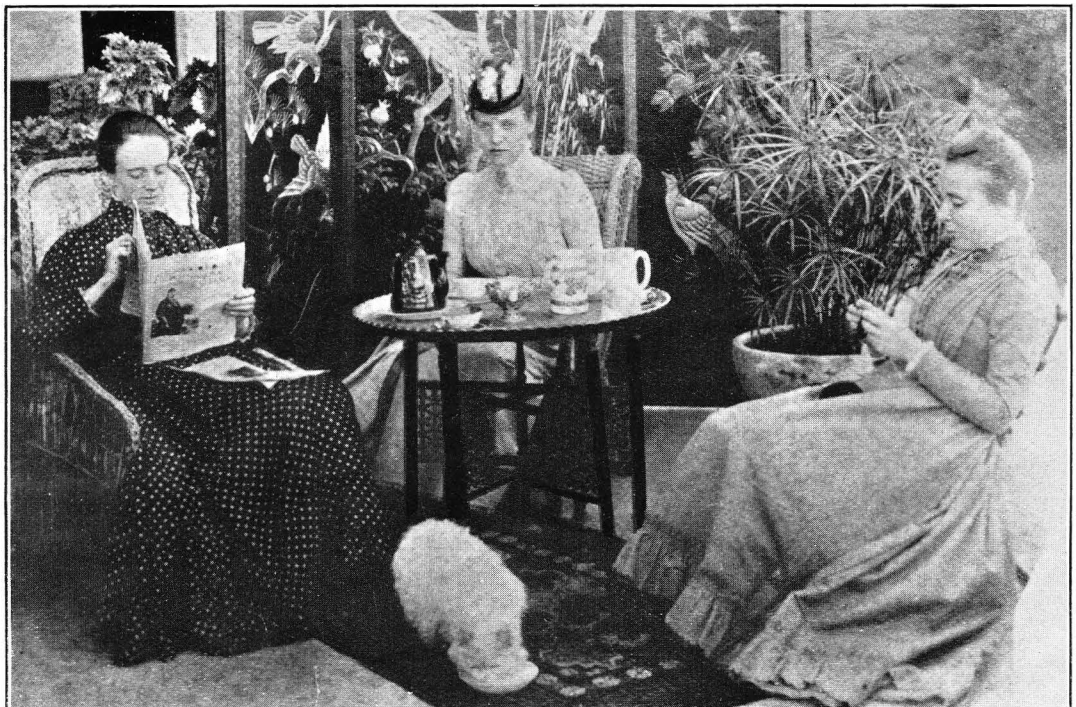

MISS ELLA LUCE MISS MARGARET LUCE MISS ISABEL LUCE

Sr[illegible]npur, 1892

[*Frontispiece*

GLIMPSES
OF
CHRISTIAN INDIA

BY
ELLA LUCE

MARSHALL, MORGAN & SCOTT, LTD.
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY PURNELL AND SONS
PAULTON (SOMERSET) AND LONDON

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PART I

CHAPTER I

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

HOW or by whom I was informed I cannot say, but I know somehow that my father was sitting by a fire at twelve o'clock on the night of July seventh, eighteen hundred and sixty, when a nurse appeared and told him that another daughter had been born to him.

This was a disappointment, as he had naturally hoped that his second offspring would be a son.

The old house looking more or less like a large farm house covered with many creepers, had a long narrow hall with drawing-room and dining-room on each side, a study with steps leading to the garden, six fairly large bedrooms, two dressing-rooms and an upper storey containing several rooms used by the servants, wide lawns (so they seemed to me then), a large kitchen garden, surrounded by a high wall, filled with fruit and vegetables, old-fashioned flower borders, standard apple trees, big laurel hedges, and beyond the front lawn a field with enormous sycamore trees—an ideal place for children to be brought up in.

As I look back I realize that I always did feel the extreme beauty of it, and that it was as much a part of me and as inseparable from the record of my life as a pond would be from the fish born in it.

How much environment in early life influences character is difficult to decide! It all seems part of oneself.

How one remembers every detail. The front door with a myrtle tree on each side, the wide gravel carriage paths,

the flower beds on the lawn in front—the prickly variegated holly bush which hurt if one touched it—the very tall dark cyprus tree which seemed to watch over the house like a sentinel—the oval-shaped bed with three standard rose trees in the middle—the yellow bankshia rose which grew nearly all over the front of the house, and had clusters of flowers and buds which one could pick out of the bedroom windows and sparrows' nests which we could sometimes reach by leaning out—though we were not allowed to take any of the white speckly eggs.

I can see now the railing between the lawn and the field where the grass was allowed to grow long until it was time for it to be turned into hay, and I fancy I can still smell the faint scent of the lime trees just the other side of the railing, and hear the buzzing of the bees, and see the pale mauve cuckoo flowers and cowslips which grew not far off.

I can recapture the joy of the swing hung between the tall sycamores which we raced for when lessons were over, and which later contested for the first place in our affections with the see-saw also put up in the field.

How well I remember the bliss of sitting on the end of the see-saw, and bumping up and down eating apples!

But I anticipate and must return to first recollections.

It is difficult to define when one began to be conscious of anything beyond somebody's lap and a bottle, and I have distinct consciousness of these things. There is a photograph of me sitting in a nurse's lap munching a big biscuit, and I seem to have a clear remembrance of the event, though I could not have been more than two years old. The next impression I have is of very steep steps leading down to my father's cabin on board his ship, and seeing a parrot in a cage, and being given a very hard ship's biscuit and feeling disappointed that it was not sweet. We were taken to Portsmouth to meet him on his

return from West Africa where he had been watching the river Niger for slave ships.

In his diary there is an account of the capture of a large slave ship steering for South America with eight hundred slaves on board.

He saw a suspicious-looking craft in the distance and sent the First Lieutenant in a boat with a crew to reconnoitre. The Lieutenant boarded the ship and signalled " Full Slaver " upon which the whole crew cheered vociferously.

It meant a great deal to them as for every slave landed at Sierra Leone a reward of five pounds was given by Government to the ship's crew. The slaves were in a terrible condition, dying of starvation and want of water, which was not given to them although there was plenty of water on board. Many expired before they could be put on shore.

After this my father could only have been at home a year, and my chief impressions of him at that time are of somebody who walked very fast, and ran up and down stairs and had a tin box full of sweets of all kinds and colours, which he used to shake outside the nursery door.

When we heard the rattling there were screams of delight, as we knew he was coming in and would give us some. For some reason or other we called the tin box " grandmama box ". I also remember at this time being taken in his arms to give carrots to a black pony called " Snowflake " because he had a white spot on his forehead.

The next distinct memory that emerges from the general mistiness is of my eldest sister, who was a half sister and ten years older than I am (my mother having been married twice) and to whom we were very devoted, sobbing and crying and her eyes all red because my father was going away, and hearing with awe-struck amazement that my mother was in bed and too sad to get up. My father was

bustling about with boxes. What happened next has faded and I have no recollection of his departure.

I cannot say how long after this it was that I remember my brother (a half brother) coming home from Eton and racing up and down the drawing-room with us in the evening amidst shouts of laughter when we came down from the nursery for an hour before dinner. Perhaps it was soon after, as he must have come home for the summer vacation. I remember distinctly my fourth birthday and somebody saying I was quite big now, and having presents, especially a book with little sentences which I could read myself, and my eldest sister who gave me the book being surprised that I could read it. I have no recollection of learning to read.

A doll which was given to my own sister, who is a year older than I am, looms large on the horizon at this time, and I have vivid memories of screams issuing from her because she had poked in one of the eyes.

I see my mother sitting at the dining-room table with a lighted candle and sticking the eye in with wax. I have an impression that she did it because the mother of some child in a French book she was reading and translating to us had done the same thing.

Next our daily governess, Miss Dickens, comes from somewhere, and has spectacles and is very fair and quiet, and talks very kindly to us, and once took us for a walk to see her house though she did not take us into it.

About this time I made up a piece of poetry in my cot one night and told it to Miss Dickens, and she wrote it down and told it to my half sister.

What comes next?

Prayers with the servants in the morning before breakfast. In those days my mother is always connected in my mind with prayers. I used to sleep in a big bed with her, and my youngest sister, born in August, 1864, after my father had gone to Australia and New Zealand,

slept in a cot at the bottom of the bed, and my elder sister in a dressing-room leading out of the bedroom.

I used to think my mother said such long prayers in the evening before she got into bed. Sometimes when I was awake I saw her.

Dates become confused and many things seem mixed up.

Nurses come and go, "Old Charlotte" and "Cross Charlotte" have distinct personalities.

The nursery with a big window looking into the stable yard and a high window seat which we had to scramble to climb up on. We always considered that one corner seat belonged to my eldest sister and one to me, and Baby sat in the middle. Looking back I distinctly think Baby came off rather badly, as she necessarily sat with her back to the window with her legs dangling down, and could have seen nothing.

We watched the horses being groomed and the tradesmen's carts arriving, and also a yard opposite where sometimes horses were trained.

In the day nursery we had a big sofa with a high back, and we kept all our dolls sitting in rows on the sofa, and were continually dressing and undressing them. Here we also had lessons with Miss Dickens and other governesses, French and English, who took her place afterwards. Going for daily walks in Blackberry Lane, or round Aldingbourne Park, playing games in the garden—some children dressed in scarlet capes with their nurse coming to tea, and our going to tea with them—playing hide and seek and Tom Tiddler's ground, etc., etc. Being allowed in the morning before lessons to run out in the garden and eat an apple each, off any tree we liked best.

A little shop where sweets were sold and which we could get to by climbing over a wall at the bottom of the garden. Trying to walk along the wide laurel hedges without once putting our feet on the ground. Our own gardens where we planted a few seeds and flowers. My

mother in the potting shed taking cuttings and budding roses—also my mother driving us in the pony carriage to church, which was a mile off, on Sundays, and taking an old man whom she allowed to live in a small cottage in the field, and whom we called "Watty". The beautiful old Norman Church with black and white marble pillars and an East window with pictures of the birth of Christ in the middle. Our pew which was fourth from the top on the right hand side.

The clergyman whom I thought very tall and very old, and who used to frown and shake his fist at the choir boys if they behaved badly. The thrilling excitement for us if there was a christening, and if the baby cried—the farmer's wife who sat in the seat just behind saying the responses in a very loud voice, and leaving out all the "h's".

Old Mrs. Budd, reported to have had twenty children, who always walked a mile to church and back twice every Sunday, sitting in a pew just behind the clergyman. Her husband was the village blacksmith, and they lived quite near to one of the gates of our garden, at least the workshop was near—their house a little farther on. "Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands," is quite a true description of them.

What else? I must pass on and here comes a tall governess always dressed in black who came to teach my half sister—very kind but rather alarming. She always gave me the impression of being very good, and we were very fond of her. I know now that she was there because my half sister left school and came to live at home as otherwise my mother would have been too lonely in my father's absence for nearly four years at the Maori war in New Zealand.

A good deal later a pony called "Quicksilver", given by my brother to the sister who is a year older than I am —arrives and we go for rides in turns. He was a small black vigorous little pony, by no means easy to manage,

and given to running away with us, and trying to get us off by rubbing us against a wall. I can see him now pursuing the cows in the field with his mouth wide open, but we always loved riding him, and were taken out almost every day by my brother, who seems to have been at home for some time then (I suppose it was the summer vacation or an interval between leaving Eton and going to Cambridge) and was bent on teaching us to ride before his step-father's return from Australia and New Zealand——

Next my mother crying bitterly after reading a letter, and my half sister trying to comfort her, and sometime after this being dressed in our white muslin dresses and blue sashes and brought down to the drawing-room to see my father, who had arrived home ill and could hardly see us.

Before leaving Australia he had been sent to the Friendly Isles to settle some dispute amongst the European Residents, and had dived down to see a celebrated cave, immortalized by Byron in his poem of " The Island ". He had to dive under an archway of rock and come up into the cave. He came up too soon and knocked his head against the rock. He was almost stunned and had to go back to the ship, and afterwards one of the officers wrote home and said that he looked perfectly ghastly. He insisted on trying again, and this time succeeded in reaching the cave which was full of wonderful stalactites and stalagmites of a dim blue-green colour, with an exquisite soft light reflected from the water, and a sort of plateau on one side where the Chieftain and his bride must have lived during the time that she was hidden in the cave (see Byron's poem).

There is no doubt that the severe blow to his head brought on the illness from which he was suffering when he reached home and which caused his death about two years afterwards at the age of forty-three.

It was during my father's illness that the marriage of my half sister took place at the age of nineteen years. We were very fond of her and cried bitterly at her departure.

The wedding is almost as clear to me as on the day it took place. She had two grown up bridesmaids, a cousin and a school friend, and two children, my elder sister and myself. Our dresses of white muslin with frills bordered with cerise ribbons, and small round white hats made of marabout feathers which came from Paris, and bouquets of red and white camellias, made an enormous impression; also gold lockets with the initials of the bride and bridegroom live in my memory, together with the wedding breakfast, speeches, etc.

After my father's death we had more governesses. Miss Peatfield, Miss Hürner, Miss de la Vigne, Miss Sharpe. Gardens of our own, playing croquet and a game called stoolball, summer holidays by the sea, sometimes in Cornwall, where my mother's relations lived, and more often at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight—bathing and learning to swim, being allowed to paddle about in canoes in shallow water.

Tea parties on our birthdays, and with other children in the neighbourhood, and most of all riding with my half brother when he came home from Cambridge. Sometimes, in winter, riding with him in turns to the meets of the hounds, and being sent home after a run with the groom who had brought out a second horse for him.

Once on a memorable occasion we had had a fairly good run and were all riding slowly along in a wood (the fox lost) when my brother said "we will go outside this wood"—he opened a gate leading into a field and just outside was the fox trying to get back into the wood but prevented by a wire fence, with two hounds holding on to him. My brother called out "Tallyho" and the huntsman came out, followed by all the pack and the field.

He soon put an end to the poor fox, and came up to me and said, "It is this young lady's brush". Of course it was the purest luck, but it made me feel very important, and almost made up for the horror of seeing the death of

the fox. I have hunted since, but have never got over the feeling that it is a cruel pastime, and the scream the fox gave rings in my ears still.

In the summer of 1873 my mother, the governess and we three children went for a tour on the continent. We first stayed for a week in Paris at a very nice hotel, and visited the Louvre, the Champs Elysée, the Bois de Boulogne, Notre Dame, the Saint Chapelle and Versailles, etc., and then went on to Geneva and by steamer to Lausanne, where we remained for six weeks and visited Chillon Castle and Montreux and Avillon, and went for an expedition up the Rhone Valley to the Belle Alp. We slept one night in an hotel on the top, and came back across the Aletsch Glacier. Here, to our delight, we had to put on socks over our boots to prevent slipping, and the guide went in front and cut steps in the ice. My mother and Miss Sharpe were carried all the way in sedan chairs. On our return to Lausanne my brother joined us from Cambridge and we all went for another tour to Chamounix, where we stayed for about a week, going for expeditions —crossing the Mer-de-Glace, and seeing the Glacier des Bosson, with wonderful blue caves. I remember the Church at Chamounix and the clergyman who preached on Sunday from the text, " Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty and the land which is very far off ". We came back again to Lausanne across mountains to Martigny, and saw the St. Bernard Hostel and the Pissevache Waterfall. It was then time to start homewards and the first resting place was Friburg. Of this I only remember recitations in the Cathedral, almost in darkness, on the celebrated organ. Next we stayed at Berne for a few days in the Bernehoff Hotel, with a wonderful view of snow mountains, taking on a deep, rosy hue in the sunset. Also the bears in the well-known bear pit, and the clock in which the twelve Apostles march round in a ring at twelve o'clock. Our next stopping place was at Heidelberg, on the outskirts of

the Black Forest. Here we went to concerts and to see a celebrated Schloss, on the borders of the Black Forest, also to Wiesbaden and Goethe's House.

From there we went by steamer down the Rhine to Cologne and saw the wonderful Cathedral, containing the shrine of the three wise men, etc., then still unfinished, with the tradition that the devil had decreed that it should always remain incomplete. On from there to Bruges and Ostend, where we met a family who had lived near us in Sussex, and who had gone to Bruges to finish the education of the girls. Then for a time we stayed in Brighton in lodgings, because our own house, which had been let during the time we were abroad, was still occupied by the tenants.

I chiefly remember this time at Brighton because Father Ignatius was preaching in the Pavilion and we went to some of his meetings. I especially remember one meeting which ended up with the hymn, "All hail the Power of Jesus' name". It has been one of my favourite hymns ever since, and I never sing it without thinking of Father Ignatius. Some years afterwards I heard him preach again in London, and on that occasion after the address he said, "Will all those in the congregation who *know* their sins are forgiven stand up." Several people, I and the friend who was with me, stood up. He then said, "Some of these people are Church of England, some Roman Catholics, Wesleyans and other denominations but they all have that one thing in common—They all know that through Christ alone their sins are forgiven".

After this we returned home and soon after were sent to a Boarding School in Brighton.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOL AND LIFE IN LONDON

AFTER the Christmas holidays in January, 1874, my eldest sister and I went to a school at Brighton. It was kept by four charming sisters, and for the first term we had a room to ourselves. Afterwards, at our own request, we were moved into a room with other girls, which was much more fun. I look back on the two years we spent there as a very happy time—I enjoyed everything, the lessons, the companionship of other girls, walks, riding with a riding mistress on the downs, and sometimes, but not often, along the parade, half holidays, and in the summer occasional picnics—dancing lessons, etc. The instruction was not very up-to-date and would be looked upon, according to present standards, as extremely deficient.

I never worked very hard except during the examinations. As far as I can remember we were given one or two days to work up for each. I don't think it was a good system, as we crammed our memories just for the time enough to get through, but without making much real progress. In my class one other girl competed with me for the top place on the list in the examinations, and she generally won, though I came out, to my surprise, top in Scripture. The Head Mistress was quite pleased with me for this, as she gave the Scripture lessons herself. Certainly I excelled most in music, of which I was very fond, and on break up day when parents were invited to an evening " At Home " and a school concert took place I was given,

as the music mistress informed me, the principal place in the programme—that is the one before the last.

On one occasion, my piece, which was a selection from "Mose in Egitto", was lost till just before the time for playing it, and with great anxiety it was hunted for all over the house, and found behind a chest of drawers in the Head Mistress's room; how it came there no one knew!

Before I left school I was told that I could never make much of a pianist, as my thumbs are too short to stretch an octave except with great difficulty, and I could only play pieces with runs. This did not deter me from strumming on the piano for nearly four hours a day after I left school and learning much music by heart (some of which I can still remember), until everyone in the house protested and said it was unendurable, so I gave it up and went to the Slade School of Art instead. At all events drawing does not annoy other people and at the same time it amuses the would-be artist. But I must go back to school life.

One of the great advantages of a Boarding School is the friendships formed with other girls. My first friend was a Canadian girl who lived in Toronto. I had an enormous admiration for her. She was older than I was and very nice looking. When we went out for walks two and two on the Parade she was always made to walk in front. I remember a black grenadine dress with frills trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons which she wore sometimes and looked as I thought perfectly lovely in it. To my extreme delight she seemed to like me, and we corresponded after leaving school. She asked me to stay with her at Ventnor where she and her parents were passing the summer before going back to Canada. I look back on the time I spent there with her with pure enjoyment. After she returned to Toronto she occasionally wrote and sent me photographs of the beautiful house they lived in. She married afterwards and I never heard of her again.

Another friendship, which lasted for at least twenty years, was with one of two sisters, both of whom were friendly to me, and my visits to their beautiful home in Kent after leaving school are the happiest recollections of my life at that time. This friend had a very fine character, and after her marriage, which was a happy one, she still continued to be friendly with me, and I spent many months of great enjoyment with her till her death by a motor car accident when I was in India. The last time I saw her she came up to the Farewell Meeting of the Z.B.M.M. to which I belonged, to say good-bye to me, as I was returning to my work in India. I was sitting on the platform and she was about halfway down the hall in the audience. She was looking up at the speaker when I saw a radiant, unearthly light on her face. Afterwards I introduced her to several friends, and she said, "Please come to the station with me". I was rather doubtful about going as I felt there were many people to whom I ought to say good-bye, but I am very glad that I did go with her to the station as it was the last time I saw her. About eight months after my return to India I heard the sad news of her death. Later on I shall write again of the wonderful way in which she was always ready to help my work in India, and what a never failing friend she was to me.

My sister left school a term before I did, and while we were at home for the Christmas holidays my brother became engaged to be married, in consequence of which my mother decided to leave Sussex and go to live in London. Those last holidays at home I remember fairly well, and the girl whom my brother afterwards married and her mother staying with us. She was very beautiful and about eighteen years of age. One day my brother took me out hunting and we were having a splendid time when to my surprise he suddenly said he was going home, but that I could stay out longer with a cousin if I liked. I decided to go home with him, but I wept copiously at

going back earlier. It did not dawn on me till afterwards that the beautiful girl was the attraction. They all went to a ball that night and my elder sister came out at it. During the run I scratched my face very much with some thornbushes, and could not possibly have gone to the ball in the evening even if I had been old enough. They did not become engaged till some time afterwards. I think I had gone back to school when I heard of the engagement and of my mother's decision in consequence to leave Sussex and live in London. I am afraid I was very rebellious, as I could not endure the thought of London. I learnt a poem of Wordsworth's out of a prize which I had received at school, which I thought suitable to the occasion, and have never forgotten it——

"Dear native regions I foretell
From what I feel at this farewell,
That whereso'er my steps may tend
And whenso'er my life may end,
If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy,
My heart will cast its backward view
Its longing look alone on you.

So when the sun prepared for rest
Has gained the precincts of the west,
Though his departing radiance fail,
To illuminate the hollow vale
A lingering light he fondly throws,
On the dear hills where first he rose"—

Two years after his marriage my brother died from the result of a fall, while hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, near Malmesbury, on the first day of the hunting season, which injured his spine. That winter I stayed with him and his wife at King's Langley, and realized

how much he was suffering, and felt very anxious about him. We played chess, as we had often done before, while he was in bed, and when I left he said he had enjoyed the games so much.

This was the last time I saw him, as he became more and more helpless, and in spite of the best specialists, passed away in February, 1878. The following June his young widow died on the birth of a daughter. In the previous year a son had been born. The two children were left to their mother's mother who brought them up, but they frequently stayed with us in London. Her son's death was naturally a terrible grief to my mother and I don't think she ever really recovered from it.

I missed my sister very much during my last term at school, and was not sorry when it came to an end. I, with several other girls, went up to London and to our new house in Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park. I think now it was a very pretty house overlooking the park, but in contrast with the house we were brought up in, with the garden and beautiful surrounding country, so delightfully situated for long walks and rides on the downs, it indeed seemed to me like a prison. At that time girls were not allowed to walk alone in London, and it was considered impossible for us even to drive alone in a hansom, and an omnibus was not thought of. We had a key for the enclosure in front with green lawns and the ornamental water, which were never then open to the public, but kept for the occupants of the houses facing them. We could walk up and down there or sit out on benches as much as we liked, but tennis was not permitted. On Sundays we went to Quebec Chapel, of which Canon Holland was in charge. We all had the greatest admiration for him and his splendid sermons.

I was not supposed to be " out " at that time and not allowed to go to dances with my elder sister—altogether I often felt very depressed and longed intensely for the

old life in the country. I have often wished since I had gone to the day school my youngest sister attended, but although my mother proposed it she did not press it, and gave in to me when I stupidly objected. I had a German governess for a time, who came twice a week to teach me German, and I also had music lessons at a large day school, and spent most of my time practising on the piano.

In the spring of that year my brother was married and we all went to Bath for his wedding. He had a great dislike to London, and never stayed with us after we left Sussex. I seem to have very little to record of the first eight years we lived in London. Occasionally we went to Cinderella dances at the Woolwich Academy or houses of friends, but although I loved dancing I did not really get on well, being too shy to be popular. I always prayed that I might be able to know what to say to my partners, but never felt drawn to any of them. Not so my sister, who was always a great social success. I enjoyed most of everything staying with my school friends who lived in Kent, when we used to go for long rides, race about in the garden, help with the hop picking and sometimes get up private theatricals.

Creatures of Impulse was a sort of musical farce which we performed before a large audience in the drawing-room, with a stage, etc., and we painted the scenery ourselves. I was supposed to paint the drop scene. It was all great fun.

I remember the ball at which I came out in London. It was a subscription ball got up by the Countess of Bective for some Westmorland charities, and my brother-in-law, who lived in Westmorland, was one of the Stewards. My friends from Kent came to it, and one of the features was a Beauty Quadrille which took place at 11 p.m. when eight of the reigning beauties of the London season marched out of a side room and danced while the rest of the company looked on. I cannot recall who they all were now, I only remember Mrs. Cornwallis West, Lady Lons-

dale and Miss Violet Hankey, a beautiful girl who lived near us in Sussex, and whom we often used to play with as children. Mrs. Langtry, who was a well-known Society —or rather professional—beauty in those days was not present.

Later on one of my greatest pleasures was staying for a fortnight twice a year with my cousins, Admiral and Mrs. Parkin, who lived near Arundel. I was *very* fond of Mrs. Parkin, who was musical, and encouraged me both to play on the piano and to paint. The Admiral was my mother's first cousin and had retired from the Navy. He was very devoted to his roses and gained many prizes at shows. We went for drives nearly every afternoon in a very high landau and pair of horses. It was rather formal compared to our life in the country, but they were charming people and extremely kind to me. Mrs. Parkin was occasionally rather agitated, not knowing whom the Admiral might bring in to lunch, as sometimes he picked up an old sailor whom he had known in former days, on the beach at Littlehampton, and another day he would bring in the Duke of Norfolk. On one historic occasion, when the Admiral was in command of the Dockyard at Pembroke, he suddenly brought in Prince Leopold—who had come there to launch a ship—to lunch, and of course there was nothing but cold mutton!

The Admiral had married Mrs. Parkin, whose maiden name was de Graves, when he was sent to Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania during the Maori war of 1865 to 1867. She was then a charming girl of eighteen with a brother and sister younger than herself, their parents having died. They were all very well off. He brought home the whole family and the younger brother and sister were sent to school. While at school Harry de Graves, at the age of sixteen, was seized with a gastric attack and became almost entirely paralysed. He could just manage, when sitting in his wheeled chair at meals, to feed himself,

and when I used to stay with them in spite of this he was often the life of the party. I never saw him depressed, unhappy, or complaining. He had an excellent valet, who was constantly with him, and every afternoon drove out with him in a low carriage with two ponies, and afterwards two mules. His unmarried sister was a beautiful girl, and sometimes went on voyages with her brother-in-law, who in those days was allowed to take a sister-in-law, but not a wife, when in command of a troopship.

I think I must have been about twenty when I first began to teach in a Sunday school; I am sorry for the children I taught, as then I knew nothing definite to teach them at all. A Miss Thompson, who was just the same age as myself, superintended the school, and her father was the celebrated surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson. I admired her very much and tried to help her, and also went with her when she took the girls for treats in summer. I remember one year we took all the children to Box Hill, and from the time we arrived till the time we left it poured with rain; however, nothing daunted, we played games all the afternoon under the trees in a wood. It was a wonder we did not all catch our deaths of cold. I believe Sir Henry said that one in ten would die from the effects.

After this I began going to the Slade School of Art. For a whole year I went from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. with an interval of one hour for lunch. I took sandwiches and cake and ate them in a sitting-room with other students. Monsieur Legros, who was the Head of the school, used to come round about three times a week with two or three other masters in attendance, and criticise the work. He always refused to talk English, but the other masters translated it if the students did not understand. I think Monsieur Legros was a wonderful teacher, and the school flourished greatly in his time. For one year I was drawing entirely from the antique, and sometimes he said " très bien " and at others " cela me gêne ". When he said " très

bien" I was so encouraged that I went very early the next day and stayed till the end—but if he was displeased I fell off and became very depressed, and only stayed half the time. At last after I had been there about a year I drew a head from a bust that he had sculptured himself, and he was so pleased with it that he gave permission for me to join the Life Class and ordered my production to be shown at the yearly exhibition. Of course this made me work with renewed vigour, but I was very disappointed on going to the Exhibition to find that my drawing was not shown after all. There must have been some mistake. The aim of most of the students was to gain a scholarship to finish and continue their art education in Paris. I was very reserved and diffident and made few acquaintances, and it seemed to me that I should never get on well, so after another year of only attending in the morning I gave up studying at the Slade and went twice a week to a studio where I painted from the life which I was not considered sufficiently advanced to do at the School of Art. I often regretted afterwards that I had left, though I have been told by artists since that at that time though the drawing at the Slade was considered excellent, the painting was not good. This, I should think, is only a matter of opinion.

Our other activities in London were private theatricals, which my elder sister was keen on. I remember on one occasion we hired a hall and gave a performance two days running to friends. The first piece was *The Creatures of Impulse* in which I had already acted, and took again the same part, and the second *Meg's Diversion* in which I did not appear. I think they were quite successful. A cousin who was a barrister used to come and coach us up in our parts. I remember one instruction he gave was that we were always to speak facing the audience, and as if we were talking to the opposite wall. This advice has been a great help to me since when I have been asked to speak at Missionary Meetings; I am always told afterwards that

books given me by the Head Mistress of the school in Brighton as a parting present before I left. One called *Spiritual Combat* I was very fond of, also *The Christian Year*, by Keble, and the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. Whenever I went away to stay anywhere I took these little books, also a Bible, which I never read much. I remember the maid who helped me to pack used to be amused at the innumerable little books I always insisted on taking with me.

After remaining away from the Mission services for one or two days I became so miserable and hopeless about myself that I determined to go again. I went alone, as my sister was doing something else. At the end of the address Mr. Pegg said to the congregation, "Will you all kneel down and pray 'O God speak to me to-night'"—I did this very earnestly. When the After Meeting was over he came up to me and said, "Will you wait for me as I want to walk home with you". It was about ten o'clock and I waited for him. On the way he said to me, "Do you feel that you can trust in Jesus to-night?" I said "I do not know whether I can or not". Then he said, "You know the text 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life', whosoever means anyone whether they are good or whether they are bad—there is no distinction—'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God', you can only be saved through what Christ has done for you, not by anything you yourself have ever done or hope to do in the future. You do believe in Him, so instead of whosoever you can put your own name and say 'Ella Luce believes on Him, she shall not perish, she shall have everlasting life'. It is all done, you have only to take it as a gift—'The gift of God is Eternal Life', and it is yours here and now." This was quite new to me, but I felt at once that it was true, and a wonderful feeling of peace and rest came

to me. I was so thrilled, almost stunned. Mr. Pegg went on talking in the same way, and we sat in the drawing-room for some time after we got back. I remember saying to him—"It seems like one of those cards with trees and houses and written underneath 'Where is Gladstone?' etc., and you cannot see his face for a long time, and suddenly you see it somewhere amongst the trees, and then afterwards you always see it. I feel as if I see something now which I never saw before and now I must always see it,—of course it is nothing to do with me." He said "Yes, but you must show your gratitude for what Christ has done and your love for Him in your life and everything you do".

He also told me to write at once "Ella Luce believes on Him and she shall not perish but shall have everlasting life"—and put the date and keep it, and if doubts or difficulties come just to look at it. This I did and have it still dated March fourth, 1884.

What an awakening—it revolutionised all my ideas. Instead of trying to be as good as possible and hoping somehow to get to heaven at last, I felt almost in heaven now, and everything I did henceforth would be from quite a different motive, namely thanksgiving and love.

The relief was indescribable, and at first I just left myself to Him. I hardly even prayed; I only said "I cannot pray, I cannot do anything but I just trust in Thee. I am too helpless for words. What a comfort to know that nothing depends on me". It gave me a marvellous feeling of peace, and that nothing that could happen henceforth would matter. At first I said nothing to anyone except to my mother—I just said to her, "I understand now", realizing that she had always understood. We were standing by the mantelpiece in the drawing-room, and she only said "Do you understand?" and looked very pleased. I am, like her, in some things very diffident and reserved.

After that (perhaps in a fortnight) I began to think I

must tell what I had learnt to others. I first told my friend, Miss Helen Thompson, exactly what had happened to me —she also had been attending the Mission. She listened very intently—we were sitting on a seat in the Botanical Gardens, and afterwards she said she had realized the truth of what I told her at that time, and had written down the text with her own name as Mr. Pegg had told me to do.

She always worked very hard in the parish, and after this some months later, she started a Sunday School in a mews chiefly inhabited by cab drivers and their families, and asked me and my youngest sister to help her.

My eldest sister had also been impressed by the Mission, and had decided to learn nursing at the University Hospital; she used to go every morning and come back late in the evening. My youngest sister had been away from home at the time of the Mission, but the next summer she and my mother and I went to Llandudno for two months (we always went away from London in July and August) and while there we attended Children's Services on the beach, and also meetings held by Major Everard Poole at a hall in the town. My youngest sister met him one day on the beach (we had spoken to him before, as he was staying in the same house that we were in) and asked him to help her. He was very pleased at her asking him, and was I believe the means of her conversion. He used to hold drawing-room meetings to help the funds of the " Soldiers' Christian Union ", and when we returned to London we asked all our friends to come to a drawing-room meeting in our house, and Major Poole stayed with us. We were able to get the room filled, and it was a very good meeting; he was very pleased with the result from a monetary point of view.

After this we spent all our spare time in visiting our districts and teaching in the Sunday School in the mews, etc., and quite gave up going to dances or theatres, etc. My sister had a class of boys who were very obstreperous and difficult to manage. At first, instead of saying " Amen "

after the prayers, they used to say " Straw women ". For some time she did not realize what they meant. It suddenly dawned on her that they called Amen—" Hay men ", so they said instead " Straw women ! " My girls were easier, although they also were difficult, so I started an evening class in our house. My mother very kindly let me have it in the dining-room. I asked a grown-up girl who was a small dressmaker to come and help me. This girl was one of a class I taught in connection with the Girls' Friendly Society, and the girls learnt to make dresses for themselves —she doing the cutting out. I think they paid part of the cost of the material. Afterwards we had a short Bible reading, and I also read some stories. It had a very civilising effect on them, as if they came with dirty hands they were carried off by the dressmaker and made to wash them in a small room leading out of the dining-room. At the end we sang Moody and Sankey hymns. They made dresses for themselves and came to the Sunday school quite tidy, and behaved very well. They became quite a model class, though whether any of the girls were really converted I am doubtful.

After the Mission we gave up attending Quebec Chapel, and my mother took seats in Portman Chapel, of which the Rev. Neville Sherbrooke was the Incumbent. It was always full of people, and he preached extremely evangelical sermons in a most attractive way. We never missed going to his church morning and evening—and he also visited us occasionally. In the summer of 1885 my mother, my youngest sister and I went to Keswick for the Convention, which had not then been started for more than a few years. It was a very wet year and so far as I can remember we went to the meetings generally in pouring rain. My mother developed bronchitis, and was ill in bed for at least a week. On the last day we went to the Missionary Meeting and the speaker asked any who were willing to go out as missionaries to some foreign country, to pray

a short prayer. My youngest sister prayed that "if it was God's will the way might be made clear for her to become a Missionary". I did not feel "called" then, partly because it seemed to me that I could not leave my mother.

When we left the tent I said to my sister, "You have done it now, you will have to be a missionary", and I don't think she ever doubted afterwards that she would become one.

From Keswick we went straight down to St. Leonards on account of my mother's health.

A school friend of my sister's was at the Keswick Convention too. On the last day everyone was asked to give some text which had been of help to them. She stood up and quoted "Satisfied with favour and full of the Blessing of the Lord". When she told me this I said I would write some verses on that text. I had experienced the same feeling of joy and satisfaction after the Mission in London, but not so much at Keswick.

I felt rather depressed at Keswick because we were always being told that only smiling, happy faces were wanted there, not anyone who was at all gloomy, and even after my conversion I was always inclined to be depressed about myself. But I wrote the verses to express what I felt when I first realized that after all whatever my *feelings* might be nothing *depended* on me.

"Filled with a full satisfaction
Deeper than earthly joy,
Stronger than this world's pleasures
A peace that has no alloy.

It seems like the distant mountains
That stretch so far away,
Till they reach the sunny waters
Of the far wide spreading bay.

And for ever and ever their shadows
In those waters will be seen,
And for ever and ever this joy in my heart
Will abide with no shade between.

But why is this peace so certain
And why is this joy so sure?
It comes as a gift from Heaven
From the far eternal shore.

From Him whose gifts are changeless,
From Whom all joys must spring,
Who is the source of endless peace
Our perfect Saviour King.

I have only rather dreamy recollections of what happened next.

I went occasionally to stay with my friends in Kent, and told them of my spiritual experiences, and soon after a Mission was also held in their Church near Maidstone. The Missioner asked any who wished for special help to come to the vestry after the service—and my special friend walked up to the vestry. He helped her very much by saying, "Do you know that your sins are forgiven?" Before this she had had a district and helped a good deal in the parish, and went on doing the same. Soon after she went with her mother and sister to the south of France for the winter, where she met her future husband, and later on he went to stay with them and she became engaged. They were not married till after I went to India, but were always very friendly to me—about which I must write more later on.

