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# DOORS OF HOPE AND HEALING

By  
Z.B.M.M. MISSIONARIES.



"Z" PRESS  
ZENANA BIBLE & MEDICAL MISSION,  
33, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

*Printed in England by*

**PAGE & THOMAS, LTD.,  
131, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2.**

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## FOREWORD

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THIS little book, compiled by ladies engaged in the work of a well-known medical mission, is a microcosm of the real India. Its simplicity is impressive ; it makes no pretence of literary art or finish ; it just sets down what the writers have seen and done and endured, day by day, during their years of service for India. To anyone who knows the scenes which they depict, these sketches bring back vivid memories—the acrid odours of the bazaar, the dust-laden air shimmering with waves of merciless heat, the pathetic crowds at the hospital gates, the veil of mystery which shrouds the women's quarters in most Indian homes. The writers get behind that veil and tell us something of the hidden lives of their Indian sisters.

The narrative is naturally a mixture of darkness and light, of depression and joyfulness. The ladies who are carrying on this devoted work for Indian women see little enough of the glamour and splendour of the East ; ceremonial and pageantry pass them by ; and even the limelight of political excitements hardly touches them.

## FOREWORD

Their lot it is to gauge the mass of human suffering—so much of it unnecessary—which surrounds them, and to strive untiringly for its abatement. But its vastness at times appals them ; and their hearts are often saddened by the set-backs which come from superstition, apathy and sheer inhumanity. It is small wonder that a reflection of this mood creeps into some of this narrative. And yet out of the brooding misery shine flashes of rejoicing when some young life is saved, some tortured sufferer is relieved, and above all, when some poor soul is brought to the happiness which Christianity offers. It is this happiness which pervades the writers themselves, and forms alike the inspiration and the crown of all their labours.

It is good for us in England to see a side of Indian life which finds no place in the controversies of the day ; for it is some measure of the task that lies before India, whatever may be the future of its political structure. It is also good for us to remember what is being done by some of our own people, with no hope of material reward, to help India, not only by the relief of pain and disease, but also by the example of lives dedicated to ideals of service and human kindness. Those of us who have no opportunity of standing by their side can nevertheless take a

## FOREWORD

hand, by making it possible for the writers and their successors to continue and extend their usefulness. They belong to the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. During my time in India, I saw a great deal of that Society's sphere of action, and learned to appreciate the inestimable value of its services and the honour in which its agents are held by the people. It is thus the saddest of thoughts that the Mission should now be struggling against grave financial difficulties, and that the decline in its resources of recent years is threatening it with the necessity of curtailing its activities and reducing its staff. Unless this calamity is averted, what is going to happen to the Surji, Sonia, Fatima of these sketches, and to countless other helpless sufferers like them? Are they to be thrown into the sea of misery from which the Mission tries to rescue them? Surely none of us would willingly consent to that; surely most of us could do something to prevent it.

If therefore anyone who reads this little book wishes to hold out the hand of fellowship to the Indian people, there could be no better way than by helping the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission to continue its great work. I make no apology for asking the reader to translate this wish into a generous gift, which will be gratefully received



## FOREWORD

and acknowledged at the Mission's headquarters, 33 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

MESTON.

## INTRODUCTION

---

“**W** E had no idea it was as bad as this ; something must be done for these poor creatures. . . . We should wish it generally known that we sympathise with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the Women in India.”

Such was the gracious message given by the beloved Queen Victoria to Miss E. Beilby when the latter had the privilege of telling her Majesty something of her work of India.

Miss Elizabeth Beilby arrived in India in 1876 after taking some private tuition in medicine, for at that time women were not admitted to medical colleges nor allowed to take degrees. After coming home for a time on sick leave she returned to Lucknow with her sister in 1878 and **opened the first purdah hospital for women in India.**

The tragedy of unnecessary suffering is still great in spite of the fact that to-day there are women's hospitals in many parts of India staffed by foreign and Indian women. The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission has three well-equipped hospitals :—

## INTRODUCTION

The Kinnaird Hospital, Lucknow, opened  
1878 ;

The Duchess of Teck Hospital, Patna, 1896 ;

The Canada Hospital, Nasik, 1904 ;

and Dispensaries where out-patients only are treated are established at Benares and Khurja in the United Provinces, Valtaha in the Punjab, and Nautanwa on the borders of Nepal.



A VILLAGE STREET.

# Doors of Hope and Healing



## A MORNING'S ROUND

This is an exact account of one morning's work. I do not think I ever remember coming across such an accumulation of distressing cases in one day before, and I was so impressed that I immediately jotted down notes on my return. While it is thus *not* typical in that the number of tragedies was excessive, each case in itself is absolutely typical.

Imagine a long village road, nearly a mile long, with open bazaar shops on each side for a quarter of a mile, and then crumbled mud houses stretching away to the open country. Narrow alleys lead off the road into ramifications of houses behind. I walk along the middle of the road (for cleanliness' sake) carrying a knapsack containing gospels, tracts in four languages, medicines, etc. My objective is the last house on the main road, a mile away.

A word of greeting to my landlord as he stands selling cloth in his shop is my first contact with the outside world for the day. A few steps farther on I am stopped by seeing a crowd of children round a young girl with wild tangled hair and a ragged sari barely sufficient for decency. Obviously she is a beggar. I stop and speak to her only to find that she is deaf and dumb and I can make nothing of her. Seeing me talking to her some people gather and I move on lest I be accused of trying to steal her ! (Later on this girl was brought to my house, and as no one claimed her I kept her and she is now in our converts' home and I am trying to get her into a deaf and dumb school.)

Going on my way I am next called into a sweet-shop to see a woman I know well. The "shop" consists of a verandah twenty feet long by ten broad, divided into two by curtains of old sacking. One end is the shop proper, where sweets are cooking in huge bowls of syrup and are arranged in rows on leaves of banana trees, all one mass of buzzing wasps ; the other end behind the sacking is the home. Here a purdah woman has reared a large family, only going out in the evening for sanitary purposes ! She is very ill to-day, lying on a heap of rags on the floor in the midst of sacks of flour, rice, etc.

Endless children surround her and she has had to send for the eldest daughter, a girl of about twelve, to come back from her husband's home to nurse her. I examine her and tell her to send for medicine at noon, cheer up the child (one of my old class who does believe on the Lord in her secret heart) and with a few words about the love of God I jump off the verandah.

Frantic signals from the other side of the road call me into a little alley where, on another verandah, I find a woman, a stranger to me, very ill with malaria. Again the husband is told to bring a little bottle to the dispensary at noon.

Further along the road I am stopped by another sweet-maker who points to her small boy of about eight. He shews signs of severe chronic malaria. I have been treating him at intervals for four years but he hates quinine and refuses to take it and his mother lets him do as he likes. She begs for an "injection." I point out that *one* injection is no good at all, he must have a regular course, and as she shakes her head I pass on. When he is really dying she will probably consent!

My next stop is in a sweeper's house. Her seven-day old baby died yesterday of tetanus, owing to the lack of knowledge of the village

midwife. She listened with real longing as I spoke of the babe being with the Lord and the hope that believers have in the reunion with our loved ones.

On the opposite side of the road I saw a blind beggar woman and sitting down beside her I tried to interest her. I am still hoping that one day she will come to me. That day I was a stranger to her and she feared me as she feared all the world. She stripped her shoulder to show the wheals where some man had beaten her, she said, for begging, but from her tongue I suspected that she had cursed him for not giving her as much as she begged for! Many beggars get things because people fear their curses.

Next a mother runs out with her child in her arms begging for a worm powder. The poor miserable little mite is obviously in need of treatment. She is referred to the dispensary at noon.

At last I reach my destination, the last house of the village. It is a Brahmin mud house built round a little open courtyard. I push past a calf in the doorway. The last time I saw this calf was in the house of a sick boy who was going through some kind of ceremony of laying his hands on this sacred animal which would then



carry away his disease. (The boy is a regular reader of the gospel.) Inside is the mother and two daughters-in-law. Yesterday, after a terrible confinement, the younger, who cannot be more than fourteen, gave birth to a dead baby so terribly deformed it could never have survived had it been born alive. This was her second child, the first one having died soon after birth. During the confinement, in spite of my remonstrances, every kind of idol worship had been carried on outside. The child (mentally she is about eight and she has not been outside her house for eight years) was wonderfully well and not at all troubled at her loss. She proceeded as usual to examine and play with the contents of my bag much as a child of five would do. These people have heard the gospel story for five years and their hearts are hardened. To-day the other daughter-in-law, who is new to the house, shows some real interest as my pictures are brought out to drive home the spoken word.

On the return journey I am called into the house of a Mohammedan woman, one who has heard the message and grasped it intellectually but not spiritually. To-day she pours forth a terrible story of her husband's unfaithfulness and ends by saying, "I will leave him and become a Christian." I point out that a change

of heart is the only way to follow Christ and that He is ready to accept all who truly turn to Him. To-day she is too full of injury to heed, and one can only pray that her eyes may be opened to see Him Who is called the Burden Bearer.

The next to catch my eye would be laughable if it were not too sad. She is a harmless mad woman who has been in the village for months begging. She speaks some language unknown to the folk here and no one can understand where she came from, perhaps from South India. She has two dear little girls that I long to get hold of. She is dressed in a ragged black sari, her hair hanging loose, and on her head as a helmet is a discarded enamel pot rescued from my rubbish heap! Unable to speak to her, I pass on to visit another patient, the proud mother of a son thanks to the timely aid of chloroform and western knowledge. She is a Nepali and this is the first child though she is forty years old. She and her husband are pathetically thankful and most anxious to carry out all instructions. The bonny Chinese-faced baby is admired (one is allowed to admire Nepali babies but not Indian ones), and a tract is given to the father.

Another call to satisfy myself that a mother and baby are well. In this house I am not very welcome, so I do not go inside. They are still

afraid of my evil eye ! They called me in during the confinement as they got frightened, but when I assured them that everything was quite all right I was requested to leave before the baby was born. In such cases I just bide my time to make friends.

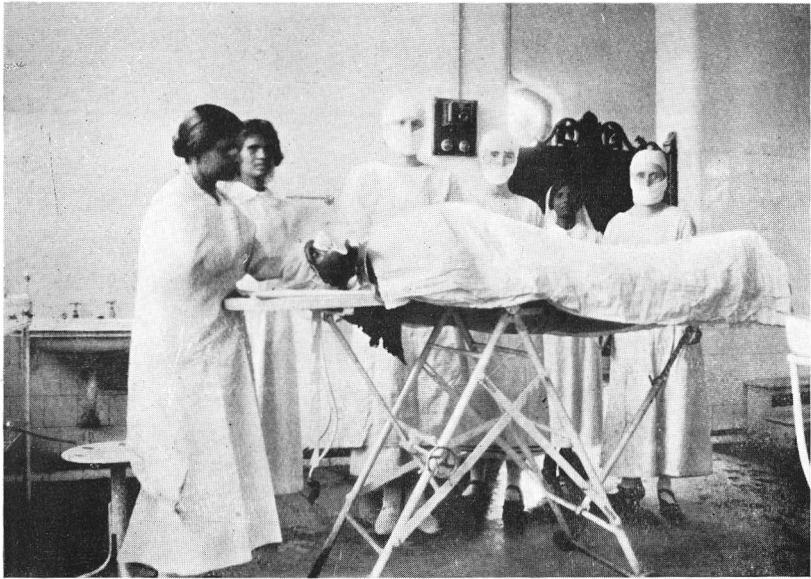
Now late for my meal I am hurrying home, when I almost tumble over a little Nepalese child of about four, dressed in her quaint frock reaching to her ankles. I then see that she is blind and look round to see where she belongs. An old Nepalese woman hobbles out of a house and I sit down and talk and invite her to visit me. She is a widow with three children. I tell her about the Blind School at Rajpur and she says she will give me the little one as she is a beggar and does not know how to keep her. I reach home at last not counting very much on the old woman's promise ; but later she comes along with all the children and before witnesses gives me the child. Alas, two days later she retracts and I am still praying that I may get the little one some time.

