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FANNY JANE BUTLER
PIONEER MEDICAL MISSIONARY

A GROUP OF DR. BUTLER'S KASHMIRI PATIENTS.

FANNY JANE BUTLER

PIONEER MEDICAL MISSIONARY

BY

E. M. TONGE

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

DAME MARY SCHARLIEB, D.B.E., M.D., M.S.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

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FOREWORD

It is a real honour and pleasure to contribute a brief Foreword to this most interesting sketch by E. M. Tonge of the Life and Work of the late Dr. Fanny Butler.

The whole story reads as might the life of some mediæval saint, one of the men and women who had so dedicated themselves, their powers, and their lives to Christ's service that they could say: "It is not I who live, but Christ Who liveth in me."

It is perhaps an advantage that the sketch presented for the help and encouragement of a later generation of women doctors should be so restrained and so shortened. These are busy days, and it is probable that the little, unassuming "life" of a devoted woman who was at once both saint and heroine should have been cast into a form that will make but little demand on the time, but ought to make great demands on the development of her successors.

I had the honour of knowing Dr. Fanny Butler well, although for a brief time only. In 1878 I came home from Madras, where I had just taken the Licentiate of the Medical College, and found Miss Butler preparing to live and preach the Gospel in India.

We are told here how, like Samuel, she had been

a volunteer for God's service from childhood, and we are also told how she was led by divine Providence to Calcutta, to Bhagalpur, and finally to Kashmir, on the service of her Divine Lover. As one reads one simple page after another, the facts borne in on us are perhaps mainly that, when Fanny offered herself to God, it was of herself in her entirety, body, soul, and spirit; and, secondly, that she did not offer Him of that which cost her nothing. Both as a student, and later on in medical missionary work, there was a finish, a completion in all that she did; nothing was too good, nothing was too costly. Her life shines out more and more unto the perfect day, and, indeed, "in a short time she fulfilled a long time." Born in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in October, 1850, the sacrifice was completed and accepted in Srinagar, Kashmir, shortly after the completion of her thirty-ninth year.

We know not what the future may hold in the way of riper and greater service than can be rendered here, but one cannot but believe that a part of the fruit of her works must be the teaching, encouraging, and comforting of those who shall hereafter tread in her footsteps.

Mary Scharlieb

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PROLOGUE

THE sick man shuddered as his observant eyes noted the print of great paws close to the steep track, and his quick ears caught the words "black bear" among the coolies' chatter. His young wife trembled as she tramped through the snow, and saw the dandy swing over the brink of a precipice, when the bearers turned a sharp corner.

The caprice of the Maharajah was once more driving Dr. Elmslie from Kashmir. Five times before had he crossed the mountains to India late in the autumn, for only Government officials might remain for the winter. Now, in 1872, he had entreated with special urgency to be allowed to remain in the beautiful valley, to care for his needy patients, but the Maharajah was adamant.

The medical missionary, who had been a tower of strength to terror-stricken Srinagar during the terrible cholera epidemic of the summer, was worn out with his exertions. The crowds of men, women and children who had flocked to the banks of the Jhelum to call out Eastern blessings and farewells as the boats started for Islamabad, showed that he had won his patients' affection.

But to the invalid the toilsome journey thence

over the Pir Panjal was one long nightmare of increasing breathlessness and pain, and when Dr. and Mrs. Elmslie, after the discomforts of dilapidated huts, were welcomed to a refined, Christian home at Gujerat, the doctor was a dying man.

He fell asleep on November 18, with a smile of victory on his worn face. The day after his death the Maharajah abolished his arbitrary law. Elmslie's appeals had not been in vain; Kashmir was open to missionaries for the whole year round.

It was a seed sown by Dr. Elmslie that decided Fanny Butler's life-work, and sent her in due time to labour with the same Christ-like love in Srinagar and to lay down her life also for the Kashmiris.

FANNY JANE BUTLER:
PIONEER MEDICAL MISSIONARY

CHAPTER I

BY THE THAMES

"The sweet habit of living together."

"LET Fanny divide it, she is so fair," was the frequent request of the Butler children. Fanny was the eighth in a family of ten, so it was no small tribute to her sense of justice that her three sisters and six brothers chose her to share gifts among them.

"Leave Fanny behind, she will be the greatest help," the busy mother would say, when the father and eldest sister were taking out the children by penny steamer to visit one of the sights of London.

The first important event in Fanny Jane Butler's life was leaving the beloved family home at 6, Cheyne Walk. Fanny, who was born on October 5, 1850, was then only four years old, but she loved the large, old-fashioned house with its twenty to thirty spacious rooms, its oak-panelled walls, its deep window seats and fascinating views of the barges on the river. Such an

indelible impression had it left on her mind that, thirty years later, she wrote from India that she had been dreaming of the old Chelsea home. She always had a special love for water, and as her life was to be closely connected with other great rivers, it was fitting that her earliest years were spent within sight of the Thames. The elders dreaded the high tides which in those prehistoric days meant flooded basements; but how the children loved sailing paper boats down passages!

It was a wrench to Thomas Butler to part with the house where he had been born in 1809, and where his father and grandfather had kept a boys' classical school, the rooms still retaining their names—for instance, " The Music-Master's Room." The spacious abode meant expense, anxiety and fatigue, even though flats were let. The father felt it would lessen the problem of bringing up and educating his large family, on the salary earned at the British Museum, if the house were more suited to his means. An unromantic house in South Kensington was taken, and 26, Brompton Square became the family centre till 1881.

Friends helped with presentations to good schools for some of the six sons, but, living in Victorian days, the four daughters had to be content with few advantages. Not many years later, pioneers like Miss Buss were fighting the battle for " girls to be trained to match their brothers,"

but their victories were gained too late to affect Fanny Butler.

A year before Fanny left Chelsea, when she was three years old, she had taught herself to read, and had written a letter in firm round-hand. What eager advantage she took of a year at school in 1856! The picture remains of her intent little figure seated at the head of a large class of girls twice as old as herself.

After this the ardent child returned to home education, her elder sisters passing on to her what they had gained at good schools. "Magnall's Questions" was a standard lesson book, but as Fanny insisted on thoroughly understanding every subject she studied, her sisters had no easy task to satisfy her alert mind. Now and again in her younger days, she would get a naughty fit, and when reproved, her head would sink on to her arms on the table, and she would promptly fall asleep, so soundly that she could be carried upstairs and put to bed without waking. Self-willed she might be occasionally, but idle never. She threw herself eagerly into the varied interests of the large family.

Fanny had much in common with her brother Frank, who was her senior by more than a year and a half. They both loved music and reading, and much enjoyed some visits to the house of their music-mistress, where one devoured Scott's novels while the other had a lesson. To the last day of

her life music was Fanny's rest and refreshment. Her mother overheard her when a very tiny child striking the notes of the piano with so much vim that she concluded that her eldest daughter's music-master was playing.

It was not till Fanny was fifteen that her ardent longing to go to school again was gratified. She was sent for a year as a day-girl to the West London College. How she enjoyed every minute of the time! How hard she worked! Both her lessons and conduct were pronounced "perfect," and she gained first place in every subject for which marks were given—Chronology, History, Scripture History, Grammar, Geography and Miscellaneous Subjects. (To modern ears does not this sound a quaint curriculum?)