Also I stayed sometimes with my married sister near St. Albans. She had four daughters and one son, and I was very fond of them. The eldest, Agnes, was always much impressed by my talks with her, and she wrote me long

letters and afterwards married a clergyman, and worked very hard in Leeds. She was killed while still quite young in a bicycle accident.

Occasionally I stayed with an aunt of my father's living at Malmesbury, who from the time she was eighteen had joined the Plymouth Brethren. Once she took me to one of her meetings, but I was not much impressed by it. No one spoke at all, and when someone was inspired to give out a hymn we could not sing it as no one felt called to start a tune—but still one was quiet and peaceful, and I suppose we were all expected to wait upon God to be shown His will. She never went to a Church of England service in the old Abbey, though her house—called The Castle House—almost joined on to it. My grandfather and grandmother lived in Malmesbury and I often stayed there while they were alive. He was a member for Malmesbury for many years. Two married uncles also lived in the neighbourhood, and I stayed with them occasionally, and was christened in the old font in Malmesbury Abbey.

I must pass on now to the autumn of 1887. I had been working very hard with district visiting, etc.; too hard for the sake of my health, and my uncle and aunt living at Flushing, near Falmouth, asked me to go and stay with them. I did not like leaving my mother very much, as she did not seem very well, but my youngest sister was with her. I do not think I enjoyed my visit to Falmouth at all, as I had a feeling I ought not to have gone. At last I had a letter from my youngest sister saying my mother was not at all well, and was asking for me. Instead of going straight back I stayed from Saturday till Monday with an uncle and aunt at St. Austell. I have often wished since that I had not done this. On the Monday when I arrived home I found my mother very ill, with two nurses in attendance, whom my eldest sister had brought from the University Hospital. She had suffered great pain. It was a terrible time, as we were having black fogs almost every

day and the doctor was in continual attendance. She was quite happy, and asked me to read her part of 1 Corinthians xv. She knew she could not recover and said "I expect Isabel will be a Missionary". She passed away on November eighteenth, and we were all with her at the time. Mr. Sherbrooke was very kind and prayed with her; she said she had no fear of dying as she knew she was "accepted in the beloved".

She was buried in the vault at Highgate belonging to the family of her first husband, Mr. Warburton, and Mr. Sherbrooke took the service. At the grave we sang the hymn, "For ever with the Lord".

VERSES WRITTEN AFTER MY MOTHER'S DEATH

"Fondly, ah fondly, we dream of the past,
We weep o'er the years that are flown,—
The memories that hover around us fleet fast.
The voices of childhood are gone—
Those voices! How sweet in our ears would they ring
Could we catch but one echoing strain,
Can it be, can it be that the tones we so love
Shall resound for us never again?"

On the way back we told Mr. Sherbrooke that my youngest sister and I wanted to be Missionaries and go to India.

We asked him whether it would be best for us to join the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission or the Church of England Zenana Mission. He said both were equally good.

We had been attending a weekly missionary working party held at the house of a lady who was on the Committee of the Z.B.M.M., so we informed her of our wish. She at once spoke to the Society about us, and we were interviewed by some of the ladies on the Committee, especially by Lady Kinnaird, who was the President, and her daughter, the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird.

After this we were examined by the doctor who worked for the Society and examined candidates before they were accepted. The doctor passed my youngest sister, but refused to pass me. Upon this I was taken to see Sir Joseph Fayrer, who had been in India and was at Lucknow during the mutiny. After sounding me he said that all my organs were weak, and if I went to India in my present condition I should break down in a week, but he advised that I should rest completely for six months and then come and see him again. In the meantime my sister went to The Willows, a Missionary Training Home, where she was given a good deal of useful instruction and experience, during the six months she was there.

My eldest sister and I went on living in our house in Regent's Park, and I followed out the doctor's instructions of doing no special work at all.

At the end of six months I went to see him again and he rather reluctantly gave permission for me to go to India, but said I must always go to the hills for three months during the rainy season. Considering we were to be honorary missionaries this was agreed to by the Society. I am afraid I afterwards never kept to the condition, though it was arranged that I should come home to England for six months during the hot weather every third year. By so doing I escaped several hot weathers and was not away from my work more, or even as much, as other missionaries, though at the same time I never had a winter in England, which I do not think was really good, as many missionaries find that the cold weather once in five years recuperates them more than anything else.

In the summer of 1888 we paid farewell visits to several of our relations, and before we left a farewell meeting was held for us and some others who were going out. We asked Mr. Foster Pegg to come to the meeting, telling him that it was all his fault that we were going at all.

My eldest sister had agreed to come too, and keep

house for us, though she did not feel called to be a missionary.

We all three started for India on November 18th by the Anchor Line exactly one year after my mother's death.

CHAPTER IV

VOYAGE TO INDIA AND THE FIRST YEAR SPENT THERE

I REMEMBER the morning we started as though it were yesterday. A few friends came to the station in London to see us off for Liverpool, from where the boat of the Anchor Line in which our passages were engaged left England. Amongst others, Miss Helen Thompson, with whom we had been closely associated in slum work in London. My brother-in-law, Mr. Burra, travelled with us, and we stayed in an hotel in Liverpool for one night. That evening there was a farewell meeting in Liverpool. Three other missionaries belonging to the Z.B.M.M. were with us, and we were asked to say a few words.

We went on board the next morning, when my brother-in-law left us after seeing us on to the ship.

As we started we all sang hymns, which I am afraid must have very much annoyed the other passengers.

The boat seemed rather small, and certainly it *was* very small compared to the big and extremely comfortable liners one travels to India by nowadays. We had three or four rough days to begin with, and spent most of the time in our cabins. After passing through the Bay of Biscay we emerged and sat up on deck, the sun came out and we saw the coast of Spain and began to enjoy ourselves and make friends with some of the people on board. We held a service on Sundays for the sailors, and two or three of us spoke and sang hymns, and in the evenings a good many people came into the saloon and we all sang hymns.

Arriving at Port Said we went on shore for a short time while the ship was coaling, and felt thrilled at our first contact with the East. Passing through the Suez Canal we saw a mirage which appeared like trees, water, and rocks upside down, and saw people riding on camels by the side of the canal, and began to feel as if at last we were really in a new world. Passing through the Red Sea the heat began and we all enjoyed it immensely and put on some of the cool cotton dresses with which we were well provided.

The Indian Ocean was as calm as a millpond and delightfully warm and sunny. We slept up on deck at night and as we neared Bombay a peculiar oily smell pervaded the waters, which we were told came from the bazaars, and that we could smell Bombay before we saw it.

We were met by the C.M.S. Secretary, Mr. Squires, and taken to the beautiful Mission House, where we remained over Sunday. I can never forget the first service in India in the Mission Church, quite close to where we were staying; also the wonders of the sights in the streets in Bombay. Women in beautifully coloured *saris* carrying copper and brass vessels on their heads and looking like queens. One felt as if one were walking about in a gorgeous picture. We were taken for a drive one evening up Malabar Hill, where the principal inhabitants of Bombay reside, and saw a wonderful view of the harbour. Late on Monday evening Mr. Squires saw us off by train for Faizabad, in Oudh, to which station we were appointed. We had a first-class carriage to ourselves, and descended at various places on the way for food. We were two nights and one whole day in the train, arriving at Faizabad early on Wednesday morning. There we were met by Miss Harris, the missionary in charge of Faizabad, and were very favourably impressed by her. The next day, I think according to the custom for new arrivals, we were taken to call

on the English people living in the station. They were very charming to us, and we have remained friends with some of them ever since.

Also we visited Mr. and Mrs. Baumann, German C.M.S. missionaries living in a building which was formerly a Mahomedan tomb. On certain days Mahomedans were allowed to come there and worship at the tomb. Mr. Baumann was a fine missionary and reputed to have a wonderful knowledge of the language.

Very soon my younger sister and I began studying Urdu with a Munshi and spent most of our time in working at the language. It seemed very interesting, though the character was difficult and every sound different from any European language. We were also taken out by Miss Harris to see her work, consisting of various schools for small children in the city, and many houses in which women were being taught reading and given Bible lessons. One longed for the time when one would be able to talk to them and teach them about the true Saviour of the World.

Christmas passed and we became more accustomed to the ways of an Indian Mission house, which had seemed so strange at first.

In January an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out amongst the subalterns in the Indian regiments, and as there were no nurses to be had in India then, my eldest sister, who had been what was called a Lady Trainer for one year at the University Hospital and nursed cases of typhoid, offered her services. At first they were refused, but afterwards, one of the patients, hearing of the offer, insisted on its being accepted, and she nursed about seven cases, one after the other, with soldier orderlies helping her, in a hospital connected with the regiments. They all recovered except one, and he was almost well and had even taken a passage to England when he surreptitiously drank a glass of beer, which brought on peritonitis and caused his death. Previously he had written a letter to the *Pioneer*,

the principal English newspaper, saying how lucky the regiment at Faizabad had been in procuring the services of a lady to nurse them, who had proved herself a veritable Santa Filomena. It was getting very hot, and she and I had left Faizabad and were on the way to the Hill Station of Naini Tal when we heard the sad news of his death. Afterwards some of the mothers of the subalterns whom she had nursed wrote to my sister thanking her for all she had done and begging her to accept some remuneration, if not for herself for the Mission in which we were working but she preferred to let her work be gratuitous; no doubt she was right.

As it was still rather cold in the hills, we stayed for two weeks in a charming hotel situated in a beautiful garden at Douglas Vale on the way up to Naini Tal, and there we made friends with two ladies (sisters) who were both I believe over forty years of age, and had come out on the death of their mother to visit India. One of them, years before, had become engaged to an Army officer, who was at the time we met them the Colonel in command of the troops at Delhi. The engagement had been broken off as the lady felt she could not leave her mother. The Colonel had remained true to her and the engagement had just been renewed. She asked us to her wedding, which took place soon after we arrived at Naini Tal, and later on to come with her sister to stay with them for a month at a house they had taken in Almora, about three days journey by dandy from Naini Tal. We did this and enjoyed a month with them very much.

I took a *Munshi* to the hills and spent many hours a day in studying the language. My sister made friends with most of the English people in the station, but I never went out much as I wanted to get on with Urdu and pass my examination as soon as we were able to return to Faizabad. I only went to parties occasionally—I remember especially one very delightful dinner party at the house of a lady who

lived in Faizabad, and who asked me if I would mind coming to fill the place of someone who had been unable to come at the last minute. I enjoyed it very much, but I did not want to go out in this way often, but to give all my attention to preparing for mission work—having come out from England solely for that purpose.

My sister and I got up Bible meetings in a Hall near the Lake and asked some of the girls in shops, etc., to come, and she also brought several of her society friends. A Miss Swetenham, who was a very earnest Christian, helped us by speaking at the meetings. Also a Mrs. Pargiter, wife of a C.M.S. Missionary, had evening meetings in her house for soldiers, and I used to help her a good deal.

My youngest sister, who had remained at Faizabad nearly all the hot weather with Miss Fallon who had returned from furlough in England, and was taking charge again while Miss Harris went home, came up to us for about six weeks. I received a letter from Miss Fallon, who was appointed by the Society to be more or less responsible for the doings of my younger sister and myself, asking me if I would be willing to go and live alone at Sultanpur and carry on the work there which she had lately started. I was very pleased at the idea, as before we came up to Naini Tal, I had visited Sultanpur with her. She generally went there to superintend the work once a month and I was very much impressed with the beautiful views from the bungalows situated on a high bank up the river Goomti, from whence one could see for miles across the Plains, and also it seemed ideal to be able to tell the good news in a place where there were no other missionaries. I felt that however badly I did it I should be better than no one, so I wrote at once gladly accepting her suggestion.

We returned from Almora, where we had been on a short visit, to our hotel at Naini Tal for about a month longer, and then it was getting time to go back to Faizabad.

My eldest sister then took a house near the Mission

House, and she and my youngest sister decided to live there together while I remained with Miss Fallon. While in Almora I had bought a pony from Colonel Hanna and my sister also had purchased a horse, and we used to go out for rides nearly every day—till my pony suddenly tripped over some stones as I was cantering on the grass by the side of the road and fell down with me and injured my knee to such an extent that I had to lie down for a month.

After Christmas the Secretary of the Society came to Faizabad to arrange about my going to Sultanpur, and took the trouble to go himself to look for a suitable bungalow. He came back having been rather unsuccessful and at the same time letters arrived from the Home Committee disapproving of my going there. The Secretary, Mr. Hackett, in telling Miss Fallon this said, " but perhaps Miss Luce will rebel ". I thought this gave me a lead, so I did rebel, and said that as soon as a house could be found I hoped to go there. While Mr. Hackett was at Faizabad he examined us in the language, and we both passed the first examination. I did feel, and still feel, that I was distinctly " called " to go there.

Soon after this a bungalow became vacant—so, having procured some furniture I started off, taking a third of all the spoons and forks and crockery, rugs, etc., that we had brought out from home, and which had arrived at Faizabad in the meantime, having been sent by long sea passage round the Cape. One of the servants from the Mission House accompanied me, and others had been engaged by Miss Fallon to get the house ready by the time I arrived.

I began to feel that there was really a hope of my doing something. A very nice Indian Christian catechist and his wife were working in Sultanpur, and he read the service in Church on Sundays and preached in the bazaar, and was always ready to help me. There were also two Indian

Christian women teachers living in a house in the bazaar with a large room big enough for a girls' school.

This catechist was afterwards ordained as a clergyman, and until his death was a devoted and earnest worker.

I used to go out every day with one of the teachers to visit the women in the Zenanas, and talk to them and sing bhagans, and read from the Bible. This helped me very much with the language. I also had a Bible class in the bungalow every week for the Christians, when the catechist translated for me, as he could understand English. Miss Fallon said that even to have some one who could play the hymns in church on Sunday, and to whom the teachers could come in any difficulty, made it worth while my being there—though I could not talk Hindoostani well enough to make myself understood much without help. I naturally loved doing all this, and was thoroughly happy, and always felt grateful to Miss Fallon for giving me this start.

Every morning I used to drive my tum-tum out for three or four hours, taking one of the teachers and visiting the school or some Zenana, getting gradually used to the work. I also studied with a Munshi for three or four hours a day. There were a few English officials living in Sultanpur, and I occasionally saw them and their wives at the Club, etc. This went on for about three months, and then it was found that the roof of the bungalow I was in was very badly in need of repair, and there was danger of it collapsing altogether. One morning, when I was fortunately out, a good part of it fell down on to the dining-room table, so I joined my sisters in Faizabad again and we all went up to the Hills. My eldest sister took a house for us all at Ranikhet for three months, and they gave up their bungalow in Faizabad. It seemed as if I was meant to fulfil the doctor's orders given before I left England of going to the Hills for at least three months every year, and looking back I have no doubt it was the best thing to do until becoming more acclimatized. After that, I hardly

THE BUNGALOW, SULTANPUR

THE BUNGALOW—SIDE VIEW

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ever went to the Hills for more than five or six weeks for the whole thirty-four years I remained in India, except that every three years I went home for the hot weather. We had a delightful time at Ranikhet with an excellent regimental Munshi with whom we got on much better with the language. From our bungalow verandah we had most glorious views of the Snow Mountains. From there my youngest sister went back to Faizabad and my eldest sister had a message from Lady Roberts asking her to go and nurse in the "Lady Roberts" Officers' Hospital at Murree and to help in private nursing, as nurses were still few and far between there. She took charge of a case, and the lady, being ordered to England, persuaded her to go with her and nurse her on the voyage. I stayed on with some people with whom I had made friends in Naini Tal, and then went down to Lucknow to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Dyson, whom we had known in Faizabad—Mr. Dyson having been appointed Judicial commissioner. They lived in a beautiful house in Lucknow and my youngest sister was asked to join me there.

After that I went back to Sultanpur, and some people who were in the Opium Department offered to lend me their bungalow for a month while they were away till another bungalow with a glorious view and plenty of land and servants' houses, etc., became vacant and I was able to take it. My youngest sister joined me there, and we first occupied the new bungalow which became the Mission Bungalow of Sultanpur, and in which I lived for thirty-four years from October 1st, 1890.

CHAPTER V

BEGINNING WORK AT SULTANPUR

MY sister and I had a great wish to live in an Indian house in the city, and before we decided to take the bungalow with the beautiful view on the high banks of the river Goomti we looked at some native houses in the bazaar, but at last came to the conclusion that on health considerations it would be unwise, and have had no doubt since that we were rightly led in choosing the European bungalow.

After work in the evening sitting out on the chubatra (stone platform) and having tea, with the glorious view which seemed to have something infinite about it, was most restful and refreshing.

In the far distance we could see the ruins of old Mahomedan tombs and other buildings which had been abandoned after the Mutiny. Before the 1857 rebellion Sultanpur had been a military station, with two or three regiments and large barracks. These last are now a jail, which has during the last ten years been converted into a consumptive Sanatorium for tubercular prisoners from all the jails in the U.P., with an Indian doctor, who is a consumptive specialist, in charge. The jail is situated about a mile from our bungalow. During the mutiny all the English people but two were killed, and these two were saved by an old Indian servant who was still alive and in charge of the dak bungalow when we first went to Sultanpur.

When the English General, with an avenging army, reached the town, then situated on the north side of the

river, he burnt it down, and it was afterwards built up on the south side about half a mile inland. From our chabutra we looked across to the other side of the Goomti river, and just opposite is a Mahomedan village reported to be very bigoted because it contained the tomb of five Mahomedan Saints. The village was named Panch-o-Per, meaning—The Five Saints.

Every Thursday there is a great beating of drums, etc., when some of the principl Mahomedans of Sultanpur come to worship at the tomb.

Looking down from our elevated position on our side of the river to the left are two (now three) small Hindoo temples—where the devout Hindoos from the town came daily in the early morning to worship the gods to whom the temples are dedicated. This particular part of the river is called the " Sita Kund ", and it is sacred to the memory of Sita, the wife of Ram, who, according to legends in the Ramáyan, bathed there on her safe return from Ceylon. She had on account of her great beauty been taken captive by Ravana, the demon king.

The legend states that Ram, with the help of all the monkeys—who linked their tails together and made a bridge across from India to Ceylon—went to rescue Sita and brought her back in triumph to Sultanpur about 500 B.C., and ever since on Hindoo festivals, and when there is an eclipse of the sun or moon, thousands of men and women (especially women) come from all parts of the district to bathe here in the river. Sita is looked upon as a perfect wife, because she is said to have been always true to her husband, and by bathing where she bathed other women hope to become like her.

The women arrive dressed in their beautiful bright-coloured saris, and buy garlands of marigolds which are sold by the Brahmin priests in charge of the temples. They put these round their necks and walk, dressed as they are, straight down into the river. It does not seem to matter

what time of the year, or whether it is day or night when the eclipse takes place. Cold or heat make no difference. They plunge into the water until it comes up to their necks. They then bend down their heads and the wreaths float off as an offering to the gods.

They come back to the temple and put on the change of garments they have brought, and are supposed to be purified sufficiently to worship at the temples.

They do not go inside the temples, which are only big enough (about eight feet square) to hold the idol and the priest, but present offerings of rice, etc., and walk round and round the building. Those who are very devout walk round about a hundred times.

After this they are ready for any enjoyment that may have been provided for them. Booths are set up for selling sweetmeats, jewellery and food of different sorts. They meet friends and sit down by the river and talk and chatter unceasingly. Sometimes during these festivals we went down to the ghat to sell or give away gospels, which were and are provided by the wonderful Bible Society for one farthing each. We also try and talk to the women, but it is very difficult, as no sooner do we get a few women round us than men come up, and the women shrink away. Sometimes gospels sold or given away like this have been taken to distant villages and read, and the recipients have come back to the missionaries and asked for more instruction. I have not had this experience myself.

Sometimes small girls have been left behind, found by the police and brought to us. They apparently did not know where they came from and there was no means of finding out, so we kept them and they were brought up as Christians. It is possible that this was done on purpose in order to get rid of girl children, whom nobody wants.

The principal reason for the dislike of girl babies is, that for the honour of the family they must be married before they are eleven years of age, and the parents always

have to pay a large sum of money (more than they can ever really afford) to the bridegroom. This accounts for the hopeless debts in which most of the village people in India are involved. They borrow money, often at a high rate of interest, which goes on accumulating and increasing, and becomes a heavy burden on the family which has to be handed down from father to son for several generations.

My sister bought a horse and a tum-tum as I had done, and we each went off in different directions for about three to four hours every morning, visiting Zenanas and villages, etc. My sister started a school in one village and put a Christian teacher in charge of it, and before she left the children had learnt to read and write, and sing hymns or bhagans, some in the Hindi and some in the Urdu characters. They could read translations of *Line upon Line* and *Peep of Day*, and parts of the Bible. Some of the villages she visited, I am told by an American Lady Missionary now working in Sultanpur, remember her still—in those days she looked so very young that they thought she was about twelve years of age.

I went on superintending the school in the bazaar which about twenty children attended daily. A Taylor gári (that is wooden boards on wheels, of about two and a half yards square, surrounded by a railing with poles at the corners and curtains drawn all round, with a woman attendant) pulled by two men was sent out early in the morning to bring them to school and take them back. They only learned to read and write and a very little arithmetic, and were given Bible lessons, texts to learn by heart, and hymns. I also started a school in a village called Amahat about three miles off, and put some Indian Christians in charge, and visited women in several zenanas in the city, and in a large village called Hassanpur five miles from Sultanpur once a week. We loved the life and were very excited when we came back and reported having been asked to visit new houses.

All the time we went on studying the language with a Munshi for three or four hours a day, as we had to work up for our second examination in Urdu and first in Hindi.

We usually went out in our tum-tums from about six till ten, had breakfast when we came in and rested a little while, and afterwards each spent two hours separately with the Munshi. Sometimes I was very sleepy, and remember on one occasion going to sleep in the middle of the lesson, and waking up and finding the Munshi asleep on the other side of the table. In the afternoons we sometimes went to the Public Gardens and played tennis with other English people living in the station.

Mr. Baumann, the missionary from Faizabad, came for one Sunday every month and held services in Hindoostani in the morning, and in English for the English people in the afternoon. He preached very long sermons. Once I timed him and it was forty-five minutes, though he would not believe this when I told him. Mrs. Baumann came with him occasionally.

After Christmas that year, in February, 1891, the husband of one of the Christian teachers living in Amahat, where I had started a small school, arrived one day with a little boy of about seven years of age. He said he had found him sitting in the road beside his father's dead body. He was Bengali, and he and his father were on a pilgrimage from Calcutta to Allahabad, a distance of between three or four hundred miles. They were staying at an inn in the village when the father contracted cholera, and was turned out of the house by the Innkeeper and left to die on the road. The boy was intelligent and good-looking, but no one could understand what he said, as he could only talk Bengali; afterwards he told us the only thing he could remember was that he lived by a large tank in Calcutta with his grandmother. The pilgrimage from Calcutta to Allahabad in order to bathe in the river Ganges where it meets the river Jumna, is a tremendous undertaking, but

those who can accomplish it are said to save their souls and go to the First Heaven. We arranged for the little boy to live in the city with the Catechist and his wife, and he was the first child in the Orphanage which we afterwards established. After a little teaching he was baptized and given the name of Peter. He soon learnt to read and write. When I wrote home and told my friend Mrs. Llewellin about him she offered to support him, and continued to do so as long as he required support. When he became older and we had collected several more orphans, it was thought advisable to send the boys away to Industrial Homes or schools for boys, and Peter was sent to an Industrial Home started at Cawnpore by the Rev. Foss Westcott (afterwards Metropolitan of India). There he learnt to be a compositor in the Printing Press, and Mr. Burrows, who trained him, was so interested in him that when he went home to England on furlough he took Peter with him. I was also in England at the time staying with my friend Mrs. Llewellin who had always supported him. She very kindly arranged for him to come and stay in a coffee tavern in the village, and Mr. Burrows' brother came with him. While he was there Mrs. Llewellin gave a drawing-room missionary meeting at which I spoke, and Peter read a paper in English telling of how he had first come to Sultanpur and become a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Soon after he returned to India he married a very nice girl called Phoebe who was also an orphan in the Benares Normal School, but after two years' happy married life he developed kidney trouble and died. Phoebe is still alive and working in the villages in the B.C.M.S. Missions at Saugor in the C.P., and she writes to me sometimes and tells me about her work in which she is keenly interested. Although she has had opportunities of marrying again she remains faithful to the memory of Peter.

Soon after Peter came to us another little boy was brought, found by the same teacher wandering about alone

in the bazaar. We put him down as six years of age, and he was said to be of the dhobi (washerman's) caste. His own account of himself was that his father was dead, and his mother a dancing woman (Nautch girl). Being unhappy at home he left by himself and came from Partabgarh to Amahat, about twenty miles, to find his grandmother. She took him in for one night and then turned him out. He then went to a dhobi who was some relation, living in the bazaar, and he also refused to keep him. Afterwards the Christian teachers found him and brought him to us. We took him and he was baptized by the name of Zahur Masih that is " the Manifestation of Christ ". He remained with us until he was ten or eleven years of age and was then sent to the Reid Christian College in Lucknow. My friend Miss Thompson, who by this time or soon after, was married to Canon de Candole (who had been curate under Mr. Neville Sherbrooke when we attended his church) always supported him. He remained at the Reid Christian College till he had read up to the Entrance Standard, but failed twice to pass the examination. He then became a master in the C.M.S. school in Lucknow and married a very nice girl belonging to a good Christian Baptist family living in Agra, whose aunt was one of Miss Bland's (a well-known C.M.S. Missionary in Agra) teachers. I went to Agra for the wedding. They were both very happy until Zahur died in Lucknow in August, 1913. Soon after Zahur came to us a sister of about twelve years of age arrived. She had left her home on purpose to search for him, and seemed willing to stay with us, but her relations arrived from Partabgarh and said she must return with them, as she was betrothed to a dhobi (washerman) living in Bengal. They took her away, but a short time afterwards she came back to us. We called her Esther. One day her fiancé arrived, and when I asked him if he wanted to take her back, he said he would do so if I gave him Rs. 100. Naturally I declined to undertake this, and she remained with

us. She learnt to read, write, and do a little arithmetic, and afterwards was trained as a nurse in the Kinnaird Hospital in Lucknow. At one time she was a great help to me. I was alone in Sultanpur and an epidemic of measles broke out in the orphanage. Fifteen children were ill at the same time.

I sent for Esther and she proved an excellent nurse. When she was old enough to be married and had been "asked for" by the servant of a C.M.S. missionary who had seen her in church, the question came up as to whether she was free from the old agreement with the dhobi before she came to us at all. This had been a betrothal which was looked upon almost in the same light as a Mahomedan marriage. As I did not know what to do about it I wrote to the Archdeacon for advice. He had written a book on divorce, and he replied that "according to 2 Cor. vii, 13 and 15, 'The woman which hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her let her not leave him—but if the unbelieving depart, a brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases'—" so that it would be right for Esther to marry, but that we must obtain a proper divorce according to Mahomedan law. I therefore wrote to the family at Partabgarh and asked for the man to come to Sultanpur.

He came and was quite ready to divorce Esther, and all we had to do was to ask the English Magistrate to come to the bungalow, assemble all the servants on the verandah, and the man had to declare three times, "I divorce you", "I divorce you", "I divorce you". It was not even necessary for Esther to be present.

Two or three years after her marriage her husband died of plague and later on she married again. She had one little girl by her first husband. The stepfather, who was very unsatisfactory, treated the child very badly, and she asked me to take her into the orphanage. I did this and she lived with us for some years, and was a very sweet girl, but very

delicate, and before she was twelve years old died of consumption.

Esther left Lucknow, and went to live in Calcutta with her second husband, and I heard no more of her. Until her marriage my sister, Mrs. Reid, supported her.

After this we gradually collected more orphan children, mostly boys, brought to us chiefly by the police, but a few girls, three of whom were mentally deficient. We refused no one. Before leaving England I had always been very interested in Doctor Barnardo's Homes, and had a wish to start something of the sort in India. Before my sister married in the summer of 1893 there must have been nearly twenty children—mostly boys—living in the large Indian house in the city, with the Catechist and his wife in charge of them. Two or three years afterwards the boys were all sent away to different boys' orphanages or Industrial Homes, and from that time we only took in girls. I remember sending eleven boys to the C.M.S. Orphanage at Sikandra. Some of them were dear little fellows and I was very sorry to part with them, but from this time onwards they became incorporated in the Missions to which they were sent.

Our chief concern, of course, for the first three years was learning the language, but we had one or two queer experiences such as would never happen to missionaries living in a large European station. For instance, we were told that a certain under-police official who was partly English was a widower with two young daughters about twelve and fifteen years of age—that he treated them very badly and that they were very unhappy. We wrote and asked the father if he would kindly allow the girls to spend Christmas with us. He agreed and they accordingly arrived on Christmas Eve. They seemed very nice girls but were almost in rags, and said at once that now they had come away they would never go back to their father again. We soon provided clothes for them and made them as happy as

we could, and prayed much that we might be guided about what to do with them.

They told us of the terrible way their father treated them, and also of threats of worse things he would do in the future. We asked if they had any other relations. The elder girl said they had an uncle living in Calcutta who was their mother's brother, and as she knew his address we persuaded her to write and tell him everything that she had told us. In the meantime the father was getting restive and said the girls must come back to him, as he had no one to do his housekeeping and cook for him. We begged him to let them stay, and promised to send him meals twice a day. The girls told us he was very fond of curry, so we had very specially nice curries made for him.

The English magistrate in charge of the station told us that if we kept the children any longer we were liable to be accused of kidnapping. We told him that nothing would induce us to give them up, and also that we hoped before long their uncle would arrive from Calcutta. To our great joy this happened a few days later. On receiving his niece's letter he started at once. He seemed a very nice, earnest Christian man and said he was most grateful to us for having befriended the girls, and was very thankful that they were with missionaries. I told him he had better go at once to the magistrate and acquaint him with all the details of the case. This he did, and came back and told us that after hearing everything, he said we were quite right to keep the girls. The uncle arranged to take them away the next day, and we planned that I was to drive them in my tum-tum across the bridge at about 11 a.m., when he would have a dák gári ready the other side of the river waiting for them. This I did, and we sent an especially nice curry to the father at the same time, so as to keep him happily employed while the escape took place!

That night my sister and I left for Allahabad to take our second examination in Urdu—and so we were away

about a week. We heard that the day after we left the father came to the bungalow and marched up and down storming with rage and vowing all sorts of vengeance on us, but before we came back the English magistrate had arranged for him to be transferred elsewhere. We received letters of grateful thanks from the uncle and the girls, who said they were very happy and well looked after in Calcutta by their mother's relations.

The journey to Allahabad was very different in those days to what it is now. There was no railway there and the only method of travelling was by dák gári. How can I describe a dák gári? It was more like a very old four-wheel cab used in London in the 'seventies and 'eighties than anything else, only the horses were generally skin and bone, and the harness broken in many places and tied up with odds and ends of rope and string. There was a sort of mattress put across the seats—anything but clean—and room to lie down. We took our own sheets, pillows and blankets. It was always difficult to get the horses to start at all, but finally, with the help of someone pushing the wheels, they generally dashed off at a gallop. Sometimes they stopped, tried to turn round, and put their heads in at the door! On this occasion we left after dinner at about 8 p.m. and expected to arrive at our destination, fifty-six miles distant, at 8 the next morning. But luck was against us, as when we reached the river Ganges, which we had to cross about three miles before arriving, we found that the bridge of boats had been broken for some barges, etc., to pass through, and we had to sit for two hours on the banks waiting for it to be closed up. There was some consolation in watching the very Indian scene just as the sun was rising. The many-coloured garments of the people, and the booths and stalls where food of various sorts and sweetmeats were sold were very picturesque. Finally, when the bridge was ready we were taken across in what was called a karánchi gári (I know no translation for it) but it

was a board about six feet square on two wheels surrounded by a railing. We were nearly bumped to death, but managed to survive and were met by another *dák gári* on the opposite bank and driven to our destination.

We were staying with some very charming C.M.S. missionaries who were kindness itself, and arranged for our examination to take place the next day.

It was a great relief to have passed our second examination at last, and feel that we could have a respite for a time from studying the language.

CHAPTER VI

WORK AT SULTANPUR—AND MARRIAGES OF MY SISTERS

DURING 1891 we remained at Sultanpur working in the villages, Zenanas and schools, and were there a whole year without going to the hills or leaving the station at all. Afterwards we realized that this had been a mistake, and that it would have been better for health's sake to have spent a month at some hill station. During this time several interesting Zenanas were visited. Sometimes when Mr. Baumann, the C.M.S. Missionary from Faizabad, paid his monthly visit to Sultanpur, we went out with him to distant places and talked to the women while he was preaching to the men.

One day my sister went with him to a place called Hassanpur—about five miles from Sultanpur—a large village containing several thousand inhabitants. The Raja of Hassanpur, to whom the whole place belonged, had become—or rather his forefathers had—a convert to Mahomedanism when the country was conquered by the Moslems in the time of Akbar. After Mr. Baumann had finished speaking to the men and my sister had been talking to the women, a boy came up to her and asked if she would come and visit his mother who was of higher caste than the ordinary villager, and not allowed to come outside her Zenana.

My sister went at once and sang *bhagans* and read the Bible and talked to her and to several other women. One asked her if she would come again and see her when she returned to Sultanpur. This she promised to do and took

her address. After this my sister visited her regularly and taught her to read well enough to read the Bible. She could read a little before this, and always seemed extremely interested, and drank in the gospel message, and expressed a firm faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; she tried also to influence others.

She told my sister she had visions of the Lord Jesus Christ, especially at one time when she was rather seriously ill. She said that she had prayed to Him and saw Him standing by her bed, and He said to her " You will recover ". After this she at once felt much better and was sure that He had healed her.

Another time she and her mother were alone in the house, and they had no water and no means of getting any, as they were unable to go outside. She prayed about this, and her Hindu mother prayed with her, and soon after a knock came at the door. She opened it and found a strange *Bhisti* (water carrier) with his *mashak* (skin filled with water) outside. He offered to give her some water. She felt sure this was an answer to her prayer.

She became so confirmed in her faith that her husband realized that unless he did something to prevent her she would become a Christian, so he took her away to Kurwar, another large village with a raja in possession, about twenty-five miles from Sultanpur. My sister managed, with the help of an extra horse lent her by the doctor in the station, to drive out and see her, but she was not allowed to see her alone. Her name was Duarka Dé.

Some years later when my sister was married, Duarka Dé's young son came to me one day and said that his mother was in Sultanpur again, but very ill, and not likely to live, and wanted to see me. The relations made no objection to my seeing her as she was dying, and I prayed with her and talked to her, and her faith seemed as certain as ever, though I fancy she had suffered a good deal of persecution. She died a few days afterwards.

During this year we had the pleasure of a visit from the Hon. Mrs. Waller and the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird, who were visiting all the Mission Stations of the Z.B.M.M., and in spite of the difficulties of getting to Sultanpur (thirty-six miles from any railway station at that time, and the great discomfort of travelling in the ramshackle *dák gáris* which were the only mode of progression then) were undeterred from coming to see us. We took them out in our tum-tums every day and showed them all the work. Mrs. Waller generally went with my sister, and Miss Kinnaird with me.

We also asked some of the English people to dinner to meet them, and they played tennis with them in the Club gardens in the evening. This I think was Miss Kinnaird's first visit to India. At that time the jail was occupied by a criminal tribe (the Sansias) who had been accused of many murders and thefts and in spite of the punishment of some of the individuals, seemed to be quite incorrigible. The then Lieutenant Governor of the U.P. decided to try the experiment of imprisoning the whole tribe, and fixed upon Sultanpur, where there was a large jail which had formerly been barracks, as a good place for their internment.

After their arrival he came to Sultanpur to see them. We had before this met him at Naini Tal. He asked us if we would visit the women and see that they were well cared for, but only on the condition that we did not attempt in any way to influence them to become Christians. After much thought and prayer we decided that we could not agree to do this, as our only aim in coming to India had been to preach the gospel. Afterwards he wrote me a very nice letter, which I still have, in which he said that although he was unable to ask us to talk to them of Christ he hoped we might have done this work for the sake of Christ.

Whether we were right or wrong it would have taken up a great deal of our time when we might have been preaching the gospel to others. We went to see the women

occasionally, and found there was a very good matron in charge, who looked after the cleanliness, etc., as well as possible. Also, one day the doctor allowed us to show them magic lantern slides of the life of Christ. They were always very unhappy and discontented, and there was great wailing and weeping when their children were taken away from them and sent to schools where it was hoped they would learn trades, and become civilized and self supporting.

I remember one day the English people were all assembling at the Church for the afternoon service in English, which the Deputy Commissioner always read when a clergyman was not present, when someone arrived from the jail saying that four men had escaped. The service was given up and all the men at once drove off to the jail. The four prisoners all got away and managed to reach the frontier of Nepal without being caught.

The whole experiment was not successful, many died from enforced captivity, and later on it was found advisable to let them out. Here the Salvation Army came in, and were so wonderfully successful in reforming these and other tribes that for many years now the Government has allowed them to work in their own way amongst them. No doubt they have done wonders.

