friend.

The call to the Foreign Mission field seems to have come to her conscience about the year 1891. Insensibly her thoughts tended towards India. She gathered that the Church in the Punjab was undermanned. That was enough. She at once wanted to go out. She had even written a letter to the C.M.S. offering her services, when her father developed the illness which, about a year later, resulted in his death. This alone kept her at home. But when this, the last of her close home ties, was removed, she sailed for India. It was the autumn of 1893 when she entered upon this new venture and started for Lahore.

Lahore, the magnificent, has lost its ancient glory. Under the rule of the Great Mogul, the report of its splendour travelled through the world. Travellers such as Sir Thomas Herbert, Sir Thomas Roe, and Hawkins brought home with them glowing descriptions of the wealth and magnificence of this imperial city. Its palaces and gardens were enriched with every device of luxury. Its towering mosques hung their gilded domes above the narrow streets. The whole city was encircled by a massive wall, pierced by thirteen superb gates. The walls still stand, and the narrow, winding streets are there as of old, but the glitter has departed. Within the walls

the native population masses itself in apparent decay and dust. In the tortuous footways, darkened by heavy curtains to temper the heat of the sun, many antagonistic nationalities jostle one another, but are preserved in mutual tolerance by the British power, which governs all alike. Outside the city, where once were the pleasure gardens of princes, are the quarters of the English, with broad and shady avenues, and comfortable bungalows. In this quarter are the Government House, the Chief Court, the college, the hospitals, the two cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic, and other European buildings. Here, too, is the musuem, which Rudyard Kipling describes in "Kim," and the "Zam-Zammah," the great gun which is the spoil and trophy of the victor. For, "who hold the Zam-Zammah, that 'fire-breathing dragon,' hold the Punjab; for the great green bronze piece is always first of the conqueror's loot."

There are a considerable number of poor white people at Lahore. Eurasians, too, whose education is a problem to the philanthropic. Miss Beynon had been for some while carrying on work amongst these, under the directions of the Bishop, who keenly felt their claim upon his care. Dr. French, the first Bishop of Lahore, had

founded St. Hilda's Diocesan Home to meet the wants of the poorer whites and Eurasians, who were so little able to make any provision for themselves. One may suppose that "Kim" was drawn from nature, and, that being so, we can understand at once the need of some such institution as St. Hilda's. "Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium, and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the cheap cabs wait) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a Colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish regiment. . . . The wife died of cholera at Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed, three-year-old baby." There one has a vivid picture of the kind of social outcast which may be met with on the outskirts of an Asiatic city. And to humanize and Christianize such waifs is a task as pressing upon the Church as the ingathering of the heathen. Bishop French named his home "St. Hilda's" after the saintly and masterful Abbess of Whitby, who graved so deep a mark upon her difficult generation, and

whom he rightly regarded as a patroness of all women's work for Christ.

It was to take part in this work that Irene Petrie first visited India. She went wholly at her own charges and as an honorary worker, esteeming herself, of course, the more bound by that very fact to the task which she had undertaken. She started fair, as a missionary, from the moment she set foot on board ship. The passengers all knew that the very charming lady who travelled with them meant business. Irene Petrie was not one to put her harness on and off to suit her company. After a few days, when all had found their "sea-legs," she organized a daily Bible-class on board, and made it so popular that she often had from twenty to thirty in attendance. At the same time she shared in all the sports, sang at the concerts, painted the programmes for the entertainments, and was regarded as a good companion by everybody. It was a good beginning. She was able to gauge by it somewhat what her influence might be among the special people whom she desired to benefit.

Moreover, she was an enthusiast. She went out to see what the greater number of Europeans passing through India never see, the Christian

life of native India. At Agra she sought out the native church. She wells over with delight at the sight of an Indian congregation worshipping Christ. She only wished that some of her sceptical English friends could have seen those three hundred dusky worshippers and their devotion. Who would dare to say again, after such a sight, that missions to the heathen were a failure!

At Delhi she was met by the Bishop of Lahore, and quickly pressing on was presently greeted at Lahore itself by Miss Beynon.

One sign of Miss Petrie's deeply-seated missionary feeling at this time appears in her innate shrinking from the exaggerated homage which the subject race pays to the conqueror. She remarks upon "the strangeness of being in the midst of a subject race . . . being greeted always with salaams and salutes, and hearing commands and not requests made to those who serve." She had none of the feeling of the Anglo-Indian who goes out merely to rule. She had gone out to associate herself with the people, and to raise them if possible to the level of children of God. From this point of view all men were equal, as they are in the sight of the Heavenly Father. She began, however, at once to understand how difficult the task would be, and how wide a gulf

must be crossed before the teacher can hope to enter into the inner life of the taught.