Bitter was Fanny's grief when her year of "finishing" came to an end. Her thirst for knowledge was whetted, not satisfied, and from this fresh start she set herself to diligent home-study. Most of her brothers had some literary or scientific bent and welcomed Fanny's intelligent interest in their pursuits. She toiled at languages, and taught herself shorthand to correspond with Frank.

But her keenness for study did not make her neglect the extra home duties which devolved upon her when her eldest sister was married to the Rev. George Tonge in the autumn of 1867.

To her mother she proved efficient in the kitchen and neat-handed in mending, and to any invalid a cheerful, capable nurse.

Hers was a busy life, for the home in Brompton Square was a favourite haunt for relations and friends. There was no lack of cheerful, intellectual conversation round the long dining-table, and a "Family Magazine" which flourished in the sixties and seventies drew parents, brothers and sisters together.

Visitors at the house in those years saw a practical, unselfish girl, quietly on the look-out for everyone's comfort but her own. A girl who hated fuss or praise, and who became specially matter-of-fact, and almost abrupt, if called upon to express her feelings. There were hidden depths under the common-sense exterior, and none of her family guessed the life-work to which she had pledged herself and for which she was quietly preparing.

CHAPTER II

"NOT DISOBEDIENT TO THE HEAVENLY VISION"

"Man, the only thing in the world worth living for is to find out the will of God and do it."—TEMPLE GAIRDNER.

FANNY BUTLER'S young eyes had the priceless blessing of observing consistent Christian lives in her home. Her father and mother were lovers of all things pure and lovely, and of good report, and her elder brothers and sisters were earnestly seeking to follow Christ.

Doubtless Fanny watched and thought, but one Sunday, when she was thirteen, a sermon on "Son, go work today in my vineyard," came as a personal call. She determined to give herself to Christ, and from this decision she never turned back.

She was soon teaching in the Sunday School of St. Simon Zelotes, Upper Chelsea, the church the family attended regularly for many years. Her girls cannot have been altogether easy to control, for one exclaimed loudly, "I can't hear yer, nasty thing!" when an African deacon was addressing a parochial missionary meeting.

These quarterly gatherings were arranged by the Vicar, the Rev. (afterwards Archdeacon)

Robert Long, an ardent supporter of the C.M.S., who spared no trouble to find good speakers. It was he who lent the Butlers "The Finished Course," a book that today may seem tedious, with its circumstantial accounts of the death-beds of missionaries in West Africa, but that came as an inspiration to the fifteen-year-old school-girl. Years later Fanny Butler referred to the book as that which "made me first long to be a missionary myself. I thought that a cause worth dying for was worth living for."

In 1866, after careful preparation, came Confirmation, of which she later wrote that it was "the greatest help that I ever had in my Christian life." It was then that she chose her life-motto—"Not I, but Christ," and realized that her one aim must be to glorify God.

It was often a struggle, not always a successful one, to fill the years with "deeds of week-day holiness" and cheerfully to forgo the higher education for which she craved; but a letter to a friend of her own age, studying on the Continent, gives a glimpse beneath the surface.

Fanny writes: "When you come back, you will be soaring far above me in knowledge. I fear I shall never rise very high in intellectual attainments. But, after all, what we must seek for most is a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. I have lately been privileged to meet

several good people, and have seemed to understand better than ever before the all-sufficiency of Christ to meet every need in the sinner, and consequently every need in me—to see that as Christ has stood as a substitute for us all, our sins were counted to Him, and all His righteousness is counted to us; so, if we are sinful we may have His holiness; if we are weak, we may have His strength."

The uneventful home-life continued till Fanny was twenty-two, when there came a sudden call to Birmingham to nurse her eldest sister through a tedious illness. This, which seemed a fresh hindrance to foreign missionary work, proved to be part of the training for it. She learned practical lessons of infant welfare from her little nieces and nephew, and of various branches of Christian work in her brother-in-law's large parish. "Aunt Fan" was much beloved in the nursery; her powers of mimicry were great, and her nonsense rhymes were considered masterpieces of wit.

In Birmingham, she met a Mr. and Mrs. Judd of the China Inland Mission, who urged her to join them. Then, for the first time, she opened her heart to her parents, and wrote asking their permission to be a missionary. Some of her brothers had married, and the younger sister was growing up, so home claims were no longer insistent. The answer was a refusal of that particu-

lar call, but a promise that Fanny should carry out her missionary purpose later.

Before long Dr. Elmslie's appeal, showing that women medical missionaries must be the key that would open the door to Indian homes, came into the invalid's hands. She passed it to her sister with the words, "This is the work for you."

Fanny glanced through it, and said: "I could not do it; I do not care for the medical women's movement."

She took the paper away, however, and presently returned and remarked thoughtfully: "This *may* be the work for me. I will send the paper to Annie" (the elder home-sister, who was keenly interested in medical missions) "and see what she says."

The paper, sent with no accompanying letter, was quickly returned with the message: "This seems the very work for you; the training for it would develop the abilities God has given you, and would enable you to become the very best kind of missionary."

Once more Fanny wrote to her parents. This time they gave a willing consent for her to carry out her desire.

CHAPTER III

STUDENT DAYS

"These quiet women are the true pioneers. . . . They did not call on the world to listen to what women might, could, would or should do under quite different conditions; they simply did—under the existing conditions—just the thing that needed to be done, then and there."—ANNIE E. RIDLEY.

IN Victorian days a teacher who started an elementary physiology class for her girls received the following note: "Mrs. S. asks that my Mary Jane do not go again to these lessons where they talk about their bodies: first, which it is nasty, and second, which it is rude." Mrs. S. was merely giving crude expression to the opinions of her age.

Women doctors in the popular view were rough, unwomanly and somewhat incompetent. Fanny Butler herself was not entirely free from prejudice against them. However, the need of suffering Indian women had come as a direct call, and as soon as she could be spared from Birmingham she went home to begin her medical training as an accepted missionary candidate.*

* Fanny Butler offered herself to the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society in 1874, but before her training was finished there had branched off from this a new society,

After six months of strenuous study, she took the Preliminary Arts Examination, and passed second out of 123 candidates, all but four of whom were men. Her success must have been a surprise to the large number who believed women to be deficient in brain-power. Fanny's remark about it was, "It is for God's honour that His children should do better than others, and I knew that I had done all I could."

The same faithfulness was characteristic of all her work at the Women's School of Medicine, of which she was the first enrolled student, when it opened in October, 1874. Her lecture note-books, with careful drawings, show "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Some fellow missionary candidates felt the cause of the heathen so urgent that they cut their medical course short to hasten abroad; but Fanny Butler was convinced that nothing but the most complete training would fit her to cope with the emergencies of her future work. Her opinion on this question grew ever stronger. In the last year of her life she wrote: "I do not think I have ever met one who did not regret not having had a full course of study, and all would say that responsibility, without a due preparation, had caused

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definitely Anglican, and in 1880 she went abroad under this—The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

them much anxiety and sometimes failure in health."

Fanny gained much in every way during her years of study. With all her strong common-sense, she had been extraordinarily timid about going out alone, and having many brothers she had seldom had cause to do so. This nervous fear was entirely overcome: night or day she would go by herself even to unsavoury slums. Her early prejudice against medical women disappeared, for she learned their value for home as well as for foreign work, and made many life-long friends among her fellow-students.

