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FROM WEST TO EAST.

Being the Story of a Recent Visit
to Indian Missions.

BY

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and Ireland, and Hon. Sec. of the Zenana Bible and Medical
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With an Introduction by

THE RIGHT REV. E. G. INGHAM, D.D.,

Home Secretary of the C.M.S.

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To

THE FRIENDS
WHOSE PRAYERS SURROUNDED ME
NIGHT AND DAY THROUGHOUT
THIS TOUR.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. G. INGHAM, D.D.

I HAVE lately been travelling over much of the ground covered by Miss Weatherley, and it is a pleasure to write a few words by way of calling attention to the sort of information she is now in a position to afford to those who are willing to know the facts about our thin Missionary fighting line.

First of all let me say that I am a great believer in the value of the impression a visitor is in a position to convey. Again and again during my Far Eastern journeys Missionaries have said, "It would never have occurred to us to put that down." And they admitted that probably their very familiarity with the scenes in the midst of which they live has made them a little absent-minded as to the sort of facts the workers in the homeland want most to hear about. So true it is that "lookers on see most of the game!"

Then again I am anxious to say again and again that it is necessary for the Home base and the front to be intelligently and sympathetically linked together. Though doubted whether the Mission wants the *casual* visitor, there can be no doubt that anyone who comes from the Home Committee with a desire to give to fellow-workers the right hand of fellowship, and to get to understand their problems at first hand, will receive a warm welcome and will do much good.

Such a visit as that described in the following pages will be a distinct asset. Everything Miss Weatherley reads or hears will come to her now with a new intelligence, and the word in season will come easy both in Conference and in Committee.

The stages are constantly changing. The sort of work and worker needed yesterday may not be wanted to-morrow. The emergence of an indigenous Christianity means greater changes still. The Missionaries will do better work in proportion as they realize they have an intelligent and co-operative base behind them.

Introduction.

It was my great privilege to see some Z.B.M. work and workers, and I can testify to its efficiency.

If Zenana Bible and Medical work was necessary when no one cared for the elevation of woman's condition, such work becomes a hundredfold more necessary when the educated men of India are demanding that something should be done for their women.

It is earnestly to be hoped that many of our British sisters will be roused by a perusal of these journeys to see how easy it is to move across the world in these expansive days. The more they think, and study, and pray, the more they will perceive that this thing is of God and comes by no mere chance coincidence. May many rise from reading this book saying, in the words of appeal used by Mordecai to Queen Esther of old, "Who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this!"

E. GRAHAM INGHAM (*Bishop*).

July 20th, 1910.

FOREWORD.

THE traveller who has the interest of seeing definite work in every place visited has certainly a great advantage over the ordinary globe-trotter.

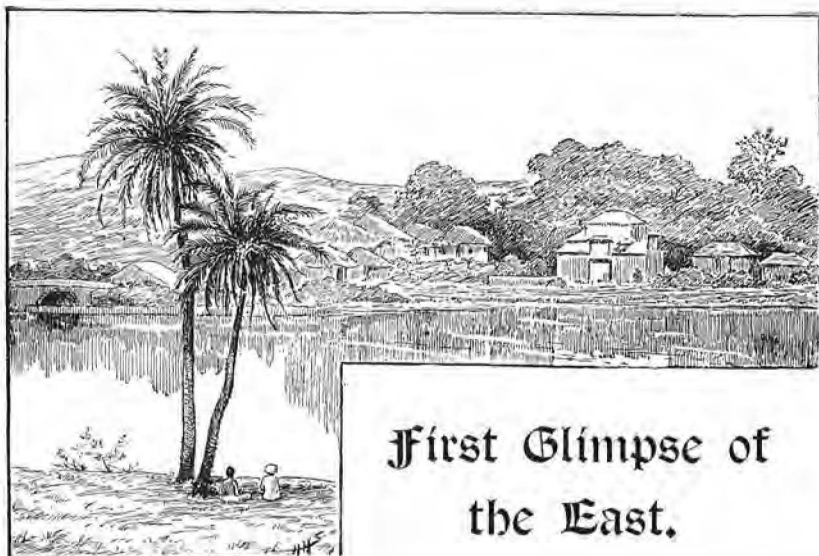
To be connected with a Society such as the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, and in touch with all its missionaries, has during this tour given such an insight into the homes and lives of our Indian sisters as must otherwise have been impossible. And though the following pages were written simply for the information of personal friends in the homeland, it is hoped they may be of interest to others and give some side-lights on the great work of those who have gone to India to hold forth the lamp of truth to those dwelling in darkness.

Founded by the late Lady Kinnaird in 1852, the work of this Society, by the good hand of God upon it, has gone steadily forward, so that now it has upwards of 400 workers in the field, of whom more than a hundred are Europeans.

These diaries tell something of the devotion of these workers and the stress and strain of their life. They tell, too, some of the glad results of their labours in the response given by little children, by older girls in their Schools, by women rich and poor, sick and suffering, to the touch of love and sympathy, and the message of the living and true GOD who loves them.

To move from place to place amidst scenes of such activity, and witness the unstinting devotion of the workers, can but rouse in the mind of the visitor a sense of the deep responsibility devolving upon those whose lot is cast at home, and to question how far we are adequately supporting them by our prayers and our gifts. Could we not all do a little more? Does not Christ say

“My Life was given for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me ?”



First Glimpse of the East.

PORT SAID.

PORT SAID!—My first real sight of the East! It presented a long low line of buildings with the lighthouse standing out prominently. The lack of vegetation, and bare sandy spaces, struck one very much. Soon the engines ceased, and we were moored opposite the Government Customs House, a fine grey stone building. Then all was babel. Numberless small boats rowed by dark-skinned men, with red fez and clad in garments of all colours buzzed round our great vessel. Those landing at Port Said went off first, and the shouting as the luggage was taken was indescribable. Almost every one meant to pay a visit on shore, as we knew the terrible process of coaling must go on for some hours, and besides we had to wait for the mails coming *via* Brindisi, and these were not due till 2 a.m. A Colonel and his wife had kindly asked me to go ashore

with them, and I was very glad to accept. We were soon in the small boat making for the quay, and as we neared, the boatmen, in the usual Eastern manner, began demanding "backshish" (special tips for their work). There now being a fixed tariff, the Colonel soon silenced them by saying, "Shut up, old man, I know you!" and I was uncommonly glad of protection. Later in the day an Arab tried to persuade two ladies there was a quarantine order, and they must pay ten francs!

Arrived in the town itself, we took a carriage for an hour's drive. All was of entrancing interest. Our turnout was a very shabby little victoria with two lean, badly-matched horses; a coachman, big, burly and brown, with red fez and long yellow coat with a girdle, whilst a small Arab boy in another brightly-coloured garment climbed up alongside. As we drove along they had frequent altercations with evidently long-standing foes.

The shops were filled with beautiful specimens of Eastern workmanship, needlework, carving, jewellery, but we did not stay except to purchase much-needed fans. The people in the streets interested me most. Many different types and classes were represented: here the olive-skinned Arab, and there the darker-coloured Nubian and Libyan; here the Eastern dandy—young Egypt in Western dress, fez and walking stick, there the simple natural children of the desert with long brightly-coloured garments; here the high class woman with the black covering over nose and mouth, that her beauty may not be discovered by the ordinary passer-by, there the merry laughing little ones dressed in the brightest pinks and

blues, some of them rolling in the sand for sheer joy. To shout and gesticulate seems natural to all.

The majority of the houses in the rear, except those built by Government, were of very light construction, though on the front promenade and in the principal streets they are tall and imposing. English and French signs abounded, and many could evidently speak a few words of each language, or at least understand it. It was wonderful to consider that this town is built on land practically reclaimed from the desert, but now small struggling gardens are being coaxed into existence, and a few dusty trees are planted along the chief streets.

Some years ago Port Said was one of the worst of towns, and it was hardly safe to land, murders and horrors of every kind being of daily occurrence, but all this is now greatly improved, thanks to Lord Cromer's administration. Little or no Christian work is being carried on here beyond a Seamen's Refuge, these people are still waiting for the Light, but it will need some strong, wise pioneer if they are to be reached. This first touch of the East impresses one more and more with the vastness of that *world* which God loves, and for whom Christ died, and their appealing claim to know that Gospel. But this is only touching the fringe of the East. At dusk we rowed back to the *Malwa*, and had an opportunity of seeing her vast size. Coaling operations were in full swing, and every porthole and hatchway was closed, as well as every door, so that the place was like a furnace, though the many electric fans in the saloon made dinner bearable. After dinner a few adventurous spirits ventured on the

upper deck, for we heard coaling was over and the cleaning of the decks had begun. Everything was *black*, but we chased round after the Lascars, tip-toeing through the rivers of water to parts where the "squee-gee" had done its work. Altogether we had quite a lively time! By 11 p.m. portholes were opened and we looked for a quiet night. Alas for our hopes! Those mails seemed as though they fell hundreds of feet. Thump! thump! thump! accompanied by indescribable shoutings, the bags tumbled down the hold! and we never moved till 6.30!

Now began our day down

THE SUEZ CANAL.

We had seen the great monument to M. Lesseps, to whom this wonderful canal owes its construction, in Port Said. The canal is 80 miles long and in most parts about half a mile wide, and regulation pace is five miles an hour, whilst there is constant necessity for tying up to allow other steamers to pass. Buoys throughout the whole length mark the deep channel which is navigable.

The interest of that day is indescribable. I was sitting by myself all the morning gazing out on that dreary, sandy, arid waste, combining with it the occupation of writing to some dear home friends. It had been a great joy to get letters that morning—two from India, and five from home, including two which had missed me at Marseilles. The joy of letters is perennial!

One side of the Canal has more vegetation than the other. I chose the barren side—it was more absolutely Eastern—and I had my reward, for whilst others were

bemoaning the absence of camels, I saw ten! there was one string of eight walking solemnly along the bank to a weird-looking encampment, where their Arab drivers with the typical long garments and covering head-dress were awaiting them.

As the great ship moved slowly along, man after man would leave his occupation, raise his arms, and dance and shout, whilst frequently little boys tried to race us, giving up finally in despair. One wondered where they all came from and where they lived, for, beside the "stations" where French officials live, there were very few signs of any habitation. But I loved to see those brown legs and lithe bodies! At the "stations" there would be a few palm trees and about 50 houses, flat-roofed and brightly coloured. For the rest there was nothing but sand and desert and dust, but all so weird and fascinating as one thought of the ages lying behind the ancient life of which they speak, and we were the touch of modern life and civilization on those hoary lands.

The interest continued throughout the day and there was one item which just completed the picture. Away there behind that sandbank, so hot and thirsty, lay a long, cool, refreshing lake—so it seemed, until a friendly voice said "Lake! There is no lake there! It is a mirage!" What seemed so beautiful and full of hope to the traveller was nought after all: when reached it would be still the bare sandy desert, mocking his thirst! The mirage may be beautiful to look on, but we cannot trust its allurements. It will perhaps bring refreshment to the beholder, but alas for us, if we depend on it to slake our thirst.

This wonderful day closed with a most glorious sunset, when the sun's light radiated in a perfect circle, refracted by a dark cloud with silvery edge. To my thought the rays reached to Heaven on one side, Humanity on the other ; but it also touched the waiting East with its interest and need to which we are so speedily hastening, and the dear home West with its loved ones and faithful hearts sending forth many a thought and prayer.

We now entered the Gulf of Suez, where we steamed alongside the Sinaitic peninsula with its white sand glistening like snow on each rocky height, until we came to THE RED SEA and prepared for heat ! It *was* hot, but not at all unbearable, and I slept quite comfortably each night.

To be really in the Red Sea was full of strange and stirring emotions. It seems very uncertain where the Children of Israel crossed. The great width of the sea itself seems to point to some spot nearer the Gulf of Suez, but we must have passed *the* very place where God's power was so wonderfully known, and the message "the same to-day" came to me with new force and power.

The three days in the Red Sea were quite uneventful. Hours were beginning to drag a little, so a few energetic spirits got up cricket on board each afternoon. Nets enclosed half the deck, and chalk lines at intervals marked the number of runs for the various hits. This has become a daily amusement, whilst we have had two concerts.

Sunday was a great contrast to the preceding one, with its storm and consequent misery ! I went to the early morning Communion Service, and to that at 10.45,

but there was no sermon. The hymns were very good, but the special one for "absent friends" was more than most people could stand!

At 2 p.m. we arrived at Aden. First, bare spiked rocky hills met us, and then the little town of terraced barrack-like houses on the rocky hillside, for it is almost entirely a military station. There they stood without a vestige of verdure around, for it hardly ever rains at Aden.

The German Lloyd SS. *Prinz Ludwig* was anchored there before us, and our coming was speedily signalized by the advent of boats of many kinds—steam tugs, barges, rowing boats, all and sundry came out to the great ship, mostly being manned by half-naked brown-skinned Arabs and Somalis. A queer-looking set they were—real children of nature! The postal barges were tied just beneath us, and one looked down on a dozen or more black upturned faces, as they shouted, sang, danced, and did all they could to attract our attention, and appeal for money to be thrown to them. Many people did this, and the scrambling that ensued was indescribable. The work they did was almost nil, but there they stayed the whole afternoon, broad smiles on their shining black countenances, whilst many must have made quite a little fortune. In many ways they seemed like human monkeys—each coin as it was picked up was deposited in their cheek until a convenient time should come for tying it in a corner of the cloths round their waists. Sometimes an apple would be thrown, and I saw one change hands five times, for the moment one bite had been taken it was snatched away, to be speedily appropriated by some other hand.

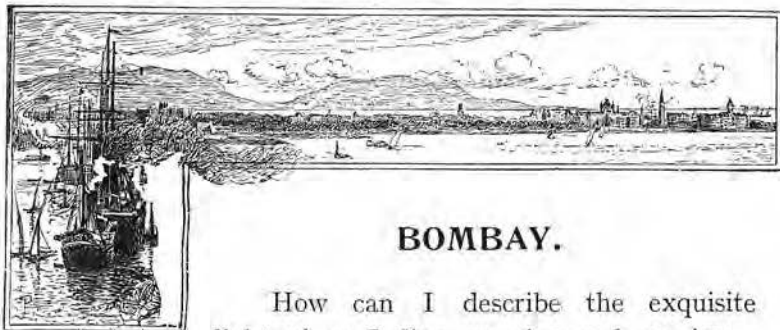
The process of transferring and receiving the mail, took about four hours, and soon we were on our way again bound for our goal—Bombay.

Being the Royal Mail we took on board about 25 Postal Sorters, mostly Goanese, whilst a large room quite near our cabin was soon rigged up as a Sorting Office, and here they have been at work ever since. Bags for every part of India are suspended side by side—literally hundreds of them—whilst with unerring aim the sorter shies the letter into the right receptacle. It is extraordinary to see their dexterity—but really one wonders that letters ever arrive safely!

My letters have dropped from the skies. I inquired at Aden, and was told there were none. On Monday evening a notice lay in my cabin saying “Mail awaited me” and five letters—three from home, and two from India were handed me. The next evening, another was put in the cabin, and on Wednesday evening, yet another. This last was addressed “SS. *Malwa, en route* Bombay,” but the writer little guessed how correctly the instructions would be followed. I can only imagine they came across it while sorting the Bombay mail, and sent it to the cabin!

So ends the voyage—the beginning of the four and a half months of travel in India. God’s care has been signally apparent, and surely so it will be. “He goeth before” are the words ringing in my mind, so I need not fear.

* * * * *



BOMBAY.

How can I describe the exquisite light of an Indian morning and evening—the softest tints are merged one in another, whilst delicate mists lie on all the distant scenery. It brings an indescribable longing for silence and worship. Many beautiful public buildings meet the eye in the harbour, whilst the mountains form a perfect background, and everything seemed enhanced in beauty in the sunrise light. This was India! So fair to the outward eye, and one thought of the priceless value of its teeming millions of people in the eyes of the Creator and Father of all.

We got off in the tender, in a blazing sun, at 8.30, and as we reached the Ballard Pier, I soon descried Mrs. Anderson (*née* Miss Edge) and Miss Wilson, Principal of our Girls' School in Bombay, awaiting me. As I stepped on shore a native in uniform was holding out a letter addressed "Miss Weatherley!" It was an order from Canon Heywood, our Secretary here, to this Agent to see after my luggage. Next I was greeted by the two waiting friends. Then another letter was thrust into my hand—and lo and behold, it was the redoubtable "Sam," the native servant who is to accompany me in my travels,

and who is already proving such a comfort, being able to do everything.

Mrs. Anderson claimed me to stay with herself and her husband at Mahim, ten miles away from the centre of the city, where he is principal of the Scottish Orphanage ; but first we drove to our MISSION SCHOOL AT GIRGAUM, and I had my first meal under a punkah, a broad piece of native cloth attached to a wooden lath and suspended from the ceiling. A native sits outside the door pulling the cord which waves it back and forth, thus creating a current of air. Here I met our other Missionaries, Miss Morris, Miss Elton, Miss Ching, all engaged in this wonderful school work of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. There are 120 children, girls and boys, representing the very highest castes : Parsees, Hindus, Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians, all meeting together. The ages vary from the tiny Kindergarten babies to girls of 17 and 18 years of age, for in enlightened cosmopolitan Bombay, though many of the girls may be actually married, they recognise the value of their continuing at school, and the work is carried on to Matriculation standard. Five were sitting for Matriculation the day I arrived. The boys leave the school at 11 years of age.

After breakfast we went into prayers, and as I stood there and heard those children of such differing religions singing "Around the throne of God in heaven," I felt literally overwhelmed. Then followed the responsive reading of Psalm 103 and prayer. The influence of this school is permeating the social atmosphere of Bombay, and though it is hardly possible for many to avowedly

become Christians, Christianity is influencing their whole lives. But oh, how we need new buildings! Two-thirds of the money has been promised, and we begin to build



PUPILS IN GIRGAUM HIGH SCHOOL.

as soon as Government (who give a grant) approves the plans. It must be done before the rains, for all the walls and ceilings let in water! We long to open it free of debt!

By 2 p.m. we were at Mahim, and certainly my first resting place in India has been ideal. From one of my bedroom windows I looked into a grove of palm-trees, from another over the sea, with an arm of the bay stretching round on the right where there are low buildings gleaming white in the sun, and more palm-trees silhouetted against the horizon. The early morning light over this view of sea and shore was a scene of beauty such as I have never known before, and as I sat there, it was easy to pray and adore and worship. The immense personal needs of the tour call for prayer at every turn, but here it was made easy to realize the presence of God, and to commune.

In the cool of the evening Mr. Anderson drove me through a native village, and I saw the dearest wee brown babies, clad only in sunshine and a string of beads, with the sweetest little smiling faces. I cannot speak their language, but I have found that a smile is a universal language, and rarely fails to elicit response.