There is no doubt that she managed to bridge this gulf to a very remarkable extent, but she had the rare gift of combining simplicity and accessibility with a personal dignity which effectually warned the trespasser. Later on, the Kashmiri boys at Srinagar discovered this, and idolized her as friend and queen.

The staff at Lahore consisted of Miss Beynon, the "Miss-Sahib"; Mrs. Engelbach, the "Mem-Sahib"; and Miss Petrie, the "Choti Miss-Sahib," or "the Baby," as they called her at the Home. The Hon. Mrs. Ian Keith-Falconer joined the party later. It was Latymer Lane over again, only beneath an Indian sun. Classes at the Railway Sunday-school, visiting asylums, meetings for women, Friendly Societies for girls, Band of Hope meetings—all the usual undertakings of an English parish amid oriental surroundings. There was nothing romantic about it, nothing to stir the imagination. But Irene settled into it at once with a contented sigh, and worked as though she had been born to it. She never could understand the indifference of the Anglo-Indians to what so thoroughly interested herself. She wondered at their "limpness." Why could they

not bestir themselves to do what they were best able to do of any others, if only they had chosen? Perhaps some of them were asking one another what sort of pleasure she could find in mixing with no-account people all through the dusty days? However, they were very civil to her, and it was not their fault that she did not spend more of her time beneath their cosy verandahs.

Irene found her heaviest task in learning Urdu. Urdu is the *lingua franca* of India, and must be mastered by those who propose to do any missionary work among the heathen. "If only," she groaned, "my useless musical memory could be transferred to these old languages!" That was when she had to add Kashmiri to Urdu. It was sheer "grind" to her, but she stuck to it, and passed her examinations with honours in both languages. She still hoped to get to the natives as a missionary, and again offered her services as a volunteer to the C.M.S. She was accepted in the spring of 1894, and appointed to Kashmir.

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

II

CHAPTER VII

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

II

Transferred to Kashmir—Srinagar—Evils of zenana life—Kashmiri boys—A boat club—A visit to Little Thibet—Typhoid fever—Death at Leh.

IT does not fall to the lot of every woman to be able to offer her services free of charge to the directors of a missionary society. She who can do so is very happily situated; not that she is freed from any responsibility which falls more heavily upon the paid worker, nor that she is less under discipline, but that she has the delightful consciousness that against her, at least, the taunt falls barbless that she has sought the work for the sake of the pay. The heathen man finds it hard to understand that any one can seek him without bargaining for some sort of wage in return. A Chinaman once said to Robert Stewart, who was killed at Hwa-Sang about a year after Miss

Petrie went to Kashmir, "I know why you are a missionary." "Indeed," asked Stewart, "and why, then?" "This," replied the man, hollowing one hand into the shape of a cup, and scooping up imaginary rice into his mouth. "You want to get something to eat." Now Robert Stewart had surrendered his career as a barrister to follow his Call to China, but this was a thing he did not care to explain to every passer-by. No doubt most of the women among whom Irene Petrie spent laborious days thought that she had merely adopted a somewhat arduous method of making a livelihood. She was, however, from first to last an "honorary" missionary, and paid her own way wherever she went.

Kashmir is the Indian Switzerland. It is much frequented by Europeans during the hot season. It is in summer a land of fair valleys and glorious mountain ranges stabbing the blue with silver peaks. In winter it is different. But that is another matter. Possibly the summer visitor imagines that the resident missionary has a very good time in the Indian paradise, but one must take into account months of intense cold, frost and snow, and the still more trying period when the spring brings mud, slush, and whelming floods.

Irene Petrie of Kashmir

Even at the best time of the year, when Nature's smile is sweetest, those who go down among the people know that all is not fair in Kashmir. The visitor to the capital city, Srinagar (pronounced "Srinuggur"), will probably at once decide that it is well named "the City of the Sun." It lies with thickly clustered brown houses about the pretty river Jhelum. Its many bridges span the water and make warm reflections. It suggested Venice to Irene Petrie when she first arrived and saw the swift boats plying to and fro along the narrow waterways. A dilapidated and dirty Venice it appeared to her that first sunshiny day; and dirtier still she found it when she went among the closely-packed houses to seek out the sequestered women who were to be her pupils and her charge.