\* \* \*

In the evening of the same day, as I was taking an evening walk, a really mad woman, one who seemed as if possessed, came and caught hold of me. After some time I got her quiet and

her husband told me that she had been like this ever since she had gone to visit a Saddhu at the full moon when they had had some kind of devil dances. "Many go mad at such times," he said. Do you wonder that we say that this country is in Satan's power.

*The foregoing account of a day's work comes from a Pioneer Station. It might be thought that in a large town tragedy and pain would not be so prevalent but these extracts from the diary of a young doctor in a Z.B.M.M. Hospital tell a similar story.*



AN OPERATION.

## PAIN

. . . I wish all could see the Consulting-room and the patients crowding in, and me making great attempts to understand what they want with the assistance of one of the Indian nurses. To-day has been very full. Towards the end of the morning, having prescribed for patients varying from the Forest Officer's wife to outcaste babies, in came a pathetic little procession—*dirty* could hardly describe the state they were in. A man led by the hand an elderly woman, with another old, nearly blind woman, and a small girl. The first woman was in an agony of pain. She was blind in both eyes but one eye was flaming red and hard as a stone. It was acute glaucoma and suppurating. The pain of it must have been simply torturing. There was a sore over the eye where blistering had been applied to try and relieve the pain. We got her as quickly as possible into the surgery and operated. Sister gave chloroform and I opened the eye with a lachrymal sac knife (!), extracted the lens and got out the pus. I do pray and think it will settle down sufficiently for me to excise the eye-ball in about a week's time. It is such a

*lovely* thing to be able so easily to relieve agonizing pain. The old thing had a good sleep . . . .

On Friday we had a two hours' abdominal operation on a patient under spinal anæsthesia. Before we had finished news came of another needing an immediate one.

A morning like this morning is full of wear and tear but most enjoyable. One goes from one thing to another—examination of a nurse, alas with early T.B. chest ; long discussion with the English-speaking father of a Brahmin girl, in with obscure fever ; examination of one bai (woman patient) after another ; treatments in the surgery ; hasty dash to the bungalow to look up the dose of a special medicine ; coping with the mali (gardener) who, desirous of a day's jollification, comes salaaming to say that his sister has just died and may he have the day off ; explanations to male relations of patients and SO ON ! . . . Such a delightful thing has happened. Mr. —, a Brahmin, has been more or less a secret believer for some time but has felt that it was not necessary to be baptized. We have prayed much that he might see the need for "coming out" and being "separate." At last he has decided to be baptized. He will almost certainly suffer persecution. (Later) : One of the petty Rajahs at — has a very

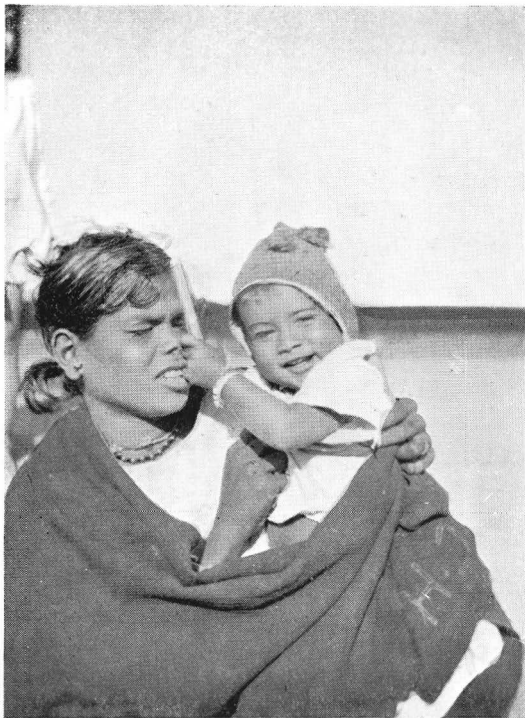
“religious” wife and she sent to find out about Mr. — and wrote a cheque for Rs. 5,000 for him and says she will give it to him if he retracts. This is a specially severe test because he is under a heavy debt (incurred by his ancestors) and is struggling to keep up with paying the *interest* simply.

. . . A very rich Marwadi (money-lending caste) woman was brought in yesterday by a polished young Indian doctor in charge of a Government Dispensary, 70 miles away. They would not let him examine her and as the fame of this hospital is widespread they brought her in to us. I examined her and found very advanced cancer. . . . They were advised to seek a doctor's advice *two years* ago but were afraid to, and now come when she is in a very weak, wasted state. These poor women! It is so sad going one's round in the morning, greeting them with a cheery smile and asking them how they feel—they simply don't know how to smile back in return, and their faces have such a hopeless miserable look. . . . A woman with her two children came in with guinea-worm infection. I was much thrilled of course, to have three excellent examples of a true tropical disease and arranged to give a lecture demonstration to the senior nurses and deal with the worms. After-



wards I made a preparation of the living embryos (you should have heard the chuckles of delight as one nurse after another gazed down the microscope and saw the wriggling baby worms).

A woman was admitted who had never so much as heard the name of Christ before coming in. She has a very rich (and cruel) handsome husband, who beats her and she is terrified of him. She prayed to God that He would make her husband leave her in hospital and go away, and he has done so. He was going to have taken her home while leaving in with us his nine-year-old daughter on whom I operated about ten days ago. The little girl is extremely intelligent. I started off by teaching her to say in English, "I feel much better to-day." This sentence used to be bravely recited when the bright little eyes were full of tears with the pain of the dressing. Two days later I taught her "Jesus loves *me*," and told her the Marathi translation. The nurses have taken the cue now and are teaching her other things. It was thrilling to me this morning to go into the private room where she is and to have the dear little thing look up to me with a beaming smile and say with only a moment's faltering the chorus "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest Name I know, Fills my every longing, Keeps me singing as



IN PLAYFUL MOOD.

I go." She had the Marathi translation of this written on the back of a Scripture Union card which she clutched firmly in one hand. I find she is already married—this little one of nine years old—and her husband, aged 14, comes to see her.

A rich, English-speaking man brought his poor young daughter in six days ago. She was seriously ill having had inflammatory fever for *four months*, ever since the birth of her poor, under-nourished little baby. Rest in bed, careful nursing and medical treatment over a prolonged period was obviously a vital necessity. She had been "keeping going"—cooking, caring for the baby, etc.—all those four months of illness and misery. When we got her in she simply let herself go and the reactive exhaustion was severe. She seemed almost too weak to move. It made my heart ache to see the tragic look in her face. (She was only a very young girl.) After these six days in hospital the father has come bringing with him the husband and various other men saying she has been six days and *is not yet well*, and they wish to take her out! Long explanations prove absolutely useless. So they have taken her, poor little slave, and will force her I suppose, to struggle on, or will cast her out.

I wept last night—a rare thing—after gaining the refuge of my room, after realizing something of the appalling suffering of the Indian women. One simply couldn't go on living and working if one realized it so vividly very often. A girl was brought in in deep coma in the late afternoon. We had done all we could. . . . I went over at 9 p.m. and saw her—desperately bad—not able to rouse her—soaring blood pressure and fixed pupils. The mother lying upon a chair by the bedside and the mother's other daughter stretched on bedding at the foot of the bed. Among the many tragic faces one sees I have rarely seen one quite like that mother's face. The unconscious daughter was one of two wives—there had been jealousy or something, and the husband had "given her something." She had been unconscious for five days. . . . The mother herself was a cast-off wife, her husband had taken another and left her. Her misery and hopelessness were such that she couldn't even cry. She looked simply numbed with suffering.

(Later): The young expectant mother died this morning. Her husband brought a vehicle to remove the body. Quite callous.

We had a terrible case on Friday evening. She was absolutely exhausted when admitted.

She had been interfered with by *ten* \*dais. Can you imagine the horror of suffering. She was beyond hope. I cannot go into medical details of course. She died early the next morning. The silent, tearless, *stricken* look of grief on the faces of the two men—simple villagers they were—went to one's heart. A healthy mother (it was her seventh child) lost simply through appalling ignorance and dirt. We see results of the work of these "dais" nearly every day, and spend time and energy and money treating the septic conditions they produce.

A woman was brought in two days ago with high fever—two days and a night's journey. It was a relapse of typhoid with complications. One case brought in that day was a young wife, only 16, in the most awful pain, having been beaten across the abdomen by her husband and his brother (details impossible). Such glimpses one gets of the appalling cruelties of heathenism.

Two rich Gujerati women had come for operations. There was a tremendous "gad-bad" (fuss, rumpus or upset!) prior to this, associated with the arrival of a *bed* in which one of these Gujerati women wanted to sleep, she having announced that "her god" would not be pleased if she slept on our hospital bed.

---

\*Untrained Indian Midwives.

Having already slept on the hospital bed one night we felt this argument did not hold water. So we firmly refused admission to the family bed, gave a dose of mild sarcasm to the patient, and all the "gad-bad" shortly settled down ; both patients had their operations and are lying smilingly and peacefully in bed this morning. How you would laugh at some of the perfectly priceless situations which arise out here. There simply isn't time to describe them—and you need to *see* the things too.

## PASHI'S BRIDE

Last Thursday, on my way to the garage, Pashi the motor boy told me his wife was ill. Not many months ago she had been brought home as a shy bride. His last wife had run away from him, as also the one before her, and so he had brought home a third wife. This was all quite in accordance with Hindu custom, and the man was doing no wrong according to his own religion.

One day Pashi had brought the new bride to me to be examined because of a patch of discoloured skin on her right hand. I discovered that this was leprosy in a very early stage, and also discovered that at the appointed time there would be a baby coming to that little household.

What could have happened I wondered as I went down the drive. I slipped round the back of the garage and in at the low doorway of their home. There in the dark, lying in a heap of old clothes on a low cot, was the girl. She was obviously desperately ill, and I told them to take her along to hospital at once. There we were able to examine her properly and found her in the last stages of tetanus. All we could do was to give her morphia to relieve the terminal

pains. No serum, no treatment of any sort could avail now. In an hour all was over. Pashi had her carried back across the compound so that she might die in her own house, as this is always what a Hindu desires.

How could this have happened? That is the saddest part of all.