I must not stay to describe at length each day's doings. I was in Bombay Friday to Thursday, and the following "events" were crowded into those days. Mr. Anderson declared I was like the business man, out from 10-8 p.m. each day, and so it was. In the afternoon the Mission ladies gave a big At Home in my honour to the station people. About 60 came, and I was introduced to most! Poor me!

MY FIRST SUNDAY IN INDIA.—I attended the weekly Prayer Meeting at the Mission House, and it was good to meet our Missionaries there. In the morning I gave a talk at Mr. Anderson's request to the Orphanage children. Church in the evening and the Communion at

the U.F. Church. I was glad to feel that allowing for the difference in time (six hours), I was taking up the thread of worship exactly as you dear home people were ending your morning worship! How my thoughts fly to home and to you all!

Monday.—Bought a resplendent broad white solar topi! Sam undertakes to keep it white for me!

Tuesday.—Into Bombay again to see our work carried on by two more of our Missionaries, Miss Trott and Miss Campbell, amongst the Beni-Israelite children—the Indian Jews. They began 34 years ago with a mere handful to whom they taught the three R's, now they have 150 children and work up to the sixth standard. The children *can* get free education, but prefer to come to the Christian school and pay two rupees (2/8) a month. I saw all over the school! Such bright faces there were. I heard them sing, asking them to choose their favourite, and “In heavenly love abiding” was chosen. They would be so thankful for any sacred pictures to hang on the school walls. They have one of the Good Shepherd, and one little girl went home and said to her grandmother, “Come and see a beautiful picture of the Messiah. He has a lamb in His arms, and I am that lamb, the Miss Sahib says.”

Tiffin at Mission House. More business talk with Canon Heywood. Tea with the teachers, students and girls of 6th and 7th standards. It *was* interesting. Miss Wilson had a right royal feast, then all adjourned to the drawing room (we were 30 in all) for me to talk to them. Some were sitting on the floor! So it made a good introduction to tell them of my girls in England who so often

sit round me on the floor! Then I went on to speak of their love for reading stories, and how I had discovered some were reading and enjoying "Pickwick Papers" "Dombey and Son," and other books, and how, though we might not have Dickens's literary talent, yet all were writing a story—the story of their own lives—"as a tale that is told," and so on. It was not easy, as all religions were represented, but I realized God Himself gave thoughts and words in answer to your many prayers.

Wednesday.—Lunch with Mrs. Proctor, a member of our Committee, in her beautiful home on the other side of Bombay, and after a rest, a drive in her motor round the noted Malabar Hill, with its wondrous panoramic view of Bombay. Then with her to "A PURDAH PARTY," arranged by the Indian National Association. This is for Indian and English ladies to meet. Purdah means "curtain," and many high caste Mohammedan ladies, who are the *only* ones in Bombay who are shut in their homes, came closely veiled. About 70 or 80 were there, clad in the most exquisite garments, the softest gauze and silk trimmed with rich gold embroidery. I was introduced by Miss Wilson to the Dowager Ranee (queen) of Baroda, and other ladies. They speak English with such a soft intonation. One said, "Are you not interested to see how wonderfully England has influenced our land?" A thought which possesses me all the time! In Bombay all the notices and signs in the streets are in English.

Many of these ladies are relatives of Miss Wilson's pupils, and it was good to see how warmly she was welcomed. After an hour of social intercourse and refreshments all

went downstairs, where a lecture on "Tennyson" was to be given by a Parsee gentleman, the "Purdah" ladies sitting in an ante-room behind a pair of white curtains, through which they continually peeped! Unfortunately the lecture was terribly drawn out and neither specially interesting nor enlightening. These gatherings are held fortnightly in different people's houses, and are doing much to draw the women of various castes, as well as various nationalities together.

* * * * *

NASIK.



THE GODAVERY AT NASIK IN FLOOD.

NASIK.—By train 100 miles to Nasik. *En route* I desried a cup of tea at a station and promptly put my head out of window, when an English gentleman kindly secured one for me. To my utter surprise this ordinary station cup, in a heathen country, had printed on it in gold letters “God help you!”

I was met by our Missionary, Miss Harvey—a very remarkable woman who has lived here 27 years, only taking one furlough in that time. She has made herself utterly one with the people and is regarded as the benefactor and “mother” of Nasik.

My visit to Nasik must be tabulated by events rather than days. It was my first stay in a Mission bungalow, and I had my first drive in a “tonga,” a kind of covered

dog-cart, drawn sometimes by horses, more usually by bullocks, who are driven by a cord passed through the nose, their heads being under a yoke, whilst prods or twists of the tail are the usual method of encouraging their progress. I found the bungalow consisted of one long central room, the front part used as a drawing room, the back as dining room ; out of these, two bedrooms opened on one side, one on the other, and a little room used as Miss Harvey's office. The kitchen is at the rear. All Indian servants live in separate houses and come back and forth. It says much for the respect with which the Missionaries—or is it also their dogs?—are treated, when I tell you not a single door is even closed at night. There was only a curtain between me and the outer world, and when I tell you further that I was awakened at 2 a.m. by sounds of a rat on the table by my bed, busily engaged in unwrapping a paper parcel I had put there, you will understand India is a fair test to the nerves. Frogs were frequent visitors, and I was told to expect scorpions, but did not see one. The rat also gnawed a big hole in one of my garments!!

Miss Harvey and Miss Betteridge, our two Missionaries here, have their hands very full. On Friday Miss Betteridge had prepared an entertainment and prize-giving to 200 of her school children. It was wonderful to see them drill, sing, and do dialogues. She has over 400 children in her six schools. They come as the rawest material, heathen children all, but learning with real aptitude and eagerness the things of God as well as the things of this life. She also visits 70 or 80 Zenanas and several villages.

One great work of Miss Harvey's is the *Babies' Home*. Tiny scraps of humanity, orphans or deserted, find a true "mother." Her plan is to give the tiniest to foster mothers in Nasik city, who have to report themselves and their charges monthly. At the age of two they come into the Mission Compound, where women who are converts care for them, each woman having two or three. There is a small Church in the compound for Sunday Services, and here prayers are conducted night and morning by the Head Teacher. Every one in the compound attends. After prayers the first evening I was there a wee boy came up and put his little hand in mine; he was soon followed by another and yet another, and so seizing any fingers that were available, we walked—or rather scrambled to the Bungalow. Dear little scraps! They are lovable!

Time fails to tell of the Animals' Home which Miss Harvey has been instrumental in starting, supported by Government and local municipal funds. Miss Harvey has been made "special police" by Government with authority to "run in" any sick or ill-used animal, and here I saw all kinds of animals being attended by the two Veterinary Surgeons and numerous attendants.

But shall I ever forget that memorable Sunday morning when I went with this wonderful woman to see her chief work—THE LEPER ASYLUM, sheltering 76 of these poor outcasts from social life. The compound consists of two buildings, one for men, one for women, a tiny hospital for specially serious cases, a catechist's house, office, and now they are just beginning to build a Church. "Your mother has come" is the cry as Miss Harvey approaches, and

first we entered the women's quarter. Chairs were brought for us, and the women, about 35 in number, sat on the ground. I own I could not restrain my tears as I looked at them, some with all the fingers and toes gone, some with terribly disfigured faces, but without exception all bright and happy-



BIBLEWOMAN AND HER CLASS OF LEPERS, NASIK.

looking. They had asked Miss Harvey if they might give her a Christmas present, and she had chosen that they should learn 1 Cor. xiii., and as we sat there, woman after woman—many of them externally non-Christians—repeated the chapter. And in my heart I was saying “There came a leper unto Him.” They all sang in weak, quavering

voices, and Miss Harvey spoke. "We call this 'The House of Joy,' and the men's quarters 'The House of Sorrow,'" said she, as we left them; and the difference was most marked, for the men sat or stood with hard, sullen, impenetrable faces, hugging their sorrow, and only one had attempted to learn the chapter. The cause is not far to seek—for years, a Biblewoman, herself a leper with one leg gone, the other going, has lived amongst the women, giving of her very life to them. Never shall I forget her beautiful face, nor the impression of her influence, amidst her suffering. For the men there is no such leavening influence, only a catechist going in from time to time. I learnt afresh the lesson how we can and must win men to Christ. This self-giving of those who know from their own experience the leprosy of sin and the power of Him who said "Be ye clean" is the one secret. Will you all pray for these men, that their hearts may be reached? They seem laid on my heart. Prayer *can* move them. In addition to other work Miss Harvey has also a Home for untainted children of lepers, with eight in residence. Thank God for such women as she!

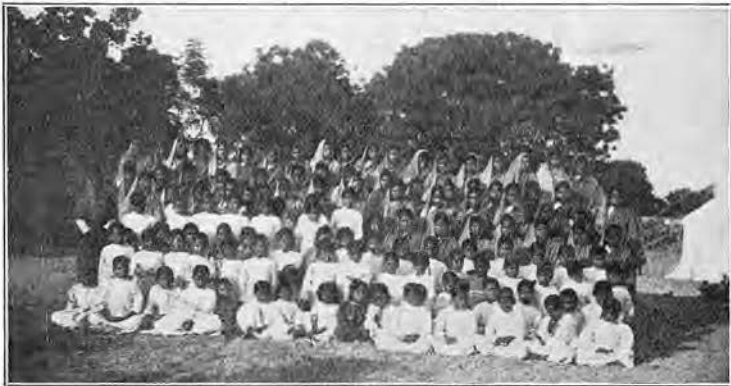
There is also OUR HOSPITAL IN NASIK, with two Lady Doctors, Hospital Evangelist, English Matron, and nine native Nurses and Compounders. It has accommodation for 35 In-patients, and 70 or 80 come three times a week as Out-patients. It was wonderful to see the gentleness of those doctors, as I sat and saw the Out-patients coming one by one. "I have a fire in my inside" is the most fashionable complaint, but it may or may not apply! Then work was broken off and all the patients came in

for a brief service, listening most intently as the doctor spoke. I marvel at the way these doctors stand the strain day after day. They frequently have the most serious operations, and owing to the dirt and general unsanitary conditions, many are septic cases. Literally they work daily at the risk of health and even life itself. I spent several hours with them in the Hospital and their own bungalow, and came away rejoicing in the absolute *giving* of these women for the women of India. They are keen on their science, keener still for the souls of the patients, but alas the strain is telling—both doctors are far from strong, and I was compelled to use my Committee authority, and order one home immediately, trusting help may be forthcoming for the other, Dr. Landon, whose furlough really is due. Oh the need of workers! And the need of prayer at home for those on the field, for the strain of living thus alone in a heathen city is almost overwhelming, and nothing but the grace and strength of God can suffice.

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MANMAD.

FOUR days have been spent at Manmad, where we have an Orphanage for 170 girls, many of whom have definitely given their hearts to Christ. They stay till 16 or 17 years old, and then go out as Teachers, Nurses, Biblewomen, or several are married to Christian lads, and start Christian homes. I am greatly impressed by the immense value of this work, and the Principal, Miss Harris,



GROUP OF ORPHANS, MANMAD.

with her two helpers, Miss Skelton and Miss Wheeler, are doing a magnificent work. Miss Skelton oversees the industrial work, where widows and deserted wives and others—16 in number—are learning by embroidery to maintain themselves, learning of Christ at the same time. I spoke to the girls by interpretation and felt it a wonderful opportunity. I also spent a morning visiting a village with Miss Blower, another Missionary here. A little service was held in three different spots, Miss Blower

and the two Biblewomen singing a hymn and thus attracting the people. Once we had 18 sitting around us, and it was most interesting to see the keen interest and nods of assent. One girl said "I want to hear more of your good words"; and an old woman added, "This is a good way, but how can we walk in it?"

We had a three mile drive in a bullock tonga to this village! These drives are uncommonly good for the liver, as we jolted and bumped along! Fancy a springless cart, frequently passing over great boulders, and it was not seldom that one wheel was on ground a foot or more higher than the other wheel! Then suddenly the balance was reversed. It was really quite a see-saw, and I was told this was a good road! The days are full—full of work, full of interest, full of inspiration! Official talk and correspondence takes time each day, besides the much there is to see.

A very interesting thing happened the last day I was there. A Hindu merchant and banker arrived with a native band saying he had come to do honour to the Mission ladies. We were all seated on the verandah, and then the band, consisting of two cornets, two drums, cymbals, and another instrument, discoursed the most ear-piercing music. Then the merchant, his face literally wreathed in smiles, garlanded us with long wreaths of chrysanthemums, hung bracelets of the same on our arms, sprinkled us freely with Otto of Roses, presented nuts, raisins, and other fruits! Next he made a speech saying how much he loved the Missionaries, and how much they loved him. Miss Harris told him I was only just out from England,

whereupon he made special salaams and said he was the most loyal servant of the Empire. So long as the English were in his country all would go well, nothing but disaster



GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, MANMAD.

could follow if they left! It was quite wonderful to see all he had expended on us, and it is good to see how the Missionaries and English are thus respected.

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AGRA.

I HAD induced one of the Missionaries, Miss Blower, to come to Agra with me, where I was to attend the great WORLD'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR CONVENTION, being very glad of a companion for my first night journey. Indian carriages are quite different from the English—three long padded seats run lengthwise down the compartment, and for the night you spread rugs and pillows on these. Two upper berths can also be put down, but fortunately we were mostly alone and did not need to use them. Starting at 8 p.m. we arrived at Agra at 4 p.m. the next afternoon—this was a short journey for India. Rev. H. Anderson, the Convention President, and Rev. Herbert Halliwell, Convention Secretary, had both kindly come to meet me.

As we drove to the camp I met my sister coming out to meet me, so got into her "gari" (carriage) to hear all her news and tell her mine. Arrived at the camp, I found a veritable "White City," with 150 sleeping tents, and many others for various purposes. It was an absolutely marvellous time. In a way the meetings themselves were far less than the significance of the gathering together of all peoples, and tongues, and nations. The Bishops of Lahore and Lucknow were there, and Salvation Army Captains: S.P.G. and C.M.S. Missionaries sat with Baptists and Methodists: learned scholars, such as Dr. Ewing of Allahabad, Dr. Machichan of the Wilson College, Bombay, mingled with Burmese and Assamese

padres : a Christian Brahmin Pundit, his wife and family, clad in the richest silks, joined with the simple village Christian with their plain white saris. English, American—25 of the latter having come specially for the Convention—Indian, Burmese, Karen, were all one in Christ Jesus. One moment I was speaking to one who spoke the broad American lingo ; the next to a Karen girl with her soft pronunciation of the strange English tongue ; the moment after with one who used the broken English of the German or Swiss. We English went about in white muslins and topis ; the Burmese in their light-coloured skirts, and white bodices, with nothing covering their glossy black hair save a few flowers, and paper umbrella held high in the air.

The delegates numbered 3,000 ; 2,500 Indians from every part of the Empire : 1,200 had walked from a radius of 100 miles, speaking and preaching all the way. In honour of England they had most kindly allotted me a beautiful three-roomed, double-roofed tent. The centre was a sitting-room with carpet, writing table and five delightful big chairs ; my bedroom, a room with an iron bedstead simply (I was supposed to provide bedding), was on one side, the dressing-room on the other, whilst a verandah was all round. A Sepoy with bayonet fixed guarded me at night.

It almost seemed as if I must be living in Scriptural times as I stood at my tent door that first night, and lifting up my eyes saw a procession of these village Endeavourers winding round the camp. First came three men with fife, drum, and bells, then the girls in white saris walking

two and two, followed by an elephant carrying baggage. Then came the men in all kinds of weird costumes, many with coloured comforters wound round their heads, whilst a few bullock carts with more baggage brought up the rear. As they walked they chanted one of their strange hymns! Here was another contingent, somewhat similar in appearance, with a camel in their midst. I learnt after that the first party had walked 84 miles, the second 72, and as I realised the darkness of Hinduism out of which they had come, and how the light of the Gospel of Christ was now in heart and life, I felt that the Kingdoms of this world are beginning to become the Kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and one's whole being was stirred. The Convention has been an inspiration for all time. The Bishop of Lahore remarked that this was a demonstration of unity, such as he had been striving after for years, and now he saw its fulfilment. The camp meetings attracted hundreds of Hindus, besides English soldiers, and it seemed a crowning joy when on the last evening, two at least of the men of the Irish Regiment gave their hearts to Christ, having been so impressed by the meetings.

Need I speak of the matchless beauty of the Taj Mahal—that wonderful marble mausoleum raised by the great Mogul Shan Jehan in memory of his favourite wife. Glistening in the sunshine it is beautiful indeed, but in the moonlight it is ethereal, as I visited it on the Monday night with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and one or two other kindred spirits.

The Fort built around a marble mosque, now disused, is most impressive, with its carving and moulding, here in

marble, there in mother-of-pearl. The Palace of Fatepur Sikri was also full of interest, as being the house of the great Akbar built on the site where his son Jehanjir was born at the house of a saint. Seventeen years later the saint told Akbar that the excitements of a court disturbed his meditations, and one or other of them must leave, and Akbar deserted the whole enormous Palace on which he had spent millions of rupees, and which was not even then finished.

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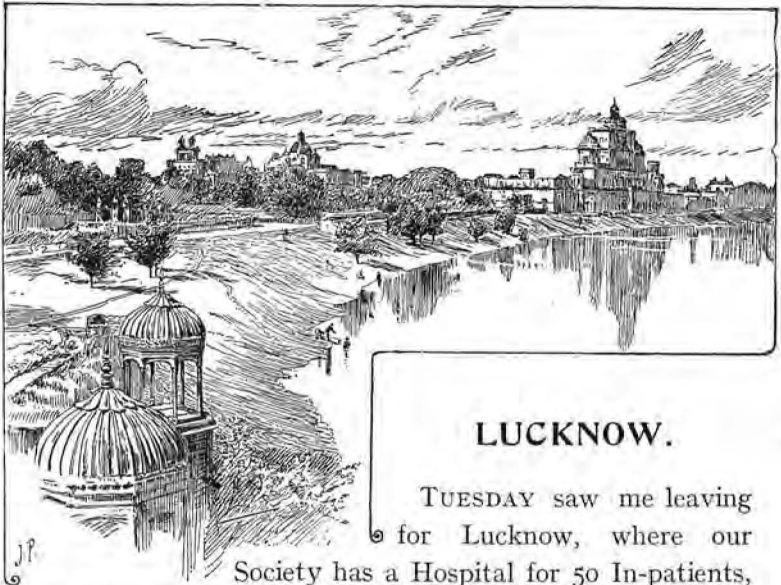
CAWNPORE.

