

At work : letters of Marie Elizabeth Hayes, M.B. missionary doctor Delhi, 1905-8 / edited by her mother, with an introduction by the Venerable G.R. Wynne.

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AT WORK

LETTERS OF MARIE ELIZABETH HAYES

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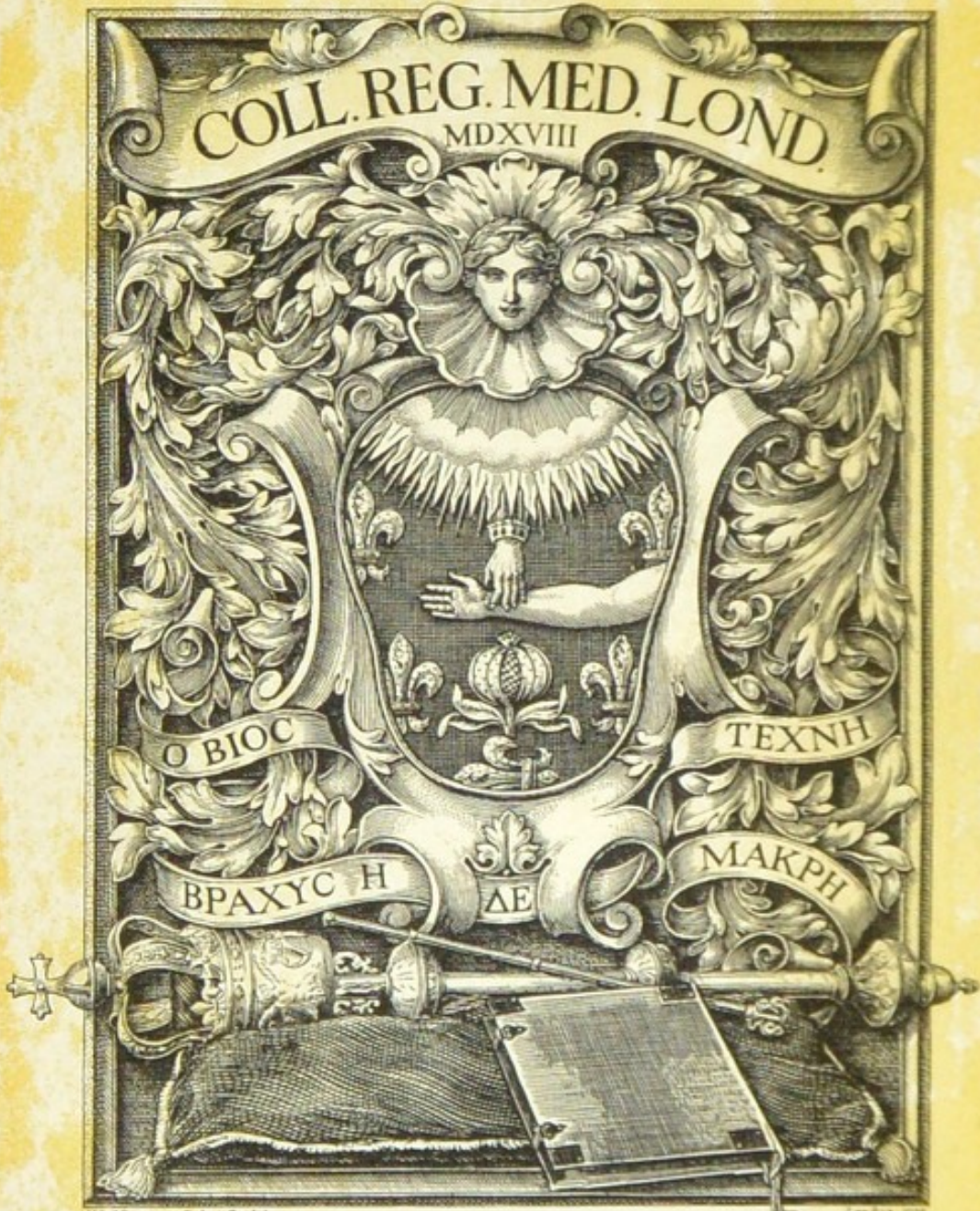
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AT WORK

LETTERS OF
MARIE ELIZABETH HAYES, M.B.
MISSIONARY DOCTOR
DELHI, 1905-8

EDITED BY HER MOTHER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE VENERABLE G. R. WYNNE, D.D.
ARCHDEACON OF AGHADOE

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

LONDON: MARSHALL BROTHERS LTD

KESWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW

1909

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FOREWORD

BY

THE VENERABLE G. R. WYNNE, D.D.

Archdeacon of Aghadoe

MARIE HAYES, M.B.

Member of the Community of S. Stephen, Delhi, 1905—1908

“ONE of the choicest spirits with whom it has been my privilege to be associated during my twenty-eight years of service out here”—thus wrote the Rev. S. S. Allnutt, Head of the Cambridge Delhi Mission, of the young medical missionary, some extracts from whose home letters make up this volume. Marie Hayes had spent but twenty-six months in India, but in that brief service she had won the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. Simplicity, common-sense, a combination of sweetness and strength, exceptional courage, skill, and dexterity as a surgeon, and devotion to the Church’s Lord, united to give promise of a life of rare usefulness in the mission field. And although that life was cut off at the early age of thirty-three, and after only

two years' work in the Mission, it is the conviction of those who had the best opportunity of forming a judgment, that that "great usefulness" was already an accomplished fact. She was not called "too soon" to a higher service for her Master. The quiet and retired life of an Irish country rectory, varied only by her studies at Alexandra College, Dublin, and subsequent course in Arts and Medicine in the Royal University of Ireland and the Dublin Medical Schools and Hospitals, yield little material to a biographer. But a short sketch may be given so that the letters which follow may have their setting, and that their reticence as to the deeper religious feelings and faith of the writer may not be misunderstood.