Of the spiritual benefit of these days she wrote later: " For myself, I can only say that association with the students of many creeds, and no creeds, at the School of Medicine, has been one of the greatest means of grace I have ever had, for it has forced me to examine the foundations of my own belief, so as to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in me; and this has stablished, strengthened, settled me in a way nothing else could have done."

One secret of her healthy Christian life was that, however busy she was, prayer and Bible reading were never neglected. In her practical way she would remark that it was nonsense to pray to wake early if one deliberately sat up late, and she resisted the temptation of midnight conversations

so that the quiet time before each day's work might be ensured. Her Sundays, too, were days of spiritual refreshment—her rule being to avoid everything, however innocent, which was the subject of her week-day thoughts and work.

Eager to share with others what was so dear to herself, she was one of the moving spirits in starting the Bible and Prayer Union at the Women's School of Medicine. She wrote to its Secretary in 1889: "I remember the first days of our Bible readings, when four of us met alternately in one another's lodgings. It was a most encouraging advance when we were so many, and our meetings so firmly established amongst the students that we were permitted to occupy a small room in the school."

The free discussion that was encouraged at these gatherings was no doubt one reason why the numbers increased. Fanny Butler did not wait until sailing for India to begin missionary work, but quietly used opportunities of leading students and patients to Christ.

In those early days women had few facilities for clinical training, and the offer of a temporary dressership in the General Hospital, Birmingham, kindly offered by one of the Honorary Surgeons in the summer of 1875, was eagerly accepted. "Fanny has brought some nice fresh air into the house," wrote the sister with whom she stayed.

"She is brilliantly happy . . . and as merry as a cricket."

By 1877 the Royal Free Hospital was allotted to the Women's School students, and as Miss Butler gained the first Ernest Hart scholarship, all its clinical lectures and hospital practice were freely open to her. Three months of the following autumn, spent at Endell Street Hospital, were remarkably happy. A fellow-student describes how "all the babies were handed over to her to weigh and cuddle."

Dublin offered the full medical degree to women, before the majority of universities consented to grant it. Fanny Butler therefore crossed to Ireland for her first examination in 1877, and passed her "final" there in July, 1880, being congratulated on having done remarkably well. When she took her L.M., the examiner declared her paper to be the best he had ever received from any candidate.

Her eldest niece remembers the thrill at the arrival of a postcard with the news, "I can now put L.K.Q.C.P.I. after my name, which means Licentiate of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, or if you prefer it, Licensed to Kill, Qualified to Cure, Patients Invited!"

Dr. Fanny Butler sailed for India on October 24, 1880, as the first fully qualified English woman medical missionary. She had spent thirty years

in waiting and preparation for a few short years of active work; but did not the Master spend thirty quiet years in Nazareth before His three short years of public ministry?

CHAPTER IV

BUYING EXPERIENCE

" But if indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford this waiting time to lose ?
By each successive task, God educates thee:
What if the iron be too blunt to use ?"

KATE HANBURY.
(*From Fanny Butler's MS. Book.*)

THE first year or two in a foreign land has special trials for every recruit. Often the time seems spent in striving after what a wise veteran characterized as the three important qualifications for a missionary: Patience—*Patience*—PATIENCE.

Fanny Butler had an unusually hard testing, for she had settled down for only a month or two at Jabalpur, in the Central Provinces, when she was thrown by a mischievous pony, and broke her collar-bone. In those pre-X-ray days the fracture was badly set and a dislocation of the elbow overlooked, so that after nearly a month on her back, several weeks of painful surgical treatment had to be borne in Bombay, to restore the full use of her right arm.

Nor was this the end of her early trials. Returning to her station at the end of May, 1881, within two months she was laid low with a severe

attack of dysentery, which not only necessitated a change to Agra, but also proved that Jabalpur, though its surroundings were exceptionally beautiful, was not to be her Indian home. The doctor emphatically forbade her to spend another rainy season there. This was a disappointment, for she had been very happy with her fellow-workers.

Fanny worked hard at Urdu through all these vicissitudes. She enjoyed the grammar and translation, but often longed for self-confidence to plunge into conversation in a partially known tongue.

It was useless to start regular medical work at Jabalpur, but she prescribed for ailing servants, mission school children, and others brought to her notice. When month after month went by, with plans proposed only to fall through, and with her medical knowledge getting rusty, she had, for her own comfort, to remind herself that "God's finger had pointed to India," for she seemed to be merely wasting time.

"I feel I am getting the answer to the united prayer for our mission," she confided to a friend in England. "My petition was that I might be ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King should appoint, and it has been remarked how quiet and contented I am amidst the changes of opinion and plan. It is of Him, Who can keep the mind in perfect peace."

It was at last settled that Dr. Butler should

move to Calcutta, to discover the possibilities of medical work among women in the capital. Explorers of a new country try many paths before they are able to blaze the right track for those who follow; and pioneers of fresh methods of work discover the best plans by disappointments as well as successes.

The small dispensary, in a very poor Mahommedan quarter of the city, did not attract a large number of patients, but during six months in Calcutta Fanny Butler learned much and was a blessing to many. She spent many hours in the Eden Hospital; gave Urdu Bible lessons to a young Indian worker; had long talks about Christianity with a *munshi* and a *moulvie* who were teaching her Urdu, Hindi, and Persian; and heard many missionary problems discussed at the Decennial Conference.

Early in 1883 there came an urgent call for a woman doctor for Bhagalpur, the capital of Bihar, about 250 miles away. Dr. Butler joined the two workers in the Zenana Mission House, and soon the trio were known in Mission circles as Faith, Hope and Charity. Miss Haitz, with her German thoroughness and wide experience, had a strong, cheerful trust in God; Miss Pinniger, a new worker, whole-hearted and enthusiastic, was remarkably hopeful; and it will be seen how Charity earned her name.

For the next four and a half years these three worked among densely ignorant women, "not even," Miss Haitz truly remarked, "sowing the seed, but only ploughing the ground."

CHAPTER V

BY THE GANGES

" He did kind things so kindly."—CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

AN old letter records that forty times a day did a poor Indian woman run to the door of her humble dwelling, to look out for her " Doctor Miss Sahiba " passing to or from the dispensary; and never did the object of affection fail to give the nod and smile for which her grateful patient watched so eagerly. She was but one of many who learnt to love Dr. Butler in her new sphere of work.

Bhagalpur, though a city of some 67,000 inhabitants, is more a series of large villages strung out from East to West, with luxuriant, tropical foliage between them, than a compact town. The doctor had two dispensaries four miles apart, and she attended one three times and the other twice a week. The Zenana Mission House, where patients also visited her, was about midway between.

Miss Editha Mulvany gives an account of a visit to one of the dispensaries in 1886, when work was thoroughly established: " In the waiting-room,

and on the verandah of the unpretending building, was gathered a motley crowd of women and children, squalid and dirty, and worn and wasted with pain and fever. Within, Fanny was seated at a table, with a book for entering her cases, surrounded by a similar throng. She stopped to describe her system, which was simple and inexpensive. Tickets of different colours, with special numbers for each patient, were given out. These she had herself cut from various magazines, for everything had a use for her. The patients came up in turn without noise or confusion.