AFTER leaving Camp I stayed with Rev. and Mrs. Haythornthwaite, the Principal of the C.M.S. College at Agra, going on to Cawnpore on Saturday to a lady doctor of a Canadian Mission, who is head of a large Orphanage. Five of the Burmese Missionaries came also, and Dr. Mackenzie was kindness itself.

Cawnpore! Oh, the memory of the Mutiny days of June 1857. One's feelings were indescribable as one stood by the Memorial Well, where over 200 women and children had been thrown, dead and dying, on that awful 27th of June. The well is enclosed by an octagonal screen of exquisite carving, and a white marble monument of an Angel figure with arms folded over the breast clasping palms of victory, now stands over that scene of diabolical cruelty. Over the bronze doorway made of guns captured from the enemy is carved "These are they which came out of great tribulation," whilst round the base of the Statue is an inscription "In *perpetual* memory." The sculptor has given a marvellous effect to the Statue. Looked at on one side there is an expression of horror and anger, on the other side of perfect calm and peace. Away down the Avenue, facing the well, is a bronze Statue of Queen Victoria, and exactly the same expressions are reproduced as she looks on the Memorial. One's feelings were deeply moved and all the more so as one listened to the reverent and broken voice in which the soldier who conducted us round told the terrible tale of those days, and showed first the Well,

then the Cross, marking the site of the bungalow where the women and children were murdered, then the Cemetery commemorating hundreds of lives. Later in the day we went to the Memorial Church, erected on the site of the British entrenchments, with its inscription round the wall behind the Communion Table, "To the glory of God and in memory of more than 1,000 Christian people, died and killed between 5th June and 15th July, 1857." Then follow the names and finally "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth, but mine eyes are unto Thee, O God."

From the Church we visited the Ghat (bathing place), on the Ganges, where, permission having been given to the British soldiers, now forced to surrender, to leave in boats, they were brutally fired upon, and only two men escaped. It was a day of stirring, almost heart-breaking memories.



LUCKNOW.

TUESDAY saw me leaving for Lucknow, where our Society has a Hospital for 50 In-patients, and Dispensary, and also Zenana work. It has been interesting to compare this with Nasik Hospital. There have been 800 In-patients during the year. One woman has gone from here to our Converts' Home at Allahabad, and two more want to profess Christ, and being widows are going to Pandita Ramabai's. On Wednesday Dr. Slater came to ask if I would like to go and see a private patient, as she had just been sent for! With alacrity I followed her into the gari. It was in the house of a very high caste Mohammedan, a barrister, who had spent four years at Cambridge! The patient was his wife, who had just had her second little girl, and who through the cruelty of all her relations, who had told her her husband would now exchange her for another wife as she had not given him a son, was worrying herself into high fever. Now I was to have my first sight of THE AWFUL CONDITION OF INDIA'S WOMEN,

though Dr. Slater assured me the women's quarters were palatial compared with most. We drove up to a very English-looking bungalow, and were conducted upstairs to the women's quarters. First came a small room with four



A DISPENSARY MORNING AT LUCKNOW HOSPITAL.

charpoys (native bedsteads) in a row, with women squatting on them. This led into another darker room, literally filled with women, all in soiled saris, some of them almost old hags, crouching about the floor and on charpoys. Then came the patient's bedroom. She was a very sweet looking girl, quite fair, but terribly ill, with temperature

104°. A native nurse was attending her, and a native woman doctor with very slight training, and it was she who had sent for Dr. Slater. The room was small, dirty, and with no furniture save a few chairs. When the Doctor had finished her work and diagnosed the case as Malaria, the husband came in—a polished Indian gentleman. On being introduced, he apologised to me for the condition of the room. Was he ashamed? I hope so. The visit over, we descended to *his* apartments—a drawing-room furnished in the best English style, dining-room for *his* meals beautifully appointed, whilst his poor young wife spends her whole life in these three rooms alone with all these old relations about her, in misery, with the constant fear of being superseded by another wife—nothing to occupy her thoughts—nothing to satisfy her heart!

My blood boiled! Oh ye Suffragettes! Send a band to right the wrongs of the women of India, and break the neck of these hideous customs! This man must have mingled with the highest society in England, seen how the woman is queen of her household, cultured, accomplished, the centre of all the social and family life—yet he returns to his land, and because “It is our custom,” he treats his wife thus. Had *he* been ill, the Civil Surgeon would have been called. Any inferior treatment was sufficient for his wife, and it was only through the native woman who had called the Doctor, that the fee of 16 rupees (£1 rs.) was grudgingly given. I have heard of these things—now I have seen them, and can hardly restrain my feelings. And people comfort themselves at home that the women like it!

One more sad historical touch. In the late afternoon we drove to THE RESIDENCY! Riddled with shot and shell there stood the grim old fortress, scene of such dire distress, such carnage, such untold bravery. They entered there in June, 1857, a band of men, women, and children, 3,000 strong, led by the brave Sir Henry Lawrence ; they left a depleted band of 937, he being shot on July 2nd, dying two days later. I stood by his grave with its well-known inscription, " Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." In September Havelock and Outram broke through, hoping to relieve them, but were not strong enough, and were forced to stay in the Residency, adding to the miseries of the siege, until the famous Relief of Lucknow under Sir Colin Campbell. Very touching are the inscriptions in the graveyard, and one felt the horrors of war more than ever, and prayed that never again may this land be the scene of such horrors.

The last day in Lucknow was spent in VISITING SOME ZENANAS, my first real introduction to the work. Miss Marston, one of our Missionaries who has been in the work for thirty years, took me. The houses are very different from the one I described last time. We entered a narrow, low doorway, and then another low archway led us directly into the women's courtyard, with small rooms opening into a verandah all round ; in some they slept, in others they cooked. In some houses only one woman would be learning to read, in others two or three ; sometimes it was the mother, sometimes the daughters, and I was quite surprised to find many unmarried girls of 14 and 15 years of age ! Public opinion is gradually

changing in India, and as education is more frequently demanded on both sides, marriages are delayed. In every house, the singing of bhajans (native hymns), and the Bible lesson, followed the reading and the writing. Miss Marston has prepared a regular course of Scripture teaching. She



"ALBERT THE GOOD," PATIENT AT LUCKNOW.

and her fellow Missionary and staff of teachers always follow this, and have an examination and give prizes to the women in the 300 Zenanas they visit. This systematic teaching is evidently very fruitful, and I was utterly surprised at the knowledge of these women. Miss Marston

suggested I should ask any question I liked, by interpretation, and they answered most readily and clearly questions such as "Why did Christ come to this world?" "What does He ask of us?" One woman said in answer to the last "He wants us to open the door of our hearts to Him and let Him come and cleanse us." I felt so many of these women are absolutely trusting in Christ, but the difficulties of their coming out are so great that one can hardly wonder that they do not see their way to do it. We cannot judge them.

Of course I was an object of interest, and in almost every case it was a great surprise to them that I was not going to stay and teach them. One woman said "She can serve God just as well here as in England." In each case they said it was a great honour that I should visit them—but that is Eastern politeness.

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KHURJA AND BULANDSHAHR.

AT 4 p.m. I left for Khurja, *via* Cawnpore, and it was delightful to find Dr. Mackenzie at the latter station where I had to change. We had dinner together and then she saw me and my luggage into the train. My train was due at 4.17 a.m., and as I turned out into the darkness a note was put into my hand saying the Missionaries I was to visit had sent their tonga, and the luggage must go by another, for a four mile drive! I had been informed before that the whole district was infested by dacoits (robbers), so I screwed up my nerves for a possibly adventurous drive! But although every tree might have been a man, and every bush an ambuscade, nothing happened. To tell the truth I trusted an angel convoy, and did not fear.

Two dressing-gowned figures, with lanterns, greeted me at the Bungalow entrance, and soon we were seated having Chhota Hazri (little breakfast), after which I retired to bed for a few hours, later in the day going on (half hour in the train) to Bulandshahr for Sunday.

There I found myself in a delightful little town. Miss Ross Taylor, our Missionary, met me at the station, and as I drove through the streets with her, I noticed almost every native gentleman we met greeted her with a salaam. It was really quite like a royal progress, for her hand and mine too had to be constantly uplifted in acknowledgement. I asked the meaning, and learnt it was simply that these

were the husbands of her Zenana pupils. This shows the effect of the lady Missionary's work!

I spent a delightfully quiet Sunday with Miss Ross Taylor, who was alone for a few days. I had not known her before, but we did not long remain strangers. There was no English Service, but quiet thought and reading made worship none the less real. The Christian teachers all came to say "Salaam," and I had a talk with them. By the way, do you all know that "Salaam" means "Peace be to thee?" I think I shall adopt it on my return.

Monday was spent in visiting Zenanas, and I saw some very interesting Arabian ladies whose families had emigrated many years previously. Their dress and manners were quite different from the ordinary ways of Indian ladies. Fine, handsome women they were, in contrast to the small women one finds here as a rule. I saw too, MY FIRST CITY SCHOOL! About 30 little girls looking so picturesque in their brightly-coloured saris! They were all gathered, as is the case in most of these schools, in the verandah of a native house, rented for the purpose. Having sung to me bhajans, and two or three Kindergarten songs, one being "How doth the reaper," in Urdu, the teacher asked each child in turn, questions relative to the Birth of Christ, and again I was surprised at the readiness with which they answered; and Miss Ross Taylor told me they were such intelligent answers. The five eldest girls seated on the ground near me were specially interested in me, and we kept up quite a conversation of smiles, and when I joined in the actions in "The reaper," their gravity broke out into a laugh. They were very winsome and attractive,

these little Eastern maidens, each with her one or two nose-rings, four or five earrings, 15 or 16 bracelets on each arm, and anklets which jingle as she walks !

On Monday evening I went back to Khurja. The Missionaries had sent a bullock cart for my luggage, and a horse gari for myself. The drivers of each had to come on



MISS HILL.

the platform to have a look at the train, and when we stepped out of the station it was to find the bullocks had made off for home ! The road was pitch dark, but they were recalled after a vast amount of shouting.

Khurja is an eminently native city, our two ladies being the only Europeans there ! For some years one

of them, Miss Hill, had pioneered alone, living in a tent ! Speaking of that time she said, " It never struck me that with dacoits all round I might be in danger ! " The devotion of our Missionaries and their absolute disregard of personal comfort or even safety, if only they may carry on their work, is apparent on every hand. It makes one feel utterly unworthy ! They stay for nothing, be it robbers, rats, jackals, snakes, or mosquitoes. You never here these trifles mentioned except quite casually ! To me it was distinctly eerie to find a native woman clad in bright blue trousers and red sari, gliding noiselessly into my room in the morning twilight, and standing silent and motionless by my bed ! She could not have seen a smile, so I was obliged to use one of my small stock of Urdu words, " Jow," meaning " Go," used as pleasantly as I could, and to my relief she took the hint !

The day was spent visiting Zenanas and Schools, giving a talk by interpretation to the little Christian community, and then going for a drive in a swell carriage and pair, sent for us by one of the " millionaires " of the City, a Hindu, a C.I.E., who made the suggestion himself. It is interesting to know he has offered to subscribe for the building of a Christian Church !

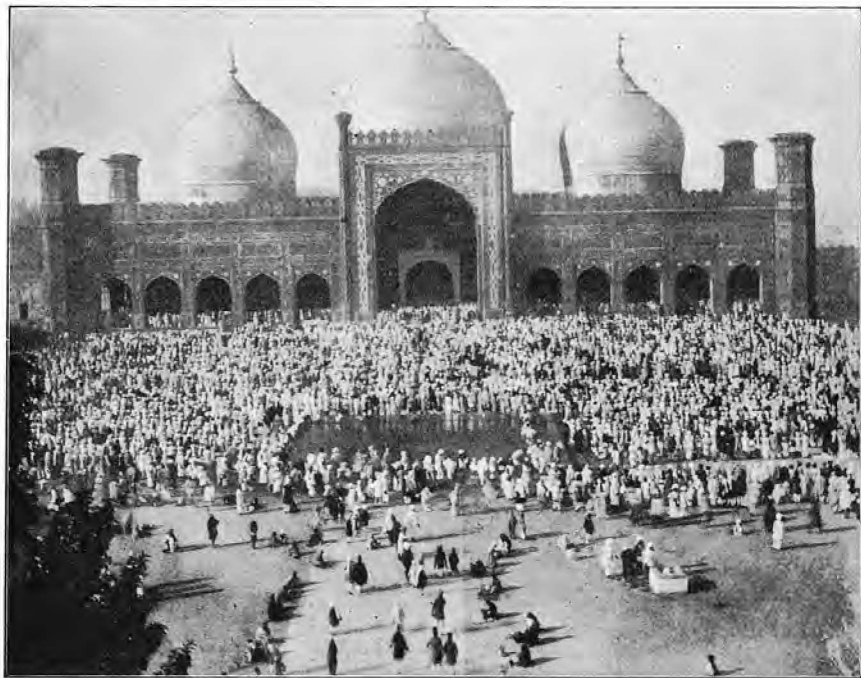
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DELHI.

ON Wednesday I went off to Delhi, finding myself in most comfortable quarters at the Baptist Mission House with the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Thomas, who had kindly invited us when at Agra. Here my sister came in the middle of Thursday night. The first interest was meeting Pundit Janki Nath and Dr. and Mrs. Saul David, the former a Brahmin convert now working with the S.P.G., the two latter both doctors, he conducting the Baptist Medical Mission, and she with a large private practice, and many opportunities for Christian influence. All three had been to the Agra Convention and had been most deeply stirred.

It made me very thankful for the far-reaching results of the Convention, and touched me very deeply. On Sunday morning Mr. Thomas asked me to speak at the Hindustani service, by interpretation of Rev. Joel Waiz Lall, son-in-law of Dr. David. There were over 200 native Christians present—such an inspiring audience—including the girls and boys from their respective schools, and many men and women, some coming from the S.P.G. Mission. One man had walked six miles! Mr. Thomas had asked me to say something about the principles of C.E., and I found that the incident in Mark v. 1-20 was so in keeping with our aims—personal devotion to Christ; service in the home and Church for Christ, the result of the testimony (Mark vi. 55-57)—that I made it the groundwork of the address, and had a good time. Everyone is

so keen, they intend to start one or more societies at Christmas when they always gather together from miles round, for a great "tamasha" (an untranslatable word with the idea of "gathering," "event," "excitement," "party!")



JUMNA MASJID, DELHI. MOHAMMEDAN MEN AT PRAYER.

We found in Mr. Thomas a wonderful guide to the historical interests of Delhi, and very kindly he devoted his time to us, saying it was his Christmas holidays!

The present Delhi is the tenth city of the name, and we drove out to see the ruined remains of several of the

previous cities, representing one long history of rapine and bloodshed. Conqueror after conqueror razed the former Delhi to the ground, and then built his own city, to become in his turn the prey of some stronger power. The people must have lived in constant terror, dominated by these imperious tyrants. It is strange to find the whole countryside covered with tombs, mostly built in the same dome-shaped pattern. The Emperors started the idea, and evidently every man with any pretence to money followed the example. From the architectural point of view, the tomb of Humaion, the father of the great Mogul Akbar, contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth, and built by him, was the most interesting. A marvellously massive structure in sandstone and marble, it is yet so wonderfully proportioned throughout that there is no sense of being overwhelmed. This building shows the ascending architectural skill, of which the Taj Mahal of Agra was the culmination. Massive, strong, satisfying—there it has stood for over 400 years and shews no sign of decay.

We passed thence to another tomb, of later date, the last of the mighty Indian tombs, showing clearly the degeneracy from the architecture of the Taj. I am bringing home photos of the two, the latter being badly proportioned and showing a finicky style, having lost the strength of Humaion's tomb and the wondrous beauty of the Taj.

One most interesting monument is the "Kutab Minar." It is a high column of four tiers with a band of Arabic inscription round each, and celebrates the Mohammedan conquest of India. We have to remember we did not take India from the Indians, but from the

Mohammedan invaders who swept down from the North. It is a striking fact that up to the Mutiny year 1857, there was never even so long a space as ten years when India was not the scene of bloodshed and rapine, whole tribes being completely wiped away, the weaker always the prey of the stronger; but since England took the complete reins of Government and put down the Mutiny, peace and prosperity have prevailed, with the one exception of the Frontier Wars due to the incursions of outsiders. Would that I had memory to recall and time to tell all the stories, anecdotes, and historical events told us by Mr. Thomas, and gathered from his 29 years' experience! We were wonderfully fortunate in having such a guide.

I must close with the MUTINY REMINISCENCES of Delhi, so intimately connected with the names of Sir Herbert Edwardes (whose wife was a member of our Z.B.M.M. Committee) and John Nicholson. We stood by the memorable Kashmir Gate, through which our troops entered for the relief of the City, with its walls still broken down with shot and shell; by the Telegraph Office where the brave young clerk, William Brendish, used the electric wires up to the very last moment, informing the relieving forces of every movement of the mutineers, till obliged to click off the last words "Here they are, I'm off," causing the memorable sentence to be spoken, "The electric wire has saved India"; by the gate of the Powder Magazine, defended to the last moment by eleven men, who were compelled finally to blow it up that the city might be saved, nine of them miraculously escaping. We visited the grave and noble monument to John Nicholson, the

latter one of the strongest and most virile statues I have ever seen, bearing simply the hero's name. It is a remarkable fact that almost every British leader, during these stirring times, was pre-eminently a Christian! Havelock, Lawrence, Campbell, Edwardes, Nicholson, and many another. We climbed to the Memorial Monument with its names of every noted engagement during the Mutiny, and many who had fallen in the fight : we saw the Tower where the women and children awaited the soldier husband and father, and saw only the bullock carts laden with the precious dead, and were forced to escape as best they might. Tragic memories! making one say with heart and soul, "Give peace in our time, Good Lord."

So we brought our Delhi visit to an end and took train in pelting rain for Lahore, and so to Kasur, where I am anticipating a fortnight's rest.

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LAHORE AND KASUR.



LEAVING Delhi at 8.0 in the evening, we arrived in Lahore at 7.45 a.m., and as the storm continued all day we sat over a log fire and talked. By the way, so many of my letters speak of me as "sweltering in heat," whereas it is bitterly cold and I am indulging in furs and hot bottles, for Indian cold is of a strangely piercing quality, hardly felt at home! I was saying yesterday that India is a land which does not know the meaning of the words "medium" and "middle." There is no medium time between the heat and the cold, whether we count it as between night and day, as I experienced at Agra, or between summer and winter. All changes in temperature are sudden. There is little or no medium light—no twilight. There are few or no middle classes: there are just the rich and the very poor, and here it is an interesting fact that the Christian Community is largely supplying India with this great factor in life—a middle class, for the "Sweeper" class are being raised spiritually, morally, and educationally.