The girl's brother had come in from his village about a fortnight before and said that he knew a man who could cure the condition of her hand. This local medicine man was called in, all unknown to any of us, and applied some severe caustic. The whole of the back of the hand was denuded and on the third finger the bone was bare. Even if she had recovered, the hand would have been useless. This poor maltreated hand was thereafter daily greased with ghee, and wrapped up in dirty cloths. At a very early stage the tetanus germ must have got into the wound, possibly on the day when the caustic was first applied. The characteristic "lock-jaw" of tetanus had been present for three whole days before I was told about her on the fourth day, and she had fever and other symptoms for longer than that. Why must these people always delay so? Why could they not have brought her whilst there was hope of curing her? And there she was living just across the compound.



Oh, the hideousness of it all ! Yet there was nothing deliberately unkind or intentionally cruel anywhere. The poor deluded creatures had acted in everything according to their Hindu beliefs and fears, their extraordinary teachings and prohibitions. Poor pathetic little girl ! All this had happened in a few days, and none of us knew anything about it. The last time I had seen her, was about three weeks before when she came smiling to the dispensary looking forward to having a little one of her own in a few months.

## RATNAKAR

“ Wake up my son, on this auspicious morning we must go with all good Hindus to bathe in the sacred waters of the River.”

Ratnakar (or Jewel, for such is the meaning of his name) tumbled out of bed, shook himself like a little dog and obediently put his arms into the little quilted coat his mother held out to him. He was proud that now he was seven years old his mother thought him old enough to join her in worshipping the gods.

His three sisters who were older than he attended the municipal day school, for his father was a keen believer in education ; but Ratnakar being a delicate boy had begun his studies under a tutor or munshi. Ratnakar loved his lessons and was quick to learn, and not content with the two hours daily which the tutor gave him he would often be found poring over his sisters' books.

His mother lived in seclusion like other Indian women of good caste and seldom went outside the home except to bathe in the river Godavery. But a day came when Ratnakar climbed up beside her into a covered conveyance which took

them both to the mission hospital. They entered a large airy room and Ratnakar was soon engrossed with the pictures on the walls so that he scarcely noticed when his mother left his side at the doctor's summons.

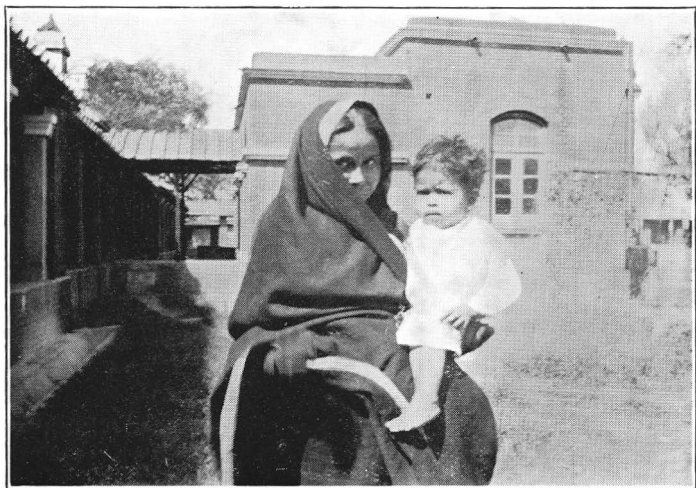
Especially was he attracted by a picture of a shepherd leading his sheep and carrying a little lamb in his arms and he listened entranced to the story of the lost sheep who had strayed away into the mountains where wild beasts lurked, and of the seeking shepherd who could not rest until the lost one was safely upon his shoulder. His mother came back to find her boy with a rapt expression on his face.

"See, mother," he said, "the shepherd has found the little lamb and it is quite safe."

Their next visit, when he heard of the Saviour calling little children to His arms that He might bless them, proved equally arresting ; and when his mother tried to hurry him away with the excuse that he must return to his lessons he would not leave without a copy of the book containing the stories. This became his constant companion and at night he kept it under his pillow, picturing himself as the little lamb in the Good Shepherd's arms. His mother disapproved and gave up going to the hospital, saying that she could send for the medicine when necessary.

His father, on the contrary, was proud of his son and would listen attentively as he read aloud from his precious book.

Ratnakar is still a small boy and though he is no longer allowed to go with his mother to the dispensary he persuades his sisters to bring him books whenever they are sent for medicine, and we have the Lord's promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void."



MOTHER AND SON.



"CÆSAREAN" BABIES.

## SURJI

Little Surji, whose name means Sun, was about six years old, and she and her younger brother were often left alone. Their mother was staying in the hospital with their granny who had to have a serious operation. Their father had hired a house close to the hospital for himself and the two children. One day, when he had gone to the bazaar to buy vegetables for the curry, Surji's light sari caught fire and in a moment she was enveloped in flames. Her cries brought help and although she was quickly brought to the hospital and carefully tended by doctors and nurses there was from the first little hope of her recovery. Throughout that hot Indian day her little head tossed restlessly on the pillow and the cry "Pani, pani" (*i.e.*, water) came from her parched lips until about midnight her spirit left the poor little body.

"Ram, Ram, Sita, Ram," cried the bearers as they carried the little lifeless form down to the waters of Mother Ganges, and for hours was heard the wail of those who sorrow without hope.

But inside the hospital Surji's grandmother, herself stricken with grief, comforted her still

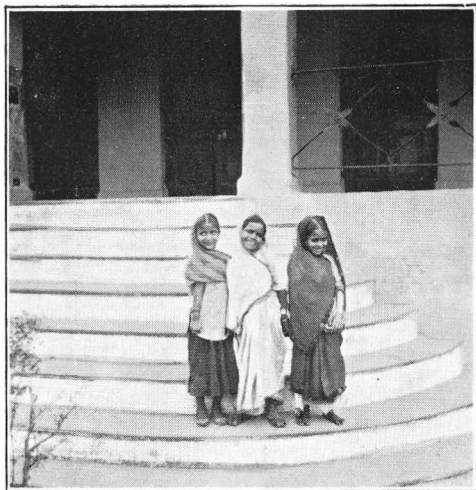
more sorrowing daughter with these words of hope :

“ Daughter, Teacher says that Jesus loves little children. He has called little ones to Himself, we may see her again.”

How well worth while to bring to sorrowing hearts such crumbs of comfort.



LITTLE PATIENTS.



TARAMONI AND TWO FRIENDS.



## TARAMONI

A few years ago a little Hindu girl was admitted to hospital with typhoid fever. Taramoni was about seven years old and looked very ill. She was so weak and listless, and her big brown eyes took no interest in what was going on around her. Her elder sister, a charming girl of about fourteen, came with her to help look after her. These two made such an attractive picture that I, at that time newly arrived at the hospital, inquired who they were.

Taramoni's mother was dead and she and her sister Shushila lived near the hospital with their father, quite an elderly man. Shushila was married and would soon be leaving to go to her husband's home. Both attended the little school for girls which had been started in the hospital compound by the Bible teacher.

This little school is a real labour of love. It is held in an old stable which was cleaned and put in order free of charge by the father of one of the pupils. The school means extra work for the Bible teacher and Evangelist who have so much to do in hospital, but they feel that it is imperative to reach these little ones and through

them the homes of people living near the hospital. Between twenty and thirty children attend more or less regularly, and it is a joy to see them.

Before Taramoni had turned the corner I had to go up to the hills for language study and while up there I heard that she had completely recovered.

Not long after my return a merry looking little girl came to hospital one day with bright laughing eyes and a broad smile on her face. She called out cheerily, "Salaam, Miss-sahib." I could hardly believe that it was the same child whom I had last seen looking so weak and ill.

Shushila went to her husband's home and little Taramoni became her father's housekeeper. A year or so later Shushila came to hospital for the birth of her first baby and now the tables were turned. The elder sister was the patient while the younger was the companion.

A couple of years later the father married again. The step-mother was not at all an attractive person and life, we felt, was much harder for our little friend ; but she still kept her happy smile and one day escorted her step-mother to hospital, having persuaded her to come for treatment for a bad abscess. The woman was admitted for a few days and Taramoni once more shared the life in hospital.

All this time the little girl attended school faithfully and it was always a delight to see her cheery little face and hear her repeat her lessons or sing the hymns she learnt. How delighted she was on prize day when a lovely doll was her reward.

One year when the hospital was closed for the hot weather holiday Taramoni again fell ill but recovered and was able to be in her place when the school re-opened. She told her teacher and her fellow pupils about her illness and we do love to think of her words. She said : "I was very ill. Hospital was closed and I could get no medicine but I prayed to the Lord Jesus to make me well and He did!" We thank God for the faith of this little one.

To our sorrow we heard a few months ago that a marriage had been arranged for her. Too soon she will have to go to her husband's home. We pray that she may not have to go far away so that we may not have to lose touch with her. Above all we pray and ask the prayers of those who read her story that Taramoni may not lose her faith in the Lord Jesus.

## SONIA

I was sitting in my room writing home-mail when a nurse came down from hospital to say Sonia was seriously ill. Sonia ! For two months we had had her in hospital and her general health had been steadily improving. Her complexion was a little better, her cheeks a little fatter, and those terrible fits of depression had not taken hold of her for a long time. What could be the matter now ? I hurried up to hospital.

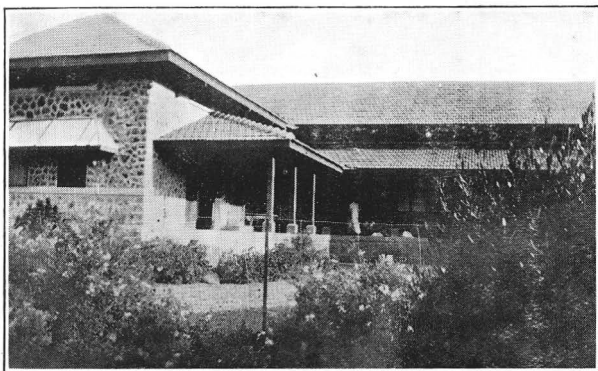
It was just after 5 p.m., and the last of the visiting relatives was taking his leisurely way along the verandah. In the ward where Sonia was, the visitors had gone, the curtains were drawn back, and the nurses had begun the evening's routine work. There, near the door, was little Sonia, crying as if her heart would break. On the way up the nurse had whispered that she thought Sonia had had bad news from home brought by her relatives during visiting hour, but I was not prepared for this storm of tears. Poor little girl ! What was it all about ? I sat down beside her, and bit by bit it all came out. Yes, she had had bad news from home, and it had upset her, and so she had had pain again, and now she supposed she would have to

have an operation. It was true I had given orders to prepare for this, fearing it might have to be, hoping it would not. This is what we had been trying to avoid for two months, and after all our efforts was this to be the end? My heart sank. The little woman had been so anxious to have her baby. Dreaming of a living, wriggling, grunting bundle had made her happy. She had lost three babies before this, but hope had revived in her since she had been with us.