"One thing that struck me was that they did not speak the same language, but different dialects. When I expressed surprise at her understanding them, she replied, 'It was difficult at first, but now I have got accustomed to it.'

"She gave the medicines out rapidly, as her compounder brought them. There was no writing of labels, but the directions were clearly and quickly given, and the patients did not need to hear them a second time. Fanny explained, 'They could not read them if I wrote them, and now they have got to know so well what to do, and have so much faith in the medicines and directions, that I have no trouble whatever.' To those who know how difficult it is to get patients to do this, it appears no small feat.

"Before I came she had spoken words of Gospel

truth to these poor creatures. She told me that they had listened attentively.

"She used to instruct the compounder and his wife in the Bible; they were both afterwards baptized."

It had needed patience to gain this complete confidence. When Dr. Butler first went to Bhagalpur, if she could not cure a long-standing disease immediately, native remedies would be resorted to.

It had seemed impossible to make her directions simple enough. After careful explanations to shake the patient's medicine and not the sick girl herself, the old body accompanying her left the dispensary muttering "Oh! we can shake her stomach in this way."

Superstition was met at every turn. Anything strange to the women was regarded as a charm. If the doctor consulted her watch it was doubtless to discover if it were a lucky day. "Is this fever caused by an evil spirit?" was often asked.

How hopeless it seemed to make spiritual truths plain to those who spent hours rolling up hundreds of scraps of paper, inscribed with the name of God, in dough balls for the fishes in "Honoured Ganges." Fish who swallowed the sacred Name were believed to send up a prayer for those who fed them.

Day by day Dr. Butler told the Old, Old Story in simple words. She found that the parables of the Prodigal Son, the Lost Sheep, and the Rich

Fool appealed specially to the Eastern mind. The patients listened and agreed and even repeated texts after her, but power of remembering they had none. "Their brains are like sieves," she wrote home.

Still, sometimes old patients would come to the dispensary only to hear more from "The Book," and occasionally she rejoiced to believe that some ignorant woman had touched the hem of Christ's garment.

A Hindu policeman's wife, whose strength was gradually failing, was visited regularly for many months. Dr. Butler talked to her of the Lord Jesus as the Good Shepherd. "Do you remember anything I told you when I was here last?" she enquired one day.

"I can't remember much," the sick woman replied, looking lovingly at her, "but I do remember you."

The doctor, in her efforts to improve the health of Bhagalpur, often felt terribly handicapped by the absolute recklessness she met with. She writes: "Notwithstanding all the rain we have had lately, you may see men sitting on the grass. . . . Can you wonder that they suffer from fever from time to time? . . . . Dirt, insufficient clothing . . . coarse food at long intervals, idleness, want of education, youthful marriages, neglect and ignorant treatment in times of

sickness, superstition and the worship of impure and foolish divinities—all these conduce to keep the Indians far behind in the race of life."

In writing to a Mothers' Meeting in Birmingham, she describes a typical incident in her practice. "I went to see a young woman," she says, "and found the door of the mud hut locked. So I called out for someone to open it. The young woman opened it herself and there she was, standing in the little dark room without a window, and with no furniture but a bare wooden bedstead, and her little baby half an hour old lying on it."

One can realize how the doctor longed for a hospital where the women could come in their hour of need, and where she could undertake critical operations; but without a competent helper it was impossible. Often did she grieve over young mothers and babies sacrificed to carelessness, dirt, and want of knowledge.

More heartbreaking even than these was the callousness of some of the rich men, who delayed sending for medical assistance for their wives until it was too late. There were those who spent hundreds of rupees on the marriage of a child, who would not afford four rupees for a doctor's fee, or eight annas (tenpence) for a conveyance, even to save a woman's life.

During the years while Fanny Butler was at Bhagalpur, Lady Dufferin, with the initiative

and sympathy of " the Great Queen " behind her, was organizing her humanitarian Fund to bring medical aid to India's women, specially to those who, owing to religion or custom, were debarred from consulting a man-doctor, but suffered behind the *purdah*. The Countess of Dufferin, who was trying to acquaint herself with facts, was often glad to draw on Dr. Butler's intimate knowledge of conditions in Bihar.

CHAPTER VI

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

"Tŏ the true servant of God all places and all times are acceptable."—CATHARINE OF SIENA.

"Do not send maid-servant. Son is born," was the telegram Dr. Butler read with amusement and relief at Bhagalpur station. She was accustomed to such titles as "Respected Miss Baba" and "Honoured Sir," but "maid-servant" was a novelty. She was thankful to be spared leaving home, for while she was away her dispensaries must be closed.

An urgent appeal from a Maharani's Scotch manager sent the doctor off on a twelve hours' journey, but by the time she arrived the capricious invalid had decided that as her mother had never seen an Englishwoman, neither would she.

In three weeks there came a second summons from the same source, and this time the long journey was not in vain. The Maharani was behind a red curtain in the one large room of a poor little house. Some 300 servants and retainers were about the place. The manager stood outside the *purdah* while introducing Dr. Butler, who was

soon admitted. She found a young woman, very thin and ill, and with a discontented expression, lying on a silver-legged bed. She was wearing a common *kurta* and *sari*, glass bangles and a bead necklace.

The invalid, who was suffering from consumption, had been treated by many quacks, and as a result had been nearly starved. Fresh air had been considered dangerous, and for five months she had not been allowed to touch her body with water, though she was occasionally oiled. She approved of Dr. Butler's treatment, and wished her to stay on indefinitely as her medical adviser. She expected two or three visits daily, and between whiles sent endless messages to the manager's house with particulars of symptoms or enquiries about diet.

There was great difficulty to overcome in feeding up a patient who would touch neither soup nor eggs. Notwithstanding the 150 women servants, about twenty of whom stayed with the sick woman at night, it seemed impossible to ensure that there should be even a supply of barley-water.

Suddenly the Maharani decided to move to her large house at Bankipore, and insisted that her new doctor must travel with her. Dr. Butler was reminded of the "Arabian Nights," when she, in a palanquin, formed part of a grand moonlight procession. There were men on horseback with

banners or spears; three or four camels, two elephants, five *palkis** accompanied by torch-bearers, endless bullock carts loaded with persons and luggage, and crowds on foot. The Maharani's *palki* was a heavy silver-covered one, over which was a sea-green cloth, with a silver netting over all.

Five hours were spent on the road to the station, but the journey by a special train was quick. The weirdest baggage was packed in, besides *babus*, pundits, and servants galore. Dr. Butler had a compartment to herself next to the one in which her patient travelled.

It was a disappointment to the Maharani that her English doctor had to leave her after a few days, but not before she had been able to give her, and her little girls, some Bible teaching. The patient was left in the civil surgeon's charge, but she probably soon returned to quack treatment, for not many months later Dr. Butler was grieved to see a notice of her death. While with the Maharani Dr. Butler had also been called in consultation to a Mahommedan lady whose male doctor might only sound her chest through a piece of muslin! Many such openings for medical missionary work in rich homes would have been available.

Sudden calls came now and again from missionaries in Santalia. Dr. Butler wrote from this

* Covered litters.

neighbouring district: "Here we might well fancy ourselves in Africa. The Santals are of quite a different race and language from any one meets in Bhagalpur. . . . Even the *palki* bearers' monotonous noises are quite different." The missionaries were full of stories of wild animals and adventures in the large district of scattered villages. The doctor longed to go to Santalia once a month with medicines; she felt many heathen could be reached there, for patients assembled whenever they heard that she was in the country.