The sun soon shone again—and oh! upon what seas of mud. Imagine the result of 48 hours' steady rain upon dust that had been accumulating for three months! My

first business was to inspect the new buildings now in progress for our KINNAIRD CHRISTIAN GIRLS' SCHOOL, with its 141 pupils, 79 being boarders, carried on so efficiently by our two Missionaries, Miss Nathan and Miss Macdonald, M.A., and a staff of 14 teachers. The buildings have been condemned, and now we are compelled to rebuild at a cost of 64,000 rupees, of which Government pays half. My sister and I determined that the *Prayer Room* in the new building shall be a memorial to our dear mother. I have asked Miss Nathan for a complete estimate for building, decorating, and furnishing, telling her I would like to include the whole even to the foundations, and we find about £100 will be needed. I mention this as I believe many of our mother's old friends will like to contribute towards this memorial, in a work which lay so near to her heart. This Prayer Room will be used for the C.E. meetings (for there is a Society in the School), for private prayer, so that girls can go there at any time they wish to be quiet, and for any meetings that may be held at the school. One girl is to be appointed to take charge of the room. We want it to be the most attractive and best used room in the whole building. It was delightful to see all these girls gathered together; and good to say a few words to them, and I certainly found a very vulnerable spot in their hearts by requesting a half holiday for them! It is very interesting to know that some of the girls in the Teachers' Training Class are most earnest in working for the conversion of the younger girls.

I was staying in the Zenana Mission House, the compound of which adjoins the school. Here was

Miss Healey, who has worked for 28 years, and is known and loved for her devoted service for Christ. She and two fellow workers, Miss Green and Mrs. Hanna, have five Biblewomen with them, and I had a most interesting talk with them all, eliciting a good deal of information as to *how* these women did their work—what difficulties they found. All had to be by interpretation, but we had a most animated time. Next morning I visited some Zenanas with Miss Healey and one of the Biblewomen, Mrs. Madad Khan (pronounced Muddud Gkhan), who is a converted Mohammedan, once in full purdah. She is such a fine woman—fine in her physique, fine in spiritual and mental power. They took me to one of the “gullies,” the narrow alleys with which Indian cities abound. So narrow are they that you could easily touch walls on either side with extended arms, whilst the inevitable open drain down the centre, which is found in Indian native streets, makes them most unsavoury, and must be accountable for much illness. They were strange houses to which we went. In some we had to climb high stairways, and entered low doorways opening on to the courtyard with its small rooms around. In one of these, that happened which will always be impressed on my mind. The woman we visited was one of the sweetest, most refined-looking of Indian women, so sad and delicate, and she explained she had been ill ten days. Miss Healey and I sat on the “charpoy,” the native string bed, which is always produced, whilst Mrs. Madad Khan sat on a “mora,” a low, round stool, the woman also squatting on another “mora.”

Very intently she listened whilst they sang and talked, and seemed to be just drinking in the good news. Of course, she wanted to know all about me (I am getting quite accustomed to being described in an unknown tongue, and can quite follow the *sense* of a good deal), and asked some questions. When we rose to go, she moved over to me, and putting her arms right round me, and laying her head on my shoulder, said in Urdu, "Won't you stay with me?" Oh, the warm hearts of these women! How they long for love, and cling to those who shew them love, and tell them of Him who is Love. I just put my arm round her, and felt we were children of the same Father. It warmed my heart. I left for Kasur that afternoon and another beautiful incident came to me. Sam went on to the station beforehand with the luggage, having to see to the sending off of some parcels. When I arrived the luggage was all there in the charge of a man, but no Sam, and yet it was nearly time for the train. On examining the luggage I found one thing missing—my bag which always accompanies me in the train, containing tickets, books, and all necessaries for my journeys. At the same time all Sam's own valuables were there, even to his precious brass vessel, which he always carries for his food. Then I realized that the faithful Sam was clinging to my bag, which he counts as very precious to me, and cheerfully forsook his own! But the time for starting arrived—no Sam.

Fortunately it was only a two hours' journey, and there were two more trains out that night, and he knows the place, so I was obliged to start, leaving instructions for him to follow. At 6.30 p.m. he walked into my room

at Kasur, sure enough with my bag in his hand. He had been delayed in sending off the parcels and arrived five minutes late. Faithful Sam! I had had no book to read on my journey, but this token of the genuineness of his service was worth more than that! By the way, this week he has patched the linen flaps of my "hold all," which had split, as the poor thing gets so crammed and pulled: further, he announces he can develop photos, if I like! Would anyone like me to bring him home for them?



MISS AITKEN.

Kasur! It is good to be here. I am not visiting here officially, for I have come to friends of long standing. Miss Sutherland met me at the station. I am actually here for a fortnight, and have not been sorry to unpack and settle down. There has been much to discuss, much of interest to hear. Monday brought the joy and excitement

of Miss Aitken's return from furlough in England. One can never feel anything but stimulated, exhilarated, and strengthened in Miss Aitken's company.

Do people talk of Mission houses as stagnant, narrow, self-centred? Let them come to Kasur. Look at the ledges round the walls filled with books of the most stimulating kind: poetry here, essays there; novels on this side, theology on that. Listen to the conversation! the political situation at home, social conditions, problems in

work in India, funny stories, laughable experiences, plans for grappling with the needs around, earnest heartfelt words on Bible themes. What language is this they are talking? Urdu? No, indeed, it is only creating the refreshment of the atmosphere of another language, by indulging for a while in a German conversation. And now one of them is quoting a German poem, and another talking of her Greek study.

Miss Aitken and Miss Sutherland have been Missionaries for 27 years and 19 years respectively, yet never have they lost touch with life in any one branch. This is a true Rest House, with refreshment for spirit, soul, and body. Here, too, is Miss Maitland, such a dear Scotch lassie: she has only been here two years, but has made such headway with the language that she has passed her first examinations in both Urdu and Punjabi, and is now able to visit city houses and villages alone with a Bible-woman, and is so keen on the work. A fourth Missionary, coming fresh from Australia, is to arrive here next week.

The story of how these friends came to start work in Kasur would fill a book—I cannot attempt to tell it here. For the first fortnight they lived in a *very* native house in the centre of the city, and it was not till two years had elapsed that they came to this present house, which stands outside the gates in a most favourable situation. It is a very old, quaint house we have renovated, dating back some 300 years. They came as strangers, and the only Europeans; now they are the accepted friends of all in city and village alike. It was the necessity of the village work which brought him here, for INDIA IS A

LAND OF VILLAGES, and in the Punjab out of the 20 million inhabitants, 18 millions are in villages. Many of these villages in the immediate vicinity are now being visited, sometimes by driving out for the day, sometimes by itineration, staying a few nights in various "dak" bungalows, built by Government for the convenience of



SCHOOLGIRLS PREPARING FOOD, KASUR.

Officials or other Europeans needing to spend a night or two there. But as there is a rule that no one may stay in these bungalows longer than two or three days, necessity has arisen for the building of small Rest Houses, containing two or three rooms, where the Missionaries may stay for a month at a time, visiting all the villages within reach. One such has been erected at Valtoha, and just now we are

eagerly discussing another for which money has generously been provided by the Arthington Fund, and which is to be large enough to accommodate a teacher and his wife as well as the Missionary. At Kasur they have also started a small Boarding School for the children of village Christians, and 20 girls are here now. More of them, anon, for I must return to personal details.

HOW DID I SPEND CHRISTMAS? First came the excitement of doing up parcels for the children and others. Some friends at home had provided me with dolls, needle-books, work-bags, pincushions, and all these came in so usefully. The day itself dawned dull and cloudy, but the first words I heard were, "A merry Christmas," said so brightly by the woman who brings my "Chhota hazri" at 7 a.m. She had evidently learned it for the occasion, so I promptly came out with "Merbāni" (blessing!). Next, Sam's voice called from the adjoining bathroom, going one better, "A happy, merry Christmas, Missy." And then in came Miss Sutherland laden with kind remembrances from them all! At 11.0 we all went to the little church built by our Society, for the Hindustani service taken by the native pastor, who belongs to the American Presbyterian Society. About 50 were there, men, women, and children—a little Christian community gathered to celebrate the Birth of the Saviour. It seemed strange to spell out "Hark, the herald angels" as best I could in Roman Urdu, but the spirit and meaning of those words brought the same glad feeling as in the Homeland. In the afternoon the sun came out, and all the girls came to the large stone quadrangle in front of the house for

games, races, and presents. So bright and nice they looked in skirts of various brightly-coloured hues ; some with white chuddars, some blue, one pink, one green, one orange ! Miss Maitland tied up large paper bags filled with pop-corn, which the girls had to knock down with a stick when blindfolded, and then scramble for the



GROUP OF CHRISTIANS, KASUR.

sweets. Races followed—very satisfactory ones, for everyone had a prize ! Then came the presents for the girls, teachers and also servants, and servants' children. I had to distribute them, and on calling for "Solomon," found he was a twelve-month-old scrap in his mother's arms. How the children loved their dolls, especially when it was discovered they went to sleep ! And the

elder ones were every bit as pleased with Psalm books. Every one had their arms full by the time the distribution was finished. We did not lack spectators. Here was the native pastor, his wife and daughter. He had been presented with a red woollen muffler earlier in the day, and now arrived with it swathed round his head as a turban! Here also were villagers who had walked five miles to bring their greetings.

A quiet evening spent in talking over the spirit lamp, which has to do duty in these regions for fire, brought the day to a close—a day when amidst all these doings, many thoughts turned to the dear friends in the Homeland, and many prayers went up for you all.

Sunday brought its anxiety; and I was glad to be able to enter into the trials and care of our Missionary friends as well as their joys and interests. Miss Maitland was down with fever, and we were rather anxious as to how it might turn out, Miss Aitken confiding to me that she feared typhoid; so they sent for the native Government doctor, and it was a relief that he pronounced it nothing serious. I stayed with her instead of going to the Hindustani service (there is no English service here). It was only under great protest that she let me quietly massage her head to relieve the aching. “Fancy a Committee member doing it!” was her exclamation, but she had to submit. It was a great comfort to find her better the next day, though she is not yet fully strong. On Monday I WENT TO VISIT CITY HOUSES with Miss Aitken. How pleased the women were to welcome her back, They positively embraced her, and one could

easily see she was the close and trusted friend of each. Here a woman is proudly showing the baby boy born in her absence; there a girl telling of her illness; here an old bent woman shows her joy at seeing the Miss Sahib; there the little lad comes and lays his arm on her shoulder. "Do you know how I judge whether a new young Missionary will 'do,'" she asks me. "By seeing if she will let the women touch her." "It is the human touch which so often makes way for the Divine touch." And I see it as I go from house to house with this woman of large heart, and strong thought, whom God has sent to the women of India.

To-day I have been with Miss Sutherland to a village a few miles out. To my unaccustomed eyes it seemed as if we were driving across fields, but she knew the track. I had taken my camera, the large one so kindly lent me by Miss Gertrude Kinnaird, and it proved of great service. First we stopped to take a picture of one small village surrounded by palm trees, the grey mud walls and flat roofs gaining a quaint beauty from the peaceful trees. But soon we came to the special village we were to visit, and as we dismounted from the "buck-board," numberless small children in all sorts of picturesque garments came flying to see us, and followed us into the narrow streets. Miss Sutherland went straight to the house of a woman she knows, who has often listened attentively, and was greeted warmly. The first thing was to take a photo! Then the woman's husband, such a picturesque old Sikh, with white beard and white turban came in, and was so pleased that I should photo him and his wife together in their courtyard,

Then suddenly all the women disappeared. I was busy with my camera and never saw the going of them, and when I looked up five or six men were gazing most interestedly on my proceedings, so I showed them again the mechanism of the camera, and Miss Sutherland began to talk with them. We seated ourselves on a charpoy and they all stood round. Such venerable, benevolent, strong-looking faces they had ; three with white beards, and all with the long loose white garments wrapped round them. How they listened ! I could but pray for them, and for Miss Sutherland, and I felt sure by the keenness and earnestness of her tone her message was being given her. They were all Sikhs and " Jats," that is of the farmer class, well-to-do men. She told me after, that one said " We are all coming slowly to know your way." The inevitable questions about me were asked, but the manly mind seemed to turn to questions of finance, and they wanted to know what I had paid to come from England to see them, and then were evidently somewhat taken with the cost of the silk cuffs on my coat.

Leaving this house we went up the street, still followed by the children, till we came upon A WEDDING PARTY in a small quadrangle. We stopped whilst I took two photos, and Miss Sutherland spoke a few direct, clear words about the Divine Love. There must have been over 100 in the crowd, and all listened so quietly. We then found our way to another house, and as we sat on a charpoy inside, woman after woman, child after child, came in and squatted on the floor, whilst Miss Sutherland sang and spoke. I counted 39 there. Such intelligent answers

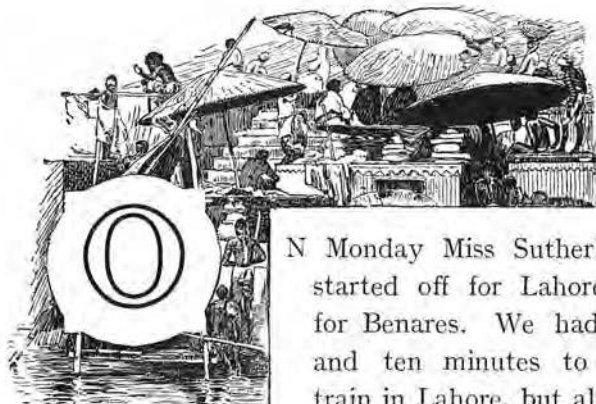
they gave. Such interest they manifested! How those words I heard at the Agra Convention have rung in my ears, as I have looked on these scenes, "None but Christ is worthy of this precious jewel—India, and Christ *shall have it.*" The Kingdom of Christ is coming; and how one thanks God for such devoted, capable messengers as these friends. So I must close! You will all be interested to hear that in one house the women asked Miss Aitken if I was good-tempered! And she answered that we had "lived together for ten days, and had not had a free fight yet." I am inclined to think that a great deal of the success in Kasur work is due to the fact that Miss Aitken and Miss Sutherland have such a complete command of the language that their whole time and attention can be given to the spiritual and moral needs of a conversation. Idiom, illustration, even repartee, are the servants in this high cause. Does anyone ask how I am getting on with the language? Seeing that I am now hearing and learning the third language since I landed two months ago, you will not be surprised to know that I don't talk much yet, though I was quite complimented to hear the school girls here say they could soon teach me! I think this is simply because we have had all sorts of fun together, for as they all chatter their hardest at me, as they cling to any part of my anatomy that comes handy, my only hope is to try to repeat some sort of semblance of any sentence I can catch, which sends them into shrieks of laughter. They are dear girls and always call me "Missa ji," a contraction of "Miss Sahibji," a term of respect. I am learning their names by degrees—such queer ones—Pyari,

Hukmi, Shanti, Nihali, Bucktawer, Jawali, Lacksmi, Maryam. Three years ago these girls could neither read or write. This year 12 out of 13 have passed the Sunday School Union Scripture examination.

So I mark another stage in this wonderful tour. This is my furthest northern point, and on Monday I start for Benares.

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BENARES.



ON Monday Miss Sutherland and I started off for Lahore, *en route* for Benares. We had one hour and ten minutes to catch our train in Lahore, but alas! though the journey was only two hours by rights, we were one hour and 20 minutes late, and had the pleasure of seeing our mail train—the only one in the day—pass us as we waited outside the station! For ourselves we did not mind, as it gave us a day's quiet at the Mission House in Lahore, but there was a special At Home to be given on Tuesday evening in my honour, and I could not arrive till Wednesday afternoon, for it was a 25 hours' journey! We also missed two of the addresses given by the Bishop of Lucknow, for the whole of Wednesday was observed as a Quiet Day. The Bishop remarked to me when we *did* arrive that the At Home was the play of Hamlet, without Hamlet!

However, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the delay enabled me to see Miss Emily Kinnaird in Lahore, she only arriving that morning.

You will remember that the CONFERENCE OF OUR MISSIONARIES was the chief object of the Benares visit, and truly we *have* had a good time. The house was large, and all the Conference meetings were held in the drawing-room, which opens on to the front verandah. Here, seats were arranged in parliamentary style so as to aid discussion.

How our Benares friends had worked! It is no slight matter to sleep 26 extra people, and cater for 52! But they put their best into it, and the results were most satisfactory. There was no store at hand, so friends must be requisitioned, and the Maharajah of Benares headed the list with two tents, the Maharajah of Vizianagram lending mattresses, dressing-tables, washstands, crockery and chair! The C.M.S. people lent chairs, tables, and numerous odds and ends, and the L.M.S. friends their church lamps and sundries!

Some of the rooms were made into dormitories with seven or eight sleeping there, whilst many charpoys found their way on to the verandah. Almost all our Missionaries are accustomed to this open-air treatment! Again I was treated with the utmost kindness, and had a beautiful room to myself.

Several of our Missionaries had to "abide by the stuff," but 42 had mustered, representing every kind of work. In addition we had our Secretaries for the three Provinces with us—Canon Heywood from Bombay, Rev. E. H. Waller of the United Provinces, and Rev. W. Clark of the Punjab; also Mr. E. W. Crump, the Finance Secretary of the United Provinces. All of these are honorary workers, and most helpful.

I was glad to be in time for the last of the three addresses given by the Bishop of Lucknow, a very helpful, encouraging, as well as solemnizing word on "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

We began each day at 8.30 with a Devotional Hour, and these were real seasons of blessing. The work is so great, and the demands on the workers so severe, I felt our thoughts at this early morning hour must be centred on Christ Himself, and Him alone, so we considered Rev. 1 for the three mornings : (1) The man to whom the vision came—his preparation and circumstances. (2) The vision of Christ. (3) The message—write.

Each morning session was 10.15-1.30 ; afternoon 2.30-3.30 ; and there were also committees each day at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0, and 6.0 p.m., and as I had to attend all, I was not out of work !

Everyone gathered promptly for the first session, and within the first five minutes I discovered I was elected as President, and solemnly ascended to the chair, inwardly wondering what the good men would say to this invasion of their supposed hereditary rights ; and let me say at once they were extremely kind and helpful all through, and seemed in no way to resent my intrusion, I on my part endeavouring to show them that women could be pre-eminently business-like !

There were, of course, several technical points and details to be discussed, but the major part of the time given to large and interesting questions such as "Political and educational developments in India. Do they necessitate changes in Missionary methods ?" opened by the

Principal of our Bombay School, Miss Wilson ; “ Young India and the education of girls ; ” “ How to foster a Missionary spirit in our Colleges and Schools ; ” “ The best methods of keeping in touch with our Christian and non-Christian girls, who have left our Schools and Colleges ; ” “ Methods for economy of workers and means,” opened by Miss Kimmins, Principal of our Panchgani School ; “ The prevention of tuberculosis in our Schools and Orphanages,” opened by Dr. Mary Pailthorpe of Almora Hospital. All were deeply interesting, and the last named paper of such value that it was decided to print and circulate it.