In the autumn of 1891 my eldest sister, who had been in England nearly a year, returned to India. She came out with some friends who were coming to Calcutta, and we went there to meet her. We were staying with some well-known C.E.Z.M. Missionaries who were extremely kind, and showed us some of the sights of Calcutta, and we were taken in a launch to meet the ship. It was very nice being all together again, and after a few days in Calcutta we all started off for Sultanpur. My eldest sister was delighted with the bungalow, and the lovely view, and said it felt like coming home. She had stayed with several relations in England, and had also spent a good deal of her time at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, learning more about nursing.

It must have been November when she arrived and she was soon again asked to help in nursing cases of typhoid in Faizabad and other places, so we did not see much of her all that winter.

At that time every Sunday evening most of the English people in the station came to our bungalow after dinner and we all sang hymns. We sang dozens of hymns, everybody choosing their favourites.

About April in 1892 we were all together in Sultanpur when my youngest sister developed typhoid fever. It is supposed she got it from drinking water from a well which had not been cleaned out since the rainy season. Our ignorance of matters of this sort was deplorable, and when the water was analysed it was found to be so full of germs that it was not fit for washing in. Afterwards we learned that wells in India must be thoroughly cleaned out two or three times a year, and disinfectants put down every month. Also the water always boiled and filtered. One has to see this done oneself as the Indian servants cannot be trusted to do it, and do not see any necessity for it. When one realizes how important it is and gets into the way of doing it, it is not much trouble. My eldest sister and I always drank bottled lemonade or soda water, so we managed to escape.

For three or four weeks we nursed my youngest sister and the doctor was very attentive. By the middle of May she was well enough to go to the Hills. We decided that my eldest sister would take her to Naini Tal, and that I should go home as I was very much run down.

This was agreed upon principally because Mr. Durrant, whom my youngest sister had met in Faizabad the first year we arrived in India, wrote and proposed to her. We knew that they had both been much attracted to each other, although nothing definite had been settled between them. Mr. Durrant was a widower with three children, all in England, and had been a C.M.S. Missionary for several

years in India. He was able to get leave and be at Naini Tal for part of the time while my sisters were there.

I was at home for five months, and before I came out to India again they were married and living in Allahabad. He had been appointed C.M.S. Secretary for the U.P. Though living in Allahabad they had to travel about a good deal, visiting all the different C.M.S. Mission Stations. Four years afterwards they went home to England and did not return, as Mr. Durrant was appointed Indian Secretary for the C.M.S. in London.

While I was in England I stayed most of the time with my married sister, Mrs. Burra, who lived in Yorkshire, but I also spent two weeks at a Nursing Home undergoing a rest cure. For one week I went again to Keswick Convention. On my return to Sultanpur my sister joined me and stayed with me till her marriage in 1903. During that winter she was asked several times to go to Faizabad and nurse cases of typhoid. While at Naini Tal in the summer of 1902 she also did a good deal of nursing—and while in charge of the case of someone high up in the Indian Civil Service she first met Mr. Reid, a friend of his, who kindly offered to come and sit up at night with him. My youngest sister and I had already met Mr. Reid, as, being the senior member of the Board of Revenue, he had to camp out at all the principal stations of the U.P., inspecting the work of Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners, etc. In this capacity he had visited Sultanpur, and when camping in the Lyall Park near our bungalow came to call on us. We had a great admiration for him and wrote and told my eldest sister, who was at home, about him. During the spring of 1903 he again visited Sultanpur on the same quest, and we saw more of him, and shortly afterwards he wrote and proposed to my eldest sister.

Before this she had nursed two daughters of the Commissioner of the District, who had also camped in the Lyall Park on a tour of inspection. While there, the

daughters, who had lately left school and come out to India to their parents, developed typhoid fever. My sister being on the spot at once undertook to nurse them. The elder of the two recovered first and was able to be moved to our bungalow while convalescing. After this my sister again undertook three cases in Faizabad, and while there became engaged to Mr. Reid. I don't remember much of what happened in the interval before her marriage in July, except that the roof of the bungalow we were in became very unsafe, and as the owner refused to repair it I decided to buy it, and have never regretted doing so, as I always loved it and the glorious view and the work I was doing, and have continued to care for it more and more. I felt sure that I was still called to work in Sultanpur, so no doubt of the wisdom of buying the bungalow entered my head.

Up to that time we were receiving no financial help for the work from the Home Committee, as living all together we were able to support it ourselves, but all the same, as I look back, I think they were very lenient in allowing us to go our own way so much. I do not remember ever consulting them at all as to the advisability of starting an orphanage, or doing anything else we felt an impulse to do, and since I have left India and been on the Home Committee and seen how the missionaries in other stations write home about every detail of the work, I realize how difficult it must have been for the Home Committee to take in much about the work at Sultanpur, and am not surprised at misunderstandings which occasionally occurred.

A new Deputy Commissioner had by this time arrived in Sultanpur. Sir Auckland Colvin had told my sister that he was sending someone whom he was sure we should like, and that he would be five years in the station, as he was to do the settlement of the District. This meant a re-adjustment of the Revenue, which is done every thirty years, and requires a particularly capable official. Mr. Brownrigg was accordingly selected, and he certainly fulfilled our hopes,

as he was most friendly to the aspirations of the mission work, and helped at all times as much as it was possible for a Government official (without transgressing the decree of not attempting to influence the religion of the Indians) to do. He put up Mr. Reid and his friends for the wedding, one of whom was afterwards Sir Harcourt Butler, Governor of the U.P., then a young civilian who had only been in India two or three years.

Mr. Reid was a Presbyterian, and although he asked permission for the Presbyterian Minister to hold the service in the English Church, his request was not granted, so the wedding had to take place in our drawing-room. Only the few English officials resident in Sultanpur, my sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Durrant, and Mr. Reid's friends, were present at the ceremony, after which the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon, which was to be a tour in the Himalayas near Naini Tal. They ended up at Mr. Reid's house right in Naini Tal, where he lived during the summer months. In October they left India for a three months' tour in Egypt, and on their return camped again in the Lyall Park, at Sultanpur, for his yearly inspection. Afterwards I went out in camp with them for a fortnight, and Mr. Reid allowed me to take and show in some of the villages where we camped a magic lantern with slides of the Life of Christ. Two or three times he himself explained the pictures. That Christmas, 1893, we were all together again in Allahabad and had a very happy time.

About three weeks after my sister's marriage I went up to Simla to stay in a flat with a friend, and ten days after I arrived developed typhoid fever and had to be taken to a hospital. It was an extremely mild case, although a typical case of typhoid, and I was only in bed for a fortnight though afterwards phlebitis in my knee caused a good deal of trouble and I was unable to go back to Sultanpur for three months. In the meantime it had been arranged for two sisters, the Misses Thomson, honorary missionaries,

him for some time and asked him if he would like me to visit his wife, and teach her to read and do some different kinds of needlework. He was quite glad for me to do this. The first time I paid her a visit her husband met me on the verandah and took me into the Zenana (women's quarters). His wife was standing at one end of the room with her back to us, and while he remained talking to me she did not move. After a time he said, " I am sorry that according to our customs, as long as I am present my wife cannot show her face or talk to you so I will now depart ".

She was a very fair, charming looking woman and seemed quite pleased to see me, and said she would like very much to learn to read and to knit.

I agreed to come twice a week to see her and teach this, and also give her a Bible lesson and sing bhagans (Hindoo hymns) to her. She had an image of Ganesh in a recess in the wall, so I asked her if this was the idol she worshipped. With a sigh she told me " Yes ", but that she did not believe in him much. I asked her how she worshipped him, and she said she washed him and walked round and round him, and cooked rice, etc., for him, and that some people who were very devout went on doing this for two or three hours—though she admitted that she herself had not reached such a stage of devotion. Ganesh, who is a repulsive looking object, and has an elephant's head and a man's body, is supposed to be the god of all the little imps who try to prevent your doing what you want to do, i.e. if you are cooking and have not worshipped Ganesh enough the food will probably get burnt, or if you are working your thread will get into knots and your needles break. If you are going on a journey you will miss the train and everything will go wrong with you, therefore it behoves you to spend a good deal of your time in trying to please Ganesh.

I asked her, among other things, if she had ever been so unfortunate as to kill an animal? She replied " Oh,

yes ! a dreadful thing happened to me once ; I was running out of a room and banged the door, and a mouse was caught in the hinge and killed. I was very frightened, as I knew I had committed a great sin, so I sent for the Brahmin Priests and asked them what I had better do about it. They said that if I gave all the Brahmin Priests a good dinner they would pray for me, and then everything would be all right ". Then she told me that at another time a cow had died in their house. This disturbed them very much, as a cow is such a very sacred animal that it is considered more wicked to kill one than to kill a man. They again sent for the Brahmin Priests, and were told that if they had the body of the cow carried to the river Ganges and thrown in all would be well. They accordingly sent for coolies and had this done, although the river Ganges was fifty-six miles from their home. She had a little girl of about seven or eight years old and a boy of about three. I asked her if the girl was married, as often girls of high caste are married by the time they are seven years old. She said " No, she is not married because when she was born we sent for the Brahmin Priests to tell us her horoscope and they said—' this child will die when she is nine years old so it is of no use for you to spend a large sum of money on her dowry and get her married, for she will die very soon afterwards '." I felt sorry for the child, who was listening all the time to our conversation. I said, " But you don't really believe what the priests tell you, do you ? " She replied " Oh, yes, because we once had a beautiful little boy and we sent for them to tell us about his future and they said, ' It is of no use for you to spend money on all sorts of rejoicings at his birth for he will not live '. We did not believe what they said and we gave a large dinner and spent a great deal of money in entertaining all our friends, and very soon afterwards he died, so now we always believe what the Brahmin Priests tell us ! "

I have written the above to show what a tremendous

influence the Brahmin Priests have over the homes of the Hindoos in India; nothing important is done without consulting them. I taught this woman and her old mother-in-law who lived with them for about two years regularly. She learnt to read enough to read a translation of *Peep of Day*, and also parts of the gospels, and liked to hear the *bhagans* I used to sing to them. One *bhagan* they were especially fond of, and always asked me to sing it. The first verse and chorus can be translated :—

> " Jesus Christ is the Saviour of my soul
> If any sinner comes to Him He will give
> him salvation."

After this the Judge was moved to another station, but I am sure that though his wife did not openly express her faith in Christ, she had a real belief in Him, and with a Bible to read she would never be the same as though she had not heard.

When I was thinking of building a small orphanage I consulted the Judge—husband of this woman—about it, and he took a great interest in it and helped me very much. I told him I wanted it built in quite Indian fashion, that is with a courtyard open to the sky in the middle and verandahs and rooms all round. He made a design and found a contractor and while the building was being put up went nearly every day to see that it was being properly done.

It consisted of a porch with a room on each side, one where stores of rice, etc., were kept, and the other a large room for the Matron. Three long verandahs where the children slept and had their food, and also their lessons sitting on the floor, and two rooms leading out of the verandahs opposite the porch, one for the babies, and one for another teacher, bathrooms, etc., and a cook house. It was very primitive, but almost luxurious in comparison with ordinary Indian houses. I said to the Judge, " will this be warm enough for them in cold weather ? " and he

replied, " Well, it is just like what we have for our children", and he was a rich man. My idea in those days was to keep to Indian customs as much as possible. The only furniture required was matting to sleep on (no bedsteads) a box each where the children kept their belongings, two or three blankets each which were all folded up in one heap in the day time, brass plates to eat from and brass lotahs to drink from and that was all.

I can never forget the delight of the children when they came from the City to their new quarters. They thought it was like Paradise. I used to go to the school early every morning for prayers and then gave two or three Bible classes —divided according to the ages of the children. They learnt the stories in the first chapters of Genesis and a shortened form of the ten commandments, a few facts of the Life of Christ and several texts and hymns. All Indian children are very quick at learning by heart. The Matron Priscilla taught them reading and writing and a little arithmetic. In the afternoon they came up and played games in the Bungalow compound. Three days in the week after prayers I went out to visit zenanas and villages. One morning I went down to the orphanage and found great dismay because white ants had come up through the mud floors in the night, and while the children were asleep eaten in some cases half their blankets. Afterwards the floors, all the woodwork and about three feet of the wall had to be tarred, as tar is the only means of keeping away white ants.

Soon after the orphanage was built the Archdeacon of Lucknow, Mr. Brooke Deedes, paid a visit to Sultanpur and stayed with Mr. Brownrigg, who, was now married, which was nice for us. I asked the Archdeacon to hold a consecration service in the new Orphanage, which he very kindly consented to do. One of the Psalms chosen was, " Except the Lord build the house their labour is in vain that built it ".

After this, as soon as the girls were able to read and write and do a little arithmetic I sent them on to a Middle Standard Wesleyan school in Faizabad. Some of those first girls remained at that school six years, returning to Sultanpur for their holidays, and were married from there. I have often since regretted that I sent them away from Sultanpur at all, it would have been better to have started a middle school of our own at once.

The Misses Thompson were very interested in the children and very fond of them. They helped me in very many ways, and when I went home in 1896 for six months they took charge in my absence.

On my return, Miss Reid, my brother-in-law's sister, came with me and helped me with the work in Sultanpur (while the Misses Thompson moved to another station). She did the housekeeping and kept all the Mission accounts. She also employed a Bible woman and visited all the villages anywhere near Sultanpur, walking herself and the Bible woman accompanying her in a Palki-gári. She was a tremendous walker, and seemed to think nothing of a five mile walk in the evening after her return from the villages. She had quite a dispensary of medicines which she made up herself from recipes from a book on Indian Bazaar medicines. She did not attempt to talk the language, but directed the Bible woman as to what subject she was to speak about.

She is still remembered in the villages round Sultanpur.

After one year and in the following summer the rains almost entirely failed, and we knew that famine conditions must inevitably prevail. During the winter Miss Reid was taken ill with an internal complaint and had to remain in bed for several weeks. Finally the doctor at Sultanpur ordered her to return to England for an operation, which she accordingly did in the spring of 1897. Before she left the famine began, and one could not go outside the grounds of the bungalow without meeting almost naked starving people.

As I look back now I shiver when I recall the horrors of that year, horrors that are quite impossible now with the very different conditions brought about by the English Government and the numerous railways by which grain grown in other parts of India can quickly be brought to a famine area. Also, as soon as it is seen that the monsoon will fail, advances (taqavi) are made to the farmers for digging wells, which can be easily made, and the water used for irrigating the land and so saving some of the crops. I have twice passed through a time of so-called famine since 1897, and in many ways so much was done to help the peasant farmers that they were really better off—especially the old people—than in ordinary times.

To go back to the famine of 1897—there was practically no rain at all. The English Magistrate at once started a relief work, which was to consist of a big drain extending for about a quarter of a mile from the city to the river, and so doing much to cleanse and purify the town. When the Lieutenant Governor came to Sultanpur on a tour of inspection of Relief Works he much commended the Deputy Commissioner, saying it was the best he had seen.

Thousands of men and women were employed in excavating the channel for the drain. They dug out the sandy soil carrying it away in baskets on their heads. Also stores were opened where grain could be bought much more cheaply than from the Banyas in the bazaar.

I asked if there was anything I could do to help, and the D.C. suggested that I should start dinners for the children of the people on the relief works, who were too young to earn in this way for themselves. I wrote home and asked friends to help me by sending contributions, and was able to collect rather more than a hundred pounds. This was enough to feed from two hundred and fifty to five hundred children a day for about two months during the worst part of the scarcity.

The Deputy Commissioner had an exclosure put up

for me near my bungalow, and I got all the servants to help to cook and distribute the food, which consisted of one large meal a day of rice and *dal* (lentils).

The children all sat on the ground in rows, and were given bowls made of leaves pinned together with bits of stick, bought in the bazaar for almost nothing, as plates. When they were all seated I said grace, and in response they clapped their hands. Two or three of our servants distributed the food.

One day when they were all seated I saw a big boy come in of about fourteen years of age. I went up to him and said that the dinners were for children under ten, and that he must go to the relief works and earn for himself—I pushed him out of the entrance and then found that he was covered with smallpox. Fortunately I had on some old gloves which I was able to burn, but when I looked round I found that there were several other children covered with smallpox.

The next day I had a separate enclosure put up for the smallpox children, and my Syce, who was very badly marked with smallpox, waited on them. Rather more than twenty came regularly and they did not seem to be very ill. No doubt the very hot sun at that time—the end of April—acted as a disinfectant and prevented the spread of the disease. Also I got a vaccinator from the hospital, and no one was allowed to come into the dinners without being vaccinated. In that way more than a hundred children were inoculated.

There is a curious belief amongst Hindoos about smallpox. They say the goddess of smallpox, Sitala, is very pleased if her votaries try to spread it as much as possible, so they wash patients in water, dig a hole in a frequented road where many people are constantly passing to and fro, and pour the water into it, hoping that people passing over the hole will catch the infection, and Sitala will be so pleased with them that they will not take the disease.

The goddess of cholera also has to be propitiated in a peculiar manner. I was once staying out in camp for a

holiday and rest with Mr. and Mrs. Way, the then English magistrate at Sultanpur and his wife. Cholera was raging in the district and all our water was sent out daily from Headquarters, although we were sometimes fifty miles away. Occasionally on entering a village we saw under a large tree a miniature charpai (bed), swing, bullock cart and plate of rice. We asked the meaning of this, and they told us that if the goddess of cholera came to the village and found that these preparations had been made for her—i.e. a bed to sleep on, food to eat, a swing to amuse herself with, and a bullock cart to go away in—she would be so pleased that she would not enter the village.

One evening we walked down to the river, intending to cross over in a ferry boat and continue our walk on the other side, but when we reached the river we found it full of corpses of people who had died of cholera, so we returned to the camp without crossing the river. The sun was just setting on the opposite side and the view indescribable.

Another morning I was in my tent, Mr. and Mrs. Way had gone for a ride, when I heard a great noise and shouting amongst the servants, as a mad dog was rushing about between the tents under the trees. The children were playing outside with two or three little dogs who were with us—the mad dog bit all the little dogs, but was hunted out of the camp without touching the children. That afternoon the pet dogs had to be all taken off and shot, as they would have been almost certain to develop hydrophobia. It was very sad hearing the shots fired, but these sort of things are of constant occurrence in India. This incident happened two or three years later than the famine.

To go back to 1897—during the famine the orphanage was quite filled up, and if there had been room for them we could have rescued many more children, but at that time we could only take in thirty altogether. People say that Indians are not grateful, but although I have had many instances of this, it is by no means always the case.

A few years ago, before I retired, I was walking along a road and met a woman who smiled and salaamed, and I spoke to her and said, " Do you know me ? " She answered and said, " Of course I know you, Miss Sahib, you saved all our children in the famine." Two years ago I went out to India for the very distressing task of finally closing the orphanage (of late years called a school) and disposing of the buildings, the principal people in the city said they wanted to have a meeting in the Victoria Manzil (an Indian Club) to say farewell to me as they had known me for more than thirty years. I promised to come though I did not remember having seen any of them before and did not understand why they wished it. However, Mrs. Hyde, the Anglo-Indian matron, who worked with me for so many years, and I went at their request. The Hall was partly lighted with not very many people in it, as it was a bazaar day, otherwise they told me many more would have come. The usual garlands were put round my neck by children dressed up for the purpose, and two or three Indian men made speeches in which they said that in the famine of 1897 *they* were some of the children whose lives had been saved by the dinners started for them during the time of great scarcity. I felt rather touched at their remembering what had occurred so many years ago, and tried to explain that it was at the suggestions of the English Magistrate then in charge of the station that it had been done. I feel sure that if at that time we had had several workers and could have visited the villages all round Sultanpur we should have found the people very responsive.

I was living alone all the next summer until Miss Reid returned in the autumn, but having such nice English people as Mr. and Mrs. Brownrigg living so near me, and whom I saw every day, I did not feel lonely.

Miss Reid's operation had been quite successful, and she came back full of life and energy. I was a good deal run down with two rather hard years, and had had malaria

Three centre figures—REBECCA, her husband and sister Faith; three sons, three step-daughters, etc.

once or twice, so rather early in the spring I went home, travelling with my friend, Miss Cowie, who lived in Faizabad. Her father, Colonel Cowie, engaged a whole second-class carriage for us, so we travelled down to Bombay very comfortably. Soon after we got on board I had a bad shivering attack, and knew that I was in for malaria again —in fact I was very ill all the way home.

After my arrival in England I continued having attacks every month, so was not allowed to go back to India for a year and a half, but Miss Reid gave up her work in the villages, and spent her time in looking after the Orphanage.

She also had a very trying year, as after the rainy season began a huge lump of mud fell down from the roof in her bedroom and only escaped falling on her by a few inches. Before leaving I had reminded her to get the roof examined before the rains started, but she forgot this till too late. Anyhow, it was found that the roof was in very bad repair and must be entirely renewed. Miss Reid suffered great discomfort all that year, as she lived in the house while the work was being done, and I was very worried about her. She decided to leave for good as soon as I came back, and go home by Australia, in order to visit a married brother and his family who were living there. Accordingly a few days after I arrived she left for good amidst many lamentations from the children, who were very fond of her.

While in England after I recovered from malaria I had paid many visits to all my married sisters and friends, and stayed for some time with my school friend, Mrs. Llewellin. I told her that I should like to build another orphanage the same size as the first to hold thirty more children. I had no thought of her giving the money for this at the time, but before I left England she sent me a cheque which was enough for the second building, so I returned to India with great joy in the autumn of 1899 feeling sure that it was God's will that I should do this.

CHAPTER VIII

ACCOUNTS OF SOME GIRLS SAVED IN THE FAMINE

ON September 1st, 1897, eleven children arrived in a camel cart, having been collected by a Missionary in Faizabad. I will now give accounts of some of these and others who came to the orphanage during the famine of 1897.

Angani was so called because she was born in an Angan, i.e. courtyard. She is mentally deficient and could never learn to read, but is a good, happy, useful girl and can still cook and grind corn, and look after small children.

Bittan was brought to us from the Balrampur district having been deserted by her family. When she grew older she was sent to a Zenana Hospital and trained as a nurse. I always heard that her work in this capacity was excellent. Later she married a Catechist of the C.M.S. in Jabbalpore, who shortly afterwards died of plague. She has since married again.

Dilmania was sent to us from Tanda by Miss Gault. She became an excellent Kindergarten teacher after having been trained by Miss Hamling, who worked with me at Sultanpur for three years. Later on she married an S.P.G. school teacher and lived for some time in Bombay. They both, when the Mission in Bombay was closed, came back to Sultanpur, where the husband found work in the City, and Dilmania we gladly put on again as Kindergarten teacher in the school. She is still working in Sultanpur for the American Mission.

Esther Budhia was brought to me by the Catechist of Partabgarh (a station twenty miles from Sultanpur). After

being in the school for some years she was sent to a Zenana Hospital and trained as a nurse. She was married from there to a farmer living amongst a community of Christian cultivators at Annfield. The last I heard of her was that she has a large family of children, now mostly grown up.

Maharagia, sent to me from Partabgarh in 1897, was always a very satisfactory girl, and was the first to pass the Government Examination after we made the Orphanage a Middle School. Her marriage was unhappy and she died of influenza in Cawnpore.

Rachel was brought from Lucknow by Mr. Hensley, a C.M.S. missionary. She was always a very good girl, but through some misunderstanding with the Indian matron she was sent away from Sultanpur to an Industrial Home at Nigohan and married there to a Catechist in Agra. She worked as a Bible woman in Agra till the death of her husband, and was then trained as a nurse for three years. After this she became Head Nurse in the Government Hospital at Gorakhpore, and supported her little girl whom she has had well educated at the Normal School, Benares. She is now living in Gorakhpore and doing private nursing. About four years ago I saw her in Gorakhpore while she was still Head Nurse of the Government Hospital. I asked her to show me over the hospital, but she said, " We have only one woman patient now because Mahatma Ghandi came here a few months ago and told the people not to come to the English Hospital when they were ill but to send for some Indian medical man, who would treat them in Indian fashion. This woman had been ill and in the hospital before the order was given. She had a picture of Ghandi hanging over her bed. Rachel had sung to her and talked to her, and she liked listening to hymns and Bible lessons, and said she would like us to pray for her to get well—which we accordingly did. She seemed very fond of Rachel.

Bari Ruth, September 1st, 1897. Sent from Lucknow by

Miss Spackman. Always a very good, steady girl. She was married, November, 1911, to Thurlow Victor, Clerk in C.M.S. College, Gorakhpore. She now lives near the Christian village of Basharatpore, and has a family of two girls and five boys.

Rhoda, November, 1897. Sent to us by Mr. Gordon, the D.S.P. at Sultanpur, was always a good and interesting girl. She married a Schoolmaster in the S.P.G. Mission at Moradabad in January, 1915, and died in December of the same year of consumption.

Shanti, August 1st, 1897. Sent from Tanda by Miss Gault; she was trained as a nurse in St. Catherine's Hospital, Cawnpore, and Kinnaird Hospital, Lucknow—sent away from the latter for giving opium to a baby. She died much later at Cawnpore of consumption, November, 1915.

Naomi, February, 1897. Sold by mother for about 4 annas in the famine to Miss Abraham, of Jaunpur—who sent her to me. After reading up to the fourth standard she was passed on to the Norman School, Benares, and did well there, but she had very bad eyesight, so could not continue studying. Afterwards she made an excellent teacher of younger classes at Sultanpur—all her girls always passed to a higher standard in the examinations. She was married, not very happily, to a man living in Sultanpur, and died last year, having become slightly demented.

Rebecca and her sister *Faith* arrived August 1st, 1897; sent by Miss Tulloch from Jaunpur.

Rebecca must have been eleven or twelve years of age on her arrival. Her little sister of three years had contracted pneumonia on the journey and very nearly died. Rebecca helped me to nurse her and others who were ill with fever. She was always a most reliable girl and had a good influence in the school as she grew older. She told me afterwards that it was during her preparation for confirmation that she first gave her heart to the Lord and found real faith and joy in Him. About nine years after she came to us she

married Mr. Gideon, then a catechist in Jubbalpore, but who has now for many years been ordained as a clergyman in the C.M.S., and is working in Balrampore, a native State of Rajputana. He had been married before, and had three daughters, two of whom studied medicine at Ludhiana and one is married. Rebecca has had three sons, who are all at St. John's College in Agra. I saw them all about three years ago, and they are getting on splendidly. Last week I heard from Rebecca that the eldest, who is called Spurgeon, because when he was born his father and mother were reading Spurgeon's sermons (they still hope that some day he will be able to preach like Spurgeon) will be taking his final M.A. examination next spring, and she asks me to pray for him, reminding me that he is my godson. We had a long talk when I last saw him, and discussed what he was to be, but he said that whatever he did his first work must be to win others to Christ.

Faith, Rebecca's sister, has had rather a sad history, though I feel in giving a true description of work in India we must not leave out the difficult cases. She was a charming, intelligent little girl, and was always satisfactory till she grew up, passing examinations well, and with a very sweet disposition. During the war, for two years the lady in charge while I went home was very devoted to Faith, and she arranged for her to go to the Medical School at Ludhiana to learn to be a compounder. It meant two years' training, and because it was so far away from Sultanpur, and the difficulty of getting backwards and forwards for the holidays, I was doubtful of the wisdom of sending her there. The Christian influence and training was everything to be desired, so I made no protest. She had nearly finished her course quite satisfactorily, and had spent her holidays with her sister, Mrs. Gideon, at Bharatpore. I had returned from England and taken over charge again when I heard that Faith was going to Bharatpore for her holidays. For some reason I felt very worried about her, and had a presenti-

ment that she was in danger, so I telegraphed two days running to her brother-in-law, Mr. Gideon, asking him to go to Ludhiana to fetch her and not let her travel alone. He did not do this, thinking it was quite unnecessary, and she left Ludhiana by herself.

She had to change at Saharanpore and wait there for two or three hours. She went into the waiting-room and found it quite empty—the Ayah in charge having gone away for her dinner. She lay down on the sofa, when suddenly a Parsee guard came in, locked up all the doors, and the results were most disastrous. He carried her off to a carriage outside the station, and as they were driving away two Indian Christian men recognized Faith, as they were connected with the Mission in Ludhiana, and followed in another carriage. They made the guard give up Faith to them, and took her back to the station and put her into the train for Bharatpore. She was so ashamed at what had occurred that she said nothing about it to her sister—or to anyone else after her return to Ludhiana, until three months later when the results became obvious. Doctor Edith Brown, the Principal, was in England, but the lady in charge wrote and told me what had happened. I at once arranged for Faith to go to an American Mission Home for such cases, and sent someone to take Faith there. They were extremely kind and sympathetic, feeling that what had happened was not quite her fault, though perhaps if she had screamed someone might have come to her rescue. It occurred at a time of the day when the station was very empty. A little boy was born, who is a beautiful child, and her sister, Mrs. Gideon, has taken charge of him ever since.

Faith after this was working in the Women's Medical College at Agra, and taught compounding. I went there once or twice to see her. She worked well but was always sad. Later on she went to the Lady Hardinge Hospital, at Delhi, and learnt to be a Health Visitor. The last time I saw

her she was living in a nice bungalow by herself with two Indian women under her and a salary of 90 Rs. a month.

Her duty was to visit the Purdah (shut up) women in their Zenanas and make friends with them, so that when their babies were born they would send for her. She seemed much happier. After I had returned to England I heard that she was engaged to be married to a very nice Christian man working on the railway, and I believe this is quite a satisfactory marriage. I did not see her the last time I went to India, as I was only in Lucknow for a few hours and was not sure of her address.

Kalashpatti, November, 1896. Kalashpatti came to us just at the beginning of the famine. She was brought by a policeman, having been left behind by her relations when they came during a mela (religious fair) to bathe in the sacred part of the river Goomti just below our bungalow. She must have been ten or eleven years of age at that time. I think I see her now, an unprepossessing child, with a blind eye, standing on the verandah with the policeman who brought her. She said she had come with her relations from some far off village two or three days' journey beyond Gorakhpore to bathe in the river. They had evidently gone away and left her behind without taking any trouble to find her. Perhaps they were glad not to have an extra mouth to feed, especially an uninteresting girl whom it would be difficult to marry. Kalashpatti was of Brahmin caste, and said she had been to many places of pilgrimage all over India. She seemed intelligent to talk to. With some misgivings I put her into the Orphanage with the other children, and it was not long before complaints were made by the Matron to the effect that food and other things disappeared in an unaccountable way.

Before going to bed the children were always provided with Chapatties (flat whole meal cakes) to be eaten early in the morning. It seems that Kalashpatti went round when they were all asleep and collected the other children's

chapatties, and sometimes a whole heap was found hidden under a mat.

In other ways she became very difficult, and I felt it would be better to send her to a Reformatory for difficult girls run by an American Mission in Lucknow.

The matron of this establishment was an earnest Christian woman and she acquired a good influence over Kalashpatti. I visited her there once, and this matron told me that she used to come to her and say " please pray for me to-day because I feel as if I must steal ".

Unfortunately this matron was transferred elsewhere, and Kalashpatti returned to her old ways. One day she suddenly arrived again in Sultanpur with a note from the Superintendent of the Lucknow Reformatory saying they were unable to manage her.

Not long after this a cataract formed in her remaining eye and an operation was necessary.

She was taken to the hospital, and after the operation was over she was left bandaged up for a few minutes alone, when she promptly tore off the bandages, rubbed the eye, and became quite blind.

I sent for books in the blind character, and taught her to read, and she was so intelligent that in an almost incredibly short time she was able to read a text in turn with the other girls at prayers.

After this it seemed to be better to send her to a Blind Asylum where she could be taught to make mats, baskets, and all the other things by which blind people in India make a living. She accordingly went to a well-known Mission Blind Asylum in a cool climate about 3,000 ft. above the Plains at Rajpur (now 3 B.M.M.).

The Lady Superintendent was as sympathetic to her as the first matron in Lucknow had been, and as long as she was alive Kalashpatti was quite happy and good—but alas ! she died of cholera and the lady who took her place did not seem to understand her so well. Like all other girls

I have known of Brahmin caste, she was very resentful of being blamed for anything, so she made up her mind to run away. Being quite blind and having no money did not in the least deter her, and she started off one day, found her way down to the station three miles off, and was walking up and down the platform when a ticket collector came and asked her where she wanted to go. She replied that she wanted to go back to her own Miss Sahib at Sultanpur. He took her to his house, gave her food, bought her a ticket and put her into the train, and one night about 9 p.m. she suddenly arrived.

I cannot say I gave her a very warm welcome, but there was no help for it, and I put her to live in a little house in the compound, bought materials for mat making and set her to work. She knew how to make mats with very coarse string—quite useful for rubbing dust off shoes if placed outside doors in the verandahs. We sold a number of these and she almost supported herself.

She could spin raw cotton into thread to be sold in the bazaar, with the kind of rough spinning wheel Ghandi recommends so highly, and a model of which was carried in his procession when he was advocating non-co-operation with the British Government. She could also make nawar —a kind of very thick wide tape used for stringing across bedsteads. She could read and write easily in the Braille System, so there was no difficulty about her earning a living. She bought her own food and cooked it herself, could hem dusters with calyx-eyed needles, and was very anxious to go out in the villages and read the Bible to, and tell the people, about Jesus Christ. She seemed to have a real desire to win others to have faith in Him.

Being of Brahmin caste, people were very willing to listen to her, and she had quite a gift for explaining the way of salvation, so I arranged for someone to go with her to the near villages two or three times a week. One day she brought a man to me who had listened to her preaching

and reading, and he said that through what she said he was convinced of the truth of Christianity, and wished to become a Christian.

He was an educated Hindoo and a teacher in a Government school. After talking to him and finding him really in earnest I sent him to Mr. Qalandar, the Indian clergyman, living at Faizabad, who was in visiting charge of Sultanpur. He found him very real in his desire to learn more about Jesus Christ and after teaching him for two or three months baptized him. He told me afterwards that he looked on him as one of the best converts he had ever had. During the war he went as a coolie to Mesopotamia and used to send most of his earnings to Mr. Qalandar. The last I heard of him was that he was a master in a Christian school. During Mr. Qalandar's last illness he was with him continually, and waited on him till he died.

Soon after this I went home to England for a time, and the lady who took my place at Sultanpur found Kalashpatti difficult, so sent her away to another Blind Asylum in Amritzar. The Superintendent of this work arranged for her to be married to a blind man. They lived together for two or three years, and both, by teaching other blind people, supported themselves. Sometimes one of the American missionaries took Kalashpatti out in camp with her, to help talk and read to the people in the villages, which she found she could do very well.

While they were out in camp, some miles from the Station, the American lady contracted cholera and died, and Kalashpatti was quite alone with her for several hours —before anyone came to her help. At last she was able to find a mehteráni (woman sweeper) who sent someone to fetch one of the American missionaries.

When Kalashpatti returned to the station she found that her husband had been told, and believed, some quite untrue stories about her and had gone away and left her. She tried for some time to find him, but failed, and at last,

after travelling about to various places, returned to me at Sultanpur. For several years we heard no more of the husband. She again lived in the compound making mats, etc., as she had done before.

One day she came to me and said she would so much like to go back to the village beyond Gorakhpore from where she first came with her family to bathe in the river at Sultanpur. She hoped to find her brothers and get them to believe in Jesus Christ. She said she had saved enough money out of selling mats, etc., to pay for her journey, so that it would be no expense to me.

She seemed so capable and able to take care of herself that after some demur I consented, and as I was going to the Hills for a fortnight myself, we went to the station together and started off by trains going in different directions.

The day after I came back to Sultanpur, Kalashpatti also returned. All the people she had met in the trains had been very kind and helped her in getting in and out, etc. She had had to change twice going and coming, and after reaching Gorakhpore she had two days' journey to the distant village where her relations lived—by bullock cart. She had found her brothers and they had received her very kindly, but of course she was not allowed to eat with them. They listened when she talked to them about believing in Jesus Christ, but she found that the Arya Somaj sect, which is very anti-Christian, was very strong in the village, and when they heard of Kalashpatti they tried to persuade her to give up Christianity and return to Hinduism, and they were so persistent that she was afraid they would shut her up and prevent her returning to Sultanpur, so she managed to get away in the night. I think it was always a consolation to her to feel that she had done her best to win her brothers, although she had been unsuccessful.

After this for some time she went on living in the compound in her own little house. Other teachers who were visiting Zenanas and city schools under the lady who

was in charge of this part of the work, lived also in houses in the compound, and they did not always get on very well with Kalashpatti. No doubt there were faults on both sides. Anyhow, one day there seemed to be unusual disturbances, and as Kalashpatti was not very well I arranged for her to sleep in my room and thought I would keep her separate for a few days. She had a mattress on the floor. One night just before going to bed she said to me "Will you take care of some money and my silver bangles for me?" I said "Yes", and she gave me seven rupees which I locked up in the safe, also some bangles. Then she said "May I sleep in the next room?" and I, thinking she did not like the punkah, helped her to pull the mattress into the next room through the door which opened between. Then she said "Will you kiss me to-night?" So I kissed her and we both went to bed.