On one such visit, on enquiring at the railway station for a *palki*, she was told that the only means of transport available was a *hathi* (elephant). It was past midnight and very dark, and she felt somewhat "elevated" and cold as she rode about eight miles in solitary grandeur to her patient at the Mission House!

Every hour of three days she spent in camp was enjoyed, and as a souvenir of her visit she sent a much appreciated gift of tambourines for use in Christian worship. These were more in accordance with local taste than a harmonium would have been.

CHAPTER VII

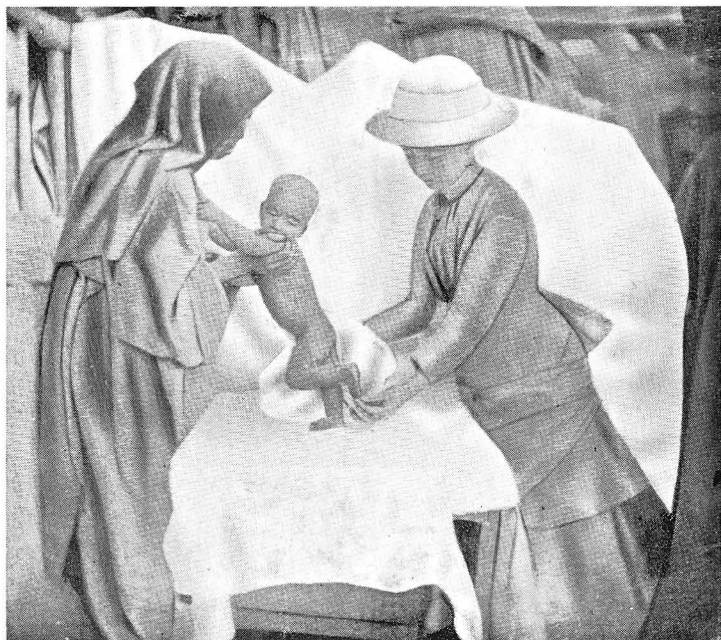
A LOVER OF CHILDREN

> " She doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise."
>
> LOWELL.

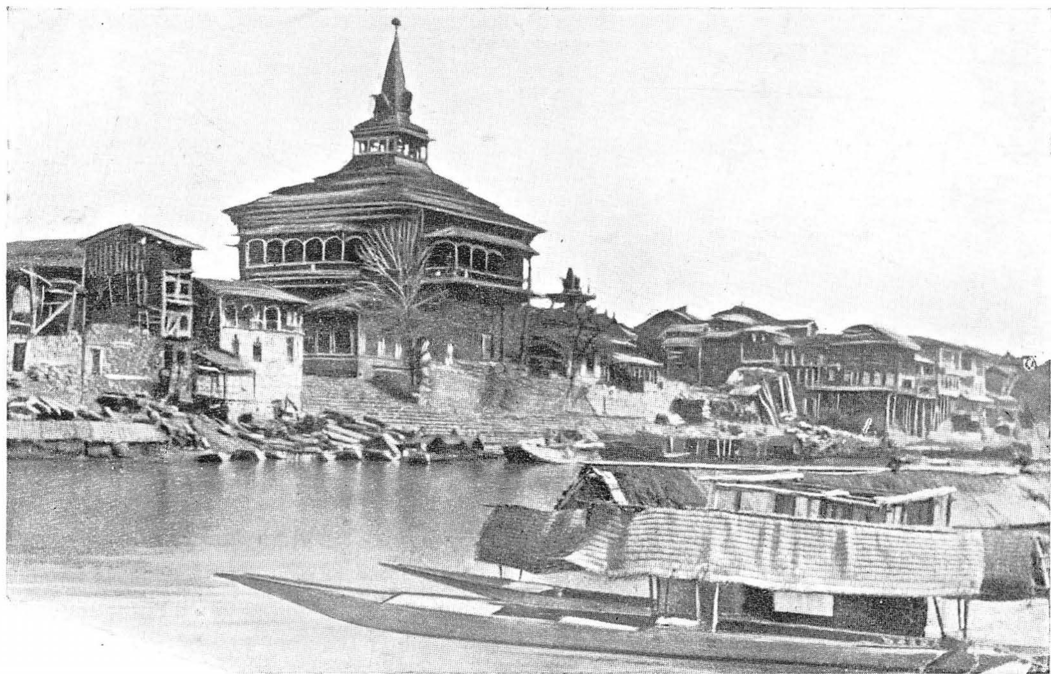
" No house seems quite right without a child in it," said Fanny Butler, and no sketch of her life would be complete without some reference to her love for children. She was never one to wear her heart on her sleeve, and her affection was not shown by lavish gifts or numerous kisses, but by ungrudging trouble to understand them and give them pleasure.

Firm she could be when necessary. There is a family tradition concerning two little culprits who, because they had squeezed sponges down themselves, were seated weeping on high chairs, having been swiftly undressed, spanked, and re-clothed by their Aunt. But it was the same " Doctor Aunt Fan " who would smarten a beloved wooden horse with a new mane and saddle, in honour of its little owner's birthday, or make the most fascinating Bible picture books.

The smiling face of an Indian servant's little son is mentioned in many home letters. Sunny



DR. BUTLER ATTENDING TO A TINY PATIENT.



ON THE RIVER JHELUM AT KASHMIR, WITH TOMB OF SHAN HAMADAN ON FURTHER BANK.
Boat such as Dr. Butler would use in foreground. [*See p.* 39

received tit-bits from the missionaries' breakfast table, and the doctor laughed to see the child sitting solemnly pulling a toy *punkah* in exact imitation of his father, or beating out an Eastern tune on an old tin, which he called his *tom-tom*.

"More than a quarter of my patients are children under twelve," wrote Dr. Butler, and as, in her last year at Bhagalpur, she prescribed for 3,590 new cases, she gained a wide experience of sick Indian children. It was not surprising that digestive troubles brought most of her young patients, for large quantities of grain, boiled in water, were given to tiny children twice a day.

"Milk? What sort of milk?" the elders would exclaim in amazement, when the doctor proposed this, little and often, as a more suitable diet.

Children came to the dispensary sitting on their mothers' hips, led by kindly old grandfathers; or occasionally one would stroll in alone, perhaps quite naked, or clad in a strip from mother's *sari*, or arrayed in the coachman father's duster! A visitor noted how specially gently the doctor spoke to and handled an extra dirty child.

Dr. Butler took great interest in the girl-helper at one of the dispensaries, who trotted cheerfully to and fro fetching and carrying, but whose powers of reading did not exceed those of the "Alice in Wonderland" White Queen. When Sonya finally advanced to words of three letters Dr. Butler

rewarded her with a *kurta*. It was a joy to discover the dense child was grasping something from the simple talks given to the patients, and was sharing the Good News with her father.

In addition to the dispensary patients there were often children to be visited in their homes. The C.M.S. Orphanage, moreover, was under Dr. Butler's medical charge, and during one cholera epidemic entailed grave anxiety, for four of the children died.