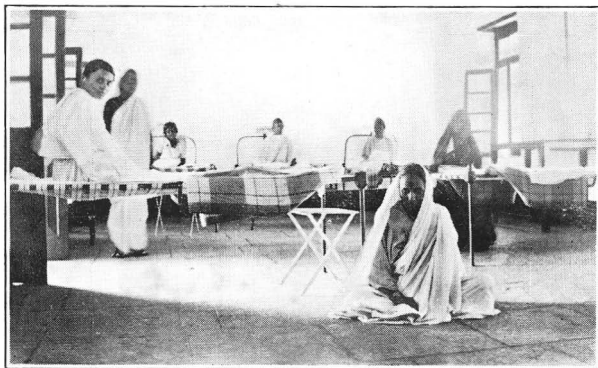
During her stay with us she had heard and understood many things. She knew that our work was done in the name of our Lord, and she knew too that her case had been the subject of much earnest prayer. What disaster, thought my human intelligence, if now everything went wrong! "Oh! Father in Heaven!" I prayed yet more earnestly, "Help this little woman." I had given her medicine to drink; I had given her an injection; I had done all that was possible for her physically; but still the distress of mind remained. I talked to her again of Him in Whose name we did our work; reasoned with her; assured her that trust in Him was always fully justified. At last I asked her, "Would you like to pray with me now, at this time, and ask our Lord to help you?" She was a Mohammedan, but greatly to my surprise and joy, she not only

agreed to *my* saying a prayer for her, but herself repeated the simple sentences after me. Hesitatingly, in broken Urdu, sentence by sentence, we laid our petitions before Him, re-affirming our trust and asking Him to give us the assurance and confidence we needed. At the close she was greatly comforted, and a peaceful night of sleep followed . . . sleep, the balm of all ills ! In the morning a happy smile greeted us. She was better. The instruments prepared for operation were put away !

Now let me tell you the end of the story. Sonia is a happy woman. After patient months of waiting she had her reward. At frequent intervals she comes to see us, and with her comes the loveliest, fattest, smiling-est, youngster you ever saw. What joy on the mother's face when the baby gurgles and crows ! How he wriggles and jumps ! Sonia has her hands full in every sense of the phrase ! One day she told us shyly that her husband has become very interested in Christ's teaching, and sometimes reads the Bible. Sonia herself is a regular reader and (this is a very important matter to a Mohammedan wife) has her husband's permission to do so. Someday perhaps she may openly avow herself one of the Lord's people, and he too.



HOSPITAL VERANDAH.



MEDICAL WARD.

## MOHAMMED ALI

“ Someone to see you in the duftar (office), Miss Sahib.” A courtly, white-haired Indian gentleman rose to greet me as I entered the office in response to this summons.

“ What can I do for you ? ” I asked, when we were both seated, and received the unexpected reply :

“ I want you to teach my wife the true religion.”

I looked at my visitor more closely while I waited for further particulars. His fine face shewed race and distinction, he must surely belong to one of the old families ; fanatical Moslems, since the time that Akbar and his armies swept down upon the Indian plains and subjected the Hindus to their rule. Did he mean those surprising words ?

“ You must know that Allah has not seen fit to bless us with the gift of a child so we adopted a daughter, a good girl, to be a comfort to us in our old age. She was happily married and we were rejoicing in the approaching birth of a son. But, alas, her fever ran high and we were terrified lest we should lose them both. I was educated in a Mission High School and knew how ignorant our own hakims are. I have



read the Gospels many times and know that your prophet, Jesus, taught His followers to heal the sick. So, in haste, I brought my dear daughter to your hospital and my wife stayed with her. By the grace of God she recovered, and a beautiful boy rejoiced our hearts and is the light of our eyes. As I said, I had often read the Gospels, and also the whole Bible—the one that was given me by the Bible Society after I had taken my B.A. at the Government College, but I had never spoken to my wife on the subject. To her the atmosphere of your hospital was the opening of a new world. The care bestowed on all patients, irrespective of rank or wealth, the prayer offered up daily for the recovery of the sick, and the gladness on the faces of the Christians though surrounded by pain and suffering, made a deep impression on her. She listened attentively to all that was told her by doctor, nurse, or bible-woman, and on her return home timidly asked me if I knew the story of ‘Hazrat Isa.’ We both believe that it was through Him and not through anyone else that my daughter and grandson are alive to-day. Will you teach her more?”

Gladly I arranged for someone to go and teach her regularly, at the same time impressing upon my visitor that it was his duty and privilege to teach her himself. After a few weeks news came

that the son-in-law wished to be taught too. His wife had always been quiet and well behaved, but there was a new serenity about her of which he wished to know the secret.

Some months later I returned from a holiday in the hills and found a very sorrowful man awaiting me. The heat that year had been very great, and disease was rife in the city. It did not spare the wealthier homes. The beautiful boy was ailing and almost before they realized that he was seriously ill he was taken from them. The young mother was nearly out of her mind with grief. Could we do anything for her? She was brought to the hospital, so thin and wild looking that I hardly recognized her. We spoke to her of the Christian's hope of a joyful re-union in Heaven, and gradually the wildness left her, and patient resignation took its place. After her return home we used to visit their house whenever we could and "talk of the things concerning the Lord." The house, like most of those belonging to wealthy people in this district, is imposing and beautiful, but the rooms occupied by the women are, as is usual, small and often dark. The women could use the enclosed courtyard, about 30 feet square, in which a few trees give welcome shade at noon, and, as their house is higher than its neigh-

bours, and, therefore, could not be overlooked, they could sit on the flat roof in the short twilight while the acrid smoke from the evening fires rose in the still air.

I had been away from the hospital for a time and on my return had a third visit from the Nawab. He came to tell me that another grandson had been given them and he wished me to share in their joy. As soon as possible I went to see the young mother, and as she placed the precious babe in my arms she whispered, "This is the answer to many prayers. It is *your* Prophet to whom I must offer my thanks."

None of the family has, as yet, confessed Christ in baptism. "How can I?" the old man would say, "I am now over 60 years of age and shall not live much longer. Can I face the ridicule and opposition of my relations and friends? I am a peaceable man, and cannot bear the strife and bitterness it would cause, more especially with my wife's relations. They might even force her to leave me. Perhaps when I am gone these others may be able to confess their faith in Christ openly."

These, and such as these, are not numbered in the visible Church of Christ, but who shall say that this family are not children of the True God, for they are "*known unto Him.*"

## GANGUBAI

Gangubai and her sister are Brahmins from a distant part of India. Their father had made his home in the city, having probably come originally either in government service or as a pilgrim visiting the sacred river. Both girls had had an unusually good education and could read well. They were in hospital for some time and read the gospels with great interest. When the time came for them to leave they asked to be given copies of some of the prayers which were used in hospital, as they wished to use them at home. They also made copies of the hymns they had learnt during their stay.

In order to continue her treatment Gangubai used to visit the dispensary in the city and took every opportunity of learning more about Christ. The Christian hymns especially seemed to fascinate her and she asked for a hymn-book and other Christian books. When asked when she would read them she replied, "After ten o'clock, when all are in bed. That is my only time; and after reading I just speak to Jesus and tell Him all that is in my heart."

The evangelist used to visit Gangubai and her

sister in their home, and they said, "Come often and see us ; and, if you have to go, leave with us two clear pictures of Jesus so that all will know Him," and Gangubai added, "I always think of you on Sundays for is not that *your* day ? How I long to be with you for the service."

These two are not yet baptized Christians, but like many another are secret believers.

**“LYDIA,  
whose heart the Lord opened.”**

“Our little hospital, as you know,” said Miss M., a friend working in another Mission, “is situated in a fertile valley of the Himalayan foot-hills about 5,000 feet above sea level. Besides treating our in-patients we are able to reach the surrounding villages on our journeys to and from the plains. Two years ago we penetrated farther into the mountains and, taking a cook, provisions and simple medicines with us, we spent the greater part of our holiday going from village to village off the beaten track among people who had probably never seen a white face before.

“Our cook, who was a hillman, took many short cuts unsuitable for our ponies, and arriving at a village before us would raise the curiosity of the inhabitants and at the same time assure them that we were perfectly harmless and that our medicines possessed wonderful powers. We therefore found them ready to welcome us and to take us to any sick ones who required medical aid.

“I remember going into one village where, after visiting one or two sick ones we were taken to see a woman who was dying and past medical help. Her eyes were closed, and not knowing

if she could hear me or not I knelt down by the bed and repeated the words : ' The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'

" Immediately her eyelids flickered, and with a smile on her face she said, ' I know Him, I know Him.'

" She was too weak to say more but the women who had gathered round said, ' Yes, she believes on your Jesus and is different from us. She never tells lies or loses her temper or steals and we shall miss her. She is kind and loving.'

" On leaving the home I asked her husband when and where his wife had learnt of Christ. He replied : ' Before I married her, when she was quite a little girl, she was a patient for some time in the Mission Hospital at Lucknow and there she heard of the Christians' Saviour. After our marriage I brought her here and she has never forgotten the teaching and has been a good and dutiful wife to me.'

" The next morning we heard that she had passed into the presence of her Saviour Whom to know is Eternal Life."

A hush fell on us all and we lifted up our hearts in thanksgiving to God for this encouragement to our faith and for His seal of blessing on words spoken long before any of us had had a share in the work of the hospital.

## SAKU

Saku was fourteen when she became a patient in the Z.B.M.M. Hospital. She was an orphan and had lived with a brother until he was imprisoned for stealing. Since then she had led the life of a beggar, sleeping on verandahs or under bridges, until a woman had found her and taken her to a house of ill-fame. How long she was there we do not know, but the woman brought her to the hospital on account of ill-health.

After keeping her for some time under observation the doctor decided to operate for appendicitis and was glad to find that the diagnosis was correct and that the cause of Saku's pain could be removed. Her recovery was uneventful and in time she was up and walking about. During her illness the evangelist got to know her well and they were great friends. Each morning Saku would have in her hand a rose which had been brought her from the garden. She was a very nice looking girl with large childlike eyes and the Hindu caste mark on her forehead.

The time came when the doctor began to wonder what she was to do with Saku for she



was quite well enough to be discharged but where to send her was the problem. You cannot force a hitherto free Hindu beggar girl to go to any Christian home or school against her will. Saku was approached on the subject.

“Will you go back to that woman in the city?”

“Oh no,” cried Saku, “I want to stay with you always.”

“But we cannot keep you always. Besides, if you stayed, what would you say that you were, because you know that you belong to such and such a caste.”

“I shall say that I am a Christian, for that is what I want to be,” was the reply.

Now the way was plain and in the end Saku went to the Babies' Home to be trained to look after the babies. And so she drove off in the sunshine one morning in December to the Babies' Home, waving good-bye as she left the hospital and hugging in her arm a doll which the doctor had given her.

*In connection with the Z.B.M.M. Hospitals at Nasik, Patna and Lucknow, town dispensaries and village itineration are carried on wherever possible as the following accounts illustrate.*

## VILLAGE DISPENSING

Half-past seven in the morning, while the air was still chilly enough to make us draw our warm coats closely about us, the car was packed with the big tin medicine chest, and our water bottles and food stores. Then our party of four climbed in—the Evangelist, the Indian Doctor and Nurse, and the newcomer.