I was waked up the next morning at five o'clock by hearing the pealing of the Orphanage bell. It seemed to ring more persistently than usual as if it wanted to tell me something. All the time I was dressing I seemed to keep on hearing it calling, and if I had only gone out then I might have been saved much subsequent distress. I noticed while dressing that Kalashpatti was not in the next room, but thought nothing of that as she often went out to her own room early in the morning. I was hardly dressed when there was a great banging at the door and the punkah coolie called out, "There is someone down the well". He had gone to the well to say his prayers, and had heard sounds which made him realize that someone had fallen down—also a chudder was left on the stones outside. I said get ropes and a bucket, and all the men in the compound, and rushed out. I made two men with a big basket go down the well and they dragged Kalashpatti up. She was breathing but quite unconscious. The doctor who lived in the next compound came in about two minutes and after doing artificial respiration for some time brought

her round. The first thing she said was, "If I had only gone a little earlier it would have been all right", and she told me that as she was on the way to the well she heard the Orphanage bell ringing, and that she held on to a pole which was put across the mouth of the well until she heard the punkah coolie's footsteps. Then she dropped and knew nothing more until the doctor brought her round.

It was some time before I could get her to realize how wrong it was to take her own life. I suppose for generations her ancestors had committed suttee on the death of their husbands, and been looked up to in consequence, and surely heredity is a factor that always has to be considered. At last, when she came to understand that if we belong to the Christian religion we think that it is almost as wrong to take our own lives as to kill anyone else, she was very repentant and prayed earnestly for forgiveness. She had a wonderful gift in prayer. Extempore prayer seems to be very easy to all Indian Christians, but I never knew any who seemed quite so real in their petitions as Kalashpatti.

She still went on living in the compound, working and going out sometimes to the villages. She felt her blindness terribly.

Nearly every evening she used to come and sit on the verandah and talk to me, and tell me most interesting things about her former life. She had visited with her Brahmin priest relations nearly all the principal places of pilgrimage in India.

One afternoon the servants came to me and said that Kalashpatti could not be found. There seemed nothing to be done—it was getting late—we could only pray that she might be kept from harm. I must say I felt very anxious all that night, and was very thankful when at about eight o'clock the next morning a servant arrived in charge of her having brought her back from Allahabad.

I never knew quite what her idea was when she went away that time—she had had more disputes with the

teachers and was certainly rather mystified in her brain. It seems that she had walked to the station and taken a ticket to Allahabad and arrived there at 11 p.m. Being blind, of course it made no difference to her whether it was day or night. She took an ekka (a small country cart) and told the driver to take her to the river Ganges. He said it was too late to take her there that night, and he put her out in the middle of what is called the Katra Bazaar. She was left there standing alone in the middle of the bazaar at 11 p.m. Could anything have been more dangerous? And then the most surprising thing occurred—a lady returning from a dinner party, who had been to stay with us at Sultanpur passed in her carriage, and saw Kalashpatti standing there. She recognized her, stopped the carriage, got out and asked her why she was there, and if she had run away from Sultanpur. She was getting frightened then and confessed that she had, and this lady kindly took her to her house for the night, and sent her back with a servant the next day.

I always think this was one of the most wonderful answers to prayer I have ever known. There was no one else in Allahabad who would have known Kalashpatti.

The girl was herself very much impressed by the wonderful way in which she had been protected, and from that time her great desire was to live for Christ. I was going to England that year, and one of our missionaries who was working in Jaunpur offered to take Kalashpatti to teach the people who came to the Dispensary. Before I went home I paid a visit to Jaunpur and the last time I saw her she was sitting on the verandah of the hospital with her Blind Bible on her lap, waiting for the patients to come and be instructed. Before I came out again she had developed a sort of abscess on her side, and was sent to the Kinnaird Hospital at Lucknow.

An operation became necessary, and though at first she seemed to be recovering she afterwards passed away.

Before she died she gave two hundred rupees to the Lady Doctor, which she had managed to save out of her earnings, and which she wished to be given to me on my return, with the request that I would spend it in building a small house in the compound for teachers in memory of her.

I was able to have a nice little house put up, with one room and a verandah in front and a wall enclosing a small courtyard, with exactly that sum, and her name put over the door, or rather her second name *Priscilla*, which she preferred to be called by. The house is very useful, especially when would-be bridegrooms arrive to view their brides-elect; also it is often used for other visitors.

She died in the autumn of 1916.

CHAPTER IX

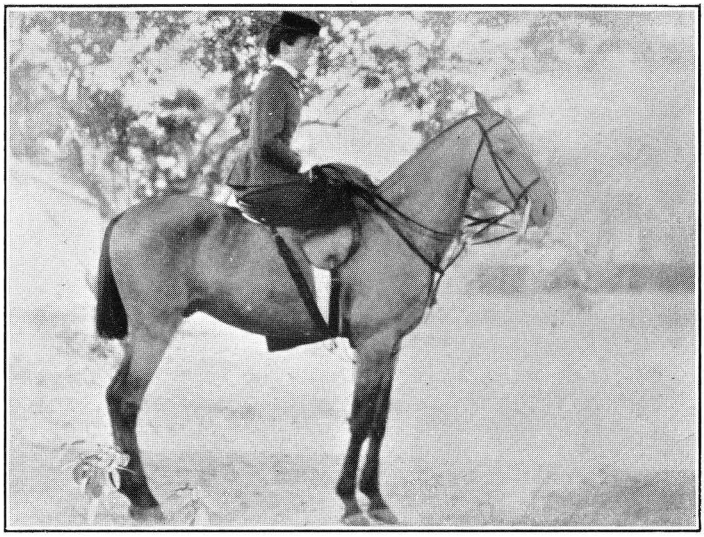
MISSIONARY FRIENDS AND EXPANSION OF THE WORK

BEFORE I go any farther I should like to offer a tribute of thankful remembrance to the older Missionaries of the Z.B.M.M., all now passed away, who so kindly welcomed and did so much to help my sisters and me when we first arrived in India.

I have vivid recollections of the trouble Miss Harris, to whom we first went in Faizabad, took to initiate us into the way to visit Zenanas and teach in City schools.

The day after we arrived we began reading the language with the Munshi she had found for us, and always, after my sisters had left India, she continued to be as friendly as possible to me. She was ready to take me in for a day or two at any time, and find time to come and pay me a visit occasionally at Sultanpur. She knew the language splendidly and was naturally a student. She was the means of winning many to real faith in Christ not only amongst the Indians but also amongst the soldiers in Faizabad, many of whom came regularly to a Bible class she held for them in the Mission House once a week.

Miss Marston, of Lucknow, was another missionary to whom I was greatly indebted—especially when I first went out to India. Of a well-known missionary family, she was quiet and very unassuming and a splendid worker, and I used to feel it a great privilege to spend a week with her and be taken round to visit some of the Zenanas where she was teaching. For eighteen years she taught hundreds of women in the Zenanas of Lucknow to read



L. E. Luce on Chuffy

Mrs. Hyde, Matron at Sultanpur for 25 Years

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the Bible for themselves, always giving a beautiful Bible lesson to all once a week. She must have permeated the homes in Lucknow with Christian teaching, and the result though not outwardly shown must really be incalculable.

She also wrote interesting stories in the Urdu character describing the acceptance of the Christian Faith by girls and women in India, and the consequent change of outlook on life and the future. These books were always read, and I expect are still read with great interest in the Zenanas.

About two years before her death she had a very bad accident while attending a Conference at Jaunpur. I was also present, and remember waking up in the night and hearing someone moaning. On enquiring the reason I found Miss Marston had gone out into the verandah in the dark and fallen over the edge (about three feet) to the ground and was in great pain. Doctors examined her but thought she was only bruised, whereas she had really broken her hip bone. This, I believe, is a very difficult injury to diagnose, and for some days even after the Civil Surgeon of Lucknow had seen her, it was not discovered what had happened, and she was allowed to try and walk about.

Afterwards she had to lie up continually, and was never well again though she was able to continue her writing.

For the last winter of her life, at her own request, she stayed with me in Sultanpur, and I loved having her, and she used to say that if she had her life over again, she would do as I had done, namely, collect orphans, Mahomedan and Hindu children, and bring them up as Christians, because in this way one *seems* to see many more results than by teaching women in Zenanas who are hardly ever, even if they are truly convinced of the truth of Christianity, able to leave their homes, their husbands and their children, and make an open confession of their

faith in Baptism. In all her work in Lucknow she could not point to one who had done this, and one can only admire the wonderful patience, courage and faith which enabled her to go on day after day and year after year, with no visible results.

Miss Fallon whom as far as I can remember was the only missionary I had ever met before leaving England, was a splendid pioneer, and while working in Faizabad opened and started work in two or three other stations —Sultanpur amongst the number. She was also able to interest the English people stationed in Faizabad, and I remember being taken to a working party soon after we arrived at which many of the wives of the English officials were present, making things for a bazaar which was held yearly for the benefit of the Z. B. M. M. She was full of energy and life, and one could never be dull in her company. She helped me on many occasions when I was in difficulties, and I missed her very much when she retired and went home.

When I returned to India in the autumn of 1899 I stayed for a few days in Allahabad on the way up from Bombay with Mr. and Mrs. Brownrigg. Perhaps it will be remembered that it was at Mr. Brownrigg's suggestion that I built the first orphanage at Sultanpur, and for which he gave me the land. Afterwards he said more than once that he should not approve of my putting up any more buildings in order to extend the work. This was chiefly because he thought it would spoil the view from the bungalows. He had taken great trouble about improving the station, and had planned to have a golf course just where new orphanage buildings might be erected. For this reason I did not say anything to him about my wish to build another orphanage to hold thirty children like the first—carrying out the idea of the Barnardo Homes I had seen in England—holding thirty children of different ages, with a matron, etc., for each, when I was staying with them.

Almost as soon as I arrived in Sultanpur I asked Mr. Way, who had taken Mr. Brownrigg's place, if he would kindly come and see me about the new building. He said he would come on a certain day at 8 a.m., and when he and Mrs. Way were announced, to my surprise when I came out, I found he had brought Mr. Brownrigg, who had come to Sultanpur for the day, with him. The latter was not at all pleased at first, but when we finally settled on a piece of ground quite near the old building and not spoiling any view, he was mollified—and afterwards when it was finished I think he quite approved.

After the new building was ready a really amazing thing happened, as the Z. B. M. Mission asked me if I could take in eighteen girls from an Orphanage which had been started four years before in the famine of 1897 in Allahabad, and which they had decided to break up, sending the girls to other orphanages. I do not think they knew that I had a building all ready for them, as I never told them about it, and when the request came it seemed to me that perhaps this was just the reason why I had been allowed to build it.

Altogether there were about sixty children in the Allahabad orphanage, and the Society had been obliged to pay Rs. 100 a month for the bungalow in which they lived, so they were glad for them to be taken in rent free. About thirty-six were sent to a C. M. S. Orphanage in Sikandra and these later on were transferred to me. The rest went to another C. M. S. Orphanage in Gorakhpore. After this all the elder children were housed in the new building, and the younger ones remained in the first.

We had a visit when it was ready from Mr. Gill, the Hon. Secretary—afterwards Bishop of Travancore. Though he approved he said it was quite necessary to have a wall put up round the new building, with which I agreed but had no money left to pay for it. Mr. Gill said I must

write to the Home Office and ask for help, which I reluctantly did, as I made a point of never asking for monetary help if I could possibly do without it. Mr. Cavalier, the Home Secretary, answered that he was unable to give the money required, and then—as always happened when I was in difficulties—God sent it in another way. Mr. and Mrs. Way, who from the time they first came to Sultanpur had always helped me so much, offered to give me a horse. It was a very good horse, and I was able to sell it to Miss Marston, who was paying a visit to me at the time, for Rs. 150 which was almost enough to build the wall. Also Miss Marston used it for driving out to visit Zenanas for several years, and said it was the best and steadiest horse she had ever had. As I look back through the long vista of years between now and then I am always conscious of a Guiding and upholding Power keeping and leading me on, and just when any special need arose it was always met, in answer, I am sure, to many prayers.

After Miss Reid went home the Society arranged for Miss Brett to live with me, and we were very happy together, especially when we were quite alone. She was always lively and talkative and counteracted my natural despondency.

For two or three years we shared the work in the Orphanage and also both for two or three days a week visited Zenanas and City schools. Later on it seemed a better division that she should undertake the Zenanas and City schools, and that I should give myself up entirely to the Orphanage. In this way our work became quite separate.

She was a very conscientious worker, and went out every morning with her teachers, of whom she had several, for about five hours a day. She visited all the villages round Sultanpur within an area of four or five miles, and had a very successful school in the city for Hindu

and Mahomedan children. The Head teacher of this school had been brought up and trained in the Orphanage.

I was able to get a building put up in the bungalow compound, composed of four rooms, with a wide verandah in front and a wall all round, where four of her teachers lived. I offered the Z.B.M.M. to invest the money for building this if they agreed to pay me five per cent as rent, and I also bought a Swiss Cottage tent, in which Miss Brett camped out in the winter, and so reached some more distant villages. Nearly all the winter she was camping out in this way, taking two teachers with her. She must have preached the gospel to thousands of people round about Sultanpur. She also took a great interest in the smaller children in the Orphanage. For fifteen years she lived with me, and left because it was decided by the Society that retrenchment must be made, and the only way to retrench in Sultanpur was by stopping the Zenana work. It was very sad, but could not be helped—and she was transferred to the Z.B.M.M. station at Darbhanga. In some ways she was glad to have a station of her own after having worked more or less as second in command for so long.

Darbhanga never suited her, and after working there for some years she was invalided home and died a few months later.

I must go back now to the years following the building of the second orphanage, finished in 1901. When it was decided that it would be better to send all the small boys away to schools and Homes for boys, I sent six to the S.P.G. Mission at Cawnpore, where an Industrial Home for boys had been lately started by the Rev. Foss Westcott. The boys were taught printing, making brass fittings and carpentering. I tried first to get them taken into a C.M.S. school for boys in Lucknow, as the Z.B.M.M. Mission has always worked with the C.M.S., but as they had no vacancies the boys went to Cawnpore. Three were

supported by my brother-in-law, Mr. Reid, and the three others by my eldest sister's husband who lived in Yorkshire, Mr. Burra. He knew Mr. Foss Westcott, whose father, the Bishop of Durham, had taken a house for the summer while his son was at home near where my sister and brother-in-law lived, and they had become quite friends. My brother-in-law had built a Mission Hall near his house, especially for the farmers and other tenants who lived on his estate, as there was no church for them to go to nearer than three miles, and while Mr. Foss Westcott was at home he kindly took a service at this Mission Hall every Sunday afternoon, and occasionally went for picnics, etc., with the rest of the family; consequently my brother-in-law was very pleased that my boys, whom he supported, should be sent to Mr. Foss Westcott. The result of this was that I occasionally went to Cawnpore to see my six boys, and became friendly with some of the S.P.G. Missionaries.

We so seldom had any service at Sultanpur, as the C.M.S. missionary in charge was only able to visit us about eight times in the year, that I was glad to have an excuse for occasionally spending a Sunday and a few days with my friends in Cawnpore. Certainly it was most inspiring to do so, and I can never forget the fervour with which at the early morning daily service in the Church which all the Missionaries attended, we used to sing a verse of one of the hymns—

> "To do Thy will, to hear Thy voice
> To taste Thy love be all my choice."

Two and a half years after the building of the second orphanage I arranged to go home with Deaconess Barlow who was working with Deaconess Scott at the Epiphany School. Miss Brett took charge in my absence.

I went to Cawnpore, on the way to Bombay, to pick

up Deaconess Barlow and she and I started together. All the Missionaries—about ten I think—came to see her off at the station. We had taken return passages by an Austrian Lloyd boat intending after landing at Trieste to spend a few days in Venice. There were several other Missionaries on board, the ship was very full, and I was in a four berth cabin with another Miss Luce, a missionary of the C.M.S. and two other ladies. We were all staying for one night at the C.M.S. Mission House in Bombay and were advised to go to our agents together to make sure that they realized that there were two Miss Luces, and that two berths were allotted to us. We tried to find out if we were related in any way, but there seemed no trace of this, though we came to the conclusion that we may have come from the same source originally.

Some of the Z.B.M. Missionaries were on board, and were all travelling together with Missionaries of the London Mission from Benares, and intending to visit Venice, Milan, etc., as we were. It is so much easier when travelling to manage for two than for a large party, that Deaconess Barlow and I kept to ourselves.

We stayed in a very nice hotel on the canal in Venice and saw all the sights, and enjoyed the beautiful buildings and reflections in the water, the Doge's Palace and different churches, then went on to Milan and saw the Cathedral, and from there to Basle, Lucerne, Brussels, etc., and by sea from Ostend to Dover.

While at home we did not see much of each other, though at her suggestion I stayed at her Headquarters in Durham for a few days, in order to attend a Retreat held by Canon Body in the Cathedral. No one was allowed to speak during the Retreat, and altogether it did not appeal to me very much.

I saw posted up in the Lady Chapel in the Cathedral where the Retreat services were held, a notice saying that if anyone would like to have an interview with Canon

Body they could go to a certain room between certain hours. I thought I should like to have a talk with him about the subject of the Retreat, which was the Holy Sacrament, accordingly I sat in the waiting-room with others, who all went in turns to his room for about five minutes each. At last it came to my turn, and to my surprise and alarm I found him dressed in full priestly garb with a stool in front of him, and he said, "Have you come to make your confession?" I hastily informed him that I had only come to ask him about things he had said in his address with regard to the Sacrament which I did not understand. I told him that I had been two or three times to the Keswick Convention, but that I had never been to a Retreat before. He was very nice and sympathetic and said he knew many people had been much helped by the Keswick Convention, and talked to me for a short time about his views on the Sacrament—and I departed.

After this I stayed with my sister in Yorkshire and had a very happy time, going for picnics, etc., sometimes in pouring rain, as it seems to be nearly always raining in the West Riding of Yorkshire, but that made no difference. We drove in a large wagonette and sat under a bridge while the coachman boiled a kettle for tea. All the time I was thinking of how I could get a little hospital built at Sultanpur in the Orphanage compound, and praying that somehow the money would come. At last a nephew, not knowing I was wanting money for any particular object, sent me a cheque for twenty pounds saying he should like to help the work I was doing in India. Later on I stayed with an aunt, and before I left she gave me ten pounds. My brother-in-law, Mr. Burra, also gave me twenty pounds—all without my asking them in any way, or telling them I wanted to build a small hospital. On another occasion when I was in England a niece gave me a cheque for five pounds, which I put

in a purse, and was careless enough to keep it there for two or three days. At that time it was the fashion to have pockets at the back of dresses, which had trains of two or three inches on the ground. I was going somewhere by underground, took my ticket, and put my purse containing the cheque, and also three pounds, into my back pocket. Somebody coming behind me to the ticket office must have seen me do this and taken it out. When I got into the train I felt for my purse and found it gone. I quickly went back to the station, and wired to my niece to stop the payment of the cheque. She wired to her bank, but it was too late, the cheque had been cashed and my name forged on the back. It must have been done within an hour of the theft.

After this I went up again to stay in Yorkshire with my eldest sister. I told them about what had happened, and my brother-in-law said that if I promised to take his part all the time I was staying with them he would give me the five pounds. Consequently I had to agree with whatever he said or did however much others in the family objected. For instance, he had built a particular wall which everyone said was a great mistake, as it hid a very good view. Of course I had to say that I thought it was the nicest wall I had ever seen, etc. They all declared that I had perjured myself dreadfully before I left, but anyhow I got the five pounds.

Somehow or other I went back to India with about sixty pounds towards the hospital, and travelled again with Deaconess Barlow and several others she was taking with her across the continent to Trieste. I was also asked to chaperon a girl who was going out to India to stay with a brother who was in the Army, so altogether we were a party of eight. We each had three packages, a hat box, a hold-all, and a bundle of rugs, so when we had to change or cross a frontier this all had to be flung out of the windows. We stayed two or three nights at different

places on the way, and were in Milan for a Sunday. All the others went to an R.C. service in the Cathedral, but I discovered a very nice Protestant Church, and enjoyed the service very much. The others wished afterwards they had come with me. We climbed to the top of Milan Cathedral, all the finials of which are statues of Saints with the exception of one which is a statue of Napoleon, and we were told that when he took the town of Milan he had his own statue put up amongst all the Saints.

We went straight by train from Milan to Trieste, suffering much from hunger on the way as there was no restaurant on the train, and no place where we could get any food. I don't remember much of the voyage back, except that we were all sitting on the deck, which was a very low deck in the second-class, when a huge wave suddenly got up and broke right over us. It was unexpected, as the sea was perfectly calm at the time. We were all thrown down and soaked through, fortunately no one was washed overboard. I had not seen much of the girl I was supposed to be chaperoning as she was travelling in the first-class, but when we arrived at Aden, and thought we should like to land, I went over and asked her if she would care to come with us. She said she did not want to land, so we went on shore without her. After seeing the tanks we were returning and I saw her in the distance surrounded by five gentlemen. She had evidently been persuaded to reconsider her decision!

I stayed at Cawnpore for a few days on my way back to Sultanpur, as I wanted to get the plans for the little hospital, like the one in the compound of the Epiphany School where I had occasionally stayed.

Mr. Foss Westcott (now the Metropolitan of India) was kind enough to procure the plans for me, and promised to come and hold a dedication service when the building was finished.

I still had not sufficient money for the new building, but remembered that when my sister and I first arrived in India we were told by the Missionaries in Faizabad that what they needed most of all was a Mission Hall in the City where meetings could be held in the evening, with a room which would be a Club with books, etc. In the morning it could be used by Miss Harris for a girls' school. We wrote to all our friends in England asking for subscriptions for this object, and we also got up a concert the second summer we spent in India in Ranikhet, a hill station, and so were able to pay for the Mission Hall. As I did most of the collecting, it was supposed to belong to me. The Z.B.M. Mission had left Faizabad by the time I returned from India, and the Hall was used by the Wesleyan Mission, whose buildings were quite close to it. I wrote and asked them if they would buy it for half the price we had originally given for it. To this they agreed, and so I made up enough for the new hospital, part of which was to be used for a European or Anglo-Indian Matron.

CHAPTER X

BUILDING THE HOSPITAL, AND PLAGUE IN CAWNPORE

A YOUNGER Missionary, called Miss Owston, had been helping Miss Brett while I was in England, and she remained on till after Christmas and was then sent elsewhere. They both met me at the station, and the orphans gave me a great welcome.

At once I sent for the dear old Mahomedan contractor who put up nearly all the Orphanage buildings, gave him the plans for the Hospital and told him what we needed, and he did it so well that to this day, nearly thirty years after, it seems as strong as ever, and has required very little repair. Engineers have told me that Bechu Khan must have put up the buildings at cost price as they could not have erected them nearly so cheaply. He was well known for his benevolence and kindness to the poor, and was made a Khan Sahib, which is a title only given by the English Government for exceptional service. Later on he built for me a beautiful School House and wide dormitories, but died just before I went out to India for the last time in 1929.

After the hospital was finished The Rev. Foss Westcott —as he had promised—and two of the Lady Missionaries of Cawnpore, came to the dedication of the hospital. All the children marched round the compound two and two in a procession, singing " Onward Christian Soldiers " and finished up in the hospital, where prayers of dedication were said.

My next aim was to find a really good Matron, and just at that time, as always happened to me when in need,

a Mrs. Hyde, who had worked with Miss Marston in Lucknow for several years, and whom I had met when staying with her there, wrote and asked if I could give her any work to do. I knew Miss Marston, who employed several Anglo-Indian girls, considered her the best and most reliable of her workers. She was a very earnest missionary, but she had left Miss Marston to be married. Her husband died after about three months, and she had been a widow for some time, and was also suffering from deafness. When she wrote to me I answered that I should welcome her very gladly, but that at present I had no money and could not offer her a salary. She replied that she would come for a time with no salary, only board and lodging. She did this, and afterwards the Society agreed to give her a proper salary when she had indeed proved herself a most valuable addition to the work. Her part of the building was a sitting-room and two small verandahs, and a very small bedroom, but she was quite contented when I showed it to her and said " It is more than I need ". She at once took over the responsibility of buying in all the grain and food, and also looking after the clothes, the baths, the school servants, the cleanliness of the compound, etc.

She was always good tempered, very fond of and careful of the small children, and I never felt that her deafness was much of a drawback. She never seemed to fail, and all the children loved her. Now that the school is broken up and everyone is dispersed in different directions, some as teachers in other schools, others as nurses in hospitals, and most of the girls married and living in homes of their own, she still lingers on, having been pensioned by the Society—in her old quarters. The school buildings are let and she looks after them, and takes care of about twelve girls belonging to an American Mission, who live in part of the buildings and go to a Government school every day. She writes to me about

once a month, always very cheerfully, though she must be very lonely at times.

All the Missionaries who lived with me at different times have loved Mrs. Hyde. She was indeed sent to me by God, and looking back I do not know what I could have done without her.

From the first the girls all wore a uniform of a kind of dark blue canvas frocks with white stripes, and bright red cotton chadders. They had warm red flannel coats in the winter, and all white on Sundays. The dark blue canvas material was woven in the neighbourhood and we could buy it at first for three annas, that is threepence a yard, though the price has gone up now to about sixpence.

After this I still continued on friendly terms with the S.P.G. Mission in Cawnpore, and although they knew I could not agree with them altogether, believing, as I have always done since the spiritual experiences which came to me after the Mission I have described in London in March, 1885, in present salvation, and that "Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life" here and now—that all has been done *for* us and nothing we could ever *do* could win salvation—all the same no one could fail to be filled with admiration for the wonderfully self-sacrificing lives of the S.P.G. Missionaries in Cawnpore. During plague epidemics, which occurred almost every year, thousands of people dying every week, some of them spent their whole lives in visiting plague patients, always risking their lives to help the people, and at that time inoculation for plague was unknown, so they had no safeguards as now. In the narrow streets and high houses in Cawnpore the plague seemed to take such hold that it was almost impossible to get rid of it. Now at last, about thirty years afterwards, it seems to have disappeared, though in the first decade of the century it went on increasing year after year.

On one occasion I was asked by Deaconess Scott in charge of the Epiphany School to go there for their yearly entertainment, Christmas Tree, etc., which was always held on January 6th.

When I arrived at the station the Deaconess came to meet me and said, "I am sorry to tell you that I have just come from the funeral of Dr. Marvel (the doctor in charge of St. Catherine's Hospital) and she has died of plague, and there are several cases in the hospital." We went straight to the Hospital and while we were having tea the English nurse came in and said, "All the mehteránis (sweeper women) have run away, and there is no one to wash the clothes in the hospital, as I cannot ask the Indian nurses to do anything like this, which is so absolutely contrary to all their traditions, and I really don't know what to do." Naturally I offered to help; it would have been impossible to do anything else, and one felt it an enormous privilege to be able to help them at such a time. The two Indian nurses who had nursed Dr. Marvel with the English nurse, were both ill with plague. It was pneumonic plague, which is the worst kind, and from which patients seldom recover.

The next morning after Church service at 7 o'clock I went on to the hospital. How I prayed that day in Church that I might be of real help! It seemed a splendid opportunity. The English nurse was ready for me and she looked very tired and worn out, but all day long we washed appalling clothes, and when my two girls, who were nurses in the hospital, saw me doing this they came at once and offered to help. The next day was Sunday and we went to the 7 a.m. Communion service. Afterwards, as the custom was, we had tea all together in the brotherhood near the Church. Both the Westcotts had been to the hospital to give the Communion service to the two Indian nurses who were dying of plague. They looked very serious, and said the hospital must be closed,

as it was evidently full of plague germs, but the difficulty was to know where to send the fourteen Indian nurses, two of whom were my girls. Of course I offered to take them all back with me to Sultanpur, knowing that Miss Brett was miles out in camp, and they would not come in contact with her, and that anyhow I could not go to the School till I had been at least ten days in quarantine, and the bungalow was big enough to hold them all.

After a good deal of discussion, Mr. Westcott agreed to this, and it was decided that I should take away the nurses by a night train that evening. I engaged three or four cabs (just like the old four-wheeled cabs in London, only worse) and arrived at the Hospital at 5 p.m. Mr. George Westcott was trying to persuade the English nurse to come with me, but she absolutely refused, though she said she might come later on. I ran down the stairs into the hospital and found the fourteen nurses all ready to start, and a teacher who was coming with them. Just as we were leaving the English nurse came down, and all the girls ran up to her and kissed her, and I saw a brilliant light on her head almost like a halo.

All the way in the train I could not help thinking of it as it seemed quite an unearthly light.

When we arrived I had one whole side of the bungalow turned out and made ready for the girls. They had brought their bedding with them and were quite ready to sleep on the floor. They remained a fortnight and were in good health all the time, though the doctor in charge of Sultanpur was not best pleased with me for bringing them. All that time I could not go near the Orphanage, though the Matron and nurse came up every day, and from a respectable distance told me how everything was going on.

We arrived in Sultanpur on Monday morning, and the following Friday, when I was playing croquet with the

doctor, I had a telegram to say the English nurse at Cawnpore and both the Indian nurses who were ill had all died of plague, so that all the nurses who had nursed Dr. Marvel died of it. That was just a week after we had washed all the clothes. The hospital was shut up and thoroughly disinfected, and after that no plague patients were taken to it. It was a terrible time for all in charge of the Mission.

After this Captain Milne, the doctor, was still more anxious lest some of the nurses I had brought would develop plague, but they all returned to Cawnpore in good health. He afterwards married a lady doctor of the Z.B.M.M.

Later on, when I had an outbreak of plague in the Orphanage and was alone, one of the Cawnpore lady doctors at once offered to come and help me, but fortunately the doctor (not Captain Milne, who had been transferred elsewhere) had a nurse staying with him and I was able to get her to attend to the two plague cases. It was bubonic plague, which is not nearly so dangerous as pneumonic, and both the girls recovered.

After this, every year about February when plague is likely to begin, I had all the children and teachers inoculated, having been operated on first to show them they need not be afraid of it. One year I remember all the children were done except one, and she was not well at the time, so the doctor said she had better be left out—and she contracted plague. I had gone home after the inoculation, and Miss Macready, who was a nurse and helping Miss Emily Wright who had taken my place, nursed the child in the Segregation Hospital, which had been put up by that time. This was many years after the events I have been recording, but it shows how effectual inoculation had become.

We had constantly to take other precautions, such as placing basins of water at all the doors leading into the

Orphanage, and insisting on all the servants washing their feet before entering. Also—and this was most important—getting rid of all the rats. If a rat was found dead, as occasionally happened, it had to be picked up with tongs and burnt at once, before the fleas which are the cause of plague, escaped. Many a rat have I seen burnt in this way. At one time I procured some powder which I had seen advertised, and which had to be sprinkled on bits of cheese and put about everywhere, and if the rats ate it they became ill, and when they found they were ill they immediately went away somewhere else. The advantage of it was they did not go into their holes and die there, which is the usual result of rat poisoning, but went out into the fields. It certainly was effectual, as after they had eaten the cheese prepared in this way they disappeared in a wonderful way. The awful odour when a rat has died in the roof is beyond words!

It was not long after this that with the help of a very good Catechist then stationed in Sultanpur I decided to get the Orphanage made into a school examined yearly by a Government Inspectress, and with a Government curriculum. The classes were divided into the seven different classes required by Government—i.e. Kindergarten A.B. up to the fourth Standard, which was as far as the teaching hitherto had reached. I had to get forms and desks and more teachers, and make it into a school instead of simply a Home for orphan children who, after they had attained a certain fluency in reading, writing and arithmetic had been sent on to other schools to finish their education. From this time onwards most of them remained at Sultanpur until they had passed the Middle Standard and gained a Government certificate. We were given a grant from Government, with the understanding that as many girls as possible were, after passing the Middle Standard, to be sent to a training class for teachers for two years. Everywhere in India there is a great demand

now for teachers both in Government and Mission Schools. We required nine teachers for our own school later on, and when two or three of our own girls every year gained the Government certificate and had been trained for two years elsewhere, they returned to Sultanpur as teachers. For twenty years all the teachers at Sultanpur were our own girls, who had come to us as Hindu or Mahomedan orphans and passed through the school, and had had two years' teachers' training elsewhere. After working for us for three years, on less pay than they could get in other places, they might marry or go to work in some other school if they wished to do so. They generally preferred to stay on at Sultanpur.

Other girls were more suited for nurses in hospitals. Three or four were sent to the Teck Hospital, at Patna, belonging to the Z.B.M.M. Three of these have since married, and one has died after her marriage. Others were sent to the Kinnaird Hospital, in Lucknow, and two to a Baptist Hospital in the Agra district, both now married. One who still writes to me is working in St. Stephen's Hospital, in Delhi, but most of the girls who passed through the school and afterwards became teachers or nurses have married—and are now bringing up Christian families in different places, mostly in the United Provinces. They are very anxious for their children to be better educated than they are themselves, and some who have married well-to-do husbands bring this about, and send their children to Mission High Schools.

As the girls passed out of the Orphanage their places were filled by others, some of whom were the orphans of Christian parents.

I think it was in 1911 that I began to find it difficult to fill up the vacancies, and it was very important to do this as quickly as possible, as the same supporters when their particular child passed out, were willing to take on another—if one was forthcoming, otherwise their

contributions lapsed. In the summer of 1911 there were four or five gaps, and I tried everywhere to get orphan children to fill them without success. The difficulty arose because the Hindus and Mahomedans were starting orphanages of their own, and the Government were obliged to give over to them any unclaimed children who were left in the Poor Houses.

I heard that there were thirty orphan children in a Poor House at Fatchpore, a place about an hour by train from Cawnpore, so wrote to the English Deputy Commissioner, whom I knew, to ask if I might have some of the girls. He replied that " when the Hindus and Mahomedans had taken all they wanted if there were any over I might have them." I waited some time and hearing nothing I thought I would go to Fatchpore. I stayed with my S.P.G. friends at Cawnpore for two or three days and went to Fatchpore for one day. When I arrived I heard there were ten children left. The D.C. was out in camp so I could not see him, but was told that these ten were all allotted.

When I came back a Bible Class for all the Missionaries held by Mr. George Westcott (afterwards Bishop of Lucknow) was just beginning. I was in time for it and was sitting next Deaconess Scott—I said to her in a low voice " I am going to give up orphan hunting and take to some other form of amusement ". The next day after Church Mr. George Westcott said to me, " I hear you drew blank yesterday," so he must have heard my remark to Deaconess!

Shortly after this I had a letter from Mr. Pemberton, a C.M.S. Missionary at Gorakhpore, asking me if I could take in some of the girls of very poor Christian parents living in the Christian villages in the Gorakhpore District. He said they were running wild in the villages, and getting into all sorts of trouble with boys, etc., and though there was a small day school to which they might go, it was

not the same as a Boarding School, and the parents had very little control of their children.

It seemed to me that this was a distinct answer to prayer, and a solution of the difficulty I was in.

I wrote at once agreeing to his request, and before long he sent me some very nice girls—and from this time onwards, when there were any vacancies, if no orphan children were forthcoming from Missionaries who often sent little girls with no belongings, found by their teachers or in other ways, I took in the children of very poor Christian parents.

This difference was made that the parents were asked to sign an agreement promising not to take their children away from school until they had passed the Middle Standard and gained the Government certificate, and also undertaking to agree that at the option of the Lady in Charge of the school they should be sent on elsewhere for two years' training as teachers. By insisting on this we were fulfilling the promise to Government of producing as many teachers as possible in return for the grant they gave us.

We were very careful only to take the children of parents who were quite unable to pay for their education in other boarding schools, and at one time when objections were made with regard to this I drew up a paper, after making a thorough investigation, showing that in the richest family from which *one* girl was taken—there were seven in family and the father was earning 20 Rs. a month. How could he possibly afford from this to pay 5 Rs. a month to send the child to a boarding school? And the others were all less well off than this.

Later on I was again criticized for what I was doing, and it was said that an orphanage in Benares, where the parents of children were expected to pay, could not get their vacancies filled up because at Sultanpur they were taken free. For a long time I could not understand the

meaning of this—as I knew none whom I took could possibly pay, but at last an interview was arranged (at which some who had doubts of my proceedings were present) with the Lady Superintendent of the Benares Orphanage. When asked if the children paid fees she said, "Yes, they all pay". At last I thought of saying, "How much do they pay?" She said some 2as., some 3as. and some 4as. No one pays more than 4as. a month. This would not be enough to pay for the food of the child for one day. After that I was not remonstrated with again. It was only a pretence paying in this way, and probably involved an immense amount of time and labour in getting the money with no adequate compensation.

All the same, criticisms are always useful, as they often bring to light conditions that have been misunderstood. Of late years I hear that all Orphanages in India take in children of very poor Christian parents free, or paying about four annas a month for each child.

CHAPTER XI

A DIFFICULT GIRL AND A SERIOUS ILLNESS

THE events described in the last part of Chapter X have been anticipatory, and I must go back now to 1904 when the small hospital had just been finished, and an Anglo-Indian Matron engaged.

After this the school was started on new lines with more teachers and classes, and a Government Inspectress and Government curriculum. I went home again a year sooner than usual owing to a request from the Hon. Secretary, the Rev. C. H. Gill, that I should antedate my furlough by one year, as it would then be easier for the Society to send someone suitable to take my place in my absence. I agreed to do this, knowing that Miss Clara Wright, who was to take my place, had a great reputation for working the kind of school I had started at Sultanpur.