"Surely," she said, "Kashmir must be the dirtiest city in the world, and most of the houses look as if they could not survive the next flood or earthquake." It is said that things are improving; but in 1894 they were as bad as they could be, and Irene wished that "an army of health missionaries would follow in the wake of the Gospel missionaries and teach practically that cleanliness is next to godliness." "You do not require eyes," writes one familiar with Kash-

mir, "when approaching the habitation of a Kashmiri." The organ of smell is quite enough. It requires a strong stomach to carry one unconcerned all day among such houses as these. Imagine mire of the foulest kind, so deep that in places a lady must be carried over on some one's back. This crossed, not without splashing and befoulment, the teacher enters the tumble-down house where unwashed people move serenely among things unwashed. " Oh, you dear Kashmiri women," exclaimed Miss Butler, who knew them well, " why will you not wash? " They told her that they were so harassed and oppressed that they had no time to think about such things. But, in fact, they had not learned to regard a wash as one of the luxuries of life.

The early summer or late spring visitor, as has been said, sees Kashmir at its sunny best, but the resident tells of " the burning heat in summer, the deadly stench in autumn, and the bitter cold in winter." Irene arrived just before winter, and shortly afterwards the roads were choked with snow, and long icicles hung pendant from all roofs. When February came, they found themselves snowed up. The court was filled with snow. Ice formed over all water. They had to fill their kettles with chips split from an ice-block. It

was difficult to get about at all. When at last the snow began to melt in early spring, the roads became quagmires of bottomless mud, in which the horses sank to their girths. The ladies expected all this, and did not allow such trifles to keep them from their work; but Irene says, "I believe we must be the muddiest missionaries in the world!"

It may be interesting to give a short account of this mission to the Kashmiri. In 1865 Dr. Elmslie opened a dispensary at Srinagar. About three-quarters of the people are Mohammedans, and intensely conservative of their customs. Dr. Elmslie encountered great opposition, but persevered during five years. His work was then taken up by Dr. Storrs, Mr. Clark, and the Rev. T. V. French. Dr. Elmslie rejoined them in 1872, but died shortly afterwards from overwork and exhaustion. It was his widow who became so close and dear a friend of Miss Charlotte Tucker (A.L.O.E.) at Amritsar (see p. 59). Ten years later Dr. Arthur Neve went out, a man of great resolution and talent. He was joined in 1886 by his younger brother, Dr. Ernest Neve, who had had a distinguished career at Edinburgh University, and obtained the highest honours. These two men have raised a lasting monument of dis-

interested devotion in the splendid hospital and native church which were built by their efforts, and which now present so conspicuous an object at Srinagar. Several ladies, as Miss Newnham, of Edinburgh, Miss Neve, and Miss Hull joined the staff, which was increased by the coming of Miss Petrie in 1894.

By that time the position of the missionaries was well assured, but work was not on that account an easy matter. The people were deeply prejudiced. As Dr. Neve says: "To eat with a Christian is a terrible sin; to become a Christian is to become a hated outcast; even the little children know this." The women, too, had become abject through long contempt. They had grown so accustomed to regard themselves as negligible that it seemed absurd to them to try to form an opinion, or to get an understanding. They had sunk into a rut, and did not care to be lifted out of it. Indeed, they mostly seemed incapable of conceiving that anything could become different to what it was. Life in the zenanas is unutterably dull and eventless. Intrigue is the only excitement. The very desire to know anything has been starved out of the apathetic women who dwell in those dingy habitations. The Indian census of 1891 gives only one literate Hindu

woman out of two hundred and forty-four, and only one Mohammedan woman out of two hundred and ninety-eight.

To such women as these Irene Petrie came as a bright and wonderful visitor out of the unknown. She was known as the Niki Mem, the Little Lady, whose visits made a pleasant interlude in a dreary day. She describes an ordinary visit thus: "The teacher sits down on chair, charpai, or floor, as the case may be, and reading or knitting is produced. Then when all the pupils are gathered round and inclined to listen, when babies within, and cocks and hens and pariah dogs without are quiet, books and work are laid down, the Bible is opened. . . . 'Miss-Sahib, sing!' is a constant request, and quite a chorus joins in the Christian hymns we have set to the quaint native airs."