Soon we were bumping over the streets of sleepy Nasik, scarcely awake as yet ; then over the bridge which spans the Godavari, its banks lined with temples, and its bathing pools, even at this early hour, crowded with people. On, past the Leper Asylum and its little Cross-crowned chapel, reminding us of the love of Jesus Christ expressed in the life of His servant Miss Harvey. Out now into the open country, on a dusty road lined with trees threading its way through a flat expanse of agricultural land, to which the distant hills give charm and variety.

After about twenty-seven miles had been traversed the car took a sharp turn to the left, entering what seemed like a desolate plain covered with parched yellow grass, only the jagged outline of the hills breaking the level expanse. Then there was a slight but sudden dip, and before us lay a fertile patch of trees and green fields. The road narrowed down and passed between fields of tall sugar cane, and an occasional mud and straw hut. A few women, carrying their day's supply of food in round flat baskets on their heads, were coming out of the village. We passed a group of ramshackle huts which showed us where the outcastes were kept carefully segregated.

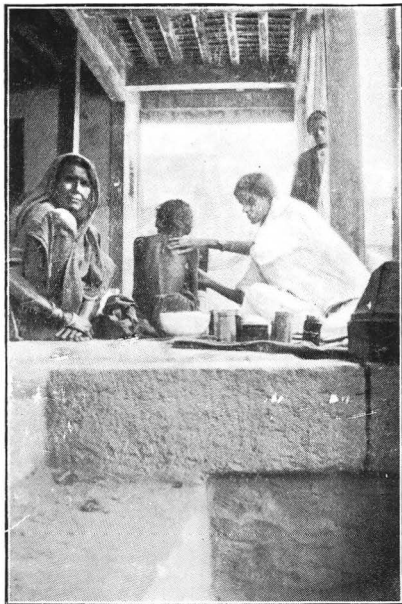
Soon we were in the village itself, where the road became narrow, stone-paved and steep. We stopped before a well-to-do looking house, and a smiling woman came to the door. She was a Brahmin and a former patient. She was pleased to see us, but laughingly remonstrated with us for not having let her know of our coming. We passed on through a half tumble-down gateway into the main part of the village where a wide level space made it possible for the car to draw up. We were now in front of the Government Revenue Department house, and were about to enquire for the Patil (Head-

man), when the Village Inspector appeared carrying an ivory-headed staff of office. He was not in a genial mood and said we had come on an inconvenient day as the District Collector was expected at any moment, therefore we could not use the room which had been put at our disposal last time. We politely said we would go elsewhere. Just a little way up the street we saw the village doctor outside his dispensary, and he cordially invited us in. His wife—a very beautiful woman—who had come to us for treatment last time, was delighted to see us and immediately he heard of our difficulty he offered us the use of his dispensary! What true generosity of spirit, and that in the very person from whom we might have expected opposition! We could not, even if we would, take advantage of such kindness; and there was something else that withheld us even more, his statement, “My door is open to all, only the mahars (outcastes) may not enter.” The burden of *our* message was “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” So this was not the place for us.

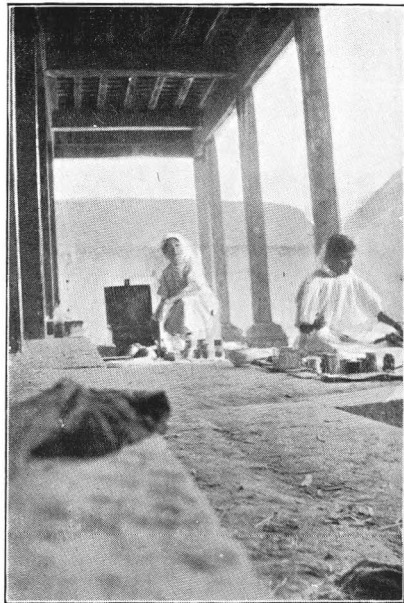
We returned to our car and the house that had been refused to us. Who can explain why the Inspector now opened the door to us, and after much talk said, “I will use one half of this room, and you can have the other half”? In our

hearts we praised the Lord, "He that openeth and no man shutteth." The Inspector (a Mohammedan) even offered us one of his carpets; and we thankfully accepted all that was given us as willing hands quickly brought us chairs and a table. Soon we had a little consulting-room-and-dispensary arranged, and everything looked as professional as possible in these surroundings. For evangelistic purposes we had already claimed in our minds a stone parapet and flight of steps at the back of the house where a tree threw a kindly shade. But before we settled in we had to announce our arrival; so, leaving the Doctor and Nurse to deal with any patients, we two set out on a tour through the village.

What a joy it was to walk through the streets and engage in conversation with the people. "Do you want medicine? The Doctor Sahib is here." But we could not stop there; inevitably and naturally followed the message of the Great Physician. At the very outset a knot of men gathered round us outside a shop front and listened so eagerly; men with children in their arms; an old greybeard; even a sadhu with tousled hair, and beads round his neck. Little girls slipped in almost unnoticed, while up on the stone verandahs which front every house



VILLAGE  
DISPENSING.



women stopped their cooking operations and listened shyly behind their saris, while pretending not to do so ! One man had much to say. He had studied the Hindu and Christian religions—“ I know your Jesus came to teach the way . . . I shall see you later, I am bringing my mother to see the Doctor,” he said.

We next paid our respects to the Local Board School master, knowing the children would be quick to mark our arrival. Then we stopped to speak to a group of workmen. We asked where the outcastes' school was, only to rouse one old man to wrathful contempt—“ Why do you trouble about the outcastes ? ” The question brought the inevitable reply. Then—“ If you have come to give us medicines do not preach ; but give us medicines and heal us and we shall reverence you as gods.”

Eventually we returned to find the Doctor's “ consulting room ” crowded with patients, so the news had spread quickly ! Now was the time to set out our books, and almost before it was done we were surrounded by people, mainly children just let out from school. Left for a few minutes alone, with an eager crowd pressing round, feeling mute and helpless because of not knowing the language, one realized the poignancy of those words, “ How shall they hear without

a preacher?" The next hour and a half was spent in preaching, and telling the stories illustrated by a series of Copping's beautiful pictures made up into a folding book. We were privileged to see the Lord working again in a very marked way. Although much interest was shown in the literature no one was buying; it was quite evident that there was some hindrance. Two Mohammedan boys were noticed to be laughing and making fun of the books; a silent prayer went up to God, and within a few minutes, first one, and then the other, got up and went away. It was as if the flood gates had been opened, and we could scarcely sell the books quickly enough; even children were producing their *pice*.

It was time now for some lunch, and we asked the crowds to go away while we went into the empty room upstairs. By now we were glad of its coolness, for the sun was very hot. We sat on a rug on the floor and shared our English and Indian food thankfully. Every now and then the stillness was broken by the patter of feet, and a voice through the crack of the door saying, "I want a book. Sell me a book."

Our second bookstall which we set up under this same doorway, was besieged by a crowd of eager boys, many of whom bought books. As



a special treat we lined them up and gave them each a S.G.M. leaflet. Close to us we noticed a little girl aged about twelve, with her big longing eyes fixed upon us. She said, on being questioned, that she was an outcaste (the first who had come to us that day), and she accepted with joy a copy of "The Way of Salvation" in Marathi. She offered to read it aloud, and on being taken apart to a quieter spot, she read verse after verse, and soon attracted a large crowd of boys who listened attentively.

Then the coming of the sun chased us away from this place, and we next took up our post on the open stone verandah at the front of the building. Here we faced the main road; at the same time every person who came to see the Doctor had to pass by us. Boys and girls and men now began to crowd round us. One will not forget a little bright-faced girl who leant her elbows on one's lap, and, of her own accord sang a hymn that she had learnt last time. The boys began to press too close, so our little outcaste friend who had kept by us all the time said, "I will sit on that side and keep them back." This she did, giving one a little reassuring touch on the arm, as much as to say, "We are sisters now, you and I."

The strain of talking for so many hours amidst

the dust, the heat and the crowds, told at last ; it was time too that the children, who had become oblivious of time, were despatched back to school ; so our next move was into the room used by the Doctor. The door was shut, and we sat down for a brief respite ; but somehow our little friend had followed us in. In order not to disappoint her she was given the folding picture book to look at. Immediately she was joined by two others waiting to see Doctor : one of them was a little Brahmin girl. There they sat on the floor side by side, and we heard the little outcaste telling the stories she had just heard to the other two. No wonder her finger pointed lovingly to the picture of the woman who had found her lost coin, for had not the Lord sought diligently to bring in one outcaste that day? No weariness could refuse such eagerness and many other stories were told to the little ones on the floor. They were heard too by the men sitting in the background, or peering through the bars of the windows. Only God knows the hearts that were touched by them.

At last it was time to pack up. The Doctor had seen sixty-two patients, and there had been several pressing requests for our return in a week's time. Friendly faces stood round as we packed ourselves and our possessions into the

car ; the village doctor himself came to say good-bye. But the picture that remains in one's mind is of Howshi (our little outcaste), standing with arms leaning on the side of the car, as if loath to let us go, her eyes full of a great longing. The call of India spoke through those eyes.

## A GOSPEL BUS

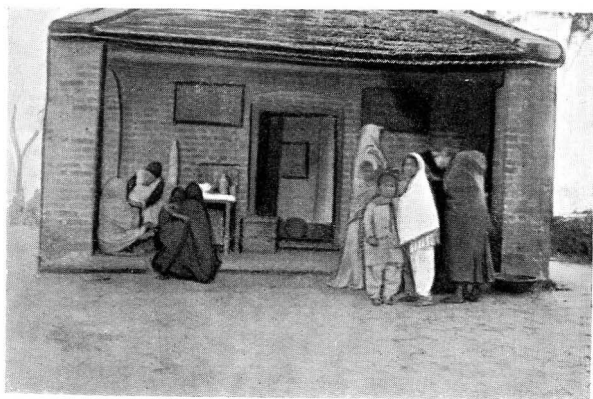
It was about 10.45 on Wednesday, August 22nd, that Dr. Greenwold, Matronji, Staff Nurse Rosalind and I started off for a village fifteen miles away from Lucknow called Bani-Bantra.

To get to Bani-Bantra we had to pass through the city, a bazaar, and then through lovely green fields on either side of the road. Thirteen miles out we came to the Police Station. The Inspector of Police was waiting for us by the roadside ; he had made himself look very smart for our interview. I told him that the senior doctors had been prevented from coming, but he said it didn't matter so long as someone had come. He was most kind and helpful, and just as we were departing for the remaining two miles, he called a policeman to go with us to show us the way and the shop he had obtained for our use. He also gave strict orders that we were to have no trouble.

We were rather amazed at the idea of entering the village with a policeman sitting at the back of the bus ! Thank God there was no trouble, and our friend the policeman proved himself very useful doing odd jobs for us.



THE GOSPEL 'BUS.



VILLAGE DISPENSARY.

See page 66

A splendid shop had been made ready for us, complete with two old tables, two chairs, and two beds for examining patients, and it was all fairly clean. The shop was situated quite close to the place where a huge bazaar takes place twice a week for the benefit of about forty villages. The men soon crowded round the bus; they all seemed very pleased and interested in it, and one is not surprised at this, because the bus is very beautiful to look at, and is fitted with wonderful requisites for medical and evangelistic work. The Inspector had sent word to the villages round about that we were coming. After Dr. Greenwold had examined the first patient we waited about half-an-hour, and no others came, so we decided to go into the bazaar and invite the women to come in.