The doctor's "Co-operative Stores" were a help with her youthful patients, as well as an entertainment and boon to her fellow-missionaries. Large cases of dolls, toys, medical requisites, stationery, haberdashery, and odds and ends of all kinds were sent from her Birmingham friends. Nothing was thrown away that could possibly be of use, so her stores hardly ever failed to supply any article required.

How she enjoyed distributing carefully chosen little gifts! The orphanage girls were enchanted with a supply of red braid with which to tie their hair on Sundays! A box of wooden tea-things was given to a child with long-continued fever. "She got better from that day," wrote her doctor. "Whether from a change of medicine or the pleasure of having a box of toys, who can tell?"

Dr. Butler left home at 5.30 a.m., and on busy days did not return from the dispensary till

between 1 and 2 o'clock. She would come in so tired that she dropped asleep while her *munshi* was explaining some idiom, or with her pen in her hand writing home letters. Weary as she often was, she wrote frequent letters to her nephews and nieces, and never let a birthday pass without a greeting from India.

She would suit her subjects to their ages, explaining carefully to a four-year-old the difficulties of sending home the monkey for which he craved. She told, too, how his daily prayer for her safety had been answered, when she narrowly escaped stepping on a poisonous snake in the dark, or avoided the tiles thrown down by mischievous monkeys. There were stories of the gifts given by grateful patients, and specially of the live pigeons and kids which lived and multiplied in the compound.

Her letters to the elder children entered into their school interests, told of the books she was reading, or discussed with them some of the problems of the work. It was the boys and girls of the large family whom she was specially longing to see as she looked forward to her furlough.

CHAPTER VIII

A STRENUOUS FURLOUGH

"'Not I, but Christ,' in lowly silent labour;
'Not I, but Christ,' in humble earnest toil;
Christ, only Christ! no show, no ostentation.
Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the spoil."

A. A. F.

(*From a favourite leaflet of Fanny Butler's, of which she distributed many copies.*)

SOME of Dr. Butler's Indian holidays were like those of the grave-digger who spent his "day off" in a neighbouring cemetery; she used her "days off" to visit and to pick up hints from the medical missions that were springing up here and there. But there were also foretastes of home when she stayed with her youngest brother, who had come to Bengal as a Chaplain, and his wife. A trip, too, to the hills combined medical work with pleasure and refreshment.

On her travels north, she loved to break her journeys at Allahabad, for she greatly respected the Biblical knowledge and well-balanced judgment of Dr. William Hooper, whose wife was her "Indian mother."

Late in 1886, Dr. Butler determined to prepare

for deputation work by seeing several missions in the Punjab. At Amritsar she met the young Doctors Neve:—Arthur, who had been working for six years at the C.M.S. hospital in Kashmir, and Ernest, on his way thither. They talked to Dr. Butler of Srinagar's need of a woman doctor, and told her they had already written to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society begging for one to be sent immediately. Thirty women patients were daily attending Dr. Neve's hospital, but no man could reach the better-class women. The three doctors discussed the question fully, and Dr. Butler was eager to go to Kashmir if the Society would send her.

Much as she loved her Bhagalpur patients, she had never felt that straggling town to be an ideal centre, and she had been constantly handicapped by lack of helpers. Work in Srinagar would open doors into unreached Central Asia, and she would have the professional and spiritual support of two skilful Christian doctors. Kashmiri would have to be learned, but Urdu would be very useful. The need was so urgent that it would entail a shortened furlough, and the sacrifice of her dream of spending six months in taking her M.D., but these drawbacks did not damp her convinced enthusiasm.

She returned to Bhagalpur for a few weeks of work. Her patients clung to her, and wept, and

would not be comforted, though assured that another doctor would take her place.*

"Ah! Doctor Miss Sahiba," they wailed. "But will anyone who comes *love* us as you have done?"

Furlough time arrived, and Fanny Butler reached London on Easter Sunday, 1887, having left the ship at Suez to travel overland with an American missionary, who was dangerously ill. The old home was broken up, for parents and sisters had been travelling, but all her brothers and their families welcomed her with joy; and Birmingham was, as of old, a second home.

Soon it was decided by the Committee at Headquarters that she was the one to go to Kashmir, and she determined to give four months to study in Vienna, "learning," as she said, "something every day that will enable me to save life in the future." Christmas was spent, not at an English fireside, but among fascinating, swaddled Austrian babies.

Friends had doubted whether Dr. Butler would be an interesting deputation, for owing to medical reticence and natural reserve her reports and articles for *India's Women* lacked liveliness and incident. But there was a power in her many addresses that impressed all her hearers. She had

* An agent of the National Association took up the medical work, but many old patients asked for an occasional visit from Miss Haitz or Miss Pinniger.

a message both for those who met by the invitation of Dr. Butler, her father's first cousin, at Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, and for the band of communicants who gathered in her brother-in-law's parish just before she left England, from whom she begged prayer that she might be kept very close to God.

Her furlough had been too full to allow of rest in preparation for the heavy work ahead, but she had enjoyed every day of a few weeks spent in Scotland with three generations of her family. What fun there had been in learning to swim with her nephews and nieces !

All too soon the partings came once more, and in March, 1888, many friends gathered at the docks in London to say "Good-bye." Several weeks were spent in calling at various mission stations, and specially at Bhagalpur, to take first-hand news and deliver home parcels. Then came the wonderful journey by *tonga*, up and up from the scorched plains to the early spring freshness of the far-famed vale of Kashmir. From Baramulla the travelling was by flat-bottomed boats up the poplar-bordered Jhelum. At the Zenana Mission House a warm welcome awaited Dr. Butler from Miss Hull, who had arrived in Kashmir six months earlier, and of whom the new-comer soon wrote, "I can really look on her as a sister."

CHAPTER IX

BY THE JHELUM

"God had only one Son, and He was a Medical Missionary."
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

PARENTS in Srinagar had a new and effective threat for disobedient children in the summer of 1888: "I will take you to the Doctor Miss Sahiba!"

Dr. Butler had not intended to begin Medical Mission work until she had thoroughly mastered Kashmiri, but in this she was hindered by illness when she arrived in May. She was only in the early stages of grappling, without grammar or dictionary, with the difficult language—a language which Miss Hull called "queer variations of in-human sounds"—when a native house in the city was offered for the doctor's use at a moderate rent.

This was too good a chance to lose, for the Hindu Maharajah was as obstructive as twenty years earlier, in Elmslie's time. No European might build in "the City of the Sun," and anyone who let a house to the English was liable to be in disgrace with the authorities.

The Zenana Mission House was some distance outside Srinagar, with its 100,000 inhabitants,

chiefly Mahommedans, but close to the C.M.S. Hospital and to the River Jhelum, which, with endless windings, flowed down from Islamabad, and on under the seven unique wooden bridges of the city.

At first sight Srinagar recalls Venice, with its absence of wheeled traffic, its quaint buildings, picturesque water-ways and varied river craft. Switzerland, too, is brought to mind by many châlet-like houses and the glorious background of mountains. Further acquaintance, however, reveals the insecurity of the dwellings, the filth of the canals, and the smells of the insanitary streets.

There were two methods of travelling the four miles from the Mission House to the centre of the city—on horse-back or by boat. Dr. Butler generally preferred to be conveyed on her three weekly dispensary days, in a *dunga* with roofs and sides of rush mats, slowly propelled by heart-shaped paddles. She could read or study while gliding down the stream.