She certainly did very valuable work and found some good teachers, etc., and by the time I returned she had introduced many improvements. In the meantime Miss Brett was asked to manage a large orphanage in Benares. While I was away Miss King took Miss Brett's place, visiting the City schools, Zenanas and villages. On my return she stayed on for a time while Miss Brett went home on furlough. The following summer Miss King went to the Hills for her holiday from the middle of May till the end of June, and I went later after the rains had begun, as I always felt that I must be with the children during their holidays.

That summer a terrible thing happened which I hesitate to record, but feel at the same time that an absolutely true account should be given, whether bad or good.

Two of the girls who had become nurses in St. Catherine's Hospital, Cawnpore, returned to Sultanpur for a month's holiday. One of them had a quarrel with another girl—upon which three who were friendly together, thought they would run away. It was discovered by the afternoon that they were nowhere to be found. I sent servants in all directions, to Faizabad and Partabgarh, and other places within six miles by train, but no trace was found of them that night. The next morning, about 8 o'clock, after taking prayers in the Orphanage, I came back to the bungalow, and going out on to the verandah I saw all three swinging on the big swing under the Baobab tree. I called them to come in, and put them in a small room next to my bedroom. I did not shut up the doors as it was very hot, but said they were to remain there until they had all apologized. Nothing further happened for two days, but I went in to see them every morning to ask if they were sorry for their behaviour, and at last one of the girls followed me out of the room and said she was very sorry. It was too late then to send her back to the school, so I said she must stay until the evening, and I went into the drawing-room and began writing English letters, as it was mail day.

In about an hour the girl who had apologized came to me and said "Dayawanti (one of the girls who had run away) is ill, will you come and see her?" I went at once, and she seemed to be in a kind of fit. I immediately sent for the doctor. He came quickly, and after watching for a few minutes said that it was only hysteria and that I had better not take any notice of her, and he poured cold water on her from high up. He left, and I sent for the school nurse to be with her, and as he had ordered took no more notice, but went back to the drawing-

room and finished my letters. Then I went into my bedroom and lay down and went to sleep. I must have been asleep about twenty minutes when the same girl who had called me before came and woke me up and said " Please come and look at Dayawanti ". I went at once and found she was dead. I sent again for the doctor and he was very surprised, and said that while the girls were wandering about they must have come in contact with some plague case—he thought she had died of plague.

I had all the part of the house where she had been quickly disinfected, and the burial took place that evening.

A few days after, by especial invitation, I went to Cawnpore again for Sunday.

I was staying in the hospital in which Dayawanti had been nursing. On describing her symptoms to the Lady Doctor in charge she said, " It seems to me that she showed every sign of strychnine poisoning ". Then I remembered that I had taken some bottles of medicine, etc., out of a cupboard and put them on a shelf in the room next mine where the girls had been told to stay after they ran away. I meant to ask the doctor what they were and how to use them. Strychnine was to be used for plague cases, but I did not know the proportions.

On my return to Sultanpur I went at once to the small room and found the bottle of strychnine standing forward on the shelf half empty.

Dayawanti had been learning dispensing, and must have known that it was poison. She was of Brahmin caste, and as I have always found with girls of that caste, intensely resentful when found fault with. The Lady Doctor at Cawnpore said she had more than once threatened to take poison when blamed for anything. It was no doubt a form of madness. The Sunday before I was playing the harmonium in Church and noticed her face when singing with great fervour a translation of " Safe

in the Arms of Jesus" and thought what a spiritual face she had.

After this some of the girls and one of the married teachers who had a child, and was staying for the holidays in the school, came to me and said they saw visions of Dayawanti standing by their beds; the teacher especially said she saw her standing by her child's cot, and refused to remain any longer. She was a good teacher and I was sorry to part with her, but nothing would induce her to remain.

I told them the next time they saw her to tell her to come and speak to me, but they still went on imagining they saw her.

After this I had one or two attacks of fever, and by the time Miss King returned was very much run down. As soon as possible I went up to Naini Tal, and when staying in an hotel caught a very bad cold. I remained in bed for a day or two and then feeling rather better went to call on Mrs. Clifford, the wife of the Bishop of Lucknow, and she kindly asked me to come and stay with her. They had a lovely house on the top of the Hill, with a glorious view of the snow mountains from their back verandah; we often had meals on the verandah. My cold had not disappeared and there were very thick mists sometimes which did not help to improve it. One Sunday I really felt very ill and after evening Church went to bed. A lady doctor was there for supper and she took my temperature and found it was 102. I also had a very bad pain in my side. The doctor, Major Young, was sent for the next morning and pronounced it pleurisy. A nurse was found, and later a second, and I stayed in bed, but gradually grew worse and double pneumonia followed. Apparently my life was despaired of, as Mrs. Clifford wrote home to my sisters saying that I was not likely to recover. I was prayed for in Church on the following Sunday, and from that time began to improve. Mrs.

Way was in Church that morning, not knowing that I was ill at all. She had come to lunch with me one day at my hotel, and I had told her all about Dayawanti, but when she heard me prayed for in Church she came straight up to the Cliffords' house to enquire for me. I was very drowsy all the time, but never unconscious, and often in a good deal of pain. I always remember one night I woke up and felt that I could not breathe, and had a very bad pain in my heart. I said to the nurse, "I can't breathe, open the window wide". She opened it although it was a pouring wet night.

I said "Send for the doctor", and she went out of the room and pretended to send for him but did not really do so as she knew he was out at a maternity case.

I sat up on the end of the bed, and she injected small doses of strychnine and gave me brandy occasionally—all the time every breath was an agony, but I gradually got better and even slept a little later on. She told Mrs. Clifford the next morning that she never thought I should live through the night. I always think it was her care, humanly speaking, that pulled me through. I loved her, and have often wished I could meet her again. She was a born nurse. That was the crisis, and I went on improving from that time.

The next morning I asked the day nurse if she would give me my cheque book, and wrote a cheque to pay for my funeral, as I felt sure that if I had a similar attack I could not possibly recover. I gave the cheque to the nurse and asked her to give it to Mrs. Clifford after my death. Now I know that it would have been of no use as it could not have been cashed. I can never forget Mrs. Clifford's wonderful kindness to me. I used to love her coming into my room and being so very sympathetic. I did not know at all that I had had double pneumonia and double pleurisy until she told me afterwards—I often stayed a few days with her later in Allahabad.

I had a great longing for peaches and asked the doctor if I might have some. He gave me permission if I only swallowed the juice. That afternoon, without knowing my wish, some ladies whom I knew sent me a large basket of peaches.

The Bishop was away at the time I was ill, taking confirmations in the Plains, but as soon as I was on the road to recovery he sent a telegram to my sisters saying "Recovered", which they received before the letter telling them I was dangerously ill—so they had no anxiety.

While I was so ill I sometimes seemed to hear the most lovely music, and sat up in bed in order to listen to it. It sounded like massed bands playing triumphal marches. Mrs. Clifford asked a clergyman who was vicar of one of the Churches at Naini Tal to come and visit me, which he did several times, and I liked him very much. I believe he was considered very high Church, but he told me that he had been very much helped by the Wesleyans, and was anxious to know whether I had had any special spiritual experience. When I told him how much I had been helped by a Mission in London before coming to India he was quite satisfied. I told him about Dayawanti, and asked if he thought it would be right to pray for her—he said certainly, and prayed most beautifully, which was a great comfort to me. After that I never heard any more of her appearing to girls in the school. I also told him about the music I had heard, and he asked if I could remember the tune, but that I was unable to do. He died not long afterwards from consumption.

When I had been nearly a month in bed I said to the doctor, "Could you tell Mrs. Clifford that it would be better for me now to go to the Ramsey Hospital"—as I felt that I was trespassing tremendously on her kindness. He said that he could certainly tell her so, as that now it would really be better for me to be farther down the

hill, where the air was not so rarefied. He told her this so I was moved on to the Ramsey Hospital. Deaconess Scott, from Cawnpore, was in the next room to me while I was there, and I could see her occasionally. I stayed a fortnight and then moved to a convalescent Home until I was well enough to return to Sultanpur. Miss King wrote saying she was doing the work of three people, so I was anxious to get back.

While I was away, which was for at least three months, she had found an excellent Head Mistress for the school, who remained with us about twenty years. Mrs. Vincent was undoubtedly a born teacher, although she was not up-to-date in her methods. All the girls she taught loved her, and she managed to get numbers through the Middle Examination. I always feel very much indebted to her for all she did for the school. Her husband was working in connection with the Hospital at Sultanpur and she did not live in the school. While I was in England on my next furlough my friend Mrs. de Candole offered to support a lady to help me with the work at Sultanpur, and in consultation with the Committee of the Z.B.M.M., especially with Miss Gertrude Kinnaird, it was arranged that Miss Hamling should come to me. She had been thoroughly trained as a Kindergarten Teacher, and had already worked for six months in a school at Maumad, in the Bombay Presidency. There was no doubt of her efficiency, and I left a great deal of the educational part of the school to her.

Mrs. de Candole continued to support her for about two years, and then found that she would—owing to other claims—be unable to do so. My sister, Mrs. Reid, then went on with her support until she had to leave. She was with me altogether for about three years and six months. She taught the children to do all their work with extreme neatness in exercise books instead of on slates. Their singing much improved, and they learnt

many fancy drills with flags and coloured handkerchiefs, etc. The drawn thread work which had been started many years before, was well kept up, and a little frock decorated with drawn thread work, made by one of the girls gained a bronze medal at the Allahabad Exhibition in 1911.

Miss Hamling afterwards returned to Maumad and was for many years Superintendent of that school. She raised it to a very high standard of efficiency. I visited her twice on my way down to Bombay, and was always impressed with the extremely capable way in which year after year she improved every detail of the work. After many years she was invalided home and has never been able to return. When I was retiring and before it had been decided that she would never be strong enough to go back to India, my great hope was that she would be able to take my place—but that was not to be—if she had I do not think the school would have been closed.

Many times Bishop Clifford and afterwards Bishop Westcott visited Sultanpur, and held confirmations for the girls in the school. They both agreed to allow me to prepare the candidates, and I used to enjoy this work very much. For a month or six weeks I taught them every day for half an hour, and it was a splendid opportunity to get in close touch with them. They were so much in earnest about it and felt that from the time the Bishop consecrated them to God they must follow Christ truly, and certainly they often showed that a change of heart had taken place. This was so apparent to others that some of the teachers and a lady doctor in the hospital asked to be allowed to come to the classes, and were afterwards confirmed. It made a fresh starting point, and though they often failed afterwards I think a lasting impression was the result. The clergyman, a C.M.S. missionary who visited Sultanpur, always examined them before the confirmation, and I remember his saying they seemed very much in earnest.

After this I seemed to get a little out of touch with the Missionaries belonging to the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. Sultanpur was rather out of the way and difficult to reach, and also instead of going to the Home in the Hills belonging to the society at Mussoorie where most of the missionaries spent their holidays, I stayed with friends at Naini Tal for about five or six weeks every year. Also, I was often unable to attend the yearly conferences, partly because I could not leave the work at that time of the year, and also because I never seem to be of any use at conferences. Besides this, for several years I suffered much from an internal complaint which made it impossible for me to do any walking—and twice after attending a conference I was laid up for ten days or a fortnight. As I really had not time for this I gave up going. Some years later an operation became necessary and even after this I was seldom really well as long as I remained in India.

Often when I went to Naini Tal I stayed at an hotel for the first week, remaining in bed most of the time, and then when friends asked me to stay with them, I kept a dandy of my own and did no walking. All the same I look back with much pleasure to the delightful holidays when I stayed with Lady Knox high up on the right side of the lake, with a glorious view from the garden and every possible comfort. She was so very kind to everyone, and many must look back with grateful thanks to happy days spent with her. Often I have asked people if they knew her, and they always say, " Oh, yes, she was so very kind to me when my baby was so ill, etc."

Also I stayed many times with her daughter, Mrs. Chapman, who was married to the Archdeacon of Lucknow, in charge of the big Church at Naini Tal. It was most interesting staying with them. They used to have a dinner party nearly every night, and asked everyone who was connected with the Church to come in turn.

Civilians, Army officers and their wives, and also masters and mistresses from the numerous schools for girls and boys in Naini Tal. All the morning I used to sit on the verandah and paint pots, or different things for some bazaar they were getting up, and in the afternoon go for long expeditions in different directions all over the Hills in my dandy. The Jhampanis (men who carried me) could run up and down the steepest places, so that I could see all the most beautiful views of the snow mountains, and sometimes I was asked to picnics and tea parties, and met many delightful people,—but I was always glad after five or six weeks to get back to my work in Sultanpur.

Several times Mr. and Mrs. Way, who had been at Sultanpur for about four years, asked me to stay with them at Naini Tal, when I always had a delightful time. Mr. Way, having now retired, has become Hon. Financial Secretary of the Society I belonged to. Also Mrs. Cobb was a great friend in India, and I stayed with her many times. She also helps, by holding a stall at the annual bazaar etc., the work at home, now that she and her husband (Commissioner of Agra) have retired.

One walk at Naini Tal I shall always remember. It was about three miles along a fairly wide pathway on the side of the hill to a place called "The Land's End" where the pathway ended in a precipitous cliff to the bottom of a valley. From this point one could see for about a hundred miles across the Plains, 6,000 feet below. According to the weather the view changed. Sometimes, if rather misty, it looked like the sea, and at others it was quite clear and the river Jumna was visible winding in and out amongst the fields. Every time I went there it was rather different, and one never got tired of watching it.

From another place higher up we could see on one side the snow mountains stretching up to what seemed

FLAG DRILL IN THE COURTYARD

DOLL DRILL

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an impossible height in the sky, and sometimes becoming a deep rosy red in the sunset, and on the other side look down on a hundred miles of Plains. Surely there can be no scenery so beautiful as the Himalaya Mountains in India—perhaps Kashmir excepted, but then that is India with the Karakorum Mountains instead of the Himalayas.

To go back to Sultanpur; sometimes in the holidays the children had very happy days. I was able to hire long boats called "dug outs" and take them for picnics on the river. We generally had three boats with two men punting each and went down the river—landed in some place and ran about under the trees, and returned sometimes by moonlight. On the way back we generally sang hymns, of which they knew numbers by heart.

Another form of amusement was hiring camel carts and going to a village about seven miles off in which one of the girls who had married lived with her husband and mother-in-law. I remember on one occasion we all alighted on the way and went to see some old Mahomedan tombs. When we returned we found the camel with a smile on its face, having eaten up all the children's dinners. The man in charge had left it for a few minutes and it had made the most of its time. However, we went on to the village, and the girl whom we were going to visit very quickly cooked some more dinner.

The children used to love paddling in a shallow part of the river just below our bungalow, and catching small fish in some cloth, or with their hands, and taking them back to the school and cooking them.

They sometimes used to swing on the very big bough of a tree just by one of the small temples near the river, and one day when no teacher was with them they went into the temple and found a big black stone called "Mahadeo" which means "Great God" and which the people worship. They thought it would be a very good thing to take it down to the Orphanage, and so prevent

its being worshipped. The next day they brought it to me thinking I should be very pleased and praise them very much for having tried to stop idolatry. Of course I sent it back with many apologies to the old priest who had charge of the temple by a Hindoo servant. He knew the children well and did not seem to mind much—but the English Police Officer who lived on a high bank above the temple, was very much amused that this should have been done just under his bungalow.

CHAPTER XII

WEDDINGS AND CONSUMPTION

SOMETIMES people ask me what happens to all the orphan children when they grow up? I always answer one of three things—"They either become teachers in schools, nurses in hospitals, or else they marry Christian men". Very often after having been teachers or nurses for a few years they marry and have homes and families of their own. They always find that the training they have had is very useful, of whatever kind it has been, and sometimes after marriage they obtain work as teachers near where they live. If their husbands die they can then always support themselves and their children by teaching, as the demand for primary teachers both for schools and Zenanas is in excess of the supply, and will continue to be so for many years. What one hopes and prays for is that they may be inspired with a real missionary spirit, and an earnest desire to win their fellow-country women to belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. Some certainly have this spirit, but on the whole I do not think there is much enthusiasm for the cause at present. It seems to me that one of the reasons for this is that the Indian Christian women have always been more or less in subjection to the Missionaries and dependent on them, and have not been sufficiently encouraged to take initiative on their own account, and on their own lines. I believe that if in the future missionaries would try to keep more in the background and give encouragement to capable Indian Christians to come to the fore and take responsible

posts, there would be a great advance. It is very difficult of course to do this, especially while financial support comes from England, and is administered by Home Committees who are not directly in touch with any of the Indian Christian community.

The S.P.G. Mission does more in this way than the Z.B.M.M. I have visited a Zenana Mission in Cawnpore of which an Indian lady is the head, with English girls working under her. For this it is necessary that they should have had at least a High School education and know English well, and have a true missionary Spirit. I do think this should be the aim of all missions, and the more it could be established, the more real success would be obtained.

I always feel that it would be better to put Indian Christian women in responsible posts and let them try to carry out their own ideas, even if they fail over and over again. The Government are doing this now with infinite patience and perseverance in political spheres, and surely it is even more important for the future of India that the same experiment should be tried in the Missionary world. On all the standing committees of the Z.B.M.M. Society in India there should be at least one Indian Christian.

If I could have my life over again I would still start an orphanage, but I would concentrate on a few of the girls with strength of Faith, character and intelligence, and after their having passed the Middle Standard at Sultanpur send them to a good Christian High School, like the Kinnaird School at Lahore, and then send them to England to a Missionary Training Home, like Ridgelands, Wimbledon, where they would learn self-control and to take the initiative and lead others.

To accomplish this for even three or four would be well worth while. They could then return to India as full missionaries of the Society.

I had intended in this chapter to write accounts of some of the girls who have passed through the School and become teachers or nurses, or are married and living in different places, but find it will be better to do this later on when describing a cold weather tour in India after I had retired from the work in Sultanpur. I then visited most of the old girls and wrote down impressions of all my visits at the time.

During the thirty-four years I worked at Sultanpur, the marriages of the girls were a great feature. There was no question of any of them meeting a suitable man with whom they might find affinity, and decide to pass their lives together. There were no Christian men in Sultanpur, but often men of other missions wishing to find a wife who would be a helpmate, and also one with no encumbrances in the way of relations wrote to me stating their qualifications (in which as a rule they did not err on the side of modesty) and asking if there was any girl in the school of marriageable age whom I thought suitable for them.

On receiving a letter like this I wrote to the Mission from which the man had originally come, and asked if his statements were correct, etc., and if I received a favourable answer sent for some girl who seemed more suitable for marriage than for work as a teacher or nurse, and asked her, " Do you think you would like to be married ? " The girl generally answered, " Miss Sahib, Āp ki khūshi," which means " Just as you like, I don't mind "—though sometimes they declared decidedly that they did not wish to be married. The next step was to send for the man.

When he arrived I wrote a note to the Matron asking her to see that the girl was arrayed in her prettiest dress, and send her up to me, and arranged for chairs to be put for them to have an interview under a big tree in the garden. There is a very large Baobab tree on the front lawn of the bungalow, and many interviews of the kind

have taken place under that tree. I used to allow them about a quarter of an hour, and then go out to see how they were getting on. I generally found that conversation did not seem fluent, and the girl had pulled her chaddar over her face, and that they were both glad when I came to separate them. After this I first asked the girl privately if she was willing to marry the man, and as a rule she agreed, but one or two have decidedly declined and said nothing would induce them to accept him. I then approached the man, and I don't think I ever remember a man refusing to take the girl brought forward. The next proceeding was to have a formal betrothal.

We arranged a tea party at the bungalow, and the girl was allowed to invite six of her friends. The Indian Lay catechist who read the service in Church on Sundays was requested to attend, also any teachers who liked to come. Prayers were said and the man gave a present to the girl which he had brought with him, and which consisted of either some material for a dress, some silver bangles, or occasionally a ring—or sometimes all three. The girl always gave the man a handkerchief. After this we all had tea, and then, if the engaged couple wished to see more of each other they were allowed to go for a walk by the river, but they nearly always said—"What is the use in doing that?" After this the man went back to his work for three weeks while the banns were being called, and the girl's trousseau was being made—she generally made most of her own outfit. The man then returned for the wedding. The visiting clergyman of the station at the time, whether a Government Chaplain, as was sometimes the case, or a C.M.S. Missionary, Indian or English, always came for the ceremony. It was the custom for the bridegroom to present the wedding dress. All the Indian Christians in Sultanpur were asked, and very often the English people too, and we had tea in the garden with a big wedding cake and quantities of Indian

sweetmeats. Of course all the girls were very excited and thoroughly enjoyed it. We had the service in Church, and I drove there with the bride, stood by her side and gave her away. In that way I think I must have given away at least sixty girls. There have been a few unhappy marriages amongst them, but as a whole they have turned out very well.

They are of course scattered over different parts of India, mostly in the U.P., and I still keep in touch with a good many, though some have been quite lost sight of.

I remember one occasion after the interview under the Baobab tree, when the girl absolutely refused to marry the man. I was surprised, as when he arrived I thought him a particularly nice looking, intelligent man, and much superior to the girl I had chosen for him, who was decidedly ugly and uninteresting, and I expected him to decline the honour—but the result was that he was quite willing to become her husband, but she would have nothing to do with him. He had come a long way from the Punjab and was bitterly disappointed as there was no other girl in the school at that time of marriageable age. He actually wept, and I had to pay his return fare to console him a little. The girl afterwards married very happily. Marriages arranged in this way will I am sure become fewer in the near future, as girls, and men too, are showing a desire to choose their own partners in life after a period of some acquaintance.

I generally received a letter before the wedding day from the clergyman who had read the banns in the Church where the bridegroom lived, saying that this had been done and that there was no obstacle to the marriage—but once when all was ready and I was on the point of driving the bride to the Church, a telegram was put into my hand saying "Banns called with objections". Of course I sent it at once to the officiating clergyman and he decided that the wedding must be postponed until

enquiries had been made. All the guests were put off and there was general dismay. The bridegroom was naturally very agitated, and thought that someone who had a quarrel with him had made up some untrue story against him, but at last he went to the telegraph office and asked them to wire for the words to be re-stated, and found it was a mistake made by the Post Office, and should have been "Banns called *without* objections". It was getting late, nearly 4 p.m., but we quickly sent round to all the guests, etc., and the wedding ceremony was carried on. The bridegroom was a son of a well-known Christian family and with a good Government post as Treasury Officer, and the marriage has been a happy one.

During the years that Miss Hamling was helping me at Sultanpur (it must have been in the summer of 1909) I went home to England again, and for the last time stayed with my great friend, Mrs. Llewellin, who always helped me so much with my work in India. I have described in the second chapter how she came up to a farewell meeting to say "good-bye" to me, and how I saw a wonderful light on her face as she was looking up to the platform. I have had this experience twice and each time the death followed soon after. How near anything like this brings the future life! When one has seen it doubt is impossible.

I was at Naini Tal for the usual five or six weeks holiday the following August, when I heard the news that she had been killed in a motor accident. The letter came after a beautiful service in Church on Sunday. It was a great shock to me though how could I help knowing that all was well with her? On the day of her accident she came down to breakfast as usual. It was a pouring wet day and she had promised to go to lunch with her sister who was staying in an hotel at Weymouth, about twenty miles from Poole, where she lived. Everyone tried to persuade her not to go, but she did not want to

disappoint her sister. When the chauffeur was told to put on the skidding tyres, it was discovered that there were no skidding tyres. Then orders were sent to put the chain on. While the motor was being brought to the front door the chain broke. It seemed as if everything was conspiring to prevent her going, but she still persisted. Another sister, Mrs. Matthews, who was staying with her, and her daughter were also going. Mrs. Llewellin sat in front by the chauffeur. They had gone about three miles and were near Wimborne, when the motor skidded and ran into a telegraph post. Mrs. Llewellin fell out and the post broke and fell on to her head. She died almost immediately, but said to the chauffeur, "It was not your fault."

She left me a hundred pounds, fifty for the Orphanage and fifty for myself, and I spent it in getting a new building put up at Sultanpur especially for a school building, for which the Government gave half. There was a large hall in the middle where we all assembled for prayers every morning, and where two classes were afterwards held, also one good sized class room. A wide verandah went all round, the corners of which were suitable for classes. When it was finished Canon Waller, who was then Hon. Secretary of the Z.B.M.M. and is now Bishop of Madras, came to dedicate it. The old Mahomedan who put up all the other buildings was the contractor, and did it very well as usual. It is still in as good condition as when it was first built.

Time went on and the school seemed to prosper with the excellent and enthusiastic Head Mistress, who made them all happy and succeeded in getting many girls through the Middle Examination, and so produced material fitted for training teachers of Primary Schools. Also the Bible instruction, most of which I supervised by monthly examinations, and took the highest class myself, was always

pronounced satisfactory by the clergyman who came every year for scripture examinations. I see by a Record book that I still have that in 1910 twelve girls gained honours in the Scripture Examinations and certificates of merit. This does not mean that they all became really earnest Christians.

Ever since the second batch of girls from the Allahabad Orphanage, which had been started in the famine of 1897 and sent for a time to an orphanage near Agra, came on to Sultanpur, there had been two or three cases a year of consumption. I remember the day these sixteen girls arrived from Allahabad in a camel cart, and two of them were so far gone in consumption that they were unable to walk alone from the gate to the school. There were no consumptive Sanatoria in those days where I could have sent them, and we also then had no segregation hospital, so it was impossible to keep them apart from the others except by letting them sleep on the verandah of the bungalow, which I did—and several girls became infected. At that time tuberculosis was not looked upon as very infectious, and very few precautions were taken. It was the beginning of much difficulty for the school at Sultanpur. The two girls died soon after their arrival, and the following year we had four or five deaths. When I came out again after my next furlough I found two children far gone in consumption who were not kept separate from the others, and they also died, though I at once brought them up to the bungalow, and made them sleep on the verandah outside my room. After this a Sanatorium was opened at Almora, and if any cases occurred I sent them on there. By that time the little segregation hospital outside the Orphanage had been put up, and I made the greatest use of it—keeping any girl with a tendency to consumption there, and only had a few cases for several years. In the spring of 1915 there were two cases, and I tried to get Dr. Lancaster, who was a con-

sumptive specialist, and travelling all over the U.P. and other parts of India studying the reasons for the prevalence of tuberculosis, to come to Sultanpur. He promised to come on a certain day, but telegraphed the day before to say he was prevented from coming. I then wrote to Dr. Douglas, of the Kinnaird Hospital, Lucknow, asking her to come instead. She stayed two days and said the Orphanage was not large enough, as it then was, to hold more than seventy children, and we must keep to that number.

I went home in March, 1916, for six months leaving Miss Emily Wright and Miss Griffiths (a trained nurse) in charge.

When I returned in the autumn there were several more cases which were not kept in segregation. After Christmas I took six of these to the Consumptive Sanatorium at Tilaunia, in Rajputana—all of whom, but one, recovered. I did not take over charge again then from Miss Emily Wright, as I thought of retiring and leaving the work to her, but felt terribly worried about the consumptive cases. I went up to Naini Tal at the beginning of May, staying with my friends Archdeacon and Mrs. Chapman and when I had been there a month received a letter from Miss Emily Wright—who had also gone away by then for her holidays—enclosing a letter from Miss Fallon, one of whose orphan children had died of tuberculosis, suggesting moving the whole school to a large bungalow belonging to the Society which had been a Zenana Mission bungalow in Allahabad.

Miss Emily Wright sending the letter on to me made me feel that although I was not in charge at that time I might act on the suggestion. I felt if anything was to be done about it, it must be done at once while half the girls, i.e. the children of poor Christian parents, were away on their holidays. I came down the next day, June 1st, to Allahabad, and Lady Knox, who had not gone

to the Hills that year, very kindly took me in. I had telegraphed for the consent of Mr. Harvey (the Hon. Secretary) and proceeded with the help of Captain Crump, the Financial Secretary, who was in Allahabad, to try and get the bungalow ready. Much had to be done in the way of whitewashing, etc., as it had not been inhabited for a long time. After about a week I went back to Sultanpur, and with the help of Miss Griffiths, who had been left in charge in Miss Wright's absence, had every single thing thoroughly disinfected, especially all the beds.

All the children were examined by a doctor and we found eight more slightly infected. Miss Griffiths took these to Tilaunia and by July 4th, 1917, they were all settled in Katra Road, Allahabad. The children of Christian parents came straight there after their holidays, and Miss Wright also from the Hills. There was no room for me so I went back to Naini Tal. I always feel that this was the most difficult thing I ever had to do—in the very hottest time of the year and entirely on my own initiative, though I had Miss Fallon's suggestion behind me and Mr. Harvey's consent. I had always been accustomed from the beginning to follow Miss Fallon's advice with regard to the work.

The right proceeding would have been before taking such a step, to consult the Standing Committee which had been formed some time before this took place, but they were all, except one, away in different parts of the Hills on their holidays, and could not possibly have met to make any decision for at least a month, and then it would have been too late to move before the girls were due to return from their holidays. Also, I felt that it was a matter of life or death for the children to remove infectious cases at once. For a long time I had realized that one case, if not kept apart, can infect numbers, but had the greatest difficulty in getting other people to believe this. I will write more about this later on.

The whole of the sixth class, i.e. the Middle Class—were sent to the Normal School, C.M.S. at Benares, as there was not sufficient room for everyone in Katra Road, Allahabad.

I can never be grateful enough for the help given to me by Lady Knox and also Mr. Harvey. Miss Sutherland, who was in charge of the Lady Muir Memorial in Allahabad, also took my part, and the move did succeed in quite stamping out the tuberculosis, principally because all infectious cases were sent away. The school continued in Allahabad for one year, and at first there was a talk of their remaining there altogether. I still stayed at Sultanpur with about fourteen girls and two teachers for whom there was no room at Katra Road, and Miss Wright and Miss Griffiths took charge of the work in Allahabad. In January, 1918, I went to Allahabad for a Conference, after which Miss Wright wrote a letter suggesting that I should again take over charge of the school. As there were orders from Government, owing to the number of ships sunk by German submarines, that no ladies were to travel by sea, I was obliged to stay in India. I was very glad indeed that Miss Wright asked me to do this, and agreed at once, as I would not have suggested it myself, and the Standing Committee met and asked me to take charge while Miss Wright and Miss Griffiths were away for their holidays. I was glad to do this and spent the hottest hot weather I have ever known that year in Allahabad. Lady Knox as ever was kindness itself, and I sometimes had drives with her in the evening.

In order to provide some amusement for the children in their holidays, we practised some fancy drills every morning. At Sultanpur they could paddle in the river, catch fish, go out in boats or camel carts, etc., but there seemed to be nothing of this sort to do in Allahabad. They had learnt about twelve fancy drills, with songs

and flags, brooms, handkerchiefs, Japanese fans, Chinese lanterns, etc., some of which they had forgotten, but they learnt them all up again every morning, and when all was ready we had a party in the garden, to which all the Indian Christians we knew were invited. Miss Sutherland brought her converts from the Lady Muir Memorial, and Mr. Sorabji, who had been very kind many times before, brought a number of Anglo-Indian girls from a school in which he was interested. Lady Knox also came, and we all had a happy afternoon. On May the 24th, Empire day, I took all the bigger girls to the Anglo-Indian school, where they always had a ceremony of Saluting the Flag. Each girl saluted a Union Jack on a pole in turn. It was a pretty sight.

During that time I realized that it would be impossible for the school to remain on in Allahabad, as the whole building was too dark and unsuitable, also a contractor who had at first said that a top storey which would do for dormitories might be built on, found that the old walls were not strong enough to stand the extra weight.

As the days passed on I made up my mind that it would be better to take them all back to Sultanpur at once before the end of the holidays and wondered if I dared do it, as I knew I should have some opposition. At last I decided, in consultation with Miss Sutherland and Lady Knox, that it was the only thing to do—so I wrote to Mr. Harvey who was away on a holiday. He agreed, and promised to meet me at Sultanpur on his way down from the Hills. We both stayed with the Deputy Commissioner and his wife, who were charming Parsees. Mr. Harvey, on seeing the buildings, said at once that it would be much better for the school to return, so on the exact day a year from the time they left Sultanpur—July the 4th—they all went back.

Before I wrote to Mr. Harvey I sent a letter to Miss Wright saying, "Do not be surprised if you hear that

we have all gone back to Sultanpur". On getting this letter she wrote to the Standing Committee asking to be transferred to some other station. Her request was granted, but Miss Griffiths came back to Sultanpur, and we worked together for some time.

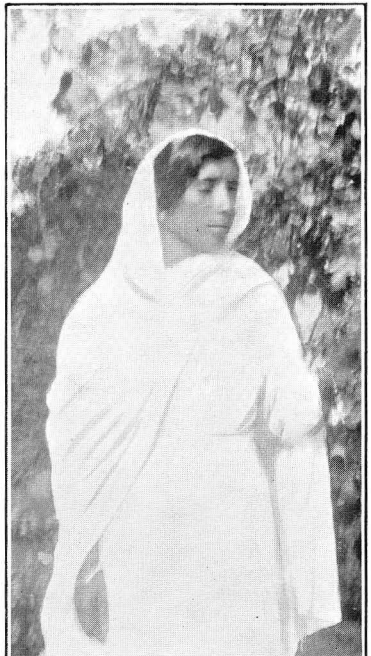
I shall never forget the day we returned. There was a wedding in the morning at 7 a.m. of a girl who had come to me when very young, and had of late years been a teacher in the C.E.Z. Mission. While there an engagement had been formed between her and a very good Christian man working in the same mission, and she had come back to me for the wedding.

The ceremony took place in a Church in the beautiful Christian village of Muirabad, on the banks of the Ganges. Lady Knox, with her usual keen interest in the work, came to the wedding (and brought me back in her motor) and to the reception (if it can be called by that name) afterwards. The bride and bridegroom left soon afterwards, and the rest of the day was indeed a rush—the furniture sent off to the station in bullock carts, and the general winding up of everything. Miss Sutherland—as always—helped me very much, and she and Lady Knox, with whom she also was very friendly, both came to see us off at 5 p.m. We had previously engaged third-class carriages. In the same train we found all the girls who had been sent to the Sanatorium at Tilaunia returning, pronounced "cured." This was not previously planned, but seemed to me a most providential occurrence.

I had sent two teachers and a consignment of girls and servants on beforehand to get everything ready for us, which they had done fairly well. It was pouring with rain when we arrived but we got several "ekkas" (native pony carts) at the station and also were met by our own phaeton which had been sent on beforehand, and in which I went backwards and forwards several times from the station to the school conveying the younger children.

Altogether we did not settle in till past midnight but the children were all delighted to get back to their old home. I was very careful to keep the returned tuberculous children apart from the others, although they had been pronounced "cured", as there is always a tendency to relapse. I found out exactly the amount and kind of food given in the Sanatorium, and for the next four years, i.e. as long as I remained in India, provided the same food for the whole school. During that time there were no cases of consumption in the school, except one relapse of a girl who had been at Tilaunia. I made all the returned girls sleep in the Segregation Hospital and this they thoroughly enjoyed, as there was a big tree in the compound on which was hung a swing which they had all to themselves. A responsible Christian woman always slept there with them as the building was about twenty yards away from the Orphanage compound at that time. Later on a communicating closed in passage was built.

ANANDI AND HER HUSBAND



LOUISE BAKSH

CAPTAIN HUDSON

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CHAPTER XIII

BUILDING LARGE NEW DORMITORIES FOR 100 CHILDREN

AFTER the return from Allahabad I began at once to make plans for new and more airy dormitories being put up. With much deliberation a site was decided upon to the left of the little hospital and so near Mrs. Hyde's (the Matron's) rooms. The raised ground at that place made it a healthy position.

Mrs. Hyde was rather anxious about her garden, in which she had planted several fruit bearing trees, but when we found they need not be interfered with she was quite pleased. The dear old Mahomedan contractor was ill at the time, but his adopted son undertook, when I described what was required, to make the plans. I told him I wanted it built with three wide, long verandahs round an almost square courtyard open at one end, so that there should always be a current of air. The Home Committee agreed to its being built if I invested money in it and they paid me five per cent.

I explained that it must be built large enough for a hundred children, with the amount of cubic space and air required by Government for that number. The verandahs were fifteen feet wide and about ninety feet long.

Two verandahs were quickly put up, and a temporary wall on the third side. During the war exchange went up to double, i.e. a rupee was worth two and eightpence instead of one and fourpence, so it was better to wait till it became normal again before having all the money

required sent out, but the two new verandahs were a tremendous asset. Also I had covered ways put up between all the buildings in the compound, so that during the rainy season there should be no difficulty about getting the children every day from the dormitories to the school house. I was also able to get the advice of Mr. Tillard, at that time the Chief Engineer of the U.P., whom I had known for many years and who occasionally visited Sultanpur. He admired the buildings when finished very much, and said he should advise the Government when putting up schools to have them built in the same way.

The courtyard, being about ninety feet square, was entirely paved with brick, and on one side of it was a large neem tree which gave a splendid shade, and under which the children could sit or play games. Afterwards they often practised their fancy drills in the courtyard. Mrs. Vincent again became Head Mistress and Mrs. Hyde was delighted to get back to her old quarters, as she did not approve of Allahabad at all.

To go back to December, 1915, when I returned from England after six or seven months' leave, I was told that all the Mission stations must reduce their expenditure or incur the possibility of being closed. Miss Wright, Miss Griffiths and I set to work to think what we could do about it. We found that the only thing to be done would be to close the City school which Miss Brett had started, and which was the only part of her work that was still going on. By this we could save about Rs. 50 a month.