That setting of hymns to native airs would have been a thoroughly congenial task to one whose ready musical gift made her everywhere useful and acceptable. She had pupils of all kinds: some were ladies of high degree: as the fashionable wife of a native official, "arrayed in a gorgeous costume, green, blue and gold, with a fine, scarlet double chaddar"; another, a Mohammedan lady, "wearing a coronet of jewels and a

single cotton garment, and dying by inches of rheumatism brought on by sitting on a damp floor"; again, the family of a rich shawl merchant, "the ladies all squatting together in one small, stuffy room, keeping strict purdah" (*i.e.*, curtained off from the world). Besides these were two rival wives of a wealthy Mohammedan. "The second wife sat smoking her hookah, and defiantly uttering bitter arguments against Christianity." And others of the same class. But she also went a great deal among the poor. There was an old woman who had burned herself badly with her kangre, or fire-basket, which the women carry under their clothes for winter warmth. There was "a fever-stricken woman, whose bed was on the bare ground," but whose children were keen to learn, and would beg for extra lessons. And plenty more of that sort also.

It may seem to some people as though continuous work of this monotonous kind must have soon palled upon a highly educated girl, accustomed to such excitements as life in London society could provide for her. But there is no doubt that Irene found in it what satisfied her, and that she loved her "dear brownies" very unaffectedly. When she got back to Srinagar, after a furlough home to England, it was with

a glad leap that the heart clinched itself to its work again. "As I scrambled up our ladder to the top of the bund," she says, "I heard dear Miss Hull's voice, and a minute later I was in her arms in the pretty drawing-room, looking cosier and nicer than ever. . . . I found that the dear brownies had even a bigger slice of my heart than I had thought when in England. It is delightful to get to work again in this dear place."

Certainly the missionary who has found his vocation has no need of our compassion. Rather, he has discovered the way of happiness. Nor, to say the truth, do we often hear much about their hardships from the missionaries themselves. It is not Miss Petrie herself who tells us that she twice fainted away while giving her lessons in unaired and evil-smelling rooms. That was one of her special trials; she was too liberally endowed with senses susceptible to acute impressions.

One of the most interesting institutions at Srinagar is the Christian School for boys. It has done splendid work under the inspiration of its principal, Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe. Those who know the material upon which he has had to work, and the conditions of his labours, say that his success in dealing with Kashmiri boyhood has been nothing short of phenomenal. The problem in

dealing with the Kashmiri boy is how to produce manliness. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe says, " A Kashmiri is as different from a European as a sheep is from a war-horse, and it would be hard to imagine a greater contrast to an English schoolboy than a Kashmiri boy when he first comes to school." One has a picture of an effeminate and conceited youth, who has been brought up to consider any work with his hands beneath his dignity, and every woman contemptible. Cowardly and revengeful, full of superstitious fears, afraid to go out in the dark, with no ambition to excel in anything except with the prospect of reward. By tradition and upbringing a liar and a sneak, currying favour with his master at the expense of any other boy against whom he may be able to tell tales. Such was the stuff out of which Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe had to form men and gentlemen.

At first he found almost nothing to work upon. There were not the most rudimentary conceptions among the boys of honour or chivalry. The very idea of such things had first to be implanted in them. The " customs " had to be attacked and routed at every point. The boys had to be shown a new ideal and taught to admire it, gradually learning to despise what they had been brought up to admire.

Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe had unusual qualifications for such a task, and he set himself resolutely to work. He commenced by placing moral qualifications in the very forefront of his system, and always giving the most marks for the proper display of them. He encouraged athletics to the utmost of his power, both by precept and personal example. Gradually he got a new spirit into the wondering boys. To handle an oar was the part of a dirty boatman, not of a distinguished young scholar; nevertheless he taught them to row. He got them to be keen about their rowing. He trained crews and raced them one against the other. He set before them the copy of the English public-school boy, and set them to imitate him in his round of games. And after a long and patient time he succeeded. First one and then another saw that truth was more honourable than a clever lie, and that chivalry is the crown of manhood. As Mrs. Carus-Wilson says, he had the triumph of seeing a few years transform a set of " dirty, effeminate, superstitious, cowardly, lazy, lying, sneaking hypocrites " into clean-living gentlemen with the instincts of a gentleman, ready to run and help the weak whom they used to despise, and thoroughly eager to get the chance to prove their courtesy and goodwill.

Cricket and football matches are now regular parts of the school system. There are several school boats on the river, manned by capable crews. The boys of the town look on and wonder. But the school is fast making itself a name, and as it produces more and more young men with the right "guinea stamp" upon them, it is bound to effect an influence which will be felt far and wide throughout the whole country.