Five patients came to the dispensary on the opening day, August 13th, but the news of the coming of a woman doctor soon spread through the city and beyond. Crowds of sick women gathered, the wives of shawl and carpet makers, of boatmen, of villagers and many others.

Patients arrived muffled in *bourkhas*, the cover-all garment which completely disguises the wearer.

The *bourkha* removed, the invariable dress was the *pheran*, a loose long-sleeved gown of thick material, with a tuck at the knees. These garments were of a dirty grey hue, for they were rarely washed, and there might be generations of increasingly ragged *pherans* inside the outmost one. Under the *pherans* were carried *kangris*, wicker baskets with pottery lining containing charcoal embers, which provided warmth in the bitter winter, but were the cause of many severe burns that called for the doctor's skill.

Dr. Butler started work with inefficient help in interpreting and in compounding and dressing, but all major operations were sent to the Drs. Neve till her two English helpers should arrive.

In the first week of October, almost single-handed, she found herself obliged to take a few in-patients into the house adjoining her dispensary, which became a small and very inconvenient hospital. Some left it cured, but others departed with such specious tales as "My mother has just died," or "My house has been burned down."

Excuses came glibly to Kashmiri lips, and the rats were so constantly accused of eating prescription papers that Dr. Butler announced that she should fine these destructive creatures half a farthing for each delinquency. A most effective threat!

How joyfully did the little missionary party

greet Miss Rainsford, who had some knowledge of medicine, and Miss Newman, a qualified nurse, when they reached Srinagar in December! At once they began helping Dr. Butler, and Miss Hull decided to spend one day each week at the dispensary, to read and talk to the patients, and was soon known as the much beloved Padre Miss Sahiba.

We get glimpses of the regular daily routine from Miss Newman, who writes, "Miss Butler first read and prayed with the boatman and servants of the hospital. She then attended to the in-patients. After this she read and addressed the out-patients. They all listened most attentively, and now and again you heard a low murmur of response when she prayed God to heal them."

"Now Miss Butler began to see them one at a time in an upper room. Sometimes I was able to help in dressing wounds, etc., and sometimes dispensed medicines until about 11.30, when we all took breakfast. After seeing the morning patients, Miss Butler gave a second address to those who had come later. Work went on in the same way as during the morning. We left about 5.30 p.m. The greater part of the work is surgical; there are very few who do not need something done for them."

Miss Hull adds some graphic touches: "I make my way with difficulty upstairs to receive my

instructions from the brave presiding genius of the place, the Doctor Miss Sahiba. Here she is, sitting at her table, with a little collection of poor sufferers at her feet. They will look up in her face, with clasped hands, and say, 'We heard your fame and have come *far*, *far*,' and the words come back, 'I have compassion on the multitude, for divers of them came from far.'"

CHAPTER X

OVERWHELMING OPPORTUNITIES

"Wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too."—JOHN BUNYAN.

ONE day early in 1889 a frail widow from Scotland came to the dispensary. No detail escaped her. Forty years ago it was an unbeaten track which women travellers trod when they journeyed in the East, and Mrs. Bishop (née Isabella Bird) was one of the bravest of these pioneers. The result of this visit was an offer to build a "John Bishop Memorial Hospital," in memory of her husband, to take the place of what she called the "smelly hole" where she had found Dr. Butler and her helpers at work

There was a protracted struggle with the Maharajah to gain the privilege of residence within the city. English friends in authority backed up Dr. Butler's appeals for a suitable site. At last an excellent one, sufficient for a commodious hospital, dispensary, and mission-house, was given.

The heavy work in the cramped quarters was telling on all the workers. It was impossible for the doctor to spare herself: she could not be content

with anything but the best for each patient. No stock mixtures suited her high ideals; she would get out drugs afresh if sufferers came in late from a distance. Pressure was put upon her to limit her hours, but on the busiest days, when there were many operations, and the number of patients rose to 180, work went on from sunrise to sunset.

Dr. Butler loved her surgical work, and happiness beamed in her face when she could dismiss some difficult case cured, specially if one of the Doctors Neve had performed the operation and she had only helped with the drudgery.

Occasionally the missionaries amazed the Kashmiris by "eating the air." Picnics on the Dal Lake, or a week or two at some *Marg* (open grassy upland) among a profusion of flowers and with ever-changing views of glistening mountain ranges, were a welcome refreshment after the city. There were pleasant social gatherings of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries, and spiritually helpful weekly Bible readings where questions were prayerfully studied and discussed.

By the early summer both Dr. Butler and Miss Rainsford were seriously ill, and the dispensary had perforce to be closed for two months.

Two women missionaries came from the Panjab to visit Kashmir towards the end of August, and it was arranged that they, with Miss Hull and Dr. Butler, should live in tents among the villages,

preaching and healing and gaining health. The camping grounds were ideal. The description of one was: "the freshest of green grass in the centre of a semi-circle of glorious chenar trees, with streams rippling on either side."

Noisy, unwashed crowds of sick women and children assembled wherever the Doctor Miss Sahiba went. Miss Hull tells of one day of the fortnight's trip: "Rose early, and well we did. The women were already gathering, not by ones and twos, but by fifties, nay hundreds.

"We have sent out one hundred tickets to be distributed to patients, but this goes no way; our servant comes back with glowing face to say he must have a hundred more, and then another hundred still. Three hundred women are actually seated under the great old trees. . . .

"The people are getting clamorous to be attended to, so we hasten to range them in rows that all may hear. Now all are seated, with the usual outer wall of men. What a grand congregation! Surely the pitying, loving Saviour is moved with compassion at the sight. All now are still, waiting to hear. . . . Now all join in prayer, and tears in the eyes of some tell of a heart touched somewhere.

"This was a long day—twelve hours' hard work. In the middle, a party of Sikh women arrive from sixteen miles off, and good Dr. Fanny yields to

my entreaties to attend to them, though quite contrary to all her wise rules. The sun stares us cruelly in the face, no shade anywhere, even from our great trees. At last, he sinks to rest, and still nigh one hundred poor women remain unattended to, notwithstanding that all of us, servants too, have put our shoulders to the wheel."

At the close of the tour there were still groups of patients listening to talks on the disease of sin and the Great Physician, and men were crowding round to buy books. "And so," writes Miss Hull, "darkness settles down on our last day of work in the villages, and Dr. Fanny's text comes to mind: 'Man goeth forth to his work till the evening,' which, she says, is God's plan for us."

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST JOURNEY DOWN THE RIVER

"You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears and sufferings for the King by the way."—JOHN BUNYAN.

THE outlook in October, 1889, was a bright one. The foundation stone of the new dispensary was to be laid; the missionaries were in better health; a niece of Miss Hull's had come for a visit and was helping in many ways. Dr. Butler was eagerly looking forward to the arrival of a piano, a generous gift from an aunt: the refreshment of music for her co-workers and herself had been one of Fanny's longings.