At last we decided upon this, and acting entirely in faith, to give up all the money allowed by the Society except what was given by special contributors for the support of separate children adopted by them. This would mean Rs. 150 (at that time worth £10) a month.

After praying much about it, we felt called upon to offer to act accordingly, and so help other stations. I possessed

a good Swiss cottage tent, which I sold to a C.M.S. Missionary for Rs. 150, really less than its value; also a dog-cart worth about the same and a piano worth Rs. 200. The sale of these brought in enough for three months.

I went to Jaunpore for a Conference in January, and before it began had an interview with Mr. Harvey offering to give up about 200 Rs. a month. Directly the Conference was opened he announced my offer—but no one seemed at all pleased about it—I suppose they all imagined that we had merely found we could do without the money and so were giving it up. They did not realise that it would have to come somehow, as we could not possibly carry on without it. It was at this Conference that great objections were made by some to my taking in the children of poor Christian parents in place of, and on the same terms, as orphans. I was very surprised, as I had no idea that they disliked my doing this so much, and now all schools of the same kind do the same. Soon after my return to Sultanpur I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Reid, saying that she found there was a hundred pounds in a bank in India, which was part of some money Mr. Reid had left for the payment of pensions to old servants of his. The last of these had now died, and she said I could have the one hundred pounds for anything I liked. This seemed a wonderful answer to prayer, as she did not know how much we needed it for Sultanpur. With this we had enough to last till the end of the year.

In the spring of 1915 I went home (as I have explained in a former chapter) and soon after I arrived went to see Miss Marriner, one of the Z.B.M.M. Secretaries, and told her of the difficulties that might occur in the future through having given up at least ten pounds a month of the money allotted to us. She at once proposed writing to all the supporters asking them if, owing to the rise in prices of everything on account of the war, they would be kind

enough to double their subscriptions. This she did, and many of them most generously responded.

During the war I had four voyages backwards and forwards to India. The last in the autumn of 1916 was the most exciting. To begin with—starting from Tilbury Dock—we were held up at Dover for three days, as there was known to be a German submarine in the Channel. Then through a megaphone from a steamer orders were given (and at that time there were three hundred ships waiting) to proceed and keep close along the coast in case we were torpedoed. On arriving at Land's End further instructions from the Admiralty came to say we were to go one hundred and fifty miles out into the Atlantic. A tremendous storm came on and the ship almost stood up on end, as ships going to India are not built for the Atlantic. Immediately on arriving on board we had seen notices posted in all the cabins telling passengers to find the shortest way to their boats at once, and in case of four whistles being sounded to take thick coats and rugs as quickly as possible and go up on deck, as it would mean a submarine. During the storm most of the passengers remained day and night in the darkened music saloon. I remember a young girl of seventeen throwing herself on the ground saying, "We are going to the bottom, we are going to the bottom", but most of the people kept perfectly calm. On account of bad weather we were two days late in getting into Gibraltar, and it was given out in England that we had been taken prisoners by the Germans. After passing through the straits we were ordered to keep close up round the coast of Spain till we reached Marseilles. The scenery of the coast and the snow mountains, etc., which one does not see on ordinary voyages to India was glorious. We remained at Marseilles longer than usual and then, instead of going through the straits of Boccacio and Messina, the ordinary route to Port Said, we were ordered to go straight to the North coast of Africa, and from there

by night to Malta. The most dangerous part of the voyage was between Malta and Port Said, as submarines were hiding between the Greek Islands. Of course we were never allowed, from the time we entered the Mediterranean to take off our lifebelts, or rather jackets made of padded cotton which acted as life-belts, and were much more comfortable, which we could hire when we came on board, and no baths were allowed night or day. From Malta to Port Said we were convoyed by two destroyers.

As we were getting into Port Said we met and saluted a P. & O. ship, the *Arabia*, just coming out. When we arrived at Aden we received the news that she had been sunk soon after we passed her and that many had been drowned.

On a previous voyage on the way home on going to my cabin I found that my boat was number thirteen, also that I was at a table holding thirteen people, so I thought " well if there is any meaning in the bad luck attached to thirteen something will happen to me now."

Soon after we got into the Mediterranean I heard the stewards calling to each other in most cheerful voices and saying, " We leave Port Said at 6 p.m. and go down at midnight ". The next day I was lying down in my cabin in the afternoon when I heard four whistles, the signal for a submarine, so taking my rugs and warm coat rushed up on deck—everyone was tearing about. I said " is it a submarine ? " and they said " No, a man overboard ". He was an engineer whom I happened to know, and who had taken me in to dinner at a party not long before. I spoke to him when first I came on board, and afterwards saw him once and realised he had been drinking. He had received a letter as we started, and from that time disappeared into his cabin. In the Mediterranean he had suddenly rushed up on deck and jumped into the sea. Life-belts were thrown to him but he seemed to take no notice of them.

The Captain at once ordered the ship to turn round. This was contrary to his instructions, which were that under no circumstances was a ship to stop, as by so doing she would become an easy target for submarines. It took three quarters of an hour to turn and come to a standstill, and send a boat to search for the man who had jumped over, and it was all of no use, as he had disappeared. About twelve hours later we came upon a ship that had been torpedoed and two destroyers were rescuing the crew. On arrival at Marseilles the Captain was questioned as to the cause of our delay, and was told that if we had not stopped to rescue the man *we* should have been torpedoed instead of the ship we saw, as they were no doubt watching for the P. & O. boat which would have arrived there exactly at that time. I always think it must have been a consolation to the relations of the engineer to know that by his death he really saved the ship. After 1916 no ladies were allowed to travel by sea—it was too great a responsibility for the captains of the ships. Everyone seemed to be knitting socks for the soldiers the whole time.

On one outward journey there were two men on board in charge of the gun posted in the bows of the ship. They were always travelling backwards and forwards in the danger zone—that is between London and Port Said. Seeing me knitting socks one of them asked if I could get his mended for him, and I promised him I would give him all I could knit on the voyage. By the time we arrived at Port Said I had finished four pairs. I gave him these, and he gave two pairs to the other gunner, and I sent them two more afterwards. It was more interesting giving the socks to someone I knew than giving them indefinitely to an unknown regiment. Also I heard that so many pairs of socks were sent to the front, that they were often used for rubbing down horses, etc. Many of the orphans learnt to make socks, and I sent dozens of pairs made by them to an officer I knew in Mesopotamia.

It was on my return to India after the voyage just described, that is at the end of 1916, that I found so many cases of consumption in the school, which lead to the move to Allahabad, and our remaining there for one year, from July, 1917, to July, 1918.

In the spring of 1917 I began receiving letters from Canada, where most of the supporters of the children lived, telling me of the extra money that had been sent to the London office in response to Miss Marriner's appeal. I wondered why it was not sent on to me as we were very badly off and at least Rs. 500 in debt. I wrote two or three times about it, but it appeared that there had been some misunderstanding.

After we had all returned to Sultanpur on July 4th, 1918, including Miss Griffiths, I arranged to go to Naini Tal for a month's holiday, but hearing there was to be a Standing Committee meeting in Lucknow a fortnight after I had reached the Hills, and with Miss Sutherland's advice, I went down again sooner than I had intended in order to ask the Committee to write to the Home Office about the money due to me from Canada; also at that time I had been elected for a short time as one of the Members of the Committee. Dr. Douglas kindly took me in at the Kinnaird Hospital, where the meeting was to be held, with Mr. Harvey, the Hon. Secretary, in the chair. I stated my difficulties and explained why I had acted independently, not only in taking the school to Allahabad without consulting the S.C., but also in bringing them back in the same way. I pointed out that the move in both cases was urgent, —and there was no time to write to all the members who were away in the Hills—the first in order to prevent the rapid spread of the infection, and the second to get them all back during the holidays. When I spoke of my money difficulties some said—"you spend too much already", not understanding that we had given up Rs. 150 a month at the beginning of 1916 and that prices had gone up

tremendously during the war. Fortunately Mr. Harvey did understand, as he remembered what had been done, but could do nothing. I talked to him about it afterwards and he kindly promised to get me a grant from the C.M.S. for the children of Christian parents at Sultanpur, who belonged originally to that Society. Afterwards he sent me on behalf of the C.M.S. a grant of Rs. 280 a year, and he gave me himself to go on with at the time Rs. 150 of his own money. I ought, no doubt, to have written full explanations beforehand to the S.C. which would have prevented possibly so much misunderstanding. As it was, I returned to Sultanpur in great despair, not knowing how we could carry on. It was a good thing I came back, as Miss Griffiths was ill with ophthalmia and not allowed out of her room.

The next morning I went down to the school and after prayers told them that I was afraid the children of Christian parents would have to go back to their homes as there was no money to keep them on at Sultanpur. They said " Oh, Miss Sahib, don't worry, we will pray and the money is sure to come ", and really quite a wonderful thing happened after that, as some Hindu and Mohamedan gentlemen living in the City heard that we needed funds very badly, and came forward offering to help us. Also the Parsee Deputy Commissioner gave us money, and with Mr. Harvey's contribution we had enough to support the work till the following May, when the Home Office sent us the one hundred pounds sent from Canada which were due to us.

I do not know why I should ever have been in doubt that the necessary money would be forthcoming in answer to prayer, as it always had in times of need. I was distressed at being told that we spent too much money already, as I knew that with the help of Mrs. Hyde, who was very careful and economical, we could not have managed with less. So I wrote to a Chartered Accountant who was visiting different Mission stations and thoroughly going into the accounts—

to pay us a visit at Sultanpur. This he kindly consented to do and said that by comparing our expenditure with that of the Normal School, Benares, for the last three years and which he had already investigated, and which worked up to the same standard as ours, and had about the same number of pupils, he could find out how we stood in the matter. The differences were that they had a Training class for Teachers, and we had not but we had to pay for the clothes and blankets for the children, and their children's parents were well-to-do Christians who provided for their own children. The result was that our expenditure was a good deal less than theirs, so I felt relieved.

In the following May, when the hundred pounds was sent to me from the Home Office, I was able to pay off all debts. Miss Emily Wright had kindly lent Rs. 200—and so we returned to normal conditions. I am doubtful whether it was really right to have given up the money after it had been allotted to us, though it was a great triumph of Faith when it came back in such a wonderful way, and in answer to prayer, and of course it did help other stations very much though they never realized it.

On November the 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Nanavutty, the Parsee Deputy Commissioner and his beautiful wife, came to call about 5 p.m. and told us of the telegrams received at all stations in India telling that the war was at an end. The children were all swinging and playing games under the big Baobab tree in the front of the house, and I called to them and told them the good news. They became wildly excited, and jumped and rushed about saying "Larai band hai, larai band hai" (The war is over, the war is over). It was indeed an indescribable relief.

While the Chartered Accountant was staying at Sultanpur and investigating the accounts, I had a wire to say my eldest half-sister, Mrs. Burra, was very ill and obliged to have an operation, and later on a second wire informed me that she had passed away. She had suffered for several

years from a weak heart, so I thought that this was the cause of her death, but on receiving letters from England a fortnight later I found she had swallowed a rabbit bone at lunch one day. It felt rather uncomfortable but she did not take much notice of it, and that afternoon went out paying calls. The next day it was no better so she sent for a doctor, who ordered her to go into a nursing home and have an operation. Afterwards she seemed to be recovering, but septic poisoning set in and she died. I had been practising and learning by heart Chopin's Funeral March, and was playing it just before I received the news. Whenever I hear it now I am always reminded of that time. She had a beautiful, unselfish, sweet character, and was adored by all her family.

We had a confirmation in February of 1919, and several girls were confirmed. Bishop Westcott stayed in the Sessions Bungalow, and we had a party of all the English people and Indian Christians to meet him. That summer I went to Naini Tal for six weeks, and stayed part of the time in an hotel, and part with Archdeacon and Mrs. Chapman, and for ten days with Mrs. Way.

In the spring of 1920 I went home again—it was very difficult to get a passage as so many people were wanting to go home, who had been prevented during the war. I was told the only possibility of getting a berth was to stay in Bombay in the hopes of someone being unable to go at the last minute and returning their ticket—called a pier jump. This I did and stayed for a fortnight at the C.M.S. House in Bombay. There were many other Missionaries doing the same thing and about ten from Persia waiting to get passages. I haunted Cook's office and at last heard I could have a berth that had been returned in a German ship taken in the war. While waiting in Bombay I used to go for a walk every day by the sea in the evening when numbers of Parsee ladies, beautifully dressed, go down to the beach with devotional books in their hands, and say

their prayers to the setting sun, which of course sets into the sea.

The German ship was quite comfortable, though bath-room accommodation was not equal to an English ship. In the dining saloon was a large picture of Bismarck, who seemed to scowl down at us and wonder why we were there.

The voyage was quite tame with no submarines about.

Miss Griffiths managed the school in my absence with the help of a younger missionary, and I found everything in good order when I returned in November. She stayed with me till after Christmas, and was then sent to the Kinnaird Hospital at Lucknow as they were without a nurse.

At that time Gyanmani, a child of Christian parents, who came to the school when only eight years of age, and who after passing through the school had been sent on to the Kinnaird High School in Lahore, and passed the Matriculation examination—had become Head Teacher at Sultanpur in place of Mrs. Vincent. According to the written agreement with Christian parents that their children, after being well educated, should work for the Mission which had supported them, for at least three years on less pay than they could get elsewhere, Gyanmani began her work for us. Mrs. Vincent had received Rs. 40 a month, but Gyanmani was glad to fill the same post for Rs. 20. She worked on this salary for three years, thus saving the school Rs. 20 a month, so almost entirely paying back the money spent on her education.

In every way she was a most satisfactory, earnest Christian girl, and managed out of her salary to help her parents, who were very poor, and pay for the education of a brother. After this she stayed on at Sultanpur and received a higher salary and saved up enough to pay for herself for two years' teachers' training. She passed well and is now

working in a C.M.S. High School in Dehra Dun and frequently writes and tells me how happy she is in her work.

Before Miss Griffiths left for Lucknow she told me that the Middle Class who would be sitting for the Government examination in the following March—about ten girls—were all well on in most subjects, but backward in arithmetic. So I gave up the spare time I had from Bible lessons and general superintendence to getting them coached up in this subject. I had the class up to the bungalow for an hour a day, the time usually spent on arithmetic, and although I did not do the teaching myself I planned with Gyanmani how it was to be done. I was able to procure the Government examination papers in arithmetic for the last three or four years, and told Gyanmani to show the girls how to do each sum, and not to go on to the next until every girl in the class had succeeded in doing it quite correctly without help. This she did for about six weeks before the examination; with the result that all the girls passed well in arithmetic, but they all failed in English. How I wished afterwards I had done the same with English! No doubt this is quite an amateur and illegitimate method, and would be condemned by trained teachers, but then I *am* an amateur and never expected to have charge of a school when I first came out to India. My aim has always been to make the Orphanage seem like a home, more than a school, and letters from girls I receive now show that I succeeded, at all events, in this. Two orphan girls now sent elsewhere wrote to me a short time ago saying, "We do wish you would come back as we felt we had a home when you were here".

As it turned out I was very ill when the examination took place, and was not able, as I have generally been, to invigilate it.

First I caught a bad cold which turned to influenza, and my temperature went up. I was obliged to stay in

bed and two of the girls came up to nurse me. As I did not get better I sent for the Indian doctor (all the officials in the station were Indians, and we had had Home Rule at Sultanpur for about five years). The doctor was very nice but very shy, as they all are or were of attending English ladies. I told him I had a bad pain in my side and he said, " Oh, you will soon be all right, there is not much the matter", and he went away and did not come again for four days, when I sent for him again as I was no better. He altered the medicine and said I should soon be all right. In the meantime both the girls who were nursing me developed influenza and high temperatures, and could not attend to me, and the school, of course, was left to Mrs. Hyde and the teachers.

For some time Dr. Carpenter, the Hon. C.M.S. Secretary, had been writing urging me to give over the buildings to the Z.B.M.M., and as I felt very reluctant to do this, feeling they had all been given to me personally by friends, I had put off doing so. Now that I was feeling very ill and thinking that perhaps I might die, I wrote asking him to come over to Sultanpur and I would sign a paper about the matter. I received no answer, and still seeming to get worse wired and asked him to send me an English nurse. There were no English people in the station at all except one lady with several small children, and I had a feeling that I could not die without some English person near me. The next day an Irish nurse arrived and at once sent again for the Indian doctor. She said to him, " Miss Luce has got pleurisy." He said, " Of course, she has had pleuro-pneumonia from the beginning". I said, " But why did you not tell me? I thought the pain in my side was liver, and did all sorts of exercises in my room to try and get rid of it." He said, " You must never tell patients what is the matter with them—they might be frightened".

Soon after the nurse arrived Dr. Carpenter also sent a

Missionary from Jaunpore to take charge of the Orphanage while I was ill. I am afraid she found it in great need of supervision, two of the principle teachers as well as several girls being ill—and the discipline had become very upset. She remained a month and did her best, though she was not much accustomed to the kind of work, and it was very difficult for her. As soon as I was well enough to go down to the school which, as I have said before, was five minutes' walk from the bungalow—she was recalled to Jaunpore.

The nurse, being Irish, was full of the most thrilling stories. I always remember one she told me about herself and her children. She had two little girls, one about four years of age and the other two. She took them out for a walk in the garden every morning, and one day when they came in the elder one said, "Please give me some milk for my dicky bird", so she gave her a saucer of milk and then went into the kitchen to cook the dinner, etc. This she did every day for about a week. One day she had just given the milk when a cat ran through the room, and thinking it would drink up the milk she went back to the children —what was her horror to see them sitting with a huge cobra between them and they were stroking its head and saying, "Drink, dicky bird, drink". Directly the cobra saw her it gave a great hiss. She was almost paralysed with fright, and running into the garden called some men, who came in and killed the cobra, which had done no harm to the children. The elder little girl was so fond of it that she was quite inconsolable at its death, and being a very sensitive, delicate child, died in consequence.

The examination was over and it was getting towards the end of April, and arrangements had to be made for the teachers, who were all old girls, to go away somewhere for their holidays. This required a great deal of writing, etc.; then the children of Christian parents had

to be sent off to their homes with escorts, and taken in batches to the station on different days. Also the third verandah to complete the new dormitories was being put up, and required continual supervision, as it was necessary that it should be finished by the middle of August, when Bishop Westcott had promised to come for a Confirmation.

I began to feel, "this is *more* than I can do", and made up my mind to retire the following year.

After I had seen everyone off I went up to Naini Tal about May 18th, and stayed for a week as I often did at an hotel at the end of the Lake. I went to the Empire Garden Party at Government House, and met many friends, and also to tea and lunch with Lady Knox—little realizing that it was the last time I should see her—and then went on to the Sanatorium at Almora, where two of my girls were being trained as nurses.

I stayed with Dr. Gray in the Sanatorium for a month, and then went down after five weeks' holiday so as to have a week to prepare for ten new children of very poor Christian parents, who were coming from the Gorakhpur district, and who would make the numbers up to ninety. The girls all arrived a week afterwards, and as soon as they were all settled and a new term started I began holding a class of candidates for confirmation every day for half an hour.

This continued all through July, and I think there were about ten girls being prepared. I asked some of the Missionaries of the Society to come for the confirmation and the dedication of the new buildings, which were quite ready by this time, but no one was able to come. Fortunately Mr. Way was in the station at the time, as he was Excise Commissioner and he came to everything. In the morning we had the Confirmation Service, and in the afternoon the buildings were dedicated, and the children marched all round singing "Onward Christian Soldiers". Then we had a tea party for everyone. That was the last ceremony I took part in at Sultanpur.

The new children were all strong, intelligent girls of nine years of age and under, and had all been chosen by the wife of the C.M.S. Missionary at Gorakhpur as coming from very poor homes, and yet being physically fit and mentally suitable.

In October Miss Nixon, who was to take charge for me when I left, came to Sultanpur, and I began making over everything to her.

Miss Gertrude Kinnaird, who was touring in India, paid us another visit. She was not at all well, and had to stay in bed most of the time she was with us. The same Indian doctor who had attended me came and prescribed for her. I think she liked him very much, but she always liked Indians and showed them great sympathy.

I still had not given over the buildings to the Society, though I had every intention of doing so. Something or someone always seemed to prevent me, and it was not till some time after I arrived in England that the paper transferring the property was signed. I must say I have often much regretted doing so, and believe that I was acting contrary to the Guiding and the Will of God when I did it, as they had been given to me in answer to prayer by my own friends. If they had not been taken off my hands I should certainly have gone back again and fulfilled the desire I always had in building them of leaving the work entirely in the hands of Indians. I always meant to have got them endowed and so be no expense to any Missionary society. If I had not been so ill I might have accomplished this. Within four years the Society were finding the work difficult to arrange for and talking of closing it, though this was not finally done till 1929.

Looking back I feel that through want of faith that God had called me to do this, I made my greatest and ever to be regretted mistake.

PART II

TOURS IN INDIA AFTER RETIREMENT

FIRST TOUR AFTER RETIREMENT

1923 & 1924

IN the summer of 1922 after I had resigned and come home I was staying with my friend Mrs. Cobb, with whom I had often stayed in the Hills in India, and she said that she was going to suggest to Miss Gertrude Kinnaird that I should be on the committee of the Z.B.M.M. Her suggestion was accepted and accordingly my name was enrolled. I was not very keen about it as, with the exception of Miss Gertrude Kinnaird, I knew very little of the Committee, and have never felt that I was of any use on committees or at Conferences when in India. Since then I have always been on the Committee of the Z.B.M.M., and although I take very little part in discussions, I find them very interesting to listen to, and it keeps up my connection with India. What struck me most of all when I first attended the meetings was how much is known about the minor details of every station, remembering how very little I ever wrote home about what occurred at Sultanpur. It made me feel rather remorseful, but my one aim used to be to give the Society as little trouble and expense as possible, and if I could manage to build a wall or anything that was required with my own money, or by selling something, etc., I did it without ever mentioning the need.

Perhaps if I had ever worked with missionaries in some other station before being put in charge of one of my own I might have understood better what was right to be done.

I offered several times to speak at meetings on behalf of the Society, as being accustomed to address fairly large audiences of girls and teachers at Sultanpur I had overcome

nervousness of this sort, and I felt rather lost with so little to do.

The next year I went back to India again for the winter, travelling round to different places to see my old girls, and had a delightful time at Sultanpur, with Miss Howlett in charge. She seemed so exactly suited to the post and enjoyed the work, though she refused to do it alone, as I had so often done, and an Indian lady was living with her, but then it was easier for me, as it had grown up from the beginning under my direction, and I, of course, knew all the ins and outs of it. If she could have been spared to stay on all would have been well, but unfortunately she was needed elsewhere.

On board ship coming out I met a lady who had travelled nearly all over the world, except India, with her maid, and she told me she expected to go up to Kashmere towards the end of April and take a houseboat for a month. I arranged to join her if I had finished all I wanted to do by then, and accordingly about the middle of April, 1924, I travelled up through the Punjab to Srinagar. It was just at the time when the corn was all ripe and ready to cut, and on each side of the train for miles and miles, as far as the eye can reach, I saw nothing but waving fields of corn entirely due to the wonderful work of English engineers in connecting up the five rivers of the Punjab by endless canals. When we first went to India in 1888 the Punjab was almost a desert. Truly the Government have succeeded in making the "desert blossom as a rose".

I had a wonderful fortnight with Miss Snow on a houseboat in Kashmere. Although we had a good deal of rain, the glories of the Dhal Lake and the Wooller Lake, and of drifting down the river Jhelum in marvellous sunsets, with the high Karakorum Mountains which surround the valley covered with snow, reflected in the waters, sometimes towards evening of a rosy pink, are always a joy to look back upon. Kashmere is indeed a dream of loveliness.

From Kashmere I went straight to the Kinnaird High School at Lahore, but did not see it under favourable conditions. Owing to a bad epidemic of plague the girls had not returned from their holidays, so I only saw the buildings and some of the splendid staff. I was there a week and was taken to see some of the sights of Lahore the Palace of Jahangir, etc. Then I went straight across to Jhauntsy, a long night journey, to stay with the Ways, whom I had known so well at Sultanpur. Mr. Way was then Commissioner of Jhauntsy, a post which is considered one of the plums of the Service, and certainly it is a most interesting place. It was getting very hot and we slept out of doors every night under mosquito nets, and were shut up all day in the beautiful bungalow which seemed to be almost made of marble. There was a high mound just beyond their compound which I was told was the exact centre of India, and I got up very early one morning before it became very hot and climbed to the top. The station at Jhauntsy is considered the hottest place in India, and May, when I was there, the hottest month, but fortunately it was unusually cool, as a good deal of rain had already fallen. In the evenings after sunset we went for long motor drives by moonlight, and saw many wonderful old castles belonging to Rajas, etc., and also crossed rivers with the motor on ferry boats. The celebrated Rani of Jhauntsy, who died fighting at the head of her troops in the Mutiny when only twenty-six years of age, lived near here. After a very enjoyable visit I went on to Bombay staying two nights with Miss Hamling at Maumad, and embarked in the same boat on which I had come out. On the way out we had stopped at Malta, and my cousin, Admiral Luce, then in command of the dockyard at Malta, had met me at about 8 a.m. in the morning and taken me to breakfast at Admiralty House, which made a very nice break. When I first came on board, as so often happens on voyages, the people sitting next me at meals were very pleasant and charming

until I happened to say that I was a Missionary, when they immediately became rather standoffish, and put on a patronising manner. This was what had happened when we arrived in Malta, and we were just sitting down to breakfast in the saloon when my cousin arrived in his Admiral's undress uniform, and all the P. & O. officers saluting him—and took me away to breakfast. After that I found I had a social rise and on my return voyage the Captain made me sit in the place of honour next to him, and I was even asked to give away the prizes after the deck sports. I made the most of the occasion and made a speech, etc., as I felt sure I should never have such another opportunity of shining in borrowed light.

As usual, I had a lovely voyage home, with not a single rough day, and reached London about the last day in May, 1924.

I think the reason why I always knew so little of the Committee was that generally I arrived in England after the Annual Meeting and Conference were over, and returned before the farewell meeting to outgoing missionaries in the autumn. Now that I am on the Committee I find that most missionaries are interviewed on their return and departure. I remember a few times being asked to come to see a Committee, but not often.

SECOND TOUR AFTER RETIREMENT

1926 & 1927

AS I left England on September 17th by a small British India boat I expected to have rough weather in the Bay of Biscay, fogs in the Channel, and to be tossed about a good deal, but was greatly surprised as we had no rough seas at all and only fogs for a few days (the fog horn going all the time and waking up all the eleven babies on board—including one in my cabin) off the coast of Spain.

The Captain said September was the best month for voyaging to India; the Mediterranean was perfect, with sapphire blue seas, and not too hot. We stopped nowhere till we reached Port Said.

How well one gets to know fellow passengers! especially those sitting next one at the same table for about ninety meals, and alas! when everyone vanishes in different directions in Bombay hardly ever sees them again, and if one does meet them, perhaps two or three years afterwards, has probably forgotten their names and cannot recall where one has come across them before. The captain of the ship, had been to the South Pole with Shackleton on his first expedition and wore the white ribbon. On his return he had landed in the Falkland Islands, where the party were received by my cousin, then Captain Luce, R.N., in command of a cruiser, the *Glasgow*, which took part in the battle of the Falkland Islands, when all the German ships were sunk except the *Dresden*. The Captain immediately asked me if I was any relation to Captain Luce, of the *Glasgow*, and we had some interesting conversations. His

family were all clergymen of the Church of England and he was a very religious man. He always, with all the officers available, attended the services on Sundays, which were read by a young clergyman who was going out to India as railway chaplain, to Lahore.

Many of the other passengers were very charming and interesting and all the usual sports and amusements went on. I lent *The Christ of the Indian Road* to two or three, who read it with great interest.

I did not go on shore at Port Said, having so often been there before, but sat at the end of the second class, which was the coolest part of the ship, and where no coal dust penetrated, and tried to sketch a bit of Port Said—Lesseps' Statue, with hand outstretched pointing to the entrance to the Suez Canal. I remembered on a former voyage when the Empress Eugénie, who had opened the canal many years ago, and had come out to see it again, was on board. As I was travelling second class I only caught a glimpse of her occasionally.

After we left Port Said we had freshly picked dates on all the tables for dessert. September is the time when they are gathered, and as I had never tasted quite fresh ones before I thought them perfectly delicious, and very superior to the dried variety.

We were tied up once in the Suez Canal, as there was a row of five boats coming up and only three going down, and the lesser number has to give way to the greater, but it did not matter much, as we spent the night going through, missing the Bitter Lakes, which I always like seeing by daylight, the extraordinarily pale green colour of the water making them so beautiful.

We reached Suez early in the morning and remained two or three hours discharging a cargo of motor cars. Everywhere, even in the deserts, motor cars are taking the place of all other modes of progression. After landing in India I saw in the papers that the King of the Hedjaz

has given up camels and ordered eight motor cars from England. The heat in the Red Sea for two days, when we had a following wind, was the worst I have ever known there, but then it changed to a head wind and life became quite bearable. I enjoyed the voyage immensely, and was very sorry when it came to an end.

We landed in Bombay early in the morning of October eleventh and I got off, and got my boxes through the Customs by about 8.30, and securing a taxi drove to the C.M.S. Mission House, according to instructions received at Port Said from Canon Butcher, arriving in the middle of breakfast. There was a large party staying in the house, principally missionaries who had come in from out-stations for a week of lectures on the best way of reaching the Mahomedans, given by Dr. Zwemer, the great authority on the subject. He and his wife were introduced to me, and I was allowed to go to one of his lectures that afternoon, and also listened-in to another on the wireless in the evening. I am sure all his instructions must be very useful to Missionaries working amongst Mahomedans. Miss Chapman, quite a charming Australian girl of the Z.B.M.M., working amongst Mahomedans at Sholapur was staying in the house and attending the lectures. I was very glad to have this opportunity of meeting her. All the Missionaries of the Queen Mary High School, etc., were away for their holidays, October being the worst month in Bombay. I was sorry to miss them, but certainly the heat was dreadful, and I was glad to leave for Delhi after only one night there. Bishop Lloyd, the new Bishop of Bombay, of which Presidency there are to be two bishops henceforth, was also staying in the C.M.S. House.

Leaving Bombay at 1.15 on October 12th, I travelled by a second class compartment to Delhi, arriving there at 8 p.m. the next day. I had engaged a berth in a ladies' carriage the day before, paying one rupee extra. I found my berth and name written up, but it was already occupied

by a German nun, an extremely fine, nice looking woman. I told her that I had reserved the seat she was sitting in, upon which she said, "Oh, well, you are older than I am, so I will give it up." She talked to me occasionally on the journey, and I found out that she was the Head Abbess of all the convents in the north of India, but made her headquarters at Patna. She seemed to be travelling round inspecting convents, as some very deferential nuns came to meet her where she got out—at Jhaunsi—the next day at about twelve o'clock. She hardly ate anything on the way, and said many prayers.

I had previously arranged to go and stay at St. Stephen's Home, S.P.G. Mission, near St. Stephen's Hospital, where one of my girls is being trained as a Compounder and another as a Nurse. I had had dinner in the train and so went to bed soon after my arrival. It was still very hot and I was glad of an electric fan for part of the night.

The next day I was told that I could not see the girls till they were off duty in the afternoon, but was asked to tea at four o'clock at the hospital. I was very much impressed with the size of the hospital and the number of English ladies, all dressed in beatiufully made spotless white uniforms, employed there. They have as a rule about a hundred in, and many hundreds of out-patients. The building in itself is very fine. I think there were three lady doctors, three English nurses and of course many Indian, and one English compounder. I saw all the wards and wonderful conveniences on the roof of the hospital for tubercular patients.

One of my girls, Bella, had been in the hospital for nearly a year learning compounding. She was sent there by a Baptist school where she had been a teacher for several years in Agra.

The Baptist Mission had closed because of retrenchments and all their workers had been dispersed, and as they and the S.P.G. work very much together, she had been sent on to Delhi. She looked very happy, and Miss

Marsh, the English lady compounder, spoke very well of her and said she knew English well and was always willing to help in any way. I recall the time when she was brought to me at the age of two by the police at Sultanpur with an older brother, their parents having died in a village some way out in the district. Bella was always a good girl, with an even disposition. Her brother was sent to a boy's school, and died there. After passing through the school, someone, I think Miss Griffiths who was taking charge when I was at home one year, sent Bella on to the Baptists in Agra.

The other girl is not really mine, but comes from Sultanpur, her father having been a C.M.S. Colporteur there. She counts herself as belonging to the Sultanpur school. I think she used to come as a day boarder at one time. She has now had three years' training as a nurse and will soon be a staff nurse. She also is quite satisfactory.

The next day was Saturday, and in the morning I drove to the Hardinge Hospital where two more of my girls are working, and asked if they might come out with me in the afternoon. They also seem to be highly approved of, and the ladies in charge take infinite care of them.

One is Charity, the daughter of one of the first girls I ever had, and calls herself my grandchild. Her father and mother are extremely poor Christians, and so Charity has been taught at Sultanpur. She has also, after passing the Middle Examination, and gaining a Government certificate, had three years' training in compounding at the Kinnaird Hospital. She had been sent on from there for extra training at the Hardinge Hospital in Delhi. The English lady compounder, a very fine, capable woman, said she found her quite intelligent and interesting to teach, especially as she knows English well.

Another of my girls in this hospital is Champa Lena, who was sent to me from the Patna Hospital when two or three years of age. She is of Brahmin caste, but not par-

ticularly intelligent. She has had five or six years' training in nursing at different hospitals and is now a staff nurse at this very large Government hospital, getting twenty-eight rupees a month. The Superintendent told me she could give her forty rupees if she were a little more alert, but she has always been rather slow. However, she is doing good work, and I feel quite happy about her. Most of the Nurses are Christians, and the Superintendent is very particular about their going to Church, etc. Champa Lena was also sent on there from a Baptist Hospital near Agra.

I arranged to take all the girls out in the afternoon in a motor car to see the famous Kutab Minar, twenty-five miles out of Delhi, erected in A.D. 1199 in memory of the conquest of India by the Mahomedans.

We started about three o'clock in the afternoon, all the girls chattering to each other the whole time, and discussing the merits of their different hospitals, but they all agreed with me when I said that a Mission Hospital was always best, as there they were allowed to teach the patients about God and Jesus Christ, though anywhere they could show by their lives what it means to be a true Christian.

After seeing the Kutab Minar—with 379 steps, up which the girls, all but one, climbed, and the fort built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1636, with the wonderful marble chambers all inlaid with precious stones, and the famous motto over two arches, "If Paradise can be on the earth, it is this, it is this, it is this," etc., we drove round new Delhi, and saw the new enormous Secretariat and Council Chamber where all the principal work of governing India is carried on, looking rather like the pictures one sees of the Coliseum in ancient Rome. Last of all, we went to the bazaar and bought Indian sweets for them all to take back with them. The bazaar in Delhi is worth seeing, so wide and well kept and such a blaze of different colours.

The next day was Sunday, and I did not see my girls

again, but I spoke to a large gathering of a hundred and fifty girls from the school orphanage and Industrial School joined on to St. Stephen's Home where I was staying. The girls were all assembled sitting on the ground in a very beautiful Chapel almost like a Cathedral, built of grey and red stone mixed, found in the neighbourhood and very cheap, and with a triforium all round and painted windows and pillars—but nothing one could call High Church about it. I was struck with the reverent attitude of the children—girls of all ages.

I found Hindoostani came back quite naturally.

All the buildings connected with the schools are built of this same material and are extremely spacious. I envied all the numerous classrooms, dormitories, offices, etc. There are seven ladies, who all live together, in charge of this great work. On Sunday evening three clergymen—heads of the Mission—came to tea with us. So ended my visit to Delhi.

From there I went on to Edgehill, Landour, Mussoorie, by a night train, arriving in the morning at 11 a.m.

On arriving at Edgehill I found the last batch of Missionaries who had been spending their holidays there, were just going down to their respective stations, and by the evening there were none left but Miss Howlett, who had taken charge of Sultanpur school for one year after I left, Mrs. Hyde (the Anglo-Indian Matron from Sultanpur) and myself, so we naturally discussed Sultanpur and all the girls, past and present, from morning till night.

Miss Howlett had kindly arranged for Mrs. Hyde to spend the two month's holiday due to her at Edgehill, her expenses having been paid by Mrs. Hooper, formerly a missionary working with Miss Marston in the Z.B.M.M. at Lucknow, and for whom Mrs. Hyde worked before she came to me in Sultanpur more than twenty years ago. She had thoroughly enjoyed her time in the Hills, and everyone had liked her so much. One day we went to tea with Mrs.

Barr and Miss Bedford, who were also Z.B.M.M. Missionaries, and have now retired and are living in a very pretty bungalow in Mussoorie and taking in paying guests. They were delighted to talk about old times and many of the missionaries they used to know who have left India. Mrs. Barr looked to me exactly the same as when I first saw her very soon after we arrived in India in 1888. She always struck me as being a most capable person and intensely interested in the work. My chief reason for going up to Edgehill was to see Umra, a married girl living up there, and her husband.