The first woman I saw was trying to sell a few bundles of rope which she had made herself; she was extremely poor. In her arms was a very puny baby of about twelve months old. I spoke to her, and asked her if the baby wasn't keeping well, and she said no. I invited her to come to our dispensary for some medicine as we had lots of good medicine for such cases; she told me she had no money to pay for the medicine. I told her we didn't take money from poor people—she seemed terrified of me. Then

a man in the crowd said, "Why don't you go with this Mem Sahiba? They are Christian people and want to help you. I will take care of your rope until you return." In the end she walked to the dispensary with me, and she left some time afterwards very happy with medicine and powders.

This brought many men and women along. At one time we had about thirty women gathered together, some sick, others just to see what we were like. At this stage Dr. Greenwold took the opportunity of giving a message.

She told them that we had come to help the women and children of the forty villages around Bani-Bantra, knowing that there was no medical work for women for miles around, and that God had opened the way for us after many years.

Her text was John iii, 16; the women listened very attentively and quietly. They didn't seem to know anything about God. Dr. Greenwold asked one woman a question, and she said, "Yes, we know there is someone in heaven, but we don't know anything about Him." After this we sold eight portions of Scripture. It was marvellous how the women's fear turned to confidence in us. Prayer has indeed been answered far more than we ever expected.

We returned home very tired and hot, but *very happy*. The Indian staff are going to love

the village work, and who is more able to do it and to speak to the poor women of their own country than they? They like us to go with them and have asked us to come.

The Lucknow Hospital Motor Bus, or "Kinnaird Gospel Bus" as one man called it, has been provided by special gifts and its purchase is the result of long and persistent prayer on the part of some who felt the need of the villages round Lucknow. The driver of the bus was himself once a little patient in the hospital whose life was well nigh despaired of. As a result of his stay in hospital first his aunt and later himself and his brother were led to Christ. Now he is married and has a small son. It was he who fitted the bus with boxes and drawers for medicines, dressings, etc., for he is a carpenter as well as driver and mechanic. He takes his full share in the work in the villages.

The weekly visits to Bantra drew crowds of village women, and writing within six weeks of the first visit the doctor in charge says: "We had a very heavy day yesterday, 138 patients of whom 90 were fresh cases, which proves beyond question that the work needed to be done. Next week we hope to start out on our second district at Itaunji."



## JAKUR

A camel is a very romantic steed, and on a camel came young Jakur riding with his mother. A long needle-like thorn had run into his foot, and, disregarded, caused it to swell and fester till the pain was beyond endurance. The mother was voluble in her demand for instant and effective treatment for her first-born and coaxed and cajoled the big lad who would hardly allow the injured foot to be touched. Poulting and iodine soon brought relief. When next the missionary visited his village she was called into his father's house and as a mark of special favour she was taken into the darkened room where a girl lay under a mound of quilts and shawls and was shown a wee wrinkled day-old baby buried deep in their folds. It was Jakur's little daughter. The lad outside received the congratulations upon the birth of his first child sheepishly and all concerned hoped for a son next time.

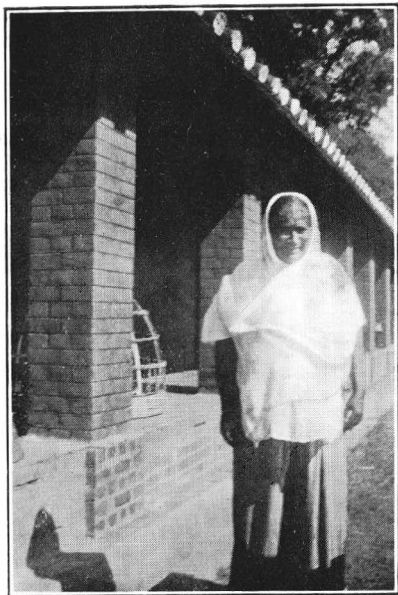
In such ways as these does even amateur medicine admit the missionary to the joys and sorrows of the villagers' private life.

## BHANSO

Old Ind Kour was a cultivator's wife. The beloved children of her son were many and amongst them was one Bhanso, a self-willed little person of five, who was dear to her heart. Many a time had she been warned not to worry the patient old pony tethered in her father's cramped courtyard. She persisted in pulling his long ragged tail and under the circumstances it was hardly to be wondered at that he trod on her little bare foot.

In due course her grandmother arrived at the dispensary with her on the pony's back. It was a long business for it was a dirty wound, but the child seemed to feel it very little and only whimpered while it was being dressed. She was soon trotting round as before and however well the crushed foot was bandaged the dirt would get in. Often her granny had to take her to the pump to wash the mud off before it could be unbandaged. The daily visits were interrupted at times for various reasons. One of the men-folk needed the pony, or granny must attend a wedding in a neighbouring village and the visit would take two or three days, or some-

one was ill which prevented their coming, or some member of the family living at a distance had died and it was imperative to make a trip to offer condolences. With these brief intervals, however, the old lady persisted in the treatment and although the foot was always bad when she reappeared after a short absence it did heal at length. Bhanso became quite friendly in a silent way and as soon as the dressing was done she would produce the halfpenny fee they are encouraged to pay, from the pocket of her rather grimy striped skirt and present it with a grave little salutation. She hardly ever spoke, just gazed with serious dark eyes then nestled her head on to her grandmother's shoulder and finally was carried off to where the waiting pony stood tied to a near by tree.



THE BEGUM.



ESTHER.

## LANGRI (lame)

One day when I was going through the village a man signalled to me and took me to where a woman was lying in the bazaar. She was a bundle of rags and bones, crippled and too ill to stand. Her husband had died four years before and she had no relations. A man she had been living with left her when she became ill and she had just been lying in the bazaar waiting to die.

I rented a tiny room for her and fed her from my house thinking she would only live a few days. To my delight food and medicine won the day and she improved so rapidly that I was soon able to send her to the Z.B.M.M. Hospital.

She is of a very bright nature and quick to learn and I believe she is beginning to understand something of the Saviour's love. The neighbours were much impressed by the fact that all that was done for her was done by the command of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that He cares for all while other religions neglect all the poor and helpless.

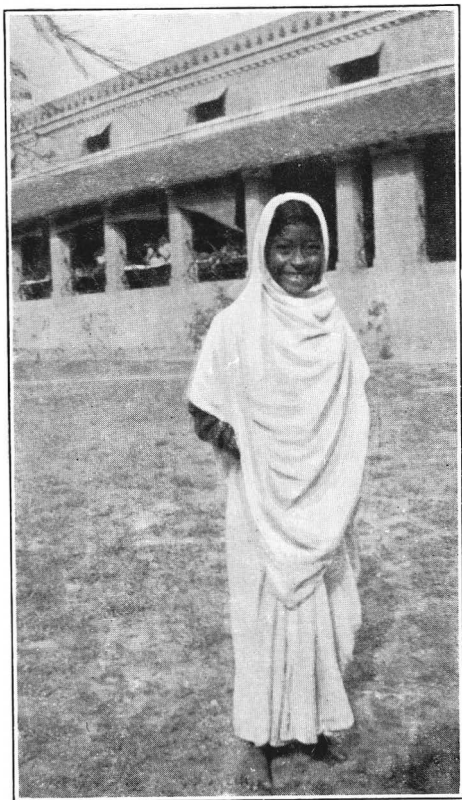
"Our religion does nothing for us, yours is good," they say. After two months in hospital Langri is much stronger and her name has been changed to "Prabhudari," the slave of the Lord.

*We do not always see results but we do know that the work is blessed not only to the healing of bodies, but also of souls.*

*No life-story is "finished" until the heroine has passed from our sight through the veil of death. That is why so many of the following sketches seem at first sight to have a sad ending.*

## MORU

Some stars are life-long friends from the time we know their names : and there are " shooting stars " that we see for a moment ; they come from the unknown and invisible, and disappear again into the invisible. Almost as brief has been the touch we have had with our little Moru. She came to hospital by the arrangement of an oft-time Mohammedan patient who had many times poured out her woes to us—the all too frequent story of the unfaithful husband. This little Moru was a Nepali, and how she came to be in the employ of these Mohammedans we do not quite know ; it cannot have been the doing of the strictly " purdah " wife. At any rate, here was Moru with a diseased leg and soon to be confined, and a sadder little person we had not often had in hospital. Her story soon became known to the majority of patients and the



MORU.

sympathy they gave was very real. "Do not let her return to that house, Miss Sahib-ji," said one and another.

She listened with a hungry soul to the teaching of the Gospel which was given to her day by day. In due time the baby that should not have been, was. The mother's leg kept her on in hospital and she dreaded the time when she would have to leave. Why should she have to go back? She was not a slave. For very shame the man who had wronged her would not pursue inquiries as to her whereabouts. So one day she was asked what she would like to do. "Send me somewhere where I may learn and may lead a good life," said she. It was a secret between her and us, and from that time her countenance changed. In due time, escorted by a faithful "sister," she went to the Home where was also a hospital, for the leg still needed attention. She was taught to read and much more, for Jesus began to be a reality to her. Mercifully the baby died. The little woman in spite of every care developed phthisis and grew weak rapidly. I went to see her, and her joy at seeing me was touching. We had a long talk. In spite of the illness she looked so much better and so much happier than when she had come to us that it was hard to believe she might soon pass



away. She said she believed in Christ and wanted to be baptized. I suggested that in July one of us would go over to be present at the service. But long ere July a letter came saying that Moru was much weaker and would not live long. So the question of baptism had to be considered and the lady in charge wrote on the subject, "She said she was very glad and that she had been wanting it. She gives a very clear testimony as to her faith."

The same kind lady also wrote of her : "She is a dear little soul and so grateful for everything," and later, in giving the news that she had passed on, she wrote again of her gratitude and said, "I am sure she was one of the Lord's own children."

Like the story of the great Elijah the beginning of Moru's story, as far as we are concerned, is shrouded in mystery ; but she came amongst us and we had the privilege of leading her into the Light, and now she has passed to where it is eternal day.

## SHANTI

She was a young widow with a small baby. After her husband's death she had no one to turn to. Without relatives who will give her a home, a young widow in India is in great moral danger. Shanti shrank from this and came to us for a refuge.

I have just returned from the baptism of herself and her boy. She took the name of Shanti (peace) and he has been called Prabhudas (Slave of the Lord). Standing by the font, and listening to the quiet happiness and assurance with which she gave the responses, my heart was full of joy. The Indian clergyman who took the service was himself a convert of only ten years' standing. Surely victory is to the Lord !

## ANANDI

A young woman lay in one of the beds on the hospital verandah. She was obviously very ill and there was no hope of her recovery. She had been an in-patient on more than one occasion, and had responded to a certain extent to the treatment given, but now she was nearing the end of the way.