It is true that very few of these boys are yet Christian by profession. The difficulties have so far proved almost insurmountable; but the lads are fast learning the peculiarly Christian virtues. "To know many of these fellows is to love them," writes the Principal. "They have such kind thoughts and are so thoughtful. One cannot make out why they are not Christians. Many of them in their lives are superior to a Christian schoolboy." Indeed, one could heartily wish that the Principal and his methods could be immediately introduced into many a British school!

When Irene Petrie came to Srinagar, this school was in full swing. She was immensely interested in the magnificent work among the boys. They wanted another racing boat, and she resolved to supply the deficiency. She could usually sell her masterly water-colour drawings

for a good sum, so she disposed of two, and with the proceeds procured for the school the longest *shikari,* or light boat, on the river. This did so well and stimulated the boat club so much that she set to work upon some more sketches, and presently a second boat was added to the fleet. More sketches by and by went to supply various other school requirements.

She herself was by no means the least among the educative agencies of the school. The boys became her devoted knights and willing slaves. The Principal says, "the mere carrying of her sketching materials was an education to them." And as her biographer adds, "the Niki Mem, with her beaming face, her sweet voice, her culture, her trained skill in teaching, her independence, and her gentle dignity . . . must have inspired the Kashmiri pundits (scholars) with a new ideal of womanhood." Altogether it is a very pretty picture and one which we can well imagine. The boys will long remember her. How she shared their water-parties; how they rowed her on her errands up and down the river, and how queenlike she appeared in their sight.

Irene's sketches were of further use in providing an organ for the new church of St. Luke at the hospital. We have already mentioned this

hospital and native church which uprose in response to the efforts of the Doctors Neve. Miss Petrie's water-colours added the organ—a well-toned instrument in a polished oak case.

Such sympathetic lives as that of Miss Petrie are of especial value in penetrating that almost impassable barrier which racial differences have planted between the Indian and his conquerors. Very few Anglo-Indians have been permitted to see behind the veil of native reserve. Many who have had faithful and loyal service from their retainers have never been allowed to know what those same retainers think. Under such circumstances, any real friendship which presupposes equality, has been impossible. As a recent traveller[1] writes: "The Indians look at us as if they were divided from us by centuries. Their lives lie hidden away from us. . . . In London we hear glib talk of the need of greater sympathy with the native. What easy words to utter!"

But if any one can come to close quarters with the shy, brown races, and find a way through the gates of their unfathomable pride, it is the missionary, who approaches not as an alien, but as the apostle of a world-wide Faith. The missionary is sometimes in closer human contact

[1] Sir Henry Craik.

with the Indians, among whom he spends his life, than with the men and women of his own race in the European quarter. Perhaps few of those in authority realize how much of the good understanding between rulers and ruled is due to the friendly, intimate labours of those of whose work in the schools and zenanas they know so little. Among such reconcilers of races Irene Petrie did yeoman's work. Herself a typical Englishwoman of the ruling class, she became in the most literal sense the little sister of the women of Kashmir. As an old Kashmiri woman exclaimed, hugging her on her return from England, " My liver has been longing for you ! "

At the same time Irene never fell into the mistake of getting out of touch with her own people in India. In Anglo-Indian circles she was always regarded as one of themselves. Mrs. Carus-Wilson testifies to this. " Artist and musician, she was always well received," and, in fact, she coaxed many an one to take some practical interest in missionary work.

Irene Petrie was not permitted, in the Providence of God, to do more than offer her young womanhood to India. Her singularly beautiful career was brought to a sudden close during a holiday journey in Little Tibet. When the

summer vacation of 1896 came round, she planned with a few adventurous ladies to penetrate as far as Leh, the capital of Ladakh.

Ladakh, or Little Tibet, lies on the eastern border of Kashmir, separated from it by a lofty range of splendid mountains. As soon as these are crossed the traveller finds himself among people of Mongolian race. By creed they are Buddhists. Here and there are a very few Christians, the product of mission work commenced in 1885. One of these Tibetan Christians had met Miss Petrie at Srinagar, and she was much taken with him; she thought him "the best native Christian she knew." When the chance came to see the country from which the man had come, she took it eagerly.