Umra came to me when she was about six years of age and was one of the most difficult girls I ever had to do with. She was of Brahmin caste and resented discipline of any sort, as all I have known of the same caste do. Twice she ran away owing to quarrels with the girls, and was with difficulty found and brought back—with the help of the police.

After about ten years in the school and when she had reached the fourth standard I sent her to Patna Hospital to learn nursing. She was there three years and gained a nursing certificate, but was sent back as the lady doctor said she was not strong enough for nursing and had a tendency to consumption, so for some time she taught the younger children at Sultanpur and studied herself up to the Middle Standard, which she succeeded in passing. She had a great wish to be a doctor, and I sent her to the Medical College in Agra for two years, but she failed to pass through not knowing enough English. When I came home Miss Howlett arranged for her to marry a very nice Indian Christian man, assistant at a Soldiers' Furlough Home in Mussoorie. Mr. Alick is thoroughly respected by all who know him, so Umra is lucky.

I stayed ten days in Landour and enjoyed the most glorious bright cold weather, with views of the snow-covered mountains, and then went down to Ambala in the

Punjab to see a girl working as compounder in a large women's hospital, built by a Hindoo gentleman, and entirely financed by him. Ben ársi Dás is of the banya caste (corn merchant) and very rich, and after his return from England five years ago, he built this really beautiful hospital for women and gives two hundred rupees for its support every month. The staff consists of an Anglo-Indian lady doctor, who has studied in England and Calcutta, a Hindoo lady as house surgeon, having had her medical training in Dr. Edith Brown's hospital in Ludhiana —one nurse (Christian) also from Ludhiana, one trained at the Kinnaird Hospital, one Hindu, one Mohamedan and my girl Shirin as compounder. I stayed one whole morning and watched Shirin doing her work. She seemed quite efficient. She is given sixty rupees a month salary, which is more than twice as much as she would get in a mission hospital. She was allowed to come out with me from twelve to five, and we went to see the American Missionaries to whose Church she goes. Unfortunately they were out, but I wrote to an American lady doctor afterwards and asked her to take an interest in Shirin, and if possible arrange for her to marry some nice Christian man connected with the mission. She could still do her work as a compounder for five hours a day in the Hospital and earn the sixty rupees a month which would be a great help in bringing grist to the mill. Dr. Lewis wrote a very nice letter in answer saying she would do her best to carry out this idea. Shirin later on became engaged to a good Christian man, whose mother was very fond of her—but before the marriage developed cancer. She had tried to hide this till too late for an operation, and she died just before the wedding was to have taken place.

I only stayed two nights in Ambala and then went on to Meerut to stay with Miss Snelson who also used to work in the Z.B.M.M., and now has charge of a C.M.S. Middle School. Two girls belonging to Sultanpur,

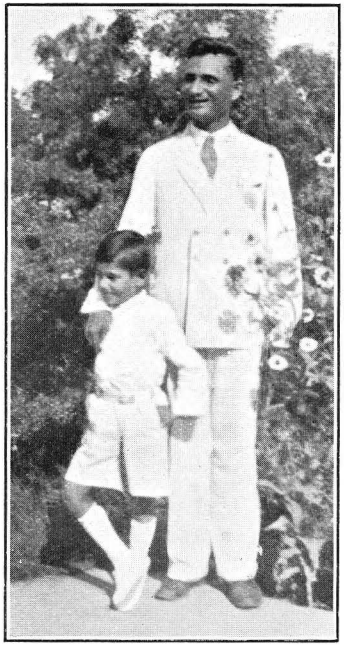
daughters of one of the first children I ever had, are in her school, one as a teacher and one still learning. The parents live not far off and Miss Snelson has obtained support for, and educated both. They seem very nice girls, and I took them and two others (who have lately been sent to a Methodist school in Meerut for training as teachers by Miss Wooller) from Sultanpur for a drive in a motor. We went to see the graveyard where all the victims of the Mutiny on the fatal 10th May, 1857, were buried. The girls always love seeing graveyards more than anything else, and so were quite happy, and we finished up by buying lots of native sweets in the bazaar for them to take back to school.

On Sunday afternoon I had the great pleasure of again meeting Sadhu Sundar Singh. He was speaking in a large tent in the Methodist Mission Compound, to a big Assembly of Indian Christians on "The Kingdom of God is within you". It was a beautiful sermon, and I went and talked to him afterwards and told him we had been rather anxious about him in England, not having heard anything for such a long time. He said he had gone up to Thibet in April but had been obliged to come down owing to illness, and he had written to Mr. Coldstream—on the Z.B.M.M. Committee—the week before. He looked extremely ill.

It is about two years since anything was heard about Sadhu Sundar Singh, and it is feared that he has been murdered in Thibet, where he always goes, at great risk, to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ every summer.

My next visit was to Moradabad, where I stayed with Canon and Mrs. Crosthwaite, who are very old friends—S.P.G. Mission—but I went there especially to see a girl from Sultanpur who is being trained as a teacher in the Methodist Episcopal Mission. The Missionaries of all denominations all work together and are very friendly. I saw a good deal of the wonderful work the S.P.G. is doing there, and the splendid girls' and boys' schools they

MOHINI WILLIAMS,
Gorakhpur



MARK SILAS AND SAMUEL

GEORGIANNA SILAS
AND REGINALD

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have planted right out in country districts. They say the policy of the S.P.G. Mission now is to move all the schools away from the cities, as it is a much freer and better life for the children in the country. A large girls' school in Cawnpore, which was formerly in the country and moved in there some years ago, may be taken out into the country again, as they found it was a mistake placing it nearer the town.

After a few days at Moradabad I went on by train to Lucknow, and arrived at the Kinnaird Hospital about 7 a.m. on Saturday, November 5th.

The first thing that I noticed on arriving in Lucknow was the really beautiful new station, built of the same sort of grey and red stone as the schools I visited in Delhi. The number of pillars, arches, towers, etc., and the wide dimensions impressed me very much. Modern architecture of late years has much improved in India. After having morning tea, etc., I started off in a tonga—than which there can be no more shaky and uncomfortable conveyance on the face of the earth—for the Kinnaird Hospital. It was most refreshing to see Miss Whitaker's happy, welcoming face coming to meet me on the verandah. I soon fitted into my room and was given a nice hot bath, breakfast in bed, etc. I rested all the morning until tiffin, after which my girls came to see me. I find there are four nursing or learning compounding in the hospital from Sultanpur,—Grace, Monica, Rosa Rani and Charity, the last just returned from the extra training she has received at the Hardinge Hospital at Delhi, and glad to be back in her own hospital again.

We had a happy time of talking and prayer together and I took them out to see the new zoological gardens in the Wingfield Park, which are beautifully planned to look like a jungle, with no barriers between the lookers-on and the animals, only wide moats filled with water, and you see the lions and tigers, etc., on their separate islands lying

about on grass under the Nim and Tamarind trees, quite in natural surroundings, though the bored expression on their faces makes one realise how different from living in the wilds life there really is for them. We were lucky in seeing the big lion, with the black mane, who does not often emerge from his den. He got up and roared a greeting to us in his deepest voice.

The next morning I went round the wards with Sister Cowdery and was surprised by the numbers of young babies. Lately they seem to have had one born nearly every day or rather night. The doctors were up, I think, both nights while I was there. They say the Kinnaird Hospital has a reputation for producing boy babies, which makes it enormously popular. Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Price, after spending a night in bringing a baby into the world seemed to look just as fresh, and ready for their other work as before.

On Sunday morning Sister Cowdery and I went to the eight o'clock service at the English Church, and on coming out I met some old friends, who had been with me in Sultanpur for several years, Mr. and Mrs. Tillard. He was then chief engineer of the U.P., and used in the old days to help me with the school buildings. They asked us to tea the next day and said they were having a tennis party, and amongst others we met Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, the Commissioner of Lucknow and his wife. Mrs. Cassels takes a great interest in the Kinnaird Hospital and often visits it, and it was delightful to hear how much everyone in Lucknow admires Dr. Douglas and the great work she is doing there. The next day I had to leave the hospital as a standing Committee was to take place and there was no room for me. I stayed in an hotel for a few days in Lucknow and was able to meet all the Standing Committee, including Mr. Treanor, who had just arrived from England, and is to be the Hon. Financial Secretary, and Mr. Hinton at dinner one evening.

The next day was Armistice Day, and I drove to the Memorial Service in the large polo ground, where all the troops in Lucknow were assembled. They all marched on to the ground separately in their different regiments, with the bands in front playing "Land of Hope and Glory", Generals, Majors, etc., leading. Two small drums were placed in the middle of the ground to form a table, and three chaplains took part in the beautiful service. I was sitting in a very long tent on one side with all the English, Anglo-Indians, and some Indians who were able to be present. I contrasted it with last year, when I was in Westminster Abbey, and thought the Lucknow service was even more impressive. The regiments all marched off separately again playing bands as they went.

I have only one married girl living in Lucknow, and found her beaming with happiness with a new baby to show me, and others of different ages. In spite of being very poor they are all happy and thankful. Miss Whitaker kindly visits them occasionally.

I went on to Cawnpore from Lucknow on Saturday, November 12th, arriving about 7 a.m. I had written to Deaconess Bose, an Indian lady belonging to the S.P.G. Mission, and who had formerly worked for the Z.B.M.M., to ask her to put me up, but she was unable to do so. I knew nothing about the hotels in Cawnpore so drove to one called the Civil and Military Hotel. The next morning being Sunday I got a tonga and drove to Christ Church to the Hindustani Service, and afterwards talked to Deaconess Bose who advised me to ask the Misses Clines, who have always been friendly to the mission, to take me in as a P.G. Deaconess Walker, who works entirely amongst Anglo-Indians, kindly drove with me in my tonga to their house.

They were quite willing to put me up for as long as I liked, and gave me a nice, airy room with a door leading out into the garden, which was very convenient, as my Indian visitors could come in that way without disturbing

the Misses Clines. I then drove back to the hotel, collected my luggage and returned to my new quarters, all in torrents of rain, which is most unusual at this time of the year in the United Provinces.

The next day I drove to see two of my girls, who are married to two brothers living near where I was staying. The eldest one is a Railway Inspector getting two hundred rupees a month, and a most earnest Christian man. He has supported and paid for the education of all his brothers. Georgianna is his wife, and they have two little boys. The eldest is called Samuel because his parents wished him to be dedicated to the Lord from his birth. His father, Mark, always wished to be a Missionary, but having to support all his brothers he was obliged to do some more lucrative work, but he and Georgianna both hope and pray that when Samuel grows up he may spend his life in winning others to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Agnes, sister of Georgianna, is married to Mark's brother, who is a master in Christ Church College in Cawnpore. He takes most of the Bible classes in the college and is also an earnest Christian. They also have two little boys. When Mark married Georgianna he undertook the support of her sister, Agnes, and paid for her to be sent to a High School to learn English. Sadhu Sundar Singh, was a great friend of theirs, and always used to stay with them when he came to Cawnpore. Once on a former visit I had the privilege of meeting him there and also hearing him address a large gathering in the Presbyterian Mission Church. He is a splendid-looking man, and one feels that there is something extraordinary about him.

They asked me to come to breakfast at twelve the next day, which I was delighted to do, knowing from past experience what delicious Indian dishes they can manufacture.

Last year long after the tour I am describing, and knowing of the terrible riots taking place in Cawnpore between

the Hindoos and Mohamedans, I went to the headquarters of the S.P.G. Mission in London to enquire if the Christians in Cawnpore were in any danger. They were able to assure me that they had not been molested in any way. I then wrote to Georgianna and asked her to tell me about the riots, when she wrote the following letter which I transcribe exactly as it was written. I think she must have been helped by her husband or brother-in-law in writing it.

" Nawab Ganj
" Cawnpore,
" 20–5–31.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,

" I received your loving letter the day before yesterday and I am extremely grateful to you for your solicitude on my behalf. It is just like you to show such a motherly concern for your children, and it is this deep rooted affection that qualifies you to be installed in the place of our mothers. It was really an awful time that we passed during the Cawnpore riots which were nothing short of mutiny. Looting, murder, and arson continued unchecked from 24th to the 27th of April, and the figures of mortality are approximately somewhere between 1,000 to 2,000. There was, however, a new feature of this riot, that houses were set fire to and the rioters tried to burn the inhabitants alive; they also threw the corpses into the burning houses to avoid any future identifications of the persons murdered.

" My brother-in-law, Arthur, in spite of our warnings and entreaties, used to go about inspecting the most dangerous zones, and he also succeeded in rescuing two Hindu families from very risky places. He saw hundreds of dead bodies with his own eyes. Another very miserable feature of this riot was that children were torn to pieces before the very eyes of their mothers, and afterwards the mothers were massacred. There is still no

sign of any improvement—in spite of the vigorous efforts of responsible citizens of this place—stray cases of murder and assault are still reported, on account of which people are so much scared that they do not venture out after sunset.

"You will be glad to hear that no Christians were molested by the rioters except one who was taking part in rioting with the Mohamedans. A Christian woman's house was set fire to by some Mohamedans, but as soon as she saw the fire she went out of doors and remonstrated with the rioters saying that she was a Christian and had nothing to do with either part, whereupon the rioters apologised, and promptly extinguished the fire with their own hands.

"It was really Providential that Christians escaped unhurt—otherwise there was nothing to restrain the rioters from touching the person of the Christians. We could not sleep at night, not because we dreaded an attack, but because the people of the city used to cry and scream all night.

"About 46 per cent. of the population have left their homes and migrated to different places. No one knows how long this condition will remain unremedied.

"Be that as it may, it is the earnest prayer of the Christians that such a thing may never be repeated, and that the people of both communities may be obliged to look up to the Prince of Peace as the ultimate and final person to solve their intricate problems. We are all in good health by the grace of God, and it is our earnest prayer that He may grant you a long life, and may favour you with those mystical experiences which may translate this earth into heaven for you, so that while sojourning here you may have a foretaste of heavenly bliss.

"With our united love to you

"Your very loving daughter

"GEORGIANNA."

The next girl I went to see was a nurse in the Dufferin Hospital. She has been there for two years learning Midwifery and Baby Welfare and had just passed her final examination in the subject, and was waiting to be sent on by Government to some post. In the meantime she was living in the hospital and taking outside cases and so earning her keep, but she had taken some midwifery cases for poor Christians without any pay, and seemed very glad to be able to help them in this way so saving them a fee of Rs. 150. She calls herself Miss Louise Baksh, for which name she has some claim, as her brother's name was Baksh. She was first brought to me by the police, having been found wandering alone in the bazaar at the age of five. I was told that her mother belonged to the dancing caste, i.e. that she was a nautch girl, and that she had deserted Louise and left her to fend for herself.

I believe the dancing caste are generally considered very intelligent and active, and certainly Louise has made good this claim, for she very soon learnt to read and write and surpass all the other girls in games, racing, etc. After she had been at Sultanpur for a few years I sent her on to a Wesleyan school at Faizabad for five or six years. From there she went to the Normal School, Benares, where she passed the Middle Examinations and was trained for two years as a teacher. After this she taught in Benares, and at the Jaunpur Industrial Home under Mrs. Barr, who was very fond of her, and for several years at Sultanpur.

One day she came to me and said she would much like to have further teaching, as she was fond of study, so although it was rather late in the day, and she must have been twenty-six, I sent her on to the Kinnaird High School, at Lahore, and she remained there until she reached the Matriculation standard though she never actually went in for the examination. She did well, gaining several prizes, and being appointed Monitress to the school, as she has

quite a gift for keeping order. Afterwards she came back to Sultanpur as Head Teacher, and was an enormous help to me for some time. Before I retired and went home I told Louise to try her best to get the other teachers to keep order quietly without shouting at their classes as they had got into the habit of doing. She tried to do this, but they much resented being dictated to by a girl who had herself been brought up in the school, and the consequence was there were rows, and Louise was called over the coals. Feeling she was misunderstood, she left suddenly without giving notice, which was looked upon naturally as an unforgivable offence, and no recommendations nor certificates were given to her. After this she wrote to me and asked if I could give her some certificate, and realizing what danger she was in living with only a girl friend in the bazaar at Cawnpore, I wrote to the Lady Superintendent of the Epiphany Girls' school, told her all the circumstances and asked if she would give her a trial. She never regretted agreeing to do this, as she found her extremely helpful in teaching the Highest Class in the school and keeping good order, etc. She told me she was very sorry when, after three or four years, Louise made up her mind to leave and try some other work. She said she was dreadfully tired of teaching and wanted to learn nursing. Of course as she was then earning her own living and did not ask for help from the Mission we could not coerce her. By taking this step she was giving up a salary of forty rupees a month for fourteen rupees for the two years spent in training, but afterwards if she passed well she knew that she might earn from sixty to eighty rupees.

She is of a rambling disposition, which no doubt she inherits from her caste, but she is a fine girl, as most of those who have had anything to do with her acknowledge. She has a spirit of adventure which I do not discourage and very good ability. She seemed to me happier than I have ever known her, and showed me her diploma in

which her work was described as "excellent", and she herself as "conscientious and reliable".

She gives one the impression of being perfectly able to take care of herself, and is more or less of a leader, the other nurses looking up to her. She told me that she never goes out in the evening except to religious meetings. The other nurses go to cinemas, etc., but she does not like them.

Louise was able to come out with me and drive round to see some of the other married girls. Two days before I left Cawnpore she was sent for to help in a Baby Welfare centre in Patna. I put her in touch with the Duchess of Teck Hospital there, and Sister Dunsmore kindly said that she would keep an eye on her. How much this sort of work is needed in India anyone who has read *Mother India* will be able to realize. Of course I would rather she was working in a Mission Hospital, but she herself prefers to be more on her own, as she is freer from restraint and does better work if she is not hampered in any way. I believe she is really good and true and has the right spirit. I wrote and told Louise that I wished she was working in a Mission Hospital and could teach the people about Jesus Christ.

She wrote in answer:—"There is a Hindu Bengali nurse here who works with me. I am trying hard to teach her about Jesus Christ. She often asks questions about Him. I have given her my Bible and she often reads it. Please pray for her that she may become a true Christian. Though I cannot preach like St. Paul, I can say something about Jesus."

In another letter she says:—

"I am always missing you. My work is going on nicely. Yes, I often speak to the women about the love of Jesus and that through Him we may get salvation."

The other girls in Cawnpore, though quite satisfactory, married to nice Christian men and bringing up many children, are not so interesting. One I must, however, write about who was one of the first girls I ever had. She, with an elder

sister who died of consumption, a small baby of two months old, who did not live long, and another girl, who some years afterwards died of cholera at Sultanpur—were sent to me by the Deputy Commissioner of Partabgarh—the whole family had emigrated to Demerara to work in the sugar plantations. On their return to Calcutta they were robbed of all their money and were left destitute. They came back to their old home at Partabgarh, twenty miles from Sultanpur, and there both parents died and the children were sent to me. Jaiwanti is now the only survivor. After learning to read and write (we only gave primary education at Sultanpur then) she was also sent on to the Wesleyan school at Faizabad where she remained some years. She was the first girl to be married from Sultanpur, and her husband was a boy called Dharm Das, who had learnt carpentering at Cawnpore and was then earning a fairly good salary. They had several children in the first few years after their marriage, but they all died, mostly of consumption, so Jaiwanti has had a sad life; also her husband became addicted to drink, which used up most of their money.

During the war he went as a coolie to Mesopotamia and received good pay for the first year, but afterwards, for some reason which I have never been able to discover, the money stopped, and no amount of writing by Canon Fisher, etc. (Head of the Cawnpore Mission), resulted in getting it refunded, consequently they have been very hard up. Now they have three children, and although Dharm Das works very hard and earns forty rupees a month when he can get work, he has no regular employment to depend upon. The S.P.G. carpentering shops, where he was formerly certain of getting work, are closed, and sometimes he spends days hunting for something to do. They send their children to Christian day schools, and I must say, considering the hard times they have had, they all look clean and well cared for.

Jaiwanti came to see me and told me all her troubles

a few days after I reached Cawnpore. She said that a few months ago, in a time of great difficulty when Dharm Das was out of employment, she tried everywhere to get work and they were practically starving, but she prayed and prayed and prayed, and at last one day a lady belonging to the M.E. American Mission came to her and asked if she would do Zenana visiting for her, and said she would give her nine rupees a month. Jaiwanti was full of thanksgiving and felt that this was a direct answer to prayer. She said to me: "Miss Sahib you can't think how happy I feel, so happy that I hardly know what to do with myself sometimes, because I feel so sure that God is with me and that I am doing His work. However tired I am, and however hard I have to work, nothing seems to matter now. I have prayers every morning and evening with the children, and Dharm Das comes in too, and I always take his wages directly he gets them so that he may not have the temptation to drink, and he hasn't taken anything intoxicating for one year"—I did feel so thankful when she told me all this, and tried my best to get Dharm Das regular employment, but I was unsuccessful—yet I feel sure that God is answering prayers about them. The M.E. Mission, for which Jaiwanti is working, always look after all their teachers well, so she will not be without friends now.

After the christening of Georgianna and Mark's boy on Sunday, I went back with them again to breakfast, and we had a Meeting and tea in the afternoon in their house, partly to celebrate the christening, and partly so that all the old Sultanpur girls and their husbands and children might meet. After tea I was asked to give them an address and we had prayers. There were about thirty-five altogether. The husbands, who are engaged in different kinds of employment, were only able to come to tea on Sunday. Some of them I had never met before as they were married in my absence. They all seem nice men, and the girls appear to be very happy.

Other girls are married to Christian men living in villages near Cawnpore, but were unable to come to the tea meeting. They came in to see me another day. One, Prabhu Dai, who was married several years ago, and whom I have never seen since her wedding, was the child of blind parents living in a poor home in Sultanpur—she herself has very good sight.

Another is Anandi, who was one of those sent to me when quite a small child from Allahabad when the Orphanage under Miss Clara Wright was broken up in 1901. Anandi passed through the school and gained the Government certificate, and was sent on to the Lady Muir Memorial, at that time under Miss Meta Smith, to be trained as a teacher. Afterwards she taught in the school at Sultanpur for many years, and about three years ago was married to an Indian Christian Padre, working in the M.E. American Mission at Urai about an hour by train from Cawnpore. Anandi's training at the L.M.M. has been very useful to her, as she can be a great help to her husband in visiting and teaching the women, while he visits and preaches to the men in the villages.

I wrote and asked them to come into Cawnpore and see me, which they did, bringing a son of about twenty years of age by a former marriage, who is working in the Salvation Army. Anandi seemed very happy although she has not had good health since her wedding. I thought the husband and son particularly nice and very earnest about their work.

On Tuesday, 29th, I went on to Allahabad and stayed at the G.F.S. Hostel by invitation of Deaconess Hughes. I had a very interesting visit and was able to go to services in the Cathedral, and one day to tea with the Bishop. He took us all round his garden and showed us the roses which have always been his particular hobby. He did not look well, but when we said " good-bye " to him I little thought that it was the last time I should see him. We talked about Sultanpur, as he was going there for a confirmation on

January 7th, and at that time I thought I should be able to be present, but was afterwards prevented. On Monday, January 16th, when I was staying at Kurja, we had a telegram to say that he had passed away suddenly on Sunday night after taking part in the evening service in the Cathedral. He was much beloved in the diocese, but had been ill for some time and was intending to resign in May and live in the Nilgherry Hills, in South India. I can recall many instances of his great kindness to me, and am glad to have seen him once again. I hear that the last words he said were "*Sab thik hai*". All is well. And one feels sure that with him indeed this is true.

I went on to Jaunpur on December 7th.

JAUNPUR

DECEMBER 7TH TO 12TH, 1923

LADY MUIR MEMORIAL INDUSTRIAL HOME

THIS beautiful bungalow seems to me one of the best belonging to the Z.B.M.M., with large lofty rooms, pakha ceilings and a lovely view over fields with clumps of bamboos and Mahomedan tombs in the distance. One of these is particularly sacred, as it is said to contain a foot-print of Mahomed. On one side and attached to the bungalows are the buildings where the girls, women and children learning different kinds of Industrial work live.

Three of my own girls greeted me the morning after my arrival.

They all seemed very happy and well, and are doing embroideries of different kinds. Their work is sold and they have to buy their own clothes, bedding and everything they need except food, out of what they earn. When they get on and do more Miss Cheshire means to make them pay for their food as well. When they marry it will be a great help to be able to earn money in this way.

The eldest of my girls is called Premi, and she was sent to Sultanpur on 25th August, 1915, by Miss Ross Taylor, from Bulandshahr. She was a little Mahomedan orphan of about ten years of age, and had been married when quite a small child to someone who did not care for her. Her husband used to beat her, and finally turned her out of the house after treating her very cruelly. There are still scars

on her body where she had been burned. Then she wandered about begging from door to door. One day she begged food from one of Miss Ross Taylor's Chaukidars (watchmen). After hearing her story he took her to the Zenana Mission House, to Miss Ross Taylor, who kept her for a few days and then sent her to Sultanpur. Not long ago she had a very wonderful spiritual experience, since which she has been quite different, and so happy and willing to do anything required of her and to help others.

Later on Premi married a catechist living in Bulandshahr, from where she first came to me, but she was always very delicate and died soon after her marriage.

The second girl, Seti, was sent to Sultanpur on 20th December, 1917, when five years of age, from the Duchess of Teck Hospital, Patna. She was taken to the hospital on June 10th, 1913, by a well-to-do man living near the Mission compound, in whose house her mother was a *Dai* (servant).

The latter had been deserted by her husband some time before. The mother died of cholera so the child was handed over to the Lady Doctor in charge of the hospital. Seti is a Nepaulese by race. She is now a teacher in a school.

The third of my girls is called Shushilla and was sent to Sultanpur in July, 1914 (she was then about four years of age) also by the Lady Doctor in charge of the Duchess of Teck Hospital at Patna. Her mother was dead, but she had a Hindu father still living—also one sister and two brothers older than herself. Her father's name was Sipahi Sao, an oil merchant of Patna City.

They all came occasionally to see her while she remained in the Hospital and seemed very fond of her, and her father was told if she wished she might go back to him when she was eighteen years of age—but she has never so far wished to leave the mission.

I took them all out for a drive, stopping to take photographs now and then. We bought glass bangles in the

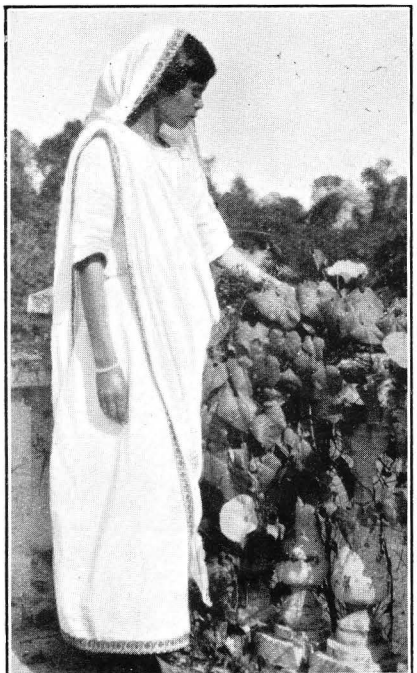
bazaar for one anna each of different colours, which added much to their enjoyment. I found when we returned a note asking me to tea at the Zenana Mission House where three ladies including one doctor live, and where I was also able to see another of my girls who is teaching very successfully in a Mahomedan school in the city. One of the ladies told me that she goes out to villages, etc., for five hours a day with an Indian teacher, and the work is so interesting that it seems like one hour.

The lady doctor who is in charge of a small hospital also loves her work, but she has had a very trying time during the rainy season, owing to the numbers of cases of snake-bite brought in from quite distant villages, very often arriving in the middle of the night and too late to save the patient. They had lately had about thirty deaths from snake-bites, mostly cobra. The people say "they fall down from above" (probably off the roofs), so they were sent by the gods who were angry with them. There was one case of a mother brought in on a bed with her arm round a baby, and both were quite dead when they arrived. They had come from a village many miles away in pouring rain, and the people who brought them would not believe they were really dead.

Miss Cheshire's work in the Industrial Home seems to be very intensive. She has twenty-three girls, including several small children, but she aims at winning them all to be true Christians, and I think her influence is wonderful. There seems to be such a Christian Spirit amongst them all.

I took her Bible class on Sunday, at the request of my own girls.

Miss Cheshire says she has had several real conversions amongst them. I stayed with her till December 13th and then went to stay a few days at the Dak Bungalow at Faizabad. If I had not had a good servant whom I picked up in Allahabad, it would have been impossible to stay there, as the dust and dirt surpassed anything I have ever



PREMI

ANGELA

experienced in the way of Dak Bungalows. My servant got all the durries in my room taken up and everything thoroughly cleaned out, and recalled the cook who had gone away for a tour of his own—bought an aluminium deckchie in the bazaar for cooking, and two small durries to put down on the floor. After all I enjoyed my stay there very much, as it was quite a rest to be alone for a time. It revived many old memories, as when my sisters and I arrived in India in December, 1888, we first went to the Mission House in Faizabad, and to Miss Harris who was then working there.

The Dak Bungalow is in the middle of the beautiful Tamarind Avenue whose huge trees are the abode of innumerable monkeys. It is said that the monkeys always keep to their particular sides of the avenue, and there is constant war if those on the opposite side show any signs of intruding beyond their own domains,—not unlike the rest of the world! They are allowed to go their own way without any interference as they are, in this part of India especially, considered very sacred. There is a large and important temple to Hanuman, the god of the monkeys at Adjudhea, an extremely sacred place of pilgrimage, second only to Benares, about five miles from Faizabad. One day I went with my servant to see the Temple and was only allowed in on condition I took off my shoes. I demurred a good deal for the whole place was frightfully dirty, but I wanted much to take a photograph of the Temple, so did as I was asked. There were numbers of priests and pilgrims inside, the former were very anxious to tell me all the wonders of Hanuman. For his good deeds Hanuman was given the whole of the South of India, and for this reason in all the villages in the south, idols, painted a bright scarlet, of Hanuman are set up and worshipped. I listened to all they had to say and then told them they must listen to me, as although Hanuman was no doubt a great man he was not the true God or the Saviour of the world,—and

they listened very willingly while I told them about the Lord Jesus Christ. Afterwards they ran after my tonga for more than a mile in the hope of getting more rupees. I gave them one or two on leaving the Temple for showing me round.

Some of the Wesleyan missionaries are working in Faizabad, but both the Z.B.M.M. and the C.M.S. have gone on elsewhere. One evening I dined with the Parsee Judge and his wife who were formerly at Sultanpur. They seem to be so nearly Christians, and we had a long talk about it after dinner. I sent them *Christ of the Indian Road* for a Christmas present. When they were at Sultanpur they sometimes lent me books like *The Crown of Hinduism*, and the Judge's wife often asked the orphans to tea and came to their confirmation. At one time when I was very hard up for funds they helped me a good deal.

I also dined with the Wesleyan Missionaries one night and was very much impressed with them all. They were just on the point of having a Conference, so were too busy to show me their work. I went on to Sultanpur on Saturday, December 17th, and stayed there till Monday, January 2nd, just over a fortnight.

SULTANPUR

When I arrived Miss Wooller and several girls and teachers came to meet me, and as many as could pack into the phaeton drove back with us to the bungalow—others found room on the ekka bringing the luggage. I always rather dread coming back to the place I have loved so much and where I have spent more than half my life. There are inevitable changes as each Superintendent must naturally more or less carry out her own ideas. I think everyone, civilians, etc., who returns to India after having retired

feels this. One seems rather like a ghost revisiting one's earthly domain:

> "The old order changeth yielding place to new
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Even driving from the station I saw new bungalows or rather buildings, and was told that Sultanpur will now be a much more important place in the future owing to the new railway being built between Lucknow and Jaunpur, to be opened in three years' time. This will mean that Sultanpur will be a junction for two different lines, i.e. that from Faizabad to Allahabad and Lucknow to Jaunpur, cutting at right angles across each other. Railway officials will be living here and some English civilians as well as Indians. For the last five years I was at Sultanpur we had Home Rule. Sometimes during those five years for months together I never spoke to a European.

The Swedish Mission has lately established a centre for work amongst the villages in the Sultanpur District, and there will be at least four of their missionaries living there. They are very fine-looking men and women and visit the villages in their own motor cars. We were invited to a wedding of two of their community while I was at Sultanpur. The service was conducted in the bungalow and at least forty Swedish missionaries, mostly I believe from Gorakhpore, were present. The prayers and exhortations were in Swedish and a chapter from the Bible was read, in English principally for our benefit. We all sat round the room and the bride and bridegroom in a bower of flowers together at one end, —the Minister near to them. After the ceremony was over they stood up, and we all went up and shook hands and offered congratulations in turn.

We had tea on the chabutra directly we arrived from the station with several of the staff. Even here there were

changes, as high bushes and plants and trees had grown up nearly all round cutting off parts of the distant view. Miss Wooller explained that she liked a break in the wide vista of river and plains, instead of having everything cut down and made open after the rainy season as I used to do.

After tea we went down to the school, and all the children were collected in front of the School Hall and sang hymns and songs of welcome—and a large painted "WELCOME" had been hung up over the entrance. Afterwards the children I knew (who were not many) took me all round their gardens and showed me their treasures, etc.

The next day was Sunday, and as there is no catechist now we could not have a service in the Church, but all assembled in the School Hall and we had prayers and several hymns, and Miss Wooller gave a very good address. She speaks the language extremely well.

A clergyman still only comes once a month from Lucknow, and we were unable to have a service in Church on Christmas Day, which was the following Sunday, so Miss Wooller asked me to give the girls an address in the school, while she read prayers. Most of the children had gone to their homes for the Christmas holidays—another, and I think a good, innovation, as in my day they only went in the summer holidays. They are only allowed to go now if the parents can pay for their journeys, and as a good many fathers are working in different ways on the railway they can often get free passes for their children.

We all enjoyed Christmas very much, and had a nice box of dolls, etc., from Home, which were enough for a very good Christmas tree. All the Indian Christians resident in Sultanpur came to it and we had tea in the garden first. Mrs. Vincent, who was formerly Head Teacher, and her family, about ten in number came, also two old married girls and their husbands.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day we were all—children, teachers and missionaries—invited to an Indian

dinner by an Indian Christian collector and his wife, who live in a very nice bungalow. We had separate tables, one for the missionaries and English people, one for the teachers, and matting on the ground of the courtyard for the children. The Indian curries, etc., were delicious, and we all enjoyed the entertainment, followed by a good gramophone, immensely. Another week of walks by the river, and talks with the teachers, and girls, taking photographs, etc., and then I departed to continue my tour.

GORAKHPORE, JANUARY 2ND.

On leaving Sultanpur I went by train to Faizabad (about one hour's journey) accompanied by Umra, who had come to Sultanpur for Christmas. We went third class and found it quite comfortable enough for a short journey. We had to change at Faizabad and Umra and I had breakfast in the refreshment room and rested in the waiting-room for about two hours.

In the meantime my servant had been making enquiries about the best way for me to get to the Lakarmandi Ghat, to entrain for Gorakhpore. He found we had to drive seven miles, cross two rivers by boat bridges, and the two last miles there was no proper road only sand—also there was danger of finding the bridges open and having to wait some time while boats passed through and they could be joined up again. I came to the conclusion we had better start at once, so commandeered a tonga and an ekka for the luggage and said good-bye to Umra, whose train for Mussoorie did not go till later. I was lucky in having a very good horse and a man who did not shout at it the whole time, as is the usual habit of tonga drivers. We found the bridges closed, so did not have to wait, and succeeded in just catching the train which left at 3 p.m. It was an interesting drive, as we passed through

the very sacred town of Adjudhea, where there are several hundred Hindu Temples, mostly built along the banks of the river. This being the birthplace of Ram, who existed five to six hundred years B.C., it is looked upon as a great place for Pilgrims, and many millions of Hindu Devotees visit it yearly. Miss Fallon, of the Z.B.M.M., used to have a school and Zenana visiting here, but through lack of funds the work was closed about 1908 and left to the Wesleyans who are still working there.

I had a comfortable journey in a second class carriage all to myself from Lakarmandi, and reached Gorakhpore at 8 p.m. Mr. Pelly, of the C.M.S., came to meet me at the station, and asked if I felt equal to going to a dinner party at Miss Booth's bungalow, as he and Mrs. Pelly had been invited there to a Christmas entertainment. I was quite ready to go, and dressed as quickly as possible, and we were not very late. I was glad to see Miss Booth, Miss Page and Miss Anning so soon. We had a delightful evening, and I arranged to come and see Miss Booth's work later.

Mrs. Pelly's chief work is visiting the Christian villages round Gorakhpore, so she knows all my twenty-two girls who are married to Christian men living in those villages. Consequently it was better for me to stay with the Pellys than with Miss Booth—they kindly wrote and asked me to come before I left England.

Mrs. Pelly's father, Mr. Stern, was a C.M.S. missionary in Gorakhpore for many years, and one of the villages is called Sternpore after him. It is very interesting for her to be now in visiting charge of her father's work. I see much improvement since I was here four years ago—the people are all more friendly to each other. The next day she drove me in her motor car to the principal village, Basharatpore, where most of my girls are living, and left me there for two hours and came again to fetch me.