She was a Hindu, and had been employed as a cook in a house in the city. Non-Christian women who remain in the Mission hospital for treatment practically always bring with them a relative who keeps them company and cooks their food ; but Anandi was alone in the world and depended on the hospital staff for everything. On the occasion of her first stay in hospital, when she was feeling better, she volunteered to help the cook, but alas, her temper was quick, and her tongue sharp, and it was a relief to all when she decided to return to her employment in the city. After some months, Anandi was again admitted to the wards and received the care and attendance of doctor and nurses. Day by day too she heard about the Lord Jesus and His love. The evangelist would sit by her

bedside and read to her the wonderful story, explaining the Bible pictures or singing a bhajan (hymn). Then, having partially recovered, Anandi went off and we never expected to see her again. Several weeks later, when Sister was hurrying along the verandah, she saw an ekka coming slowly up to the hospital door. On it was a woman looking very ill, and oh, so dirty and unkempt. "Anandi," she said. "Yes, Miss Sahib, it is Anandi," she replied, "I have come back to die." Very carefully she was lifted from the ekka, and made comfortable in bed. The nurses greeted her as an old friend and everybody did what they could to make the last little bit of the journey as easy as possible. Life had dealt hardly with Anandi. All through she had battled with hard work, ill-health and poverty. Her sole earthly possession was a brass drinking vessel.

Now she was hearing again of the riches of grace and glory. Day by day the evangelist sat by her, telling of the Heavenly inheritance and how through Christ the Saviour she could have her share in it.

"Yes, yes," she said one day, "I believe, and before I die I want you to put the Christian sign on me. You are the only people who have ever shown me any kindness." Next evening a little

group gathered quietly round Anandi's bed. Our hearts were full as the evangelist thanked God for another soul won and the doctor baptized her.

Shortly afterwards God took her very quietly and peacefully to Himself. As we stood at the grave and saw the worn body laid to rest, I thought : "There is nothing here for tears. She is now where there is nothing but kindness." "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection from the dead," we heard the minister's voice say, and our hearts responded, "Amen."

## FATIMA

Fatima and her two children were turned out by her Mohammedan husband five years ago when he took another woman. She "took refuge", as she said, with another man and lived with him till he died, having one child by him. Since his death two years ago she has lived by doing coolie work till this year the dreaded malaria seized her and made work impossible. Ill and in despair she came to me ; and, feeling that the Lord had brought her, I took her and the children in. One is a bright little girl of six and the boy is two.

Fatima did not live very much longer, she had tuberculosis very badly and was suffering much from weakness. She learnt to know the Lord and was baptized before receiving her Home-call. Her two children are both well and very happy in school.

*Those readers who are accustomed to the orderly routine of an English Hospital would be surprised by the differences and variety found in an Indian one. Here is the story of one doctor's day in a Z.B.M.M. Hospital.*

## THE DAILY ROUND

It began with the glory of sunrise sweeping the sky behind domes and minarets, for in the early dawn an urgent call had come from an old lady patient out in the city. I wish you could have seen her urging me to accept ten rupees to repair damages when some medicine was spilled on my dress. The idea ! She is rather a dear, the kind that any child would love for a grandmother.

Tea and toast tasted good after that run in the crisp January air, and then I was off to the hospital to lead staff prayers at 6.30. By 7.30 that little service and our quiet time were over, and the medical patients who were able to leave their beds assembled in the surgical ward for prayers. Such a colourful, varied picture did they make, the rich, the poor, the Hindu, the Christian, the Muslim, squatting on the floor or sitting up in bed, huddling themselves comfortably in the folds of bright coloured blankets, one

reaching out a restraining hand to a restless child, others exchanging comments and nods of the head—all in a community of spirit that most of them have never experienced before.

As the daily round began I found on the first bed the woman whose baby came just after dinner last night. She has a remarkably strong body for an Indian woman of thirty-five, and this baby girl with its wee pointed chin is her thirteenth child, too. The babe was not sure life was worth living, and Sister had ten minutes of vigorous work to lure her into breathing. I wonder what you would have thought had you seen me scolding at the little old mother-in-law that night? You see, although the woman had had trouble when her last three children were born, and although I warned them last year that they must bring her to hospital in plenty of time, they kept her suffering at home fourteen hours before they finally as a last resort brought her here on a Sunday evening. Do you wonder that I grieved at their inhumanity? The little patient seized my hands as I bent over her bed and said, "My life has come." Oh, the ignorance of India, the unbelief of India in the necessity of precaution and prompt action!

Another of the patients in this ward followed me with eyes alight as I moved from bed to bed,



examining and trying to comfort. She frowned with displeasure at the cantankerous old woman in the corner, who at first refused to let me remove the stitches that had been so neatly sewed in her abdomen, and who grumbled and threatened to die over each little jerk of the clips coming out.

The little lady of the grateful eyes has been here seven weeks, and will go home more rested than she has ever been since her early marriage, I suppose. She is twenty-two, and came to us for her third baby—almost dead herself with anæmia. Her wee three-pound baby died on its second day of feeble life. That baby's father is a highly educated man, a University lecturer, dressing in English clothes and considering himself an intelligent person. Yet his poor little wife came to us in a ragged condition of clothes and body, under-nourished, pleading with folded hands that we save her life for the sake of the two-year-old child at home. But I cannot let you pause by each bed as I paused. Your hearts, unaccustomed to India's sadness, would be too heavily burdened. Of course there were many bright moments—when I saw the utter devotion with which one sister cared for another, the perfect joy with which one proud young father lifted his new baby even though she was

a girl, the sacrificial love of a mother-in-law for her son's wife. Would not you too have entered one of the private rooms with happy anticipation if you knew you were to be greeted with a cheery "Ah, my sun, moon and stars!" This Muslim woman, recovering from a very serious operation, is an old friend, and I know that she will pay us many visits on dispensary days to let us see how perfectly she is healed.

Breakfast at 9.30 was, as always, a hurried meal, for our minds were full of waiting hospital tasks.

I found the operating room spotless and ready. Rosaline, one of the nurses, has developed into a splendid assistant in the theatre. The volume I could write on the problems and the satisfactions that come from taking these raw young Christians who have only passed the sixth standard in school and turning them into trustworthy nurses! Tiffin is supposed to be at 1.30, but on this, as on so many days, we did not get through in the hospital till 2.30. When the last operation was over and we had dispersed the last group of anxious relatives, waiting with hands folded in supplication as close to the door of the operating room as they could possibly squeeze, we had tiffin and then family prayers for a family very much in need of bodily and spiritual refreshment.

For a bit there was time to work at my desk, away from the patients and the groups of women relatives cooking for their sick, the noise of voices in the dispensary clamouring for medicine, the vision of men bringing their sick women-folk in tightly-curtained carriages or little chairs swathed about with red cloth and swung on bamboo poles on the shoulders of servants.

After 4.30 tea I went back to the hospital to see a patient who was very ill. It was calling hour and as I passed the wards with the white curtains drawn round each bed to keep its occupant hidden I smiled as I so often do at the spectacle of men's feet showing beneath each curtain—feet of every size and in every imaginable garb! But my smile died when I reached the room of this very sick woman. Five of her male relatives had dragged chairs for themselves to the verandah beside her room, and, lolling there with feet propped up, they were gaily pouring out for themselves bottles of pink lemonade!

There was still an office appointment, and then a call to make in the city. I think you would not have believed your eyes if you had gone with me to that home of a very wealthy Muslim. It was a big rambling building right on the sidewalk, and we went through gateways and two court-yards of barren earth, very, very dirty. Then

we passed through wide-arched verandahs filled with beds and squatting women, and into the sick-room, which was half verandah, half room. The mud floor was bare, and in the room there was only a wooden cupboard, one chair, two wide beds, and a wooden platform on which sat an anxious faced young man, and a rickety two-stepped ladder leading up to a little curtained door. The curtain was repeatedly drawn and one family member after another crept cautiously down the ladder into the room. The one lantern made so dim a light that I worked with a flashlight. In the window-sills stood medicine bottles.

Do you wonder that my heart ached as I bent over the eighteen-year-old girl moaning on one of the beds? She was fair and sweet, but wholly out of her mind. Her father and husband had come to me too late. She had been married four years, they said, and some days ago had her third baby. All went well for five days, then trouble arose, and a midwife called in from the bazaar did unspeakably ignorant things trying to right it. The girl's whole system was poisoned and her temperature rose to 106 and 107. When it had hovered there for five days and she continued wildly insane they became thoroughly frightened and came for me, as a last resort. Oh, the pity of it! They are such a devoted

family, intelligent in other things, and eager to part with any amount of money to make the girl well. Her father even went to the extreme of letting me bring in the Civil Surgeon this morning, saying, "Of course, our family have always kept purdah, but when it is a matter of life and death I will let him see my daughter." But now I have told him there is nothing more in the world I can do for her, that she must die because they came too late. As our newest recruit on the hospital staff sat on the wooden platform watching the nurse and doctor at work, her eyes were round with wonder. I wish you could have had your eyes widened, too, over the mystery of those rooms, rooms, rooms, and cubby-holes and courtyards, all dim, full of the shadows of people anxious and still. Three men relatives of the patient held umbrellas over us and escorted us through slippery mud and the black night to the motor, pausing at the curb to press me for hope, and to pay me for the call. It is cases like this which take the heart out of one.

When eight o'clock dinner was over, and the guests were gone, leaving the echo of friendly laughter hovering about the fireplace, I went once more to hospital for the night rounds. As I passed through those chilly rooms by lantern

light, slipping in and out between beds in which the patients were buried under thick quilts up to their very scalps, almost stumbling now and again over the sleeping figures of relatives lying on the floor, a surge of quiet gratitude filled my heart for the work the Father has given me to do, for the loyal, hard-working group of co-workers, and for the deep calm and sure faith with which He undergirds us in the daily round.

## DARKNESS AND LIGHT

In a small isolation ward a young Hindu girl of eighteen lay dying after the birth of her first child. Rampyari (beloved of Ram) had been attended by an indigenous dai or midwife in her own home and for lack of cleanliness, let alone a knowledge of asepsis, tetanus had set in and she was brought to hospital when it was too late to save her. The doctors and nurses had done their best and now the evangelist sat by her side. Never would she forget the girl's look of silent appeal as she held her new friend's hand, for she did not want to go out into the unknown dark.

. . . . .

“Light” was brought to Patna hospital by Dr. Harbord, the medical missionary who lives at Nautanwa on the border of the closed land of Nepal. When found, Light was ill, filthy, and so poor that her three little children had only one scanty rag among them. The little girls could only go outside their wretched hovel one at a time. Light was suffering from an inoperable cancer and came to the hospital to die, for she

was almost always in pain with but little relief.

But Light had seen the light in the face of Jesus Christ and when asked, "What has our Lord Jesus done for you?" she answered slowly but certainly, "He died for me. He washed my sins away in His blood. He is going to take me Home."

When her children were at her bedside during her last conscious moments she placed the little boy's hand in that of his big sister and said "Take care of him for I am going to be with Jesus. I shall not see you for a little while." And soon after she passed into her heavenly Home.



## LILA AND SHANTI

Many years ago a woman came to a Z.B.M.M. Hospital with malignant disease. The case was seen to be hopeless from the first but the woman was kept in hospital for some months to give her what treatment was possible. With her came her two daughters Lila and Shanti. They stayed by turns in hospital and tended their mother as relations do in India, cooking her food and ministering to her needs during the day and sleeping near her at night. Both Lila and Shanti were married and though only young girls themselves each had a baby of her own. As the mother grew weaker she sometimes had anxious thoughts about her girls, and before she died she said to them, "If ever you are in trouble, come to this hospital."