The road, as every one knows who has read Mrs. Bishop's account, is a rough one. There is seldom more than a rude bridle path, which skirts precipices, crossing torrents and traverses snowfields and even glaciers on its uncompromising course. By keeping at it, and if the weather is good, one may accomplish the journey of 260 miles in about nineteen days. At first the path ascends gradually through pine forest, then more steeply over rocks until the Zoji Pass, 11,500 feet high, is reached. The whole of Little

Tibet lies very high, no part being under 9000 feet. Of course the inhabitants become acclimatized and habituated to the rarefied air; in fact, they cannot breathe comfortably on lower levels, but the stranger who attempts to live among them is sure to suffer from some affection of the heart. At this great elevation the land is bare and stony. The sun shines painfully upon the shadeless steppes in summer, and the snow drives over them with ceaseless fury in winter. The landscape has been compared to that of the moon, except in its colouring, which flames with crimson and orange tints. All around are stupendous mountains, range behind range of snowy teeth.

Irene Petrie started in great spirits. Her horse "Biscuit" responded to her mood and carried her briskly. The weather was delightful, and her journal describes the ride through the pastures and woods sweet with the scent of jasmine and wild roses; up and always up, till they reached the snow and entered the savage defiles which lead into the heart of the Himalayas. On Sunday they would camp and find some cave for a church in which to hold their service.

On one such Sunday they were unexpectedly joined by Dr. Neve, Mr Tyndale-Biscoe, and another missionary, who were on tour through the

villages. They made it a great occasion. Miss Petrie writes: "We discovered a charming little cathedral, a semi-cave in the great rock above the watercourse, with embellishment of delicate ferns and alpine flowers. . . . Dr. Neve was chaplain, and a chapter of Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master* formed our sermon. I jotted down a few cathedral Psalter chants, and we ventured on a fully choral service."

The country gets more and more typically Tibetan as the miles unwind. Buddhist monasteries appear on the queerly twisted crags, and fantastically dressed monks pass to and fro. The people are quite friendly but are unused to strangers, and want to see what sort of dress an English lady wears. They crowded about the tents, some of the girls squatting inside to watch the ladies brush their hair. Irene says: "We got rid of them happily by presenting each with an English pin."

Things were going thus pleasantly, and everybody was looking forward to a safe arrival at Leh, when suddenly Irene fell ill. It seemed at the moment to be an ordinary fever, but was, in fact, the first symptom of what proved to be typhoid. Soon she could not sit her pony, and was carried on a bedstead borrowed from the

nearest village. So she was brought by stages into Leh. All that was possible was done for her, both by Dr. Neve and Dr. Graham the State surgeon at Leh; but nothing availed, and at the last she quickly sank. Just before the end she began to sing. Then, as one of the watchers by her bedside says, "She fell asleep like a tired child." They could scarcely believe that she was dead, as she lay there, "with a lovely flush on her cheek, looking so beautiful that it was hard not to believe that she would presently awaken as from happy dreams."

Most appropriately her coffin was made from a harp-case, which one of the ladies at Leh offered for the purpose. In it she, who was the soul of music, was laid to rest in the little Christian cemetery outside the walls of Leh.

The greater part of the material for these chapters has been gathered from *Irene Petrie, Missionary to Kashmir,* by Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ALICE MARIETTA MARVAL, THE DOCTOR MISS-SAHIB OF CAWNPORE

CHAPTER VIII

ALICE MARIETTA MARVAL

THE DOCTOR MISS-SAHIB OF CAWNPORE

A Christian revenge—Women's hospital at Cawnpore—Married to a Frenchman—Studies medicine—Reaches Cawnpore—Medical work—Attends plague-stricken natives—Pneumonic plague—Death.

IT was a peculiarly happy inspiration to plant a Women's Hospital at Cawnpore. A most Christian revenge for the wrongs done on women. The awful story of Cawnpore still cries aloud, though many years have passed since Nana Sahib gave orders that all the European women and children should be massacred. "To extinguish a fire," said he, "and leave a spark, to kill a snake and preserve its young, is not the wisdom of men of sense."

So the arch-rebel steeled himself to cut off the British root and branch, and to preserve India for ever from their influence. One remembers the madness of revenge which seized our soldiers

when they beheld the slaughter-house in which one hundred and eighteen women and ninety-two children had been foully done to death. When they gazed on the blood-splashed walls, hacked with the wild slashing of swords, and trod the floor still thickly caked with the blood of their countrywomen; and when they saw signs that the human wolves, maddened with the lust of slaughter, had tortured as well as killed their unresisting victims, it is not surprising that they exacted from the murderers the bitterest retribution they could devise. That well, into which the bodies had been thrown, seemed like an open mouth clamouring for justice. It appeared to the first men who realized that horror that to make the assassins kneel and lick the pavement clean of the blood which they had shed, before they were hanged opposite that clamant well, was but right and seemly.