In addition to these questions, dealing rather more with principles, we discussed “ Zenana work—its aims and methods, past, present, and future,” and “ Village work.” This last subject was felt to be of vital importance in view of the fact that 90 per cent. of the population of India live in villages !

One terribly sad paper was on “ UNOCCUPIED DISTRICTS OF THE UNITED PROVINCES,” illustrated by a map showing with terrible distinctness the large tracts of land in this British India where its people have never heard the Gospel of Christ. How it stirred our hearts ! How these Missionary friends plead for young lives to be devoted to this cause. It means sacrifice, dear friends—sacrifice such as I never knew until I came to India ; but it is sacrifice worth making for the Love of God. We were meeting in Benares—Benares which I must describe later, sacred city of the Hindus, city of sin indescribable done in the name of religion. Anything is permissible in Benares,

because it is the sacred city. As I walk its streets and see its awful idols, hear of its obscene worship, see the sad unsatisfied countenances of its devotees, there is a feeling of such horror as amounts to almost physical illness. The atmosphere settles on one's very spirit, and reliance on the Mighty God, the God of our Salvation, our Rock, our Refuge, our High Tower, has to be a *very* real thing—we were meeting in Benares, and the appalling need came to us with irresistible force. Copies of this paper, by Miss E. A. Luce, are to be sent to several papers in England, with the prayer that girls of education and devotion may be led to offer for this work.

On Friday afternoon we had five-minute reports from every station, which were deeply interesting, and all the Missionaries felt it helpful to hear of other stations than their own, and so have their horizon widened, for there is a great danger of becoming wholly absorbed in their own particular work, for I am thankful to say each Missionary thinks her own province and own station the best !

Sunday was a very good day. In the morning we all went to the C.M.S. Church, when Canon Heywood preached a special sermon, and we had the Communion Service, which seemed as the seal on all our work of the past days, and the gathering up of all our aspirations and desires. In the evening they asked me to tell of the C.E. Convention—and I didn't know when to leave off ! Twenty of the elder girls of the C.M.S. Normal School joined us then. The day closed with hymn-singing. Almost every Sunday I have sung "The day Thou gavest, Lord," and thought of you, dear friends.

We all felt sad at parting on the Monday morning, but realised that God had been with us, giving a deep spirit of love and unity and wisdom, and blessing us each to the other.

My programme took me to OUR HOSPITAL IN BENARES, to stay two nights and see the work. Some of them were rude enough to laugh when I said, "I am going to start *work* again now," and asked what I had been doing the past four days! But really they have all been *so* kind to me, so considerate in every way, I had almost forgotten it *was* work. Of one thing I am certain—we have the finest band of Missionaries of any Society! Outsiders say the same!

I was to meet Dr. Jessie Gray at the "Chowk"—the centre of the city. Whilst sitting in the "gari" (carriage) waiting, I was able to look round. The streets were mostly filled with men, though a fair number of low caste women were there too, carrying their little ones in the Indian fashion, astride the hip, or heavy burdens on their heads. We were by one of the streets leading straight to the Ganges, and two funerals passed, the bodies covered with a curious kind of cloth, and bound tightly on to a board, carried by four men shoulder high, whilst a procession of men followed, shouting in a sing-song the cry which seems always to be reverberating through this dark city, "Rām! Rām! the true Rām," Rām being the name of one of their chief gods. They were carrying the bodies to the Burning Ghat on the banks of the river, where the funeral pyre is built of wood and the body placed on it, and wood again above. and then set alight, the ashes finally being swept

into the Ganges. To the Hindu there is nothing sacred about the body, the spirit having gone to its re-incarnation, and there is a good deal that is revolting in the manner in which they handle that which is to us a very precious casket. Below the Ghat, the mud is being eagerly sifted by low caste men in hopes of finding gold dust from jewels which have been burnt. Revolting as it is now, what must have been the sights in the days when the widows were burnt with the body! Thank God, British rule has put an end to that!

Miss Gray soon came and we began to thread our way through innumerable narrow gullies, some of which were only a few inches wider than the length of my umbrella. Indian cities are all on this same pattern—a few broad streets, and behind these congested alleys, where the majority of the people live. In most other cities I have visited there is an open drain in the midst of the gully, but Benares is in a better sanitary condition. In these gullies, cocks and hens whom you have disturbed, fly over your head, *or* you may meet one of the sacred Brahminee bulls, *i.e.*, a bull devoted by someone as a sacrifice, which means he is let loose in the city, to go where he likes, and as it is an act of merit to feed him, and none will stay his progress, he becomes distinctly aggressive! There are many of these in every city!

Every few steps we passed a temple—it has been said there are 3,000 in Benares, and oh! the awfulness of the idols—hideous, horrible, revolting, obscene—I can find no word to describe them—some under canopies in the open street, some hidden away in temples which we may not

enter. The streets are crowded with devotees with their little brass caskets of offerings, with which they do "puja" (worship). Many are returning from "puja," and shrink away lest they should touch us and so be defiled: for this they will climb up blocks of stone, retire backwards several steps, or flatten themselves against a wall. One temple—the Cow Temple—we were allowed to enter, and stand on a narrow ledge. It is an awful temple, but we saw men and women, and oh! that I could depict the sad unsatisfied faces, walking round and round the shrine, at intervals bowing their foreheads to the floor, and repeating prayers!

BENARES IS FULL OF SAD SIGHTS, for on the one hand it is the one desire of the devout Hindu to die in the sacred city, and so all the diseased and feeble who can afford come here; and on the other hand it is specially meritorious to give alms, and so lepers, the lame, the maimed, and the blind fill the streets, exposing their sores and deformities to all passers by.

How one thanks God for the chinks of light amid the darkness, such as this Dispensary to which Miss Gray took me, and where twice a week as many as fifty women will gather for medical aid, whilst an Indian Biblewoman sings to them as they wait, and tells them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. How eagerly they listened, and one wondered how much they understood. Two other Dispensaries are also held twice a week, one at our Victoria Hospital with over 100 patients, and one at Moghal Sarai, an out-station ten miles away, with also over 100 patients.

The Hospital itself, with its 50 beds, one English

doctor, two Indian assistants, one English nurse, and 11 native nurses, is really splendid. For the year there have been 624 in-patients, whilst 14,151 women have passed through the three Dispensaries. We have also an English Evangelist who gives her whole time to ministering to the patients, sympathizing and teaching of the things of Christ. At the present moment there are five women



ZENANA HOSPITAL, BENARES.

in the Hospital definitely desiring to know Christ. Our nurse here is Miss Pearse, eldest daughter of Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. They were bent on making my stay with them healthful. I was sent to bed for an hour in the middle of the day, and brought into the regulation *one* set of tennis they have after tiffin. Tennis in India is a luxury, for three men are there to pick up every ball!

I was now to return to see the BENARES ZENANA WORK. Our Missionaries here are Miss Johnson Smyth and Miss Mathews, with a band of fourteen teachers, all the latter with one exception being converts. Eleven live in the house, four of these having each a child with them, and those mites, two girls and two boys, make the compound merry with their laughter. Eight of these teachers are engaged in the three Schools carried on in three different centres in the city, one for Bengali, two for Hindustani children.

How I would like you to see these teachers! Strange histories were behind most of them. On Sunday afternoon, they sat on the floor all round me and told so simply how Christ had come to their lives, and they had learnt to know and love Him. They told too of special answers to prayer in their lives, and how God was using the Word in School and Zenana. The children were very sweet, and everybody laughed when Miss Johnson Smyth told all the children to go to their mothers, and little Benjamin would go to no one but me! Later in the day he asked his mother if he might come with me altogether, but had repented by the next day when I left! There is a "Prayer Room" in the house, such as we have in all our Schools and Orphanages, and here especially there was just one atmosphere of prayer. So only *could* they do their work in Benares, this stronghold of heathenism, where the very air seems tainted, and the depths of wickedness are practised under the name of Religion. Pray for those women, that they may be filled with power and the Holy Ghost.

I visited all three schools. The Bengali School is

a house admirably adapted for the 150 children who attend, and I marvelled as I heard them repeating their Scripture lesson, and answering so intelligently the questions I asked—marvelled their parents *let* them come. “We always pray to God,” said one child of 12 years, “but we have to do ‘puja’ (worship) to the gods, else our parents would beat us.” But how much they are learning of God! It always moves me more than I can say to hear these heathen children singing of God and His Christ, and one feels the seed sown so faithfully must bring forth fruit. The school building touches five heathen temples!



The Hindustani Schools were smaller, but none the less interesting. These brown girlies look so sweet in their bright many-coloured saris and skirts, and their many jewels. Women are employed to take them to and from school, for no little girl is safe alone in the streets of Benares!

And now I was TO VISIT A ZENANA—and it proved to be the worst I have ever been in. Imagine a narrow gully, a rickety wooden door with a chain with which Miss Johnson Smyth banged to announce our approach. Stepping from under a low verandah we found ourselves in a dark stone courtyard, which was evidently used for cattle as well as human beings, and was most evil smelling. We dived under a doorway and were confronted by some very steep, narrow stairs, up which we clambered,

emerging on to a narrow gallery which ran in a square surmounting the courtyard below, *very* small rooms lying behind it. From one of these came a very sweet-looking woman, and we all "salaamed." Then she asked us into the room, bringing stools for us to sit on. I could then look round. All round the walls (the room could not have been more than ten feet by eight feet) were hung the most hideous Hindu pictures, some literally repulsive. Through an opening I saw a shrine and a god of red wood, with the morning's offerings before it.

The woman then seated herself on the ground, and talked in a most friendly way. I was only the second European she had ever seen, but she was a perfect lady, and made none of the personal remarks one gets elsewhere, for this was one of the *rich* houses of Benares! Her heart went out very much to Miss Johnson Smyth, for her baby boy was almost at death's door, and by her advice to use Malted Milk, had been restored wonderfully, and actually this high caste Hindu woman came and laid him in her arms! Otherwise she herself would not dare to touch us. So bigoted was this woman at one time that she sent a message to say her little girl, who attends our School, was not to be taught of Jesus; to-day she asked for a "bhajan" (hymn), and said, "My little girl sings that when I am doing my puja!" Very dark and ignorant are these hearts, but surely Christ counts many of His own amongst them.

THE RIVER! THE SACRED GANGES! It is 7.30 in the morning, and Miss Johnson Smyth and I are sitting on a boat being rowed slowly by the banks, which are filled

with men and low caste women, bathing and doing "puja." On the banks sit priests, protected by huge umbrellas, taking pice (money) from every bather and prescribing the prayers to be said. Very varied was the attitude of the bathers, some young men regarding it very lightly, others seemingly wrapt in devotion, saying their beads



THE GHATS, BENARES.

with the one endless repetition of "Sita, Rām," "Sita, Rām"—Rām being the chief god, and Sita his goddess. Here was one poor woman standing nearly up to her shoulders in the water, dipping from time to time; here a lad kneeling on a plank with eyes tightly closed; here an old man drinking the water, or pouring it out as a libation; here were the business men bathing for custom's

sake ; here a "rani" (queen) in her house boat, curtains surrounding the planks from which she might bathe unobserved. It was a strange, moving sight, and one's heart was touched to the core. How one longed for the coming of the Light.

It is 10 a.m., and we are in the train for Moghal Sarai, a town ten miles distant, where Miss Mount is working. We are in a third class Zenana carriage, for I want to see the women.

Opposite sits a woman closely veiled in her "bourkha," the long white covering with only slits for the eyes. She looks almost frightened, until we leave the station, and she lifts it to look at us, and enters into conversation. At the next station 10 or 12 women with bundles *ad lib.*, press in. Amongst them two Nepalese women. The face of one is imprinted on my memory, as she talked to Miss Johnson Smyth. Let me tell you something of the conversation as it was translated to me after. "I have travelled," she said, "for four days and nights to do puja, to *see the vision*; but I have no rest in my heart, and now I return." Then the Missionary told of Him who came to give rest to the weary, and as she listened, the woman said, "Write down His Name for me. I would like to lay it on my heart." And the Name was written, "Jesus Christ our Redeemer," and then "God so loved the world" in full.

We had reached our station, and must part, but the precious paper was safely put away. Oh, friends! water the seed by prayer. No missionaries are allowed in Nepal!

The family at MOGHAL SARAI consists of four

Teachers and Biblewomen, one teaching a little village School, the others visiting in Zenanas and villages. Such preparations as had been made for my coming! "Welcome" hung over the gateway, and inside were long chains of coloured paper, whilst all were in holiday attire! Breakfast was the first thing—for here it is nothing not to have your breakfast till 11.0 or 12.0! Then followed a wonderful Prize-giving and Entertainment. The children, little ragged, jungli children, had been there since 8 a.m. in anticipation. The whole programme was in the hands of the native teacher, and she did marvels with this very raw material. They even tried a kind of drill, but as it takes infinite patience to teach an Indian child the difference between the right and the left hand, the result was distinctly comical. Oh, that you could have seen them—about 20 of them in a small verandah, with a crowd of mothers, grandmothers, and *great*-grandmothers looking on with amazement at the wonders being performed by the rising generation! They said it would be the talk of the town for days! The function concluded by my taking everybody's photo!

We had a quiet afternoon. Would that I could transmit some of the brightness and earnestness that simply radiates from Blanche Mount, who lives here all alone with these teachers! But one thing I can tell. We were talking of the need of new workers, and I mentioned that our great difficulty at home was the lack of funds—that we *had* at least *one* worker waiting to come. "Blanche," said Miss Johnson Smyth, "can't you and I be responsible for her salary for this year at any rate if only they will

send her out?" And then we three prayed about it, that God would show His will, and as we rose, they said, "We can see our way to the money." Oh, these *are* Missionaries indeed! Their earnestness humbles me to the ground. They are just giving their own selves!

So my Benares visit came to an end, with strangely mingled feeling in this land of contrasts!

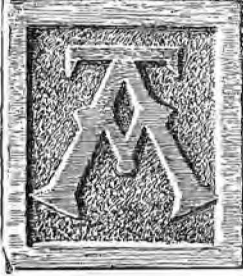
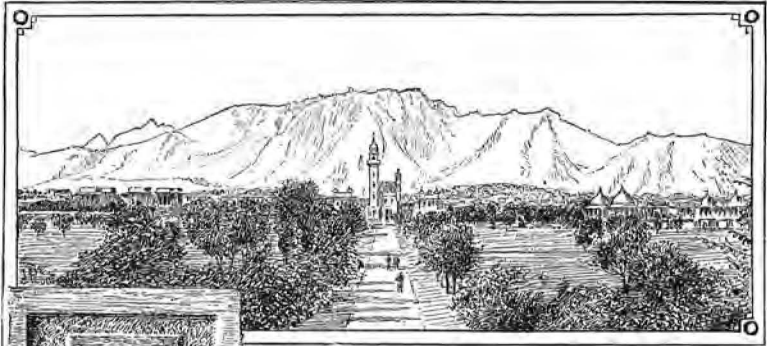
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GORAKHPUR.

IT is the most beautiful station I have visited, but alas! now devastated by plague, and the work is therefore almost entirely closed. But I saw our Missionaries, Miss Powell and Miss Booth, and the 14 teachers, and had an interesting talk with the latter, learning all their names, and trying to say a word of encouragement. In the evening we had a drive into the jungle, and it was so sad to see the many grass huts by the roadside erected by those who had fled from the city where many were dying daily. They made my two days' stay *very* pleasant, and it was worth the 20 hours spent in the train for a 36 hours' visit! That is, 20 hours for 120 miles! Such is Indian travelling!

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ALLAHABAD.



ALLAHABAD was a great contrast. It is a large and beautiful city, with hundreds of European inhabitants, and quite a number of English Churches of several denominations.

Here, too, I was in the land of mosquitoes again, and now to the end of the chapter it will be, Buzz! Fight! Bite! or, Buzz! Fight! Squzz! according to which of us gets the victory!

At Allahabad I was in quite a different work, for here we have our Shaftesbury Home, with its faithful "Mother," Miss Fallon, who has worked here 18 years, having been out 35 years. Any woman who has to leave her home for the faith's sake comes here, and is trained for two or more years, and then, if suitable, goes out as a nurse or Biblewoman. Many cannot read well, and I saw women of all ages learning the three R's as well as having Bible teaching.

The first morning they stood against three sides of a large room to be introduced to me—a glad sight! There were mothers and children, old and young, looking so bright and fresh and glad, and so responsive to the few words I said, and especially happy when I asked for my



TOPSY AND HEMO, CONVERTS AT ALLAHABAD.

favourite bhajan “Yishu Masih,” which I quite hope to be able to sing to you on my return!

In asking Miss Fallon about the converts, she told me five-sixths were wholly satisfactory, and were doing well everywhere. Alas! one in six has been proved to have low motives, and has gone back. But is not the

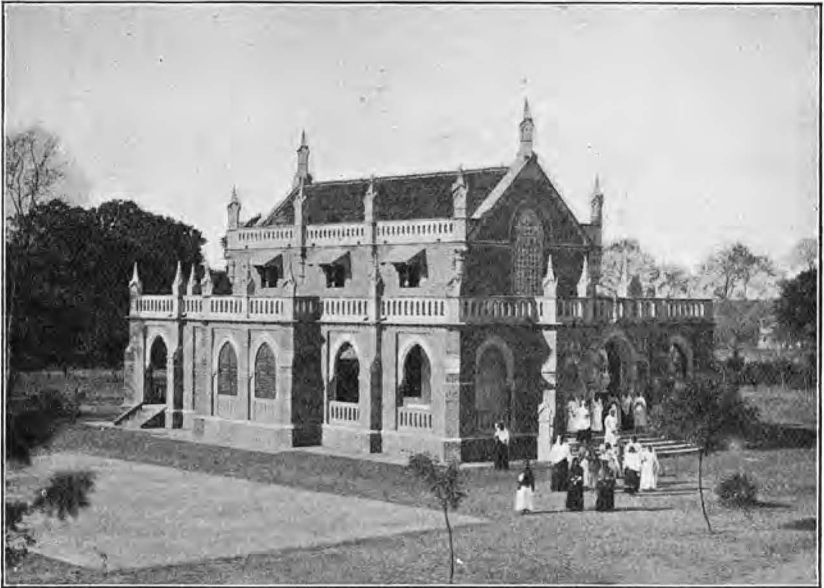
work well worth while for the sake of the many who are saved!