Lila's husband had not been kind to her at any time and after her mother's death he deserted her and her little boy. Matters went from bad to worse and at last she found herself in a terrible position, one which can only be fully appreciated by those who know something of India and its treatment of women. It was imperative for her to flee and with her child in her arms she set

out on her long journey to the hospital where she found the shelter and protection she needed.

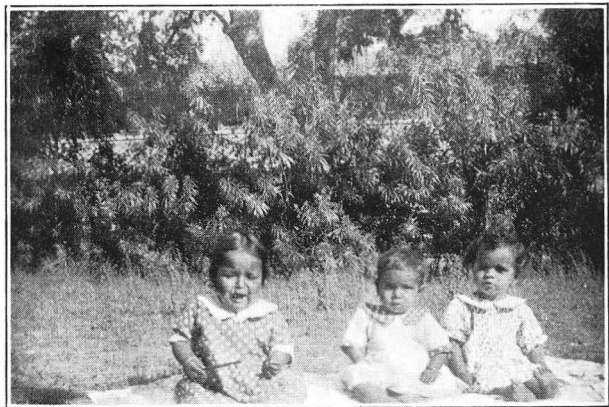
From the days when she tended her dying mother Lila had come to love the Lord and now she earnestly desired to become a Christian. It was arranged therefore for her to go to a converts' home in a town not far away where she might learn more of her Master, and her little boy was sent to a Christian boarding school. Lila was a splendid student and made rapid progress. Now she is a valued teacher in a Christian school and the holidays bring her a joyous reunion with the handsome and clever schoolboy son.

During all these years Lila's faithful heart yearned for her sister and she never ceased to pray for her. Shanti with her vagabond husband had moved to a town in South India and for a time there was absolutely no news of her. Then one day a letter arrived saying she was in terrible trouble. She had four children by this time, the youngest a baby in arms. But her husband had turned from her to the fascinations of a strange woman. This new wife was very unkind to Shanti and told her to turn out of the house with her four children.

On receiving this news of her sister, Lila at once sent word to the hospital which had meant so much to her and from there money was sent

to enable Shanti to undertake the long railway journey. To poor Shanti, penniless and helpless, it was indeed a godsend. After weary days of dusty journeying she at length arrived in our northern town with her four babies and here they were rested and comforted.

We know that Shanti is truly desirous of becoming a Christian and in the Lord's time she will be enabled to show her colours openly.



HOSPITAL BABIES.

STAR.

## STAR

One Sunday afternoon, just before visiting time in hospital a nurse came running over to the bungalow and in a breathless and excited voice said :

“ Miss Sahib-ji, the woman whose baby was born this morning is running away. She wants to leave the baby.”

The doctor was out of the house before the message was completed for she knew that the patient was not fit to leave and wanted to persuade her to stay in hospital longer.

On reaching the ward an excited group was found near the patient's bed ; friends of other patients, two or three nurses, the patient and her mother hastily putting their belongings together. One of the nurses held the baby, a beautiful little girl.

The patient was just a child herself, only about thirteen. She had not been married long. She and her mother had come a long distance secretly to the hospital and were going on to the mother's home.

“ If you won't take the baby,” they said, “ we will kill her, for we dare not take her home.”

The doctor looked at the girl, so young and frightened and agreed to take the baby. All attempts to persuade the girl and her mother to stay in hospital were fruitless. They went away leaving the baby.

Everyone loved that baby from the beginning. She was very sweet and very good. We had been given babies sometimes before this but after Star's arrival the family seemed to increase rapidly. A charming little mite of two months was sent to us from another station. She was another unwanted little one but we called her "Priti" which means love. Then a man brought a baby girl of a month old saying that her mother was dead and he could not look after her. Another was sent from the same place as Priti and finally another little lass was left by her mother in hospital. (The last two did not live long. The hot weather proved too much for their feeble constitutions.)

When little Star was about seven months old it was decided to have a dedication service for the babies and one of the Missionaries in the station promised to come to the hospital and conduct it. A few days before the time fixed for the service little Star fell very ill. There had been a sudden change in the weather and she had caught a severe chill. We feared that

pneumonia would develop. But our Heavenly Father heard our prayers and spared this little one to us. She was much better on the appointed day but not well enough to be moved.

The other babies were taken to the Prayer Room and the service of dedication was held and then our kind friend went along to the room where little Star lay peacefully sleeping and dedicated her also to the Lord.

Star is now nearly two years old and is such a joy. She trots all round the hospital. She is a friendly little soul with a smile for everyone. Soon she will be too old to stay in hospital and will have to go to a children's home, but no one likes to think of that time, for all will hate to let her go.

Happy, loving little Star ! We hope and pray that she may really be what her name implies and shine brightly for Him to Whom she was dedicated as a little baby.

## NOEL

Two months ago I had a sudden call to a burn case in the village. Packing up a few first-aid dressings I went as quickly as I could. I found a woman burnt literally from her hair to her toes lying moaning on a string bed in an alley. About fifty people were gathered round. There was little one could do but give her morphia to relieve the pain and use the simplest of dressings. She died next day. She had been making fireworks and the mixture had exploded. A boy too had been burnt but he had been taken to the men's dispensary. He lingered for about fifteen days and then he too died.

The woman left a lovely six months old baby boy, but though I told them how to feed him he just wasted to a skeleton. A month later, seeing him in this condition, I spoke to the father who said, "Please take him if you can rear him."

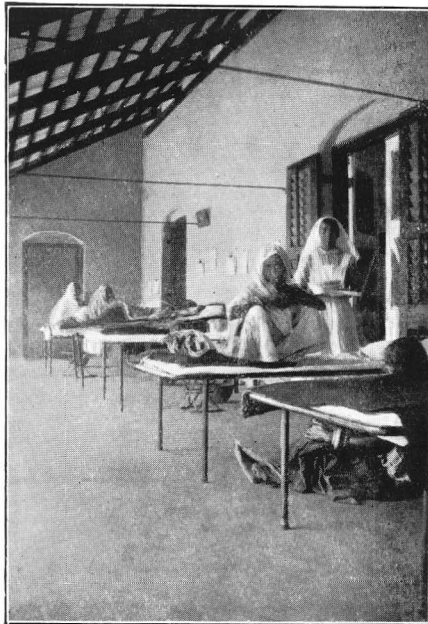
I found later that he had already taken another wife who would not be bothered with the child. I was just leaving for the converts' home with a party of women. The father hastily signed a paper and pushed the baby through the window of the train to me just as he was, naked but for one dirty oily vest! He is now the pet of the home, fat and bonny, and they have named him Noel.





NOEL.

*See page 94*



HOSPITAL WARD.

## SHANTI

When Shanti was quite a young girl she was left a widow with one little girl whom she lost later. Alone and unprotected, things went from bad to worse with her and she sank lower than I like to tell you. She was ill and one day attended the dispensary which at that time was held in the city. The doctor's kindness touched her deeply and she continued to visit the dispensary when she no longer needed medicine, simply in order to hear the message of salvation which brought cheer and consolation to her desolate heart. She abhorred the life she was living and became so convicted of sin and desirous of living a good life that she fled to the hospital for refuge.

She was sent to a home where she was prepared for baptism and given her new name Shanti which means Peace, a name which suitably describes the change which had taken place in her.



Five years have passed since I first met Shanti and I was invited to visit her in her home. She and her husband Silas have their home in a

village where they and another evangelist and his family are the only Christians. Silas had wandered over the greater part of northern India in the guise of a "holy man" seeking salvation, but he found no remedy for sin, no heart's rest until a missionary gave him the Gospel of St. Matthew and he read, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Now he and Shanti are making a truly Christian home in heathen surroundings and it is good to see how fond they are of each other.

I arrived at the station before 5 a.m. on a cold winter's morning and Shanti and Silas, who have no clock and tell their time by the arrival of the trains (an uncertain thing to do in India), were there to meet me, having been wakeful and alert most of the night. While the "Master Ji" (Silas) walked ahead with a lantern Shanti and I followed hand in hand over very rough roads. As it was still dark and cold when we reached their house it seemed best to get into bed, and having travelled all night I was soon fast asleep. Shanti and Silas had prepared their room for me while they slept in the cookhouse with the goat tied up beside them. Imagine my surprise on being awakened as soon as it was light by a hen trying to get out of my barred window! Later Shanti tapped and asked if she might let

out some more hens which were under a box in my room !

The other evangelist and his wife joined us for family worship before they started out for work. Silas and Shanti however took a holiday and were very busy most of the morning preparing the most appetising food for me. It included a tasty curry for which I am afraid one of the hens was sacrificed ! After Silas had said grace we all sat down to our meal together, my host and hostess on a mat with a large brass plate between them, but for me they had kindly supplied a table and chair and a spoon and fork. I was not sorry that they did not expect me to eat curry and rice, a liquid rice pudding and fried eggs with my fingers, for I could not have done it as cleverly as they did.

The day passed all too quickly and I left them, happy in the thought of Silas preaching the gospel in the lanes and bazaars, and of Shanti seeking the women in their homes to tell them of the power of Christ to save and to keep from sin.

## PAUL

Thirty years ago a widow woman came to the gates of the Victoria Hospital, Benares. She was desperately ill and not all the care and skill of those who treated her could save her. She lingered for some weeks and then passed on to the better land. During those weeks she learnt a great deal about the Lord Jesus Christ and when she was dying she committed her little son of six months old to the care of the missionaries. One who was young in the country and as yet had no Indian charge begged to have him and took him to the Zenana mission house. The next day he was put into the care of two dear old Indian women converts at Sigra.

The boy grew to manhood and when at college studying for his degree he wrote to his adopted mother: "We had a retreat last Saturday at Secundra and spent the day quietly among the old buildings of the Moghuls. We discussed some of the burning questions of the day, one being our relations with non-Christians. Another was the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. . . . Our Sunday school and night school work is getting on smoothly. Our work at Kandhari

village where we hold our Sunday school has been further increased by opening a small dispensary through the help of one, Mrs. Timothy. She goes to the village with us once a week and gives out medicine to those who avail themselves of the opportunity. Last week we attended to about fifty patients. The people even come down to our place to get medicine. These are some of the ways we are trying to help the needy and destitute but we are not proud of ourselves. We only thank Him who gives us such opportunities to serve Him.

“I have been going down to school every morning to take the Scripture lesson for the boys in the Christian Hostel. What a help it has been to *me*. I am taking the Sermon on the Mount, and the more I explore His words the more I feel the beauty of the teaching. Nothing could be higher than the standard which our Lord put before us and yet it is attainable. The Christian life is full of glowing splendour. We are the salt and light of the world. It is a great favour and yet do we realize it?”

Paul took his degree and after spending some time in evangelistic work was sent to England for a further course of Bible training. Now he has returned to his native land to work for the

Children's Special Service Mission here. He will go from town to town speaking in schools and to other groups of children helping them, as he was helped, to acknowledge Christ as their Lord and Master.