It is not for us to judge those who passed through moments of such intense emotion. Whatever they did, or allowed to be done upon the criminals, was the act of men almost beside themselves with pity and indignation. But time swiftly brought better feelings. When the true heart is calm it can find pity for the evil-doer as well as for those whom he has injured. And the more

savage acts of the Mutiny made those who understand what lies at the root of all cruelty the more desirous to conquer evil with good.

No better way of doing this could have been devised than to establish at Cawnpore a hospital for Indian women, staffed and supported by the women of that race which Cawnpore would fain have destroyed.

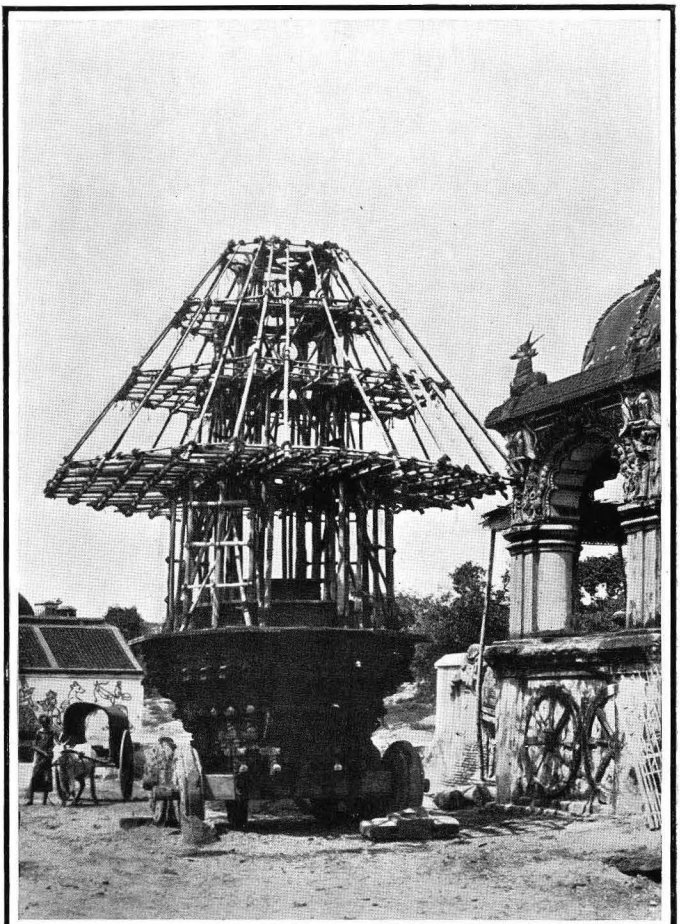
St. Catherine's Hospital at Cawnpore was established in 1899, in connection with the S.P.G. It was officered wholly by women. Doctors, nurses, dispensers, and attendants were all women. It was intended for the use of native women who are shut away by custom and who cannot receive the attendance of medical men. To this hospital Alice Marval was sent out as junior doctor, and was supported as "our own missionary" by the Girls' Friendly Society.

Alice Marval was born in 1865. Her parents had made what P. G. Hamerton declared to be so often a happy match. That is to say, the Englishwoman had married a Frenchman. They settled in India, where their daughter was born. Rather late in life she commenced to study medicine and took the double qualifications, L.R.C.P. and L.R.C.S., at Edinburgh in 1901. She was then thirty-six years old.

It is very interesting to know she did not allow herself to become too much absorbed by her medical studies, but continued to teach in a Sunday-school. She felt the danger which besets all students of physical science, lest the mind should be diverted from its search into the spiritual world. This common danger is specially perilous to girl students. They throw themselves so keenly and intelligently into the new world of knowledge which opens up before them, that they give themselves time to think of nothing else. They become absorbed in the material side of things. Often they drop, at least for a while, out of religion altogether.

Alice Marval never allowed her early and deep religious experiences to grow dull. She took care to whet her spiritual sword. One of the best ways to do this is to teach others, especially when some effort on one's own part is required. And she not only continued to teach, but she became a member of the London Branch of the Society of the Annunciation, of which Mrs. Romanes was then secretary, and Dr. Robertson, now Bishop of Exeter, warden.