A wonderfully interesting party gathered to meet me in the afternoon—about 26 Indian Christian ladies, some teachers, but several living in their own homes. Several understood English, so we had quite a good time, and three or four sang to us. It was *very* moving to hear one lady, dressed so beautifully in a pale blue silk dress and chuddar embroidered with gold, sing so sweetly “Let the Saviour in.” She told me after, she had been brought up in our Girls’ School at Lahore, and knew and loved my sister. As I spoke to them I felt here was indeed the beginning of Christ’s Kingdom in India. If we can influence the homes, we shall touch the heart of the nation.

Just near Allahabad is the Christian village of Muirabad, built on ground given by Sir William Muir to the Christians who stood so bravely in Agra during the Mutiny. About 500 are here with their own Church, Pastor, School, and all the usual Church activities. The houses mostly stand in terraces, each with its own garden. Here I was invited to a Band of Hope Treat, given by an Indian lady at her own house, to the 56 children who are members of her Band. It *was* interesting! They had tea under the trees, then games, and then I presented toys to everyone, given by Mrs. Tobit herself!

In addition to the Converts’ Home we have Zenana work, carried on by Miss Laura Brutton so faithfully and well, whilst her twin sister, Miss Alice Brutton, works with Miss Meta Smith at the Lady Muir Memorial Training School, of which Miss de Selincourt is the Principal. She

is now at home, but is expected back this year. Beautiful buildings they are, erected by Sir William, in memory of Lady Muir, both of them being members of our Committee. It is for the training of superior Indian girls, and is a two years' course. In addition to their theoretical studies, the



LADY MUIR MEMORIAL HOME, ALLAHABAD.

girls do practical teaching at the Muirabad and another School, and go out once or twice a week into the villages with a Missionary, thus learning evangelistic work. We hope great things from this Institution, though at present it is not being used so much as we should like. In addition there is a short six weeks' training course once or twice

a year for nurses, teachers, and Biblewomen, and many profit greatly by this.

In Allahabad I had MY FIRST BIT OF REAL MISSIONARY WORK. Miss Smith took me to see a great Hindu Mēla or Fair, being held on the banks of the Jumna. Many were bathing and returning chanting "Sita, Rām"; many pilgrims were encamping to do full "puja," but my attention was specially directed to an old Fakir, sitting cross-legged on a bed of spikes! We went near to him. He was painted yellow from head to foot, and wore very little clothing, but looked distinctly venerable with his long white hair.

"Surely he is blind!" I exclaimed. And to my astonishment a voice said, "Yes, I am blind," in perfect English. My heart gave quite a leap, and we began to talk, and he told me he had been sitting on the spikes for 16 years, but that in one more year his vow would be accomplished, and he would leave this bed. He added it did not now hurt him at all! that he rose from it for his food and for sleep! I asked him why he sat there, and he said, "To get favour with the gods." And then—I tried to preach Jesus. How the old man listened, and never questioned nor argued, but as I repeated "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and other texts, he said with emphasis, "*All sin!*" "*believeth!*"

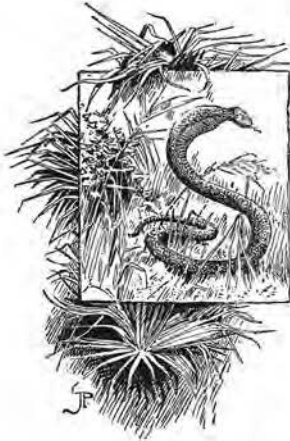
By this time a crowd had gathered, and he said to me in a low voice, "Send these men away"—and I felt that could we have been alone he would have spoken more, but I was powerless, and could only give the message, and pass on, for the crowd was growing too great. But

many a prayer have I put up for him, as I thanked God for the opportunity.

Such is the record of these days! They are strenuous beyond anything I imagined, but it is all wonderful.

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SULTANPUR.



SULTANPUR was my next move, a four hours' journey. Miss Luce, our senior Missionary, was at the station to meet me, and we were soon driving through the pretty little town to the Orphanage where she has worked for over 20 years. Arrived at the Bungalow, her co-worker, Miss Hamling, and Miss Owston, who is a Zenana worker, were awaiting, and we were soon seated at tiffin. Then I was told they were having a great "tamasha" that afternoon, partly in my honour, partly for Miss Luce who has only recently returned from furlough! Outsiders had been invited, and punctually at 4 o'clock I saw a very grand carriage coming up the path. There was an outrider with a red coat, carrying a be-ribboned lance! Two men in red livery sat on the box of the carriage, and two in blue stood behind, whilst inside was seated the Rajah of the district, a Hindu gentleman, who had driven ten miles to be present at this festive occasion! A cap embroidered in gold was his only distinctive dress. The next arrival was the Deputy Commissioner of the district, a Mohammedan, who drove 18 miles in his motor to be

present. The other visitors were the English doctor, his wife and daughter, they being the only other English residents in the station.

We all walked into the School Compound, and found the 80 orphan girls awaiting us, a Maypole being erected in the centre. They *did* look pretty! All the elder ones had pink cotton skirts and jackets, and white chuddars, whilst the tinies had pink frocks and white pinafores. Add to this the brown faces, arms, and bare legs and feet, and brilliant Indian sunshine, and you have a picture to thrill any heart! It was delightful to see the precision of their drilling, as the elder ones went through several exercises with dumbbells, etc., and the tinies sang their Kindergarten songs, and played their games. To any who appreciate the inaccuracies of Indian life, and the hereditary lassitude of India's women, this will appear a greater feat than to those who will only think of these girls in the light of the gymnastic displays seen so often at home. Here it is nothing short of a miracle, and it is almost all due to the wonderful training of Miss Hamling, who has laboured with unceasing patience.

After the drilling the audience retired for tea under the trees. We discussed several topics during tea with the Indian Deputy Commissioner—an Industrial Exhibition he was organizing for the city; the comet; favourite watering-places in England, specially Cromer and Mundesley; the attractiveness of Cambridge from the University standpoint.

But the festivities were not at an end. As soon as it was dark we were summoned to the Sessions Bungalow,

where a platform had been erected, surrounded by plants and greenery of every kind, and the girls marched in to martial strains played on an American organ, and stood in solid rows facing each other, sideways to the audience. Very tasty hand-painted programmes were given us, done by Miss Hamling and the girls, and we found we were to be favoured with a variety of songs, some in Urdu, some in English, mostly speaking of the beauty of nature, the coming of the Spring, the gladsomeness of birds, and trees, and flowers. Then one of the children appeared as the Fairy Queen, attended by six little elves dressed in green, and sang other songs, whilst a Christmas tree was lighted behind the platform. It was a very pretty sight, and the children were so simple and natural. One felt that these Indian gentlemen must have contrasted this sight with the seclusion and narrow, joyless lives of the girls growing up under the system of their false religions, and I wondered how far their hearts responded when the songs wandered quite naturally from telling of the beauties of nature to extolling nature's God, and spoke of His call to the children—"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

There was one special excitement during the evening, when the Fairy Queen stepped forward and presented Miss Luce and me each with a cardboard box. Hers contained silver napkin ring and cruets; mine six handkerchiefs, beautifully worked in a variety of patterns by the elder girls. It was touching to hear that for the purchase of Miss Luce's present, the girls had begged to be allowed to go without meat for a month, but Miss Hamling

had restricted them to two days. "God save the King!" and then three cheers for Miss Hamling, brought this most successful tamasha to a close, leaving one free to get among the children, which I dearly love doing! They just cluster round one, some seizing a finger, some stroking your arm, some examining your watch chain, all chattering hard, and saying "Miss Sahibji" in such winning tones, and laughing so heartily at one's ineffectual efforts to pronounce their names in answer to the question "Kya nám, hai" (What is your name?)

The next day was devoted to seeing the School work, from the seven tinies in the Kindergarten room who insisted that I should have blocks and do as they did, to the sixth standard girls with their intricate Arithmetic and most creditable English Grammar. Most of the classes met in the verandah. Greatly did I enjoy their responsiveness, too, as I spoke (by interpretation) at their morning prayers. In addition to the School work, the girls do all their own cooking and needlework. Most of them go out to become the wives of Christian men, thus helping forward the Indian Christian Community.

ONE OTHER INCIDENT before I leave Sultanpur! A message came for Miss Owston that a Mohammedan girl whom she is teaching to read, was dressed in her best garments, had put on all her jewels, and would like the Miss Sahib to come and see her! So we sallied forth! The house was an English-looking bungalow, and we were ushered into the central room. There was a table in the centre, and the whole of the rest of the room taken up with large cane chairs placed in three circles, everything

thick with dust! Soon the purdah (curtain) was pushed aside from one of the doors, and the jingling of anklets announced the coming of the lady. She was a sweet-



looking girl of about 18, dressed in a light pink silk bodice (which, by the way, she asked me to fasten for her) and the very wide pantaloon skirt which is the fashion of the district. Each trouser leg was three yards wide, or more,

at the bottom, deftly gathered up in the hand and tucked into the waist! A most uncomfortable method, to my uninitiated ideas! This was of a rich brocaded silk with a parti-coloured trimming which she told us had cost a large sum. She next wanted me to admire her jewellery, which is always the repository of a woman's wealth here. There were five or six heavy gold necklaces, eight earrings in each ear, large nose-rings, massive circlet on the brow, and at least fifty bracelets on each arm extending above the elbow, and many anklets in addition. She assured us she had many more still! And this show was practically the one and only enjoyment of her life! Miss Owston suggested she would like me to take her photo, and she was immensely pleased. But alas! stern fate interposed in the person of her husband, a good-looking youth of about 20, and her uncle, in whose presence she had immediately to veil her face, both of whom said "We are Mohammedans. It is not our custom to do this, and we cannot allow it." Poor girl! She was so disappointed, and gave me such a beseeching look as Miss Owston left the room with the uncle, that, being unable to speak to her, I felt I could but put my arm round her and give her a kiss of sympathy.

When will this talk of "custom" give place to freedom of thought and a natural, healthy enjoyment of the life God has given?

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JAUNPUR.

JAUNPUR was my next halting place, where I arrived at 11.30 p.m. to find Mrs. Barr, the head of our *Industrial Home* here, awaiting me. A three-mile drive brought us



LADY MUIR TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL HOME, JAUNPUR.

to the Bungalow and Home Buildings. To this home are sent girls and women from our various Orphanages and other Institutions who are not up to the standard for Teachers and Biblewomen, and who are taught here

industries according to their capacities. The occupations are very varied, including drawn-thread work, shadow-work (a specimen of which they gave me in the form of a cushion cover,) embroidery, for those who are deft with their fingers; for others, weaving, making of dusters, braid-binding; for others, making of chutney and curry powder—all of these commodities commanding a ready sale both here and at home, so that in time we hope the Home will be self-supporting. This is a Home, too, for the maimed and injured in life's battle, who would otherwise be neglected and outcast: two women are blind, being taught to spin the cotton for the weaving; others are lame, whilst many are morally lame and halt and blind. "I keep them happy and well occupied," says Mrs. Barr, "and this keeps them out of mischief." In addition to the industrial work each girl has three hours a day of Bible training and School work. I had a very good time talking to them one morning (by interpretation).

Of course there was another "tamasha." All the Indian Christian women of the city were invited to a "tea"—not such as you would enjoy, dear friend, the dishes looking, to my mind, extremely curious—and the station ladies came to meet them, we having such a tea as suited our palates. After, we all adjourned into the compound, where all mingled freely in games; several played badminton, and I joined the merry party who were playing "Nuts and May" (in Urdu) and "Two's and Three's." The Indian girls can run! but they are not much good at pulling, which, by the way, is a fairly good illustration of their character generally.

Next day I drove over to THE ZENANA HOUSE AND HOSPITAL on the other side of the city. Our Zenana Missionaries, Miss Price and Miss Cheshire, live in one of the prettiest bungalows I have seen, and that afternoon it was thronged with happy little Indian girls and boys, for over 100 children from their three city schools were gathered there for their treat and prize-giving. How bonny they looked with their bright-coloured saris and jewels glittering in the sun! How the anklets tinkled and jingled as they ran their races! How pleased they were with the tiny toys given to the winners! And oh! how one's heart sank as one thought that in a year or two all this happy freedom would be at an end, and the simple, happy days of childhood exchanged for the rule of the mother-in-law, and the constant seclusion of the Zenana. Some of them already had the long red paint mark down the front parting of their glossy black hair, indicating they were married, but not as yet living under their husband's roof.

The memory of these children is marvellous. Two girls of about ten years of age, repeated the Hundred Texts printed by the Irish Church Missions, giving chapter and verse for each text, without a single mistake. Another class gave us the Multiplication Table from ten-times to twenty-times without a stop! This memory gift is the Missionary's great hope, for once she leaves school the girl may never again hear the name of Christ, but the word of Life will be forever stored in her mind.

JAUNPUR HOSPITAL IS IDEAL! It is quite small, having only nine beds, being built in memory of Miss Ballard,

a member of our Committee, and everything is exquisitely kept. At present we are unable to spare an English doctor, but we have a resident Indian Medical Assistant, an English Sister, Nurse Creighton, and four native nurses and compounders, whilst Miss Gray, our Benares doctor, comes over once a fortnight to superintend, the Indian doctor being under her. A dispensary is held every day, sometimes nearly a hundred attending. Either Nurse Creighton or the Indian staff nurse tells the "good news" to the women as they wait their turn to see the doctor, and everywhere I have been struck with the responsiveness of these poor women. Here many come from the villages round, and carry back the message of life to their friends!

On Sunday afternoon I greatly enjoyed Evening Prayer in the little Church. I think the entire English community were there, the prayers being very reverently read by the Collector (the Chief Magistrate of the district), and the lessons by the doctor. This is one of the Collector's duties, assigned by Government in the absence of a Chaplain, and one was thankful for this outward recognition of God in this land.

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PATNA.

A SIX-HOURS' journey now took me to Patna. I had to pass through Benares again, and there Miss Johnson Smyth and Miss Mathews met me at the station with a



DR. GRACE MACKINNON AND SMALL PATIENT.

mysterious basket, and announced their intention of coming with me to Moghal Sarai, where Miss Mount would meet us, and then I discovered this was a tiffin basket packed with all sorts of good things which they subsequently

spread in the waiting-room! A right good time we had. The Missionaries are good to me!

At Patna I was going to our Hospital, and Dr. Effie Stilwell, our Australian doctor, whom I did not know before, was at the station, and with her an old friend of Regent's Park Chapel days, Rev. J. Hasler, who is B.M.S. Missionary here. We had a four-mile drive through endless rows of shops! Patna is one of the oldest cities in Bengal, and is famed for its Educational Institutions. It is just thronged with students of all grades, and it is said that most of the sedition in Bengal is hatched in Patna. Would that Christian hostels might be built here as at Benares! Only too little work is being done amongst them, and there is an immense field for influence for Spirit-filled men of culture and learning.

Our Staff here consists of Dr. Stilwell (who is an Australian), Dr. Cockburn (who is a Canadian), Sister Jessie Grant, and Miss Spackman, the Hospital Evangelist. I hardly knew any of them previously, but we were soon the best of friends, and I heard they had been speculating whether I would accept or condemn the tea-drinking which is so great a feature of the Indian commissariat.

The Hospital was a good deal like our other larger Hospitals, and is doing a work for which one is devoutly thankful. It is known in the city by the name of the "Teek," which means "The All-right place," such a profound belief have the people in the "Doctor Miss Sahibs," and indeed they have been able to effect wonderful cures.

The first morning was spent in going round the Hospital with Miss Stilwell, and discussing various improvements

and additions. You would be quite astonished at the



DR. EFFIE STILWELL, PATNA.

sage remarks that can emanate from a "lay-mind" after experience (for two days at a time) of four other Hospitals!

It always has been the principle of our Society to have our work on the best possible basis. We believe in fully-qualified doctors, well-equipped Hospitals, certificated teachers, thorough training in our Schools. Mission work and workers must be the very best of their kind. Christianity must not be clothed in drab, with rents and tears, but be shown to these people with an attractiveness, strength and grace, which shall reveal something of the character of Him whom we would exalt. But the money for these needs is not always forthcoming. As I meet with these Missionaries and see the devotion of their lives, and how they are giving of themselves to the uttermost, I ask myself again and again if we at home are supporting them to the uttermost by our prayers and gifts. There ought not to be the strain there is out here. Cannot we at home do more to ease the burden, and give our fellow workers here the equipment which would mean much relief of care and anxiety!

In the afternoon there was a Y.W.C.A. MEETING in the drawing-room of the Hospital Bungalow. It was one of the monthly Bible Readings held at various houses, the members being almost entirely Eurasian ladies. About 16 were gathered there, and we had a good time. It was a privilege to speak to them, for I am feeling strongly that we ought more and more to rouse the interest and quicken the spiritual perceptions of those who are "country born." They have been all too greatly decried in past years, with the well-known description "inheriting the evil of both races!" Has not the time come for Christians to refuse to listen to this, and believing that the talents

and graces of both races may also have been inherited, see in these people a great hope for the future blessedness of this land ?

Mr. and Mrs. Hasler dined with us in the evening, and we talked over old times, until it was time to go to rest ! To rest ! did I say ? Yes ! it was going to be quite possible, as for this night I should be free from the kind attentions of the "Chowkidar," this being a two-storied bungalow, such as I have only seen here and at Benares Hospital, and my bedroom was upstairs, a huge room with four doors opening on to the verandah, my bed with its mosquito curtains looking absolutely lost in the centre of the room. Indian beds—generally native charpoys, that is, string beds on which everyone puts their own bedding—are almost always in the centre of the room, so as to be under the punkah, and get every breath of air available. But who is the "Chowkidar ?" He is the night watchman, who with lantern and stout stick is supposed to keep watch all night that no burglars or other undesirable people approach. On the principle, "set a thief to catch a thief," he is always of the thief caste. At first I was concerned at the bad coughs these men always seemed to have, and then I was told it is the rule for a chowkidar to cough every ten minutes or so to show that he is awake ! At other intervals during the night he has to shout and give a cry which is really a prolonged howl. If this happens to be given just outside your door, it is of course very interesting in the middle of the night. But really it is extraordinary how much one may become accustomed to !

The next morning I sallied forth to see the Hospital

patients and the Dispensary, which is held four times a week at the Hospital, and twice a week in the city. In one of the wards I found Miss Spackman singing and talking to the patients, so joined her, and soon other patients, who were well enough to be about, and some of their relatives (for every patient has one or more relatives with them), came round, and I talked to them, Miss Spackman translating. They were so attentive, and one felt that many of these hearts were opening to the Love of God. In the Dispensary a crowd of about 50 women were waiting to see the doctor, all sitting on the floor, native fashion, and here again I was able to give a message. They were wonderfully quiet, and seemed just to drink it in, giving many a responsive gesture.