On October 12th Mrs. Parry Nesbit, the wife of the Resident, laid the first stone of the new buildings. Many friends gathered, but the one to whom the event meant most was not well enough to be present. Dr. Butler was, however, full of plans for raising the £700 for the Zenana Mission House in the city, which would make home visitation of patients much less fatiguing. "We are to have a dispensary built first," she wrote, "then a dwelling-house, and third a hospital. The money

for the medical buildings is a gift to the Church Mission, but for our house we have to apply to the Society."*

In a few days Dr. Butler was once more with her patients; but on October 17th the chronic dysentery from which she had long suffered recurred. By Monday, the 21st, she was much better, and wrote cheery letters home, including one to her mother, referring to some joyful and anxious family news. Her words seem strangely prophetic: "I should like to have been able to fly over to you for the last fortnight of September, but I do never regret being here; and looking at this place as my chosen and appointed home for, I hope, many years to come, I am content to be away from those I love best on earth. We have been so long spared together as an unbroken family that, should trials come, we must rather thank God for the blessings still vouchsafed to us than murmur because something to which our affections cling is removed from our grasp."

On Tuesday Dr. Butler attended a Committee at Dr. Neve's, and, though lying on a couch, took a keen interest in all the points discussed.

* Floods washed away the unfinished buildings, after they had been used a short time. Today the C.M.S. "John Bishop Memorial" Hospital for women is at Islamabad, while there is a flourishing and growing C.E.Z.M.S. hospital for the sick women of Srinagar at Ranawari.

She said when she returned that she was "well again."

On Wednesday there were very disquieting symptoms, but the next day she rallied, and lay in bed cheerfully planning gifts for a home parcel. She heard the piano had arrived, and begged that it should be unpacked, and that the doors should be opened, so that she could hear Miss Hull's niece play some good music.

On Friday peritonitis set in and the pain and sickness were terrible, but she said again and again to her devoted nurse, Miss Newman, "God has taken away the pain just when I felt it was more than I could bear."

"She was," wrote Miss Hull, "just her own self all through; so simple and natural, only with a kind of sweetness about all she said and in every look."

It was on Saturday morning that collapse began. About midday she asked Miss Hull if she thought she would live, and was told that they were all praying that God might keep her with them.

"I am sure you are," said Dr. Butler, smiling; "and so am I, and then after that God will do *just* what is best."

A suggestion was made that she should have the Holy Communion, but the sickness was too constant.

"Perhaps tomorrow, Sunday, I shall be able to enjoy it," she said; "and if I am not here, I shall be in full communion, shall I not?"

She spoke much of her home people, and several times said the comfort it would be to them to know she had "good doctors, such good men; good nurses, who knew what they were doing and did it kindly; and kind friends."

Her only anxiety was that a fully qualified doctor should come quickly to take up the work she was laying down.

An hour before her death, she said brightly to Dr. Ernest Neve: "I am ready; and whether I recover or not all will be arranged for the best. I am not very young to die, I have had a good long life. I am not very old either, and have hardly fairly started my work here. Yet I am very glad I came out; it may be the means of others coming to the Mission Field."

She was conscious to the last, and wished them all to have their tea at the usual time. Thinking of others, Fanny Butler fell asleep in Jesus at 5.30 on Saturday, October 26th, 1889.

Miss Hull wrote: "We laid her to rest in the little cemetery on Monday morning, in a quiet corner under the shade of a large chenar tree. The same little boat and boatmen which had so often taken her to work in her hospital bore her quietly down the river to her resting-place.

"Our native servants begged the honour of bearing her from the boat to the grave. 'We have eaten her salt and no other arms must bear her.'

Every resident and visitor was present, to show the true and heartfelt respect which *all* felt for her."

On Wednesday the heart-broken missionaries went to the dispensary, and Miss Newman wrote of the great sorrow there: "Three women showed me the marks of the wounds she had been the means of healing; they all wept, and told me all the women in the city were weeping for the Doctor Miss Sahiba."

"God gave me strength," says Miss Hull, "to tell them how Jesus could take away, not alone the sting, but all fear of death."

* * * *

There have been great changes in the position of women in the "unchanging East" since Dr. Butler sailed for India fifty years ago. They are being educated, their outlook is widening, and they are being freed from some evil customs. But a request which was first made to Mrs. Bishop, the traveller, by an Eastern village woman, still rings out its pathetic appeal. The cry comes from single-handed, over-strained medical missionaries; from the doors of hospitals closed for lack of workers; from thousands of baptized, but ignorant outcasts; from suffering women behind the *purdah*; from all parts of India and China; and not least from Bihar and Kashmir:

"Send us a *Hakim* in the likeness of Jesus."

EPILOGUE

AN APPEAL FROM A MEDICAL MISSIONARY OF TODAY

IT would be impossible to assess adequately the results of Dr. Butler's life and work.

Three qualified American women preceded her, and some excellent work had been done by partially trained medical missionaries,of whom Miss Hewlett, C.E.Z.M.S., and Miss Beilby (who qualified fully later) of Z.B.M.M., are outstanding examples.

But Dr. Butler was the pioneer qualified European woman in this great work, and her early death brought home the need to many medical students who might not otherwise have heard the call, and resulted in the consecration of many lives to the relief of suffering womanhood in India.

As a memorial to her work, a Fanny Butler Scholarship was founded in 1890, in connection with the London School of Medicine for Women, through the generosity of an anonymous donor, and it has since been held by a succession of students preparing to serve under Dr. Butler's own Society—the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.

The medical missionary of today goes out to a country in the throes of a renaissance. India is at last recognizing the importance of educating her daughters, and the Sarda Act (1930), prohibiting the marriage of girls under the age of fourteen, will, in time, do away with the evils of child

motherhood and child widowhood, and will lengthen the possible school age.

Each year an increasing number of girls will take advantage of the enlarged opportunities for service opening to them, and educated and enlightened Indian women are already breaking away from the constraints of the past, and are making their influence felt in the effort to find solutions to many social problems.

The European medical missionaries of today have the help and co-operation of Indian medical women, who take posts as House Surgeons and Physicians, and are greatly valued as fellow-workers.

In spite of all this, the need for European women missionaries is as urgent now as ever. It will be many years before the seclusion of the women of India becomes a thing of the past, and vast numbers of the people are still completely cut off from modern medical aid.

It might be thought that, in these days, when medicine is taken up as a profession by so many women, there would be no lack of doctors to supply the need of all mission hospitals. But, alas! the facts are quite otherwise; many hospitals are closed, and others are sadly understaffed for lack of recruits.

Given a sufficiency of women doctors, hospitals could be opened in many districts and pioneer work started in unreached areas; thousands of women could be relieved of suffering, and "applied

Christianity" would prepare a way for the coming of the Saviour into many darkened lives.

What is the call to which medical students and qualified women are responding today?

Why is it that offers are not being made for our mission hospitals, where there is tremendous scope for the medical woman to use to the full her skill and to develop her resources?

Is it that we believe that healing for the body is all-sufficient, and that that which is immortal does not need to know its Maker?

Education alone is not sufficient to break down the strongholds of custom—largely religious—which keep the Eastern woman in degradation and oppression. It needs a new life from within, a life strong and free, that can overcome the old life with its attendant sorrows and superstitions; and none but the Giver of Life Himself can bestow this; and it is only as He Himself, the Great Physician of souls, is made known through His servants, in hospital and elsewhere, that Indian women will gain this true freedom.

Are there not medical students today who are willing to dedicate their lives and their skill for His sake to the service of their Eastern sisters?

The appeal of that village woman has lost none of its insistence since the days of Fanny Butler:

"Send us a *hakim* in the likeness of Jesus."

(*Contributed.*)

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