The result of this inner life was that she preserved her sweetness of temperament and joyousness of disposition throughout all the strain



The Car of Juggernaut

This car is used in religious processions in Tanjore. It is heavy, and is pulled by many men. It used to be supposed that worshippers threw themselves beneath the wheels, but many believe now that such deaths were the result of accident. The building to the right is a stone and stucco representation of the car. Notice the wheels on the lower wall.

of her studies. There was in her nothing of that hard, didactic, self-confident, and aggressive mien with which one has become too familiar, and which is fast creating a type. Her friends speak of her as gentle, helpful, and essentially womanly, a person whose sense of duty was lovably tempered by an unfailing sense of humour. The sort of girl, in fact, whom, to use a Scotticism, any one in trouble would "lippen to."

A young fellow-student, who met her when she was thirty, and who speaks of her as "the tall lady in black," since thirty seems an immense age to the girl still in her teens, describes their first meeting in a class-room. The school-girl was shy and friendless, and horribly tired of microsopic work. To her came the "tall lady" in the most natural way and carried her off to tea. She easily made friends of those younger than herself, and kept them without difficulty.

When Alice Marval had obtained the qualification, she saw some practice at Clapham in the Maternity Hospital, working under Miss McCall. This took her into the slums, and prepared her well for much that she would have to undergo in foul and disease-smitten houses in India. She went next to Dr. Barnardo's Children's Homes, and saw more practice there. But as soon as she

felt herself sufficiently prepared, she offered herself for work in the mission field.

As we have said, she was sent out to Cawnpore in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There she spent the whole remainder of her life. It was only two years. A very short ministry; but during those two years she did enough to qualify her to be enrolled among those who have served heroically, and whose names will be handed down by the Church as the martyrs of love and duty.

The facts of Alice Marval's life are contained in a booklet published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Her first impression of India was the trustfulness of the native women. "They all firmly believe that we could make them all well quickly if we chose, and that if we do not, it is because for some occult reason it does not suit us. 'With joined hands, mem sahib, I entreat you make her well,' is one of their favourite speeches, and then they fall at my feet and touch the ground with their forehead and lay their hands on my feet. And I wish myself anywhere, especially when it is an incurable disease, which I cannot even temporarily relieve."

Of course, she was worked hard; and of course she did not spare herself. Who does, who loves

the work and wins love in the doing of it? But she scarcely knew what work can be got out of a willing body till the plague settled down upon Cawnpore. Then, indeed, everybody was put to it to meet the demands.

The doctors who came out to the Cawnpore Hospital did so on the distinct understanding that they were not to be required to undertake the charge of any case of infection. It was also arranged that if any of them took private practice outside, they should give the fees which they earned to the hospital. When, therefore, it was decided that the hospital could not receive plague cases, since to do so would make the wards unfit for the treatment of other patients, it was permitted to the doctors to attend the plague-stricken at their own homes, doing voluntarily such work among the out-patients as their duties within the hospital allowed.

Alice Marval at one took up the double responsibility. She laboured among the plague-haunted native houses without cessation. She wrote to a friend that one day she had been " in and out of plague patients for about six hours." " During the last month of her life—December, 1903—she paid two hundred and forty-six visits to patients in the city." She is remembered as

" that tall, lithe figure bending over those poor people stretched out on their charpais in their dark, miserable hovels, cheering them with her bright words, as her long, slender fingers touched with tender skill the seat of pain in seeking to diagnose the disease." She seemed to the writer to be " the embodiment of the practical Christianity which treads in the steps of the Great Healer Himself."

At night she slept in the open air on the flat roof of the hospital, so as to get what pure air she could after her horrible rounds in unbreathable places among the unclean and diseased.

Unhappily the will cannot so wholly control the body that it shall last out under a continually excessive strain. Something must go in the end. The last piece of overwork brings the tired heart to the breaking point. It was so in this case. On New Year's night she was waked up to attend a severe case which claimed all her attention till one in the morning. The following day she showed signs of illness. Symptoms of pneumonia appeared. What is called pneumonic plague developed itself, and the end came quickly.

She knew that she was dying, and said to the doctor who was with her, " I have been so happy here." The same writer whom we have quoted

above, adds, " Looking at her at the moment one ' saw her face as it had been the face of an angel,' so radiant was it with the light which shone from within the veil." She passed away at one o'clock in the afternoon, and she was buried in the Hindustani cemetery on the morning of the 5th of January, 1904.

Her missionary life, short as it was, made so deep an impression upon her friends in India that it was resolved to erect a memorial to her in the shape of an endowed bed, to be named the " Alice Marval" bed, in the hospital in which she worked.

Most of the material for the above chapter has been kindly supplied by the S.P.G. from *Alice Marietta Marval, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Edin.*

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