I first went to Mohini's House. She has been married about fourteen years, and has three girls and a small son only

a few months old. Her husband gets good pay, and she is the second teacher in the village Anglo-Vernacular Middle School, under Miss Dharmjit, B.A., daughter of the Indian clergyman who is in charge of the Christian villages. Mohini was sent to me by Miss Marston of the Z.B.M.M. (who was working in Lucknow) during the famine of 1897. She was one of the best and most satisfactory girls I ever had, and became a true Christian. Her influence for good in the school was incalculable, and from all reports she seems to be the same now. She befriends all the younger girls from Sultanpur who have married and live in the same village. Her eldest daughter is going in for the Government examination this year, and although she is still very young I was assured by Miss Dharmjit that she has every chance of passing sufficiently high to get a scholarship which will enable her to go on to a High School. (Since this was written she has been sent to the Victoria High School at Agra and is doing especially well.)

Mohini's house was beautifully clean and tidy, and she promised to help me with a tea-party in the verandah of Miss Dharmjit's house for all the girls and their husbands and children living in the villages. We made out a list of all who might come, and there were about twenty-seven girls, husbands and children—a hundred and thirty altogether. Then we went on to another girl's house and saw her children, etc., and she came on with us to the next, who also joined the throng, until I had visited all in Basharatpore and had quite a big following. They all seem so happy and friendly together, which I think is partly Mrs. Pelly's doing. Last of all, we went to The Rev. Dharmjit's house and interviewed one of his daughters, who kindly undertook to arrange the tea on the next day but one at 4.30 p.m. which was the day I was leaving Gorakhpore.

The next day Mrs. Pelly drove me to the other two villages, Dharmpore and Sternpore, where I saw more girls, and invited them to tea next day. Dharmpore is called after

Mr. Dharmjit's father, who was a great Christian worker about forty years ago in Gorakhpore under Mr. Stern, Mrs. Pelly's father. We then went on to Sternpore, and found only two Sultanpur girls living there, married to brothers of the same family. One seemed very happy and well to do, and proudly showed me some very fine twins of a few months old. The other—Ulfat—who lived in the same house with her mother-in-law was not so happy.

I nearly always find if girls are not happy after their marriages it is owing to their mothers-in-law, who think it is their right to manage them and their sons and everything to do with their household arrangements. Ulfat, who has always been a very delicate girl, threw her arms round my neck and said, "I cannot live here any longer; I would rather live in a poor house only take me away from my mother-in-law." Her husband, who was present, put his arm round her and was evidently taking her part when the old mother-in-law appeared on the scene and there was a great row. Ulfat seemed very afraid of her and clung to her husband, who did battle with his mother on her behalf. He is evidently very fond of Ulfat and the two little boys she has given him. I could not do anything then, but asked them to come to tea the next day and I would see if any different arrangement could be made.

Mrs. Pelly said the best plan would be to get some land for the husband in Basharatpore and let them live separately from the rest of the family, which was eventually done and I believe they are happy now. Miss Booth has had almost exactly the same experience with one of her girls, married and living in the same village.

In the afternoon I went to call on Miss Booth, and Miss Page showed me all round their domain. It is wonderful how nearly all their funds are given in answer to prayer. Sometimes they seem to have no visible means of carrying on, and then the money comes from quite unexpected sources. They pray about everything and all goes well.

Miss Booth kindly promised to let me have her motor the following day to go to Basharatpore for the tea-party, as I did not like to use Mrs. Pelly's motor so much. She showed me her accounts, as she wanted me to see how justified she had been in giving up a good deal of the money which came to her through the Society, and trusting to faith and prayer to be able to carry on. A good deal more than half now comes in this way and she has no fears for the future.

In the afternoon I drove again to Basharatpore for the tea which Miss Dharmjit had provided in the verandah of her bungalow. It was delightful to see so many old girls, and to meet all their husbands and children. We had a hymn and prayers, and I gave an address to finish up with. The girls gave me so many presents that I did not know how to carry them all away.

After dinner Mr. Pelly drove me to the station and saw me off by the 8 p.m. train for Supaul, in the Bhagalpore District, where I was due to visit an old friend.

SUPAUL. BHAGALPORE DISTRICT

I had promised in the summer before going out to India to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. de la Motte Hervey, some friends who managed a sugar plantation in Supaul, but when I found it was such a long journey from Gorakhpore, the nearest Z.B.M.M. station I had arranged to go to, I nearly gave up the idea. After all, I wanted to see them very much, and as there seemed to be plenty of time to get through all the different Z.B.M.M. stations before the Conference I finally decided to go on.

The servant who was travelling round with me was quite excellent, and generally succeeded somehow in getting me a second class ladies' carriage to myself, and looked after all the luggage and took the tickets, etc., and paid the coolies—

a most tiresome job, as they are never satisfied—and was altogether a treasure.

Starting at 8 p.m. from Gorakhpore I travelled quite comfortably all night, and reached a junction, the name of which I forget, at 9 a.m., the next morning. There I had to change and wait three or four hours, but my friend had sent a servant with breakfast to meet me as she knew there was no refreshment room in the station. After two more hours in the train I arrived at Supaul at 2.30 p.m., and she and her husband came to meet me in a motor, and we drove over very rough sandy roads to their bungalow about two miles off.

They have a lovely bungalow with a very pretty garden right out in the wilds, and I had a most restful and enjoyable week staying with them. The Sugar mill was quite near and I was taken all over it. The sugar cane is brought in from different parts of the district in bullock carts, and after being weighed and the cultivators paid, is put into a sort of long trough which is wound up by machinery into the mill. There it goes through ten different processes of crushing and clarifying before the sugar is fit for sale in the bazaars all round. The present mill is to be given up soon, as two years ago the river changed its course for two miles (which is a way rivers seem to have in India) flooded the mill and nearly spoilt thousands of rupees worth of sugar. The same thing will probably occur again and cause great loss to the proprietors—so they have decided to move.

We went for a long motor drive one day to see something of the country round, and bought some very pretty and extraordinarily cheap silk saris for me to take back to England, and perhaps wear if I speak at meetings. Mr. de la Motte Hervey's father was a Colonel and grandfather a General in India, and the latter had had a great deal to do with putting down the Thugs, and they lent me a book he had written all about it, which was very interesting and thrilling in parts.

From Supaul—leaving about 11 a.m. I started back to Gorakhpore, arriving the next morning at 6 a.m. I went again to the Pelly's and spent the day there, as I wanted to see Ulfat again, and make sure that she was happy. I had tea, etc., at the station, and arrived at their bungalow just in time to prevent Mr. Pelly coming to meet me in the motor as they were expecting me at 8 a.m.

By coming to Gorakhpore that day I unintentionally came in for a very interesting ceremony—the unveiling of the War Memorial to the Gurkhas killed in the Great War, by Sir William Birdwood, the Commander-in-Chief. It took place at 11 a.m. and the whole station was present. The bronze figure of the Gurkha soldier placed on the Cenotaph I had already seen in the Academy of 1927 and liked it very much. Sir William Birdwood stood on the steps of the Memorial with all the Gurkha regiments drawn up in front, and after pulling a cord which unveiled the statue, etc., he gave a very fine address, first in English and then in Nepaulese.

Afterwards they all marched past, each regiment playing their different instruments. One regiment played " Flowers of the Forest ", and all ended up with " God save the King."

One part of the ground was given up to the relations of the Gurkhas—men and women dressed in marvellous costumes, who had come from Nepaul for the occasion—and after the ceremony Sir William Birdwood went up and talked to several of them. He finished his speech by saying, " The Great War was not the last War, but whenever the next war comes, we feel quite sure the Gurkhas will stand by us and fight as nobly as they did before, remembering their special motto—' It is better to die than to be a coward'."

After lunch I drove again to Basharatpore while Mr. and Mrs. Pelly went to a Garden Party given by the Commissioner to the whole station in honour of the occasion.

I found Ulfat much happier and living with her husband in a little house near Mr. and Miss Dharmjit, and quite a mile away from her dreaded mother-in-law. She was very pleased to see me, and all the other girls came running from their different houses when they heard I had come. They all seemed kind to Ulfat and told her to be sure to come to them if she was unhappy or wanted anything. Where she lived before she was quite a mile away from any of the other Sultanpur girls, but I am sure she will be quite all right now, especially as her husband is certainly a very good Christian man. It was nice having a peep at them all again.

That night—Thursday—I left again at 8 p.m. on my way to Khurja, expecting to arrive at my destination at 8 p.m. on Saturday evening, but the trains missed connection in Lucknow, and the consequence was I did not arrive at Cawnpore till too late for the Khurja train, and had to wait there from 10.30 a.m. till 6 p.m.

After all this turned out to be all for the best, as I was able to drive round and have another look at the girls living in Cawnpore. I had a good breakfast at the station, and then started off in a very shaky tonga. I was able to take one girl round with me to see all the others, and we had a delightful time. I got back to the station in time to have some dinner before the train started for Khurja. It was not a very restful night, as we arrived at 3.30 a.m., and were met by a servant sent by Miss Pearson with a note, saying it was impossible to meet me there in the night as the authorities had given orders owing to many robberies that have occurred lately, that no one must drive from Khurja Junction to Khurja City, about six miles, without an escourt of police, and I had not let her know in time to arrange this. The consequence was I had to stay in the waiting room in the station till the train went on at 7 a.m. It was bitterly cold, but I wrapped myself up in all my rugs and fur coat and sat in a long chair, and drank hot tea

which Miss Pearson had ordered for me. I think I went to sleep for a short time, but anyhow I was not sorry when my servant came and woke me, and said it was time to start again. In about half an hour we arrived at Khurja City and found Miss Pearson at the station.

After three nights running in the train I was not sorry to go to bed after a nice hot bath, and have breakfast and lunch in bed. It was Sunday, so after that I got up and walked about half a mile to the Hindoostani service at the little Church.

Here I met some old friends, Indian Christians who had known me when I was in India before, and also saw Angela, one of my old girls, who is now teaching in a school for out-caste Christian children in Khurja. Angela was originally sent to me from Khurja, so it was fitting that she should go back as a mission worker to that place. There is much work being done amongst the outcastes in the Khurja District, and two of the Z.B.M.M. ladies, Miss Howlett and Miss Bannerji, were out in camp in one of the villages, preparing several recent converts for their baptism, which was to take place shortly. I loved seeing Angela again and finding her doing such good work. There is a great deal of opposition amongst the Arya Samaj, an anti-Christian sect, who are always trying to prevent the outcaste villagers accepting Christianity and often persecuting them in different ways, but they are very true, and numbers come in from more distant villages, imploring to have teachers sent to them so that they also may learn about Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the World. When they come in to make this request they sign a paper setting forth their wishes with their thumbs dipped in ink, as none of them can write, and Miss Pearson showed me a document covered with these marks which seemed quite unique. Unfortunately there are not enough funds to maintain Christian workers to reach them all, but the hope is that they themselves, after Baptism and more instruction,

will be able to influence the others. Mr. Harvey, late of the C.M.S., now working under the Bishop of the Diocese in an honorary capacity, was in charge of all this work, and is spending his life in forwarding it.

I stayed two days in Khurja and then went on to Bulandshahr. Miss Pearson also went there the day I left by an early morning train, as she had been summoned to appear in Court about a boy outcaste who had become a Christian against the wishes of some of his relations. He was very brave and determined that he wished to change his religion, and remain in the school to which he had been sent, and as he was of age to choose for himself his opponents could not do anything, and he was not sent back to them as Miss Pearson feared. She asked me to take prayers for the teachers and give an address in her place before my train went, which I was very glad to have an opportunity of doing. From Khurja to Bulandshahr is only one hour by train, and on arrival I found Mrs. Pollen had come to meet me in a big motor lorry, which is used for taking the Indian teachers out to their work.

It was very delightful to be shown the work at Bulandshahr by Mrs. Pollen, who was the means of starting it herself many years ago, and getting the beautiful Mission Bungalow built. All the rooms in the bungalow were occupied, so I had a very comfortable tent in the garden. Soon after my arrival Lilla Piyari, one of my old girls, who has passed the middle examination, came running to meet me. She is also teaching a school of outcaste Christian children in the compound of the bungalow, and seems quite happy and successful with her work. She was teaching the whole school by herself, although the girls—numbering about thirty—were in three or four different stages of educational attainment. Some could read and write and others were only learning their letters, and in Scripture some were learning the life of Elijah, and others much farther back.

Lilla Piyari seemed to be good at keeping order, at least all the girls were behaving like saints while I was present. She married a year after this and died when her baby was born.

As most of the work here is also among out-castes in distant villages I was not able to see much of it. Mrs. Pollen went out the next morning for five and a half hours, visiting Zenanas in the City, while I got many belated letters written. The next day she took me to see something of Bulandshahr—which means " the exalted city ", as it is built on a hill. We drove down to the river and I took a photograph of the bridges and some buffaloes, and then went to the graveyard where there are many old tombs of English officials who have worked and died in the place, including one of Mrs. Pollen's husband, who was Deputy Commissioner, i.e. Magistrate, in the Indian Civil Service here many years ago. He died of smallpox when Mrs. Pollen was only twenty-four. She took her three children home, and when the girls were old enough to leave school was able to accomplish what she had always set her heart upon, i.e. giving her life to spreading the Gospel in the place where her husband lived and died. It must be very gratifying to her to see how wonderfully the work has been blessed by God, and the numbers of converts brought in through the workers.

After four days at Bulandshahr I went on to visit Miss Ramsden and Miss Waller, C.M.S. Missionaries in Aligarh. Miss Ramsden has helped me much in the past with more than one of my girls, who have worked for her as teachers. She arranged a wedding for Shanti, one of them, to a very nice Christian man working in a Presbyterian Mission in Rajputana, and she also helped me with another rather difficult girl who has become quite satisfactory, and is now working in the C.M.S. Orphanage at Sigra, Benares. I saw her when I was in Benares and everyone speaks well of her now.

Miss Ramsden has a very useful and much needed kind of girls' school in her compound for Out-caste Christian children, who are given a primary education in reading, writing and arithmetic, and especially taught cooking, making clothes for themselves and their future husbands, laundry work and also the care of babies, with a view to their becoming good wives for the men out-caste converts later on.

While there I met Mr. Hari Narain, now a C.M.S. clergyman, who told me that my brother-in-law, Mr. Durrant, was many years ago the means of his conversion. I also met a Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, young and very ardent C.M.S. Missionaries, and Mr. Nicholson told me that he had been to Sultanpur to see the school buildings, as he is building a school for boys in Benares. He said he was very much pleased with the dormitories at Sultanpur, and intended to build his on the same lines.

My next destination was Agra, as I very much wanted to see some boys I had sent to the C.M.S. School (formerly an orphanage) at Sikandra, famous for the wonderful tomb built as a last resting place for Akbar by himself. Miss Bickersteth, now in charge of the Queen Victoria High School for girls, kindly took me in for two nights.

Since I stayed here before many years ago quite a new and magnificent school building has been put up by Miss Wright, aunt of Miss Bickersteth, who did a wonderful work amongst girls here. Many girls from Sultanpur, after passing through the school, have been sent on there for teachers' training. At the present moment there are no girls in the Victoria School from Sultanpur, though some of the old girls now working as teachers in Sultanpur have been trained in Agra. It was very interesting to meet all the staff who have helped my work in this way in the past. I was very much struck with the calm and confident way in which Miss Bickersteth—though quite young—with her high attainments at Westfield College, Hampstead, was

able to manage this large and important High School for Indian girls.

I had written to Mr. Hinton, in charge of the boys' school at Sikandra, to say that I hoped to accept his invitation to visit his school the next day at 11 a.m., so I accordingly drove out in a tonga and was shown all over it.

The boys seemed so very happy and well cared for, and although I had not seen the special two, with whom I wanted to renew acquaintance, for a long time, they quite remembered me. Shakespeare, the son of an old girl who died of consumption several years after her marriage, seems to be getting on very fairly well, being in the VIIth Standard, and expecting to give up school work and learn printing shortly. They have quite a beautiful large swimming bath in the school compound, and all the boys plunge in every day. Printing, carpet-making, and various trades are taught after a good grounding in the Bible and the three R's. Mr. Hinton is devoted to the boys and they all seem very fond of him, and turn out as a rule quite successfully.

The next morning I called on Canon and Mrs. Davis, whom I used to know in old days, and who are shortly retiring from India, as Canon Davis is much needed at home for a post in the International Board of Missions. He has been Principal of St. John's Christian College, Agra, for many years, and has at his own expense put up an entirely new and splendid building. Three other boys I had to see, sons of an old girl who is married to an Indian Christian clergyman. One of these boys has just passed his matriculation examination, and is now in the College, and the other two are still in St. John's school attached to the college. They were allowed to come and see me, and all seem to be nice boys, and satisfactory as far as they have gone. I had a long talk with Spurgeon, the eldest, and he says that although he is going in for a commercial degree he hopes to spend all his spare time in mission work. This, he says, is "absolutely necessary". He was quite glad for us to

have prayer about it together. They all call me "Grandmother"—and the eldest talks English quite well.

After tea I started off again, this time for Bharatpore, a native state in Rajputana, where the mother and father of the three boys I had just seen in Agra are working for the C.M.S. I had arranged to stay with Miss Saunders, in the beautiful Mission Bungalow built by Miss Fowler, also of the C.M.S., who worked for many years here and in Agra, and who passed away in Egypt on her way out to India two or three years ago.

The train arrived at 8 p.m., and I found a carriage waiting for me at the station. It seemed a long, dark and cold drive to the Bungalow, where I was given a warm welcome and a good dinner. Miss Saunders had her sister, who has come out for one year on a visit to India with her, and Miss Shellenbergh, who was formerly a worker in the Z.B.M.M. The next day was Sunday and we drove to the most peculiar little Church I have ever seen. It was quite round, and I was told that it was formerly a summer house. It is beautifully fitted up now with all that is necessary for a Church, and I believe it has been consecrated. Mr. Gideon, the husband of the girl I had come especially to see, took the service and preached. He was ordained about ten years ago.

Rebecca was delighted to see me (she knew I was coming as I had written beforehand) and Miss Saunders asked her and her husband to tea that evening. She seems to have developed a good deal since I last saw her, and behaves quite as one would expect a clergyman's wife to behave. There are three daughters by Mr. Gideon's first wife and they are all well educated, two studying and working at Ludhiana under Doctor Edith Brown, and one married. Rebecca has no daughters of her own, only the three boys I saw in Agra. The next day I went to the City to see the Hindu school, which Rebecca superintends. There were about thirty children present, and they sang

some hymns and did some kindergarten games, etc. Of course they are always given Bible lessons every day. I promised to come and see Rebecca's house, and take her with me to the station the next day.

In the afternoon Miss Saunders took me for a long drive all through the Raja of Bharatpore's shooting preserves, and we drove along a wide, well kept road through forests extending for several miles. There was a good deal of water and marshy land, and we saw thousands of wild duck and geese and other birds. Panthers and leopards are also found here. We came at last to a summer house, gardens and a lake, with a most extraordinary bridge designed by the Raja himself, with steep steps leading up to the span, from which you can see all over the hunting grounds. In another part of the garden under cover was a large, round pillar, on which records of the different important shoots which have taken place were printed. For instance, when the Prince of Wales visited the Raja, over two thousand head of game were killed, and most of the Viceroys of late years, Commanders-in-Chief, etc., have their shooting exploits written up on this pillar. But nowadays the Raja is out of favour, and is in debt. Salaries are in arrears, and many of his dependents are said to be almost starving. For this reason he is under displeasure, and English officials are forbidden to take part in any big shoots or to go to Bharatpore for this purpose. The Raja also does not come to Simla. He is only twenty-nine years of age and was educated for a few years at Wellington College, but as soon as the War broke out his grandmother sent for him and refused to let him remain there any longer. Perhaps if he had stayed in England he would have been more satisfactory. He is a great polo player, and talks of taking a team to England and is said to have charming manners. (Since I wrote the above the Raja has died.)

Miss Saunders has a very interesting industry which employs numbers of native women. They make dolls and

dress them in the different costumes worn in Rajputana, and they are often sold to Missionaries, who like to have them to show when doing deputation work in England, and Government Inspectresses give large orders for prizes for the Government Hindu and Mahomedan schools. The faces for the dolls are made in England. I saw cupboardfuls, all waiting to be sold—some made for orders.

I left by an evening train for Meerut, and was able to visit Rebecca's house, which consists of an upper flat in a fairly open street, with a nice roof to sleep on and several rooms. They want a big house when the whole family are at home. She came with me to the station and we had time for a nice long talk. I then had another night journey to Delhi, where we arrived about 7 a.m. and had four hours to wait. This was intentionally arranged, as I wanted to visit a girl whom I had already seen once, and who is staff nurse in the Lady Hardinge Hospital. Champa Lena, who came to me when she was three years old, has been a nurse now for some years, and I felt it would be good for her, as she has no belongings, to be married. I consulted one of the C.M.S. lady missionaries at Meerut near Delhi, and she proposed the son of one of their Zenana workers who has been teaching in the mission for nearly forty years. The son had a good character, was earning forty rupees a month, and was looking out for a wife. On hearing this, I wrote to the Lady Superintendent of the hospital, and asked her to allow Champa Lena and her proposed fiancé to have an interview. She very kindly took a great deal of trouble about this, and they met and seemed pleased with each other. Champa Lena then wrote to me and said nothing could be decided until she had seen me. After some tea in the station I started off in a tonga for about a four miles drive to the hospital. I told the tonga man if he drove quickly I would engage him to drive me back, and he certainly did what I wanted, as we galloped nearly the whole

way, and it was the smoothest and fastest tonga I have ever driven in. They generally go at a crawling rate.

The Lady Superintendent was charming, and sent for Champa Lena, but it was some time before she was off duty and could come to me. I thought her looking very sweet and attractive and was told that she had a good character, and was always ready to help in any way, but is not quite up to the work of such a large hospital as the Lady Hardinge, and it would be better for her to work in a smaller hospital, or to be married. While I was waiting I was taken to some very pretty rooms, and given a delicious breakfast. Champa Lena and I had a nice talk and prayer together, and all seemed going satisfactory. Anyhow, a month's holiday is due to her, so we arranged that she should give a month's notice to leave Delhi on February 1st and go to Sultanpur for a month on March 1st, when the wedding might take place if nothing prevented it. On this understanding I left her and went on to Meerut, principally to see the proposed bridegroom and his mother. At Meerut I stayed again with Miss Snelson, of the C.M.S., and found her tremendously busy as usual, especially as she has—in addition to her other work—the responsibility of superintending the building of a new girls' school.

After tiffin I went to call on the ladies in the Zenana House, about a quarter of a mile off, and to interview Champa Lena's proposed husband and his mother. To my surprise Mrs. Gorman said that she was afraid they were *not* pleased with the girl because as she wore spectacles she evidently had weak eyes, but she would tell them to come and see me that evening at about five o'clock. She said the man was particularly nice, but very much domineered over by his mother, who had already twice prevented his marrying girls to whom he had taken a fancy. As arranged they came to see me, and although I feel sure he would have been quite satisfied, his mother was evidently against the match, and knowing what mother-in-laws can be in India

I told them to think no more about it, and wrote to Champa Lena explaining the reasons why it was better to give it up. She quite agreed, and said she would much rather continue nursing in another hospital. I believe the real reason they disapproved of her was that she has rather a dark skin, and a fair skin nowadays is considered the chief requisite,—but Champa Lena has since married I believe satisfactorily.

I left at 4 p.m. for Allahabad, where I was due for the Conference. On reaching the Lady Muir Memorial I found several Missionaries had already arrived, and Miss Leetch was acting hostess in charge of all the catering, etc. I had a room with Mrs. Pollen. The next day was given up to devotional meetings and prayer and addresses. Mrs. Treanor, Mrs. Pollen and Mrs. Fleming, President of the Z.B.M.M. Canadian Auxiliary, gave some very helpful Bible readings. Afterwards for three days many interesting discussions took place, and it was delightful meeting so many of the Missionaries all at once, whom it would have been difficult to see otherwise.

I started by the Calcutta mail at 7.45 a.m. in pouring rain, which continued till I arrived at Katni at 2 p.m. where I was spending the night with Miss Bardsley, of the C.M.S., who is an old friend. She first came to India about three years after my sisters and I did, and has done a great work at Katni, transforming a small orphanage into a large and flourishing High School for Indian Christian girls. She has lately been ordained as a Deaconess at the request of the Bishop of Nagpur in which diocese she is working, in order that she may be able to take services in Church when no clergyman is available. Her brother was Bishop of Peterborough, and is now Bishop of Leicester. Two girl converts from the Lady Muir Memorial, Allahabad, are there, having been sent by Miss Whitaker, who asked me to see them and report to her about them. One especially is a very fine, spiritually-minded girl, and Miss Bardsley

was very warm in her praises. I partly stayed the night to see a girl of mine—at least she is hardly a girl, as she must be about thirty-five years of age, and is the widow of Peter, the first orphan child who came to me at Sultanpur. She was very devoted to Peter, who died quite fifteen years ago, and has been doing Christian work in different places ever since. She is very attractive and has had many offers of marriage, but always refuses to marry again. At present she is working for the B.C.M.S. in the villages round Sauger, and is very full of all her experiences amongst the women. I had nice long talks with Miss Bardsley, who has had much the same work to do as I had.

I started on again by the Calcutta mail at 2 p.m., arriving the next day at 11 a.m. at Manmad. The Superintendent of the School, Miss Knight, came to meet me, and we arrived at the very charming Mission Bungalow just in time for breakfast. Everything is very simple here, but in perfect good taste and I had an upstairs room with a balcony, and a lovely view of the very peculiar-shaped mountains. I had met Miss Biggin, who is the Head of the School, and Miss Rix, who manages the Industrial part, before, but had not seen much of them. They both seem to me extremely capable, and with Miss Knight—whose beautiful Christian spirit is apparent to all—make a splendid trio to work together. The next day Miss Biggin asked me to take prayers in English (as I do not know Marathi) for all the girls who could understand sufficiently, and I should think at least forty girls came. Afterwards I was shown all round the different classes, and also the Industrial Section, where beautiful embroidery is done, tablecloths, children's frocks, etc., and sold for the good of the school. In the evening I had a long talk with Mrs. Baptist, an old Indian Christian lady who has been working in the Z.B.M. Mission for more than forty years. She was at Faizabad with Miss Fallon when we first came to India, and says that two or three years afterwards she came, after an illness, to stay at

Sultanpur for a month, and that I took great care of her. I cannot remember this, but it was nice to meet her again, and she was glad to find someone who could talk Urdu, as she does not know very much Marathi. She is spending her time in visiting Mahomedan Zenanas, and is very keen about her work. The next day I went on to Nasik as I wanted to see the Babies' Home and Hospital, built largely by Canadian supporters, which I have heard much about.

It is only an hour's journey from Manmad and Miss Betteridge sent the Hospital motor to meet me. We had to drive about five miles, so I was glad to be in a motor.

I think the Babies' Home is one of the best works I have seen, and as I have always been rather puzzled about it was glad to have an opportunity of seeing it for myself. The children in the Home itself are not babies, but little girls between the ages of three and seven. There were three or four small babies who had lately been brought in, and were waiting in their cots, being carefully fed with bottles till foster mothers could be found for them. It was explained to me—which I had never realized before—that all babies in India who lose their mothers at their birth, soon afterwards die, as neither the fathers nor anyone else have any idea how to bring them up by hand. They give them undiluted cows' milk, very often out of dirty vessels, and generally much too much, and hardly ever succeed in rearing them. Therefore a Babies' Home, like the one at Nasik, saves hundreds of lives, and the children are brought up in the Christian faith, and often afterwards become earnest and useful mission workers. I had thought until I came here that these children were mostly foundlings who had been discarded by their parents, and that by taking them in there might be danger of encouraging wrong doing, but this is not the case. I now realise that it is a beautiful and necessary work.

Fathers often themselves bring their babies from long distances, and seem thankful to leave them in the hands of

ladies whom they know will love and care for them. If they were not brought here they would inevitably die. Foster mothers are found for the young babies in the villages round, and these mothers having just lost their own children, are thankful to take other babies—in fact it is better for their health to do so. They are paid eight rupees a month, and have to bring the babies in for inspection I think twice a month. To supply cows' milk, and bring the children up on bottles, would cost more than double, and not be nearly so good for them. This plan was evolved by Miss Harvey, who has worked in the Society for more than forty years without going home to England, and was herself till a few years ago in charge of the Babies' Home. She was then running a Home for lepers about two miles out of Nasik and I went to call on her and was shown all round the Leper Asylum. In spite of their terrible disease the lepers all look very happy and evidently love Miss Harvey. One feels that after such a wonderful life's work she well merited the gold Kaisar-i-Hind medal given by the British Government. Miss Harvey passed away in 1932, after nearly fifty years' work in Nasik.

The girls are kept in the Home till they are seven years of age, and then sent on to schools, generally to Manmad, and afterwards either marry Christian men, or become mission teachers or nurses in Zenana Hospitals.

The next day was Sunday, and I went to the C.M.S. Mission Church twice, and before the evening service was shewn round the Canada Hospital. It is built in a triangle with three long verandahs and rooms leading out. Doctor Lambert, who gives one the impression of being extremely efficient, shewed me all round, and it seemed to be nearly full of patients.

The C.M.S. clergyman offered to drive me to the station in his motor the next day, and we left after breakfast at about 12.30 noon on the last journey to Bombay where I was due to stay with a cousin, whose husband is in the R.A.M.C.

She and her husband came to meet me and I had a delightful three days' visit, and was able to get my passport properly visé-d and buy a few things before going on board the same ship I came out by last September. It was nice to be welcomed by the Captain and officers, and treated as an old friend.

My servant, who had been with me nearly everywhere, wanted to come to the ship to see me off, and stood on the quay watching until we disappeared. The voyage home was one of the best I ever had of thirteen times to India, and thirteen back.

DEPUTATION TOURS IN ENGLAND

AND CLOSING WORK AT SULTANPUR

AFTER I returned from my first tour in India in 1924 I was asked several times by the Society to speak at Missionaries' meetings, which of course I was very glad to do, and had an especially delightful tour all round Cornwall with the Cornish District Secretary of the Z.B.M.M.

I stayed with charming and keenly interested people at St. Austell, Lostwithiel, Foy, St. Ives, Newquay, Falmouth, Plymouth and Plympton, speaking at meetings in each place and twice at some.

At Plympton I was able to put up with some cousins who live in an interesting old house called Hemerdon, with a lovely garden and wide views, but, as is the case with so many, are unable to keep it up to the same mark as in former times. They have many pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who lived in the neighbourhood when a boy, and began his artistic career by painting portraits of the surrounding residents. My cousin's wife promised to take an interest in and help the Z.B.M.M. as much as possible. I loved doing this work and did not find it so tiring as some missionaries do.

Later on I went on a tour in the Midlands with the District Secretary for that part of England, and visited Derby, the Black country, and other towns and villages, receiving the kindest hospitality from all who took me in. One old lady, who was kindness itself, was worried at its having been arranged for me to speak at a school of five

hundred children, twelve miles out of Derby on Sunday. I was to have stayed the night or two nights with the Vicar and his wife, but as she was suddenly called away on account of the illness of her father the Vicar was unable to put me up, and so I had to go by omnibus, starting after morning service on Sunday in time to speak at the afternoon school. The lady I was staying with said she could not have anyone staying in her house who went in an omnibus on Sunday, so the District Secretary had to find accommodation for me elsewhere, and another friend very kindly took me in for two nights, after which I returned to my first hostess. I thought it was splendid of her to stick up so decidedly for her principles, though few people in these days will be found to agree with her. She gave me a very nice, comfortable room, with a gas fire which I could light as often as I wished, and we parted great friends. I learnt a great deal, on these tours, of the difficulties District Secretaries, who have to arrange meetings and find accommodation for speakers have to contend with, and one never hears of their making any complaints. They certainly are a splendid band of workers.

Later on I much enjoyed a tour in Yorkshire, Westmorland, Cumberland and Durham. All the arrangements were splendid and I met most interesting and wonderful Christian people and had some really splendid meetings both in drawing-rooms and public halls. In Carlisle I stayed with the owners of a large china shop in the town. They had a big drawing-room meeting, and I also spoke at a large hall which they had built themselves in the town, and in which they held meetings every night. They were deeply spiritual people and did an immense amount of good in Carlisle. One morning (I was there for three nights) I wandered through the town and looked into a church which it seemed to me must be Roman Catholic, as there were pictures of the stations of the Cross, crucifixes, and sisters, who I thought were nuns, praying in different parts

of the building. A lady was practising the organ, so I went up to her and said, "Is this a Roman Catholic Church?" She seemed quite horrified at the idea, and afterwards I heard it was only a very High Church, which the people I was staying with said was almost Roman Catholic.

I had another very interesting tour through Essex and Suffolk, visiting Ipswich, Lowestoft, Felixstowe and other places. Afterwards I spoke at Ryde, Cowes, Winchester, Basingstoke and Portsmouth.

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In 1926 during my SECOND Tour in India Miss Wooller who was taking my place at Sultanpur, wished to move the whole school somewhere else. She wrote to me saying: "I feel it is the kindest thing to tell you myself rather than let you hear by chance through others, that I am bringing up at the next Standing Committee the possibility of transferring the school to the Lady Muir Memorial in Allahabad. I know there are many difficulties in the way, but after about a year here I feel strongly that as a permanent home for the school Sultanpur is much too isolated," etc. Later on there were cases of consumption which were not kept segregated, and consequently the disease spread rapidly. If Miss Howlett, who realised the importance of keeping children with a tendency to tuberculosis isolated, and did not mind the loneliness, could have remained it would have been all right. Miss Wooller, being an educationalist, thought chiefly of the work as a school, and not as a Home for Orphan Children. My heart sank and I felt the work was doomed, especially as the Standing Committee were on her side.

The Home Committee, hearing about the consumption, decided that it was better for the school to be given up. Lord Meston, the Chairman, kindly said he would ask the Chief Sanitary Inspector of the U.P. to visit Sultanpur and

give an opinion, but before the answer came, saying the buildings could not possibly be the cause of the consumption, the decree had gone forth that the school was to be closed.

Miss Gertrude Kinnaird, who had been twice to Sultanpur, never agreed to the school being closed, and here I should like to say how very sympathetic and kind she always was to me in all my difficulties. She never failed in the darkest times to understand everything, and was indeed a friend.

Dr. Carter, (a secretary of the Z.B.M.M.) who had also been to Sultanpur, but was not present at the Committee when it was decided to give up the work there, told me that he never approved of that decision.

Two Government doctors visited Sultanpur, and both declared that it was impossible that the buildings could be in fault, as if anything they were too airy, and situated in a most healthy part of the station, but if one case was allowed to mix with the others it might be the means of many catching it. This I knew from much past experience and offered to return, when I was sure I could have made it all right, but the majority of the Committee were against this, so there was nothing to be done. I asked if they would give the buildings back to me. At first they agreed to this, and I arranged to go back to India and try to get some other Mission to take them over. This I did, but found that no mission had the funds however much they wished (though with the doctor's reports they had no fears of T.B.) to take over the buildings, I know it was my fault, as I ought never to have given them away to begin with. From the time I did that everything went wrong.

When I arrived in India many people were extremely kind in trying to help me, especially the Bishop of Lucknow, Canon Fisher and the Government Inspectresses; also Mr. and Mrs. Wigram, Hon. Secretary of the Z.B.M.M.

I spent two months in the old bungalow, but without

all the children, teachers, etc., who had been transferred for a time to Jaumpur until it was quite decided what was to be done: it was a sad time. All the people in the town whom I had known for so many years were extremely grieved, and could not imagine why such nice buildings and such a good school (in their opinion) should be given up. The children were all sent to other schools or orphanages. It is now a dream of the past.

Mrs. Hyde still lives in her little bungalow, which was also a hospital. She has been pensioned by the Society, but all the buildings, except two verandahs used by the American Pentecostal Mission, are let to Hindus and Mohamedans, who pay rent to Mrs. Hyde, and she looks after the repairs and sends the money to the Financial Secretary of the Society monthly.

Before returning to England I went for another tour, visiting many of my old girls, but I was only in India for two months altogether, and arrived home again on January 5th, 1930.

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As I look back on my long connection with India and the Zenana Bible Medical Mission, extending from 1888 to 1922, I think on the whole I should do much the same if I had the time over again. I am not sure that it is an advantage to be honorary, although the Society kindly, in consequence, allowed me to proceed more or less according to my own ideas.

Certainly one advantage in being honorary is that you need never go by what the doctors say, but of course if public money is used for voyages or salaries, etc., it would not be fair to send anyone to India without a medical certificate. I went and came when I felt equal to it without consulting a doctor at all. Once, after being at home for a bad operation, I asked the medical man who attended me whether he thought it would be all right for me to go back

to India. He only said : " What is the good of asking me ? I know you will go whatever I say."

All the same, I think it would be a good thing both for the Society and for the Missionary for distinct rules to be made for honorary workers. Being without any special orders as I was from the Home Committee is a disadvantage to the Missionary, and it must often have been difficult for them to receive so little information as to what was being done.

Now that I am on the Committee myself I realise this, and am surprised at the sympathy and kindness with which I and my work have always been regarded. Perhaps no other Society would have been so indulgent.