You have heard of the difficulty of persuading these women as to the difference between lotion (external) and medicine (internal). They are also never satisfied unless there is something to drink, and on this morning one old lady was *most* indignant because she had only an eye lotion. At the top of her voice she expostulated, until, with a wicked twinkle in her eye, Miss Spackman told her to go and complain to the "other Miss Sahib," indicating me! Sure enough she came and stood before me and poured out the vials of her wrath afresh. Many of the younger women saw the joke and laughed immoderately! All I could do was to point to her eyes and then to the medicine, and try to soothe her by smiles and a pat on her shoulder! But oh, the expression on her face!

That afternoon I visited the Library, said to be one of the finest in the world. Here I saw chiefly most

wonderful and beautiful specimens of the Koran, all in manuscript, some beautifully illuminated, all intensely interesting. We spent a cosy evening sitting round a delightful wood fire, the Indian lady doctor who is assistant to Miss Stilwell and Miss Cockburn joining us. I fear I omitted to mention her before. She is a sweet and clever girl, and a great help in the work, spiritually as well as medically. She had been out that afternoon and brought me a basketful of the Indian toys for which Patna is famed, and also a book of views. I think I appreciated these gifts from my Indian sisters more than anything.

So my Patna visit drew to a close, for I was to leave at 5 a.m. next morning for a four-mile drive to catch the Panjab mail at 5.51 for my 36 hours' journey. To Calcutta? No! For I was to entirely break through my itinerary, though regretfully to miss seeing Calcutta. But the work had been fairly strenuous, and with another Conference before me at Bombay, March 7th to 10th, and other stations to be visited in Western India, I felt it was wise to think of taking a real rest. So, in response to a telegram from Miss Aitken and Miss Sutherland, "Advise coming here for rest," I am gravitating back to Kasur! The work that had been planned was all accomplished in the United Provinces, so now I am resting for a little.

* * * * *

VALTOHA.

THE story of the ten days' rest spent in the district with Miss Sutherland would fill a book! It has been so good to see THE EVERYDAY OF A MISSIONARY'S WORK in some of these Indian villages.

By 10 a.m. a bullock cart stood before the Kasur house that Tuesday morning, and was soon laden with our belongings, *i.e.*, personal requirements for ten days—books, bedding, stores, crockery, cooking utensils. I took a photo just as it started carrying with it the man who was to do our cookery, etc., and the "grasscut," the man who was responsible for getting the food for our horse, for Miss Sutherland and I were to drive in her American "buck-board," drawn by her little brown horse "Ranee." We started at 2 p.m. for our 12-mile drive to Valtoha, a village where we have a Rest House containing three rooms and a cook-house. It was a pleasant drive partly by the side of a canal, on a private road, for the gates of which the key is only given to Canal Officials and Missionaries!

Arrived at Valtoha, we found the bullock cart, and set to work to make the place habitable for the night. There was a great sweeping and dusting, and unstrapping of bedding. This done, and having refreshed ourselves with a cup of tea, we sallied forth into the village, where there are a few Christians amongst the "sweepers" (that is the "out-castes" of this land). Passing by the mud walls of the village, meeting bullocks and buffaloes on every hand, we found our way to the house of the native

catechist who lives here. It was a mud house like all the rest, and we were soon seated on a charpoy in the little courtyard, with a goat chained up in one corner. Matting was spread on the ground, and in a very few minutes a congregation of about 50 people, men, women, and children, were seated on the ground before us, whilst Miss Sutherland spoke to them on the responsibility of the Christian life, and encouraged them to follow on to know the Lord. Some repeated texts, and we had prayer.

You ask what these people were like. Not very attractive looking, not with the highest intelligence, and yet God is evidently calling out some of these to know and love Him, and be His witnesses, and it was good to be the means of bringing them a little encouragement in their Christian life.

Next morning we were off early for our drive of 15 miles, along what seemed to be a decidedly rough road, though it was nothing to what the Missionaries are accustomed. It was A DRIVE FULL OF INCIDENT. First our syce (the coachman who rides behind the "gari" to shout to all the bullock carts and people to "save" themselves—a most necessary proceeding, as everything and everybody chooses the centre of the road!) called out that two men were running after us! Miss Sutherland, who was driving, pulled up, and we found they were a father and son who came out to ask for a Gospel. The man had had one three years before, and said they were good words, he wanted to know more! Next we came across two women who gave us a most friendly "salaam," so again we stopped and received a very warm invitation to visit their village,

and we took down the names of their men-folk—not theirs, in this benighted land!

Our next halt was at the sight of a village school by the roadside. The boys were standing in two rows opposite each other, with their wooden slates in their hands. We found the teacher, a Hindu, extremely cordial, and with great pride he led us into a small building which he said he had erected by money he had himself collected. He then drew our attention to the wooden beams supporting the roof, where he had written words to the effect that as these beams were necessary to the building, so knowledge was the foundation of all true success in life. The land had been long in darkness, but now amongst all peoples and religions there was a desire for learning, and he prayed the blessing of God upon all who had subscribed to this building. Then followed a list of the names. We congratulated him and hoped he would have all success in his work. By this time the room was crowded with scholars, so Miss Sutherland asked permission to teach them a short prayer, “O God, make my heart clean.” And the Schoolmaster made them repeat it after him several times, bidding them mean it with their hearts as well as repeat it with their lips.

* * * * *

PATTI.

AND now we were at our destination—PATTI (pronounced “putty,”) one of the larger of the Panjab villages with about 5,000 inhabitants. We were to stay at a very pretty bungalow, built by a Mohammedan gentleman for the use of Europeans.

The gentleman who built it has since died, but his son keeps up the tradition, and greeted us, saying that two of the rooms were at our disposal, though he and his mother and five younger brothers and sisters were occupying the other part, there being one or two cases of plague in the village. They were really delightful rooms, not over furnished, but providing exactly all we needed—a large table in one room, and two charpoys in the other, whilst there was a nice dark-blue carpet on both floors, and several pegs on the walls. Unpacking ensued, and it was good to see our books ranged on the mantelpiece. Settling in meant also the usual sweeping and dusting, and this time a regular clean everywhere, amounting to vigorous scrubbing in the bath-room, whilst the “bhishti” (the water carrier) looked on in amazement at the profuse use of water.

Visitors came that evening, two or three sweeper Christian men who had heard of the Miss Sahib’s arrival, and came to greet her.

But our man came in sore distress—the people of the house were using the cook-room; what should he do? To which objection he was told he must make some kind of a “banderbast” (arrangement), and manage as best

he could! That management was six bricks arranged to support kettle or saucepan with a fire underneath them, this being in the open-air under our verandah!

The night was somewhat disturbed, for we were rudely awaked from our slumbers by having all our outer doors vehemently shaken; presumably it was the chowkidar, doing his duty! Then later on he began to shout very loudly just outside our door. After what seemed to be incoherent sentences, Miss Sutherland distinguished this, "Is there no watchman in the market?" Next day we were told that the owner of this bungalow is also the proprietor of the market, and it is the duty of the chowkidar here, and the one there, to shout throughout the night to each other in case one may be asleep!

I had come for *rest*, so Miss Sutherland went off alone to a village the next day, leaving me to sit in our verandah and write the previous diary to this! On her return we had some reading, and also a visit from the Mohammedan lady of the house, such a sweet-looking woman, dressed in a white and pink chaddar, loose white trousers, pale-blue stockings, and bronze fancy shoes of English make. She came and went in her "bourkha," the entire white covering with network for her eyes!

Then came our first interesting visit to Patti itself. First we went to the sweeper Christians, where several women and children gathered in a courtyard. There was one special woman in whom Miss Sutherland was much interested. For long she had been a great hindrance to her husband and the whole family, but now she listened to the messages brought her with quiet attention, finally

saying, "Miss Sahib, my heart is not hard as it once was," and then she asked many intelligent questions about the way of Life. Before we left Patti she said she would like to be baptized if other women were coming. Will you pray for this woman? Ask that she may be taught of God, and led into the Light. We are anxious, too, about her daughter, a girl of thirteen, who has been betrothed to a man who is not a Christian.

Leaving the sweepers, we went into the streets of the village to one of the largest Mohammedan houses. First—as is usual—we had to pass through the stable with numbers of bullocks and buffaloes; then rattling on a wooden door with a chain, and with a cry "Koehai" (Is anyone in?), to announce our arrival, and receiving an answer of welcome, we ascended some very steep stairs emerging on a courtyard, where on charpoys and moras (stools) were seated five women, a mother and her four daughters, with two or three small children. They greeted us very warmly, and then the old gentleman of the house, such a venerable-looking old man, came out, and asking permission settled himself on a stool to Miss Sutherland's right. Of course there was the usual explanation to be made about me. I was only on a visit from "valait" (the foreign land), I came from "Londonsuhr," I could not speak Hindustani, etc., etc. But gradually Miss Sutherland began to speak of deeper things, and as I watched the expression on the old man's face, and the evident deep interest in one of the daughters who came and sat beside him, and noted how he was asking questions, I felt sure the message was taking root in his heart. She told me after that he

was specially interested in talk about the position of Christ, and the verses in Hebrews about Moses as a servant, Christ as a Son ; also about Christ bearing the curse for us. Oh, how I long to understand all these people are saying ! Once we rose to go, and he made us sit down again and renew the talk. In the afternoon the lady of the house visited us again, this time bringing a friend with her.

One visit of intense interest was that which we paid to the village of CHUSLEWAR, three miles distant, where we went specially to see the Christians. It was some time since Miss Sutherland had been, and she could not quite recollect the way to the houses, but on the outskirts of the village a man accosted us who proved to be one of the leaders of the Christian community, and who led us through those tortuous streets, turning many a buffalo out of our way !

The Christians here lived in quite a large and convenient compound, but, as the sun was blazing, it being just mid-day, we preferred to go into the courtyard of the native catechist. He was away for the day, but his wife brought out the charpoy for us to sit on, and in a few moments the people came streaming in—such an interesting crowd they were ! Women and children sat on the left, and a group of men, many with very intelligent faces, on our right.

At first there was general talk, and two of these men told us they were “pukka” (real, genuine) enquirers, though not as yet baptized. Then Miss Sutherland began to talk to them, and after asked me to speak by her translation, and it was a very real privilege to have some little share in this work. How responsive they were,

both by their looks, and by the oft-repeated "tik" (right), and one realized this was a very real light amidst the darkness of heathenism around. May they go on from strength to strength!

As we drove out of the village, Miss Sutherland drew my attention to a Hindu mourning in one of the houses. Oh, such a contrast to the scene we had just left. The women were standing in a circle beating their foreheads, breasts, or thighs, with great vehemence, whilst they kept crying out "Hai, hai" (Hi! hi!), meaning alas! alas! with many interpolated sentences expressing grief for the relatives. This continued for about five minutes at a time. Oh, the hopelessness of this mourning in contrast with our sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection!

Our last day was full of interest! Quite early in the morning two Christian men walked over from Chuslewar. They had been out the previous day, and were full of regret at not having seen the Miss Sahib. Would that you could have seen those two men with their earnest faces, as they sat on the ground in our sitting-room, and told me so simply how they were trying to spread the Gospel amongst their own people as occasion offered. Miss Sutherland translated for me and we had such a good talk on some of the deepest things, for these men fully understand the meaning of the Cross of Christ, and the coming of the Holy Spirit, and were urging how greatly people stood in need of such teaching. Finally we had prayer together, and felt it to be truly the Communion of Saints.

This was not our farewell to these two good men!

In the evening they were at the bungalow again, this time with eight others, workmen from the railway, who were enquirers. It was specially touching to see all these men, having asked Miss Sutherland to pray, bending very low in Indian way, having doffed their turbans, whilst she knelt on the terrace—this at a Mohammedan house. Strangest of all, the lady of the house had just come at that time to see us, and was sitting chatting in the verandah, ready at a moment's notice to slip on her bourkha. When this large crowd of men appeared up the garden drive, she had altogether taken fright, and disappeared inside our room, so that she had from thence, through the straw "chik" (blind), a full view of all that was going on, and must have heard all that was said. One wondered what she thought.

Her two little daughters, sweet little girls of six years and eleven years of age, came too, that afternoon, to have their photos taken. Would that you could see them in their brightly-coloured silk garments! The eldest was dressed in wide orange silk trousers with a green stripe, pink silk gold-embroidered jacket, a pale-green gauze silk chaddar, with flowers worked in blue and gold. Add to this, gold head ornament, five or six earrings, necklace, several bracelets, and anklets, and you have little Zabida as she stood there that day smiling and so happy. I do hope her photo will be good. But!—what future lies before this child!

Our last Missionary experience in Patti was a walk through the Bazaar, selling portions of the Bible. The men literally crowded round us, and we sold 25 in about

fifteen minutes! This was the first time Miss Sutherland had done this, and now she has repeated it again in other places, with almost equal success. It is good to have God's word thus spread abroad. Pray that it may not return void.

Good times we had over our Bibles and prayer for the many needs at home and here, and over Dr. Whyte's book "The Walk, Conversation, and Character of Jesus Christ our Lord."

On the Thursday morning the bullock cart was again packed up for the return journey to Valtoha, we ourselves waiting for my mail, which was greatly delayed. That night was spent at Valtoha again, starting early Friday morning for Kasur. We were anxious to get in to tiffin at 2.30, and also to visit another village—KEMKARN—on the way. Here again much of interest awaited us. We were able to sell several books in the Bazaar, and having visited the catechist's wife, who was once a pupil in our Lahore School, we found our way to three other houses. One Miss Sutherland had not intended to visit, but the woman, a Brahmin, met us just outside and beckoned us in, so we could but follow. She was a woman with a sad history, who seems now to be listening very earnestly, and said with evident conviction that she was beginning to know Jesus in her heart. We had no hymn books, but she was so anxious for singing that Miss Sutherland sang a hymn from memory. The woman was most distressed that I did not join in, and she was not satisfied till Miss Sutherland suggested I should sing an English hymn and she would translate it, so I sang a verse or two of "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds."

One other house belonged to a Jat, *i.e.*, one of the farmer class, very well-to-do and intelligent people. The man once said to Miss Sutherland, "Miss Sahib, I do believe in Jesus Christ, that He died for my sins." "Why, then," she said, "do you not wear His uniform and show yourself His subject?" "Ah, Miss Sahib," he answered, "we Jats are coming, but slowly, and you must have patience." The women here gave me such a warm welcome, and one old lady was most insistent that I should go again to visit them, and kept stretching out her hand to take mine, as she said, "I have the peace of God in my heart," and her face gave credence to her words. "Then," I said, "we shall meet again one day, though not here," and her face beamed.

Again and again I have felt how much these women really do receive and know of the Grace of God, and one day I believe will be found amongst those who by faith have inherited the promises.

So we reached Kasur again, full of thankfulness for our ten days in the district—the most delightful rest time I have known.

* * * * *

PARANTIJ—BOMBAY.

THESE are my last days in this wonderful land, and I am full of thankfulness to God as I review the past five months and see how my pathway has been through one long line of light—the light of His Presence, His Care, His Protection, His Guidance, His Blessing. I can only say, Bless the Lord, O my Soul! I am humbled to see the failures, and can only now leave all with Him.

My previous diary told of my ten days in the district, and the good times we had with the villagers. The chief incident of my last days in the Panjab was the Quiet Day for all our Missionaries and other Christian workers in Lahore, when we all realized the presence of God. Miss Emily Kinnaird joined with us and was a great help.

On the Thursday night I had to leave for my southward journey. It proved quite a comfortable night, for I was undisturbed. We arrived at Delhi at 6.30, and I drove straight to the Baptist Zenana Mission friends who had kindly asked me to spend the day with them before resuming my journey at 8 p.m.

I was now to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of the Irish Presbyterian Mission.

Just before leaving Kasur, Mrs. Wilson wrote saying that a friend, the Political Agent of Baroda, had urgently requested them to go and stay with him for a few days, ten miles from their home, to chaperone his *fiancée*, who was about to leave for England to buy her trousseau, returning to be married in the Autumn! He extended

the invitation to me, and they felt they could not refuse. This, then, was my destination.

Let me explain just here that there are several Native States in India—that is, there is an Indian Ruler, who is tributary and responsible to the British Government. The Political Agent is the British Representative. It was specially interesting to see this new side of Indian political life. Mr. Lang, with whom we stayed, told me, re-affirming what Mr. Thomas of Delhi had said—that the Indians in Native States would give anything to be under British rule, the taxes being much higher, and they are not so sure of justice.

My journey was for 30 hours, and I was alone almost all the way, even to tiffin on the train being cooked for my exclusive benefit! Mr. Wilson met me at the station at 10 p.m., and informed me we had a 14-mile drive on mostly a “Kucha” (un-made) road! Further he said Mr. Lang had sent three Police camels for Sam and my luggage! For us there was a phaeton, with two of the friskiest horses imaginable!

After a cup of tea, made by the Station Master, we started, or attempted to start, for one horse reared and plunged, and kicked so we had to dismount twice! Finally, however, we started at a gallop, and it was a case of sitting tight! But poor Sam on his camel had a worse time. He told me in the morning “We not get in till three o’clock; and oh, Missy! they Police camels, and they go jumpety jump all the way, running, not walking,” and he swayed his body to and fro to show how they had proceeded! He added, “I make them put Missy’s luggage in the Police

Lines to keep safe till morning, and I sleep there !” Faithful old Sam !

We arrived at midnight to find Mrs. Wilson waiting up, and a sumptuous meal provided. There was no room in the bungalow, so Mr. Lang had given me his best camping tent, he himself sleeping in a smaller one. I was greatly reminded of Agra ! But, oh the heat ! It was almost impossible to go into it in the daytime.

It was a strange Sunday with no service, only Mr. Wilson conducted prayers at night, as we all sat in the compound, having had a service for the servants in Gujarati earlier in the day. During dinner we were serenaded by a gramophone, provided by the Chief of the Police !

The next day we were to drive in a bullock cart at the rate of two miles an hour, mostly over fields, to the Wilsons’ home at Parantij. A long, hot, rather wearisome drive !

On Friday we went to Ahmedabad, where the Irish Zenana Mission ladies kindly gave me dinner and a rest before my night journey to Bombay, whither I was going for the CONFERENCE OF OUR WESTERN INDIAN MISSIONARIES, from Monday to Thursday.

It seemed strange to be in Bombay again, and I saw how absolutely impossible it is to judge India by Bombay. Here Parsi ladies may everywhere be seen walking and driving : large English shops are lining the wide streets ; Europeans may be seen on every hand. In a way I sighed or the villages !

Time was getting precious, and I spent the morning of my arrival visiting Mohammedan houses with our

Missionary, Miss Deimler, who had been away on my first visit to Bombay. These Bombay houses are utterly unlike any I had visited in other cities, being very Europeanized; indeed, I almost felt as if I were visiting in flats and dwelling-houses in London. In one house we had to remove our shoes before entering! Rather a relief in the great heat. Bombay abounds in "Chawls," as tene-



GIRGAUM ROAD, BOMBAY.

ment houses are called. There are literally hundreds of occupants, each having two small rooms, the outer one used as a kitchen, with *no* chimney, the inner one as living and sleeping room. The bed was the only place to sit on, many of them being swing beds, suspended by chains from the ceiling. In one house we visited a woman, who, with her daughter, is on the point of confessing Christ,

though at present she still holds back. Pray for her. She is a widow, and there would not be great difficulty for her.

Sunday was a good day. Service at the C.M.S. Church in the morning, and at the Cathedral in the evening. The Bishop was giving a series of sermons on the Christian life, and it was good to see that great Cathedral quite full. It seemed quite strange to my eyes after the tiny congregations with which I have worshipped for the past four months.

On Monday morning, after visiting "Cooks" to arrange for my return ticket, luggage, etc., I went to see a new branch of work—visiting the women in the mills. There are several of these large cotton mills in Bombay, and Miss Deimler has permission to visit in the dinner-time, much as the Factory Helpers' Union at home. I saw hundreds of the low caste women working here, side by side with the men, and one realized the utter reversion of all Indian customs, as one saw these women using the same freedom with the men as one sees in some of the lower-class factory life at home. I own it gave me rather a shock. One does not want civilization to introduce this looseness of behaviour. Three Biblewomen went with us, and evidently these visits were greatly appreciated.

After tiffin at the C.M.S. to meet my old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hooper, who had just arrived from Australia, all the Z.B.M.M. Missionaries who had been gathering from their various stations met at the house of Mrs. Procter, who is a member of our Committee, for the Conference was to begin with a half-day of prayer.

It was delightful to meet again those of whom I have told you in these diaries : Miss Harvey, Dr. Landon, and Miss Underhill, from Nasik ; Miss Harris and Miss Skelton from Manmád ; to say nothing of all our Bombay Missionaries, and Miss Kimmins of Panchgani, to whom I have yet to introduce you. That time of prayer was good, and such a helpful preparation for the Conference.

On Tuesday we all assembled in the house now occupied by the Bombay School people. I had been asked to give a short Bible Reading each morning, and took the Christward side of the transfiguration.

The proceedings of the Conference, for which again I had to be President, would not specially interest you, being entirely technical, dealing with finance, etc. We were in session each day from 10.30 to 4.0, with an hour's break for tiffin.

On Tuesday evening, after dining with some friends, I was escorted to a meeting of the Bombay Literary Society, held at the Manse of the Presbyterian Minister. Lady Hughes presided, and papers were read on Oliver Wendell Holmes and Walt Whitman.

The Conference concluded on Thursday morning at 12 o'clock, and 2 o'clock saw me in the train for POONA, where I arrived at 7 p.m. At Poona we have the Victoria High School. It was established by Mrs. Sorabji, the widow of a Parsi gentleman who became a Christian. Of late the establishment of other schools supplying the need of the town, have made us feel it best to withdraw, and spend the money in answering some of the many appeals that come to us from our Missionaries, and doubtless

this school will soon be closed. It is a mixed school for European, Eurasian, and Parsi children. I spoke to the higher standards in the morning, and was greatly pleased by their responsiveness. It is sad to close work, but this need *can* be supplied elsewhere.

But we have other work here in Poona—two large schools for Mohammedan and Hindu children, meeting in the same building, and superintended by Miss Susie Sorabji, one of the seven daughters of our friend Mrs. Sorabji. There are 170 Mohammedans and 84 Hindus. Miss Sorabji called for me in her gari that I might visit the school.

As we drove up to the school there were two lines of children drawn up on either side of the verandah—one side Hindus, the other Mohammedans—and as we stood on the steps, they sang a song of welcome, the first in Gujerati, the second in Urdu. In the middle of the song a string was pulled, and a shower of rose leaves fell on our heads!

Then followed exercises of various kinds—kindergarten brick buildings, drilling, a nature lesson on the spider, illustrated by girls holding out a large web made of string, and singing a song about the spider and the fly, acted out by two small children, and with a moral drawn! The Head Master is a remarkable man, with a great love for children and aptitude for teaching them. He composes songs about everything which the children learn. After the spider exercise all the Hindu children were gathered together, and sang several verses, composed only the previous day, in my honour, saying how

grateful they were to the Z.B.M.M. Society for their school, how glad they were to see me, and how they wished to remember the kindness of my mother in days gone by to Mrs. Sorabji. It was really a wonderful effusion. On the blackboard too was printed "The LORD grant blessing and happiness and long life to our benefactor Miss



KINDERGARTEN DRILL, POONA.

Weatherley, and the Z.B.M.M." I tried to make a suitable reply, but felt I really did not deserve all this. Then I remembered this was oriental!

We next proceeded to the Mohammedan School. Here again I listened to Kindergarten songs, exercises, recitations of all kinds, and finally little girls brought a garland

of roses and stephanotis which were hung round my neck, and the Head Master sprinkled me most liberally with rose water! I was quite overwhelmed.

The last lesson to be inspected was the Geography. Miss Sorabji has had a large map of India made in cement in the compound—the seas, rivers, and lakes can all be filled in with water, whilst packets labelled tea, coffee, etc., pieces of cotton wool, coal, lead, etc., and gold paper, represent the different products. The children with their bare feet stood on the raised ground all round, and at the master's bidding leapt lightly into the centre. Some had to take a small boat from one port to another, naming all the different ports on the way; others had to trace the course of the rivers, and celebrated cities and towns on its banks; others place the different products in the respective locality where they belonged. This was indeed learning with the highest degree of interest, and it is little wonder the children looked keen and eager.

One Indian boy, Timothy, aged 16, who has been brought up in the school, is proving a wonderful help. He now teaches the younger Mohammedan children, and his one desire is for them to learn to know Christ, and that this may be so he has acquired the purest Urdu. Every Sunday he preaches in the Bazaar and seems to be specially prepared by God to do a great work amongst his own people. Pray for him.

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PANCHGANI AND SHOLAPUR.

MY next move was to PANCHGANI. Oh! such a journey! First there was five hours in the train, arriving at midnight. Then Miss Kimmins, a girl, and myself were packed into a Victoria for a 30-mile drive. We lay down across the carriage sardine-wise, to try to sleep. Miss Kimmins, well accustomed to this, succeeded—we did not. The first 22 miles were mostly on level ground, the last eight miles being a steady ascent, for Panchgani is 5,000 feet above sea level—a hill station. We changed horses—such wretched animals—five times, having four for the ascent, our drive being enlivened by such incidents as losing a piece of harness! As all was tied up with string it was little wonder.

Who is Miss Kimmins, and what work have we at Panchgani? She is the Principal of our High School for European girls, which was established by our Mission at the urgent request and by the generous gifts of a lady. Miss Kimmins has had considerable educational experience at our Schools in Lahore, Benares, and Bombay, and under her this school is in a very flourishing condition. It is now not only self-supporting, but a small native school is also conducted in the village, and Miss Kimmins is able to give all kinds of help in other ways to our work, such as promising to bear the expense of the printing of the valuable paper on "Tuberculosis in Schools and Orphanages," given by Dr. Pailthorpe at the Benares Conference.

She is assisted by a very competent staff of teachers, including her fellow Missionaries, Miss Knight, B.A., and Miss Mackenzie, M.A. Teaching is up to the ninth standard, the ages of the pupils varying from three years to 18 years. There are 43 boarders, and between 30 and 40 day pupils.

On Sunday afternoon, I gave the boarders an account of my travels, and last night a Christian Endeavour talk, as Miss Kimmins hopes to start a Society amongst them.

On my return journey I found a motor service had been started, and I rushed down those Western Ghats in 1½ hours, thus being saved the extreme heat of the day, my train starting from Wartar at 5 p.m. The scenery did not strike me as being specially fine ; indeed my tour has not taken me amongst any of the parts which are outstanding for their beauty or grandeur. Time has not permitted me going to the hills, and apart from these, India—so far as I have seen it in the Bombay Presidency, United Provinces, Panjab, and Oudh—is somewhat flat and bare, with the exception of Gorakpur in the U.P., and the district between Ahmedabad and Bombay, which I traversed at night ; and Mahim, where I spent my first and last weeks.

The journey landing me at Poona at 9.45 p.m. was very hot and breathless. I was to start again for Sholapur at 2.30 a.m. ! and it was very acceptable to go off to Miss Dyson's bungalow and get a wash, supper, and a rest before starting off again.

I knew I was going into extreme heat at SHOLAPUR, and it was quite a surprise to find a pleasant breeze blowing when I arrived at 8 a.m., but I was soon to be disillusionized !

We have only one Missionary working here—Miss Fulcher. The other workers in the stations belong to the American Marathi Mission, which is Congregational. For years they had been praying for someone to come and work amongst the Mohammedans of the Bombay Presidency. There were at least two million Mohammedan women in the Presidency, and only two other ladies working amongst them—our own Miss Deimler in Bombay, and one other lady in Ahmednuggar. At length it seemed possible for Miss Fulcher to start work, the American Marathi Mission kindly housing her in their bungalow, whilst Z.B.M.M. friends in Australia have met most of the other expenses. A truly great work has been done already. A girls' school started only last October has now 68 children in it, and many homes have been opened to the Missionary and the Biblewomen. But now we are faced with the necessity of building a new bungalow if the work is to be continued, for our American friends can no longer help us, and there is no suitable bungalow available. Funds at home will not allow of this, so at the Bombay Conference we were obliged to say we could only continue the work if Australia would give full support. We greatly trust they will, for it seems terrible to withdraw from this much-needed work.

Miss Fulcher and Mr. Gates of the American Mission, who has worked here nearly 30 years, met me at the station. Miss Fulcher took me soon to see the school, as it was impossible to leave it till later in the day because of the heat. Climbing up some narrow stone steps I found myself in a large low room filled with little Mohammedan

girls, with their little jackets, long saris, and many with the red mark on their forehead betokening that they were already married. They were full of smiles of expectancy, for they had been told the Miss Sahib from England was coming to see them, and songs, recitations, drill, etc., were gone through with great precision—really marvellous it was when one remembered these children had only been under instruction five months! Who is the Head Teacher? It is Krukabai, one of our old girls trained in the Manmád Orphanage!

At the close of the programme, one of the tinies came and put a garland round my neck. It was made of dried corn, so I am able to bring it home to show you. I then had to say a few words to them, and finished up by giving them all some “matei” (native sweets), which I am sure they enjoyed far more than the speechifying.

We got back about 11.30—ready for breakfast, as you will imagine. And now every door and window had to be shut tight to keep out the heat! I am very glad to have had a taste of this heat, that my sympathies may be quickened! And this is only the beginning of the hot weather for the Missionaries! If you tried to write, the perspiration simply dropped off face and hands; when you lay down, the bed was burning, and sheets and pillow-case wet through in a few minutes! How little the Missionaries tell us of this! or indeed of any of the stress or strain of their life.

At 4.30, when it was slightly cooler, there was an “At Home” for the Missionaries, Indian Christians, and a few Mohammedan and Parsee ladies. To some I could

only speak by interpretation, amongst others to the Indian Pastor, with whom I was greatly struck, who ministers to a congregation of between seven and eight hundred—all the result of Mr. and Mrs. Gates and their fellow-workers' faithful service. One Mohammedan lady read an address intended for all the Missionaries present, saying that they all owed so much to British rule, but more than all to the interest and work done by the Missionaries. I was told it was beautifully written and worded in the purest Urdu.

I ought to have said that as Mohammedan ladies were present, this had to be a "Purdah Party," so one part of the verandah was entirely screened off, and the gentlemen had to amuse themselves as best they might the other side! There were great excitements when the ladies arrived in their closely-covered tongas, and Miss Fulcher had to stand sentinel to keep off any unsuspecting male. At the crucial moment of the lady alighting they *would* keep appearing, and we had many alarms before all were safely within the "chiks."

That evening we were invited to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Gates to meet their fellow Missionaries, Miss Fowler and Miss Harding—two such noble women, heads of a large Orphanage and Kindergarten. It was a special inspiration to meet Mrs. Gates, one of the finest women, so full of devotion and common sense. So ended my first day of Sholapur heat. Sam had pulled my bed to the doorway, but——! Oh, we do need to sympathise with and pray for our Missionary friends!

Saturday was to be the great C.E. day, for Sholapur is STRONG IN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR, there being

11 different Societies! The meeting time was 5 p.m., and I wish you could have seen the sight that greeted me as I entered the Congregational Church. A sea of dark keen faces were lifted to mine. As I stood on the platform, on my right were seated on the ground little Orphanage girls with their white saris, behind them elderly women with the dark blue and red saris, usually worn in the Province: on my left there were the elder girls of the Orphanage and Kindergarten Training Class, in saris of various hues, framing such sweet, bright faces. Immediately in front, the hundred Orphanage boys sat on the floor in their cotton coats and trousers; behind them solid rows of young men, many of them clerks in business houses, or the mills of the district; on either side of them sat several men and women, mostly members of the church.

They were a keen audience, and had evidently come intending to enjoy themselves to the full! First came hymn and prayer in Marathi; followed by the report of the 11 Societies, which exist among all classes of the community—the boys, the girls, the training class, the young men, etc., and each have adopted some appropriate name, such as “Young Soldiers,” “Chosen Ones,” “Friends’ Home,” etc., referring to the special work they are doing. The Roll Call followed, and as each Society stood, one member came up and gave me a small bunch of roses with their name and response attached to it. Then came one very touching incident. “Friends’ Home” consisted of a Society of young clerks who took as their special work the helping of any poor Christian young fellows, in finding them situations, etc. It appeared that there had been of late some dissension amongst them, but now the breach

was healed, and they asked in token of this that they might be allowed to present me with a garland, which they did, together with an address in English describing their work.

The "Chosen Ones" being a Society entirely composed of those working in the Z.B.M.M., gave as their response a hymn in Urdu composed specially for the occasion, and speaking of their gladness in meeting me! The composer gave me his own translation in English. I wish you could see it! It begins "We now open our mouths in praise with silence!"

The Pastor's address followed. He gave it in Marathi, and then very kindly read an English translation for my benefit. This broke the record, for he had never been induced to speak an English word before! It was a very kindly utterance, and the spirit of true devotion to Christ breathed through it.

Next up came the Secretary and placed round my neck a very large garland, made in the shape of a cape, of tube-roses and spangles. Then I was told a Hindu wanted to do honour to the English Miss Sahib, and a man with the white paint-marks of the Vishnu worshipper on his forehead, and wrapped around with a long white cloth, came on to the platform, salaamed and added his offering.

It was all most kind, though if you remember that the thermometer registered at least 98°, and I was encircled with three rather sickly-smelling wreaths, also two flower bracelets on each arm, you may not be desirous of sharing the kindness!

Thus garlanded, I could only stand and salaam, when the crowning touch was given by a girl, head of Miss Harding's Kindergarten Training Class, coming up to the

platform and asking me to accept from the C.E. Union of Sholapur a silver specimen glass!

You will well imagine I was almost overwhelmed, and now that my time came to speak, it was quite difficult to do anything more than just say "Thank you." It was all so totally unexpected! But it was one more evidence of the great hold that our wonderful C.E. movement has taken on peoples of all tongues, and colour, and race, and how it is blessing them. I did feel queer driving through the streets of the city thus be-garlanded! But the Indians are well accustomed to such tamashas!

The day's entertainment was not over. We were to dine with Miss Fowler and Miss Harding, and after dinner the Orphanage girls gave a cantata describing the coming of the Light to India. They stood on a platform erected under a banyan in the compound. At the close, for my benefit they gave specimens of all kinds of Indian games.

On Sunday I attended first THE C.E. SOCIETY OF OUR OWN MISSION and heard of the work they are trying to do amongst the women and children. Some stories were very sad, telling of women longing to hear the Gospel, but prevented by the husband and cruelly treated; others were full of hope and encouragement. I then spoke a few words to them, and felt afresh the fellowship in the Gospel one has so keenly realized with these Indian Christians.

On my last Sunday, as on one of my first Sundays in India, I was to visit a Leper Asylum. It had been carried on for some years by Dr. Keskar, a convert from Moham-medanism who has literally devoted himself to this and his dispensary work. He is a man who is just full of love to Christ and devotion to His service, and he was very

anxious I should see the Leper Christian Endeavourers, they having contributed to the gifts I had received the previous day.

It was sad to be amongst lepers again, and as I entered that little church, to notice the railing separating us from them. How different from Him who stretched forth His hand and touched them ! But, thank God, they are realizing now that He is calling them as of old, and are responding to His call.

First came two songs they had composed in my honour to a native tune, the lepers accompanying them on tom-toms, and other native instruments. Then Dr. Keskar's daughter put a garland round my neck, this time a paper one ! And it was good to see how the poor faces lighted up, and how they responded as I spoke a few words to them. It was worth any effort to have given a little pleasure to these men and women so sorely afflicted.

Another night and day of even greater heat, and I was to start on my last Indian night journey. Mrs. Gates, Miss Fulcher, and five of the Indian workers came to see me off. As I am now enjoying the cool sea breezes, I think of them with the thermometer still rising. They are indeed enduring much for Christ's sake !

I arrived at Bombay at 6 a.m. and found my way to Miss Wilson's quarters to pack and send off all my boxes, visit "Cooks," etc., before getting off to the quiet and rest of Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson's hospitable and beautiful home at Mahim, for my last four days. You will remember I went there on my arrival in India. They were just quiet, restful, uneventful days. The first day I spent mostly in bed, for Sholapur had taken a good

deal out of me, and I had just a touch of fever, but nothing serious. There were a few final business talks with Miss Wilson and Canon Heywood, and then on Saturday, March 26th, on board the SS. *India*.

So I start on the homeward journey, full of thankfulness and acknowledgment of God's great goodness. It has truly been Ebenezer, and "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." On that knowledge I rely for the work awaiting in the Homeland.

Would a few commonplace items of the tour interest you before I say farewell to my diaries ?

I have visited 26 different places in India.

Slept in 35 different beds ; spent nights in two tents.

Spent 11 nights in the train.

Spoken at least 44 times ; 21 by interpretation.

Six whole days were spent in Conference.

Of the Sundays : on ten I attended English Church Service ; four Hindustani services ; one was spent at the Agra Convention with services all day ; and on six Sundays I could attend no service at all !

And now as I review the past months, I can truly say "Not one good thing hath failed of all His good promise." Indeed He has put far more into this tour than I ever anticipated, and I can only say, in looking back, "Thank God !"