The missionary vocation was early felt. So long since as the year 1887, when Marie was but thirteen, she startled her parents by saying quite quietly, but as if her mind was made up, that she wished to go to China, where a lady friend of the family was already working as a missionary. From even earlier days, as she told her brother some years before her acceptance as a missionary, she had set her face towards Missionary work. But these half glimpses into her mind were rarely to be obtained. Every deepest feeling and purpose was kept to work as a life-principle, urging her to one end, but guarded from the eyes even of those who knew her best. So that, even in the year 1898, when she decided to work for a medical degree in the Royal University,

nothing was said of her ultimate purpose, however much her parents might suspect it.

Trinity College, Dublin, being at that time still closed to women, she studied and took her degrees in the school of medicine connected with the Royal University. Here she took first silver medal in surgery, first in pathology, and first (bracketed with Miss Lily Baker) in obstetrics.

She was, next, resident student for some months in the Coombe Hospital, Dublin, after leaving which she was invited to return as clinical clerk in the same institution. While there, she made the acquaintance of Miss Mayo, a lady of Australian birth, with whom she afterwards worked in Delhi. In November, 1901, she went for six months' residence in the Mater Misericordia Hospital, Dublin, the only hospital in the city which at that time admitted a woman as resident.

In the final degree examination in April, 1904, Marie Hayes was the only woman who obtained the "Upper pass." The attaining of her degree had been delayed for a term by an attack of pneumonia, the only serious illness of her life previous to her going abroad.

After her graduation she served for some months as medical *locum tenens* in the Belfast Infirmary, and her preparation for work in India was then completed by a three months' attendance at the School of Tropical Medicine in London, and a temporary residence in the S.P.G. Missionary Hostel in

Wandsworth for special missionary training, and for study of Urdu.

Thus prepared and dedicated in willing response to a true vocation, the young doctor faced the ordeal of separation from a loving home of which she had been the bright ornament, and where her forcible character had been in turn the support of every member when sympathy was needed. It was a whole-hearted surrender, and it was characteristic of her that, at the farewell service held in the Church of All Saints', Raheny, the evening before she left Ireland, she seemed rather to seek to support the dear ones from whom she parted than to crave support for herself.

And so Marie Hayes, full of a highly-trained intelligence and professional keenness and aptitude, burning with the enthusiasm of humanity and devotion to God, passed from the quiet home among the green fields and woods of Ireland to the life on the hot plains of the Punjab. Immediately on her arrival, necessity compelled the authorities of the Mission to lay a heavy burden of work on their new doctor. It was joyfully accepted, but we can read between the lines of some of the earlier letters that the strain of full work while still the language was unlearned and the new-comer was not acclimatised, was somewhat severe, although every effort is made in the home letters to make light of the labour.

The reader may feel surprised that in these letters the secret springs of the inner life are so rarely

revealed. Somewhat as in the life of the heroic bishop of Newfoundland, Bishop Feild, the inner life was kept as a secret between the soul and God. It was revealed but rarely and in part, but all the more, the force was occupied in working in self-repression, in cheerful patience, in bright readiness to place herself at the service of everybody, at any time of day or night, and it was only now and then that the secret escaped the reticent soul, as in words like those on page 70, "After all home is not so far away. *I have a short cut which brings me there quickly.*"

Delhi is the centre of the work of the mission of the Cambridge Brotherhood in its various branches. There is, in connection with its medical side, the S. Stephen's Hospital in Delhi newly built and furnished with all modern improvements, and provided, by the memorial gifts of many friends, with a "Marie Hayes" ward which will long keep her memory green. Some seventy miles to the north lies the small but densely crowded city of Karnāl, in which the Mission has another hospital, and nearly as far on the South-west in Rewari there is a third hospital. Of this latter Marie Hayes had sole charge. It was there that, at Christmas, 1907, in the discharge of her duties, she contracted pneumonia, either from a chill when attending a night case or from infection, and returning for New Year's Day to Delhi before the disease had developed, she passed to her rest after a brief illness, on the third of January, 1908.

From among many testimonials borne to the work of this young servant of God, one brief notice is selected, as it is of an official character. It is written by the head doctor of the Mission, Miss Jenny C. Müller, M.D.

“Very great are the opportunities given to hospitals for women in towns like Rewari, which are centres of large and populous rural districts, not only for bringing healing and relief within the reach of those who could not possibly get them otherwise; but also for the wide-spreading of the knowledge of the Gospel among the simple and unspoilt village folk. The doctors who have the charge of these hospitals must be ready for any emergency, and must be prepared to act entirely on their own responsibility, a second opinion not being obtainable for miles around. Dr. Marie Hayes was peculiarly fitted for such a post; her medical work was full of promise; she feared to attempt nothing that she felt it was her duty to do. . . She was an especially good surgeon; but, keen as she was about her profession, the special work she was out here to do for the Lord and Master ever held a prominent place in her words and actions. The reputation for good work that the Rewari hospital had gained has been well maintained, I might truly say increased, by her term of office in it. On Christmas eve she had the joy of being present at the baptism of two converts, the first fruits of the Mission there.”

Thus far, the simple record of her preparation and her service. And what beyond? An interesting coincidence suggests an answering thought.

On page 234 will be found a reference to the Quiet Day in Delhi at the close of October, 1907: "The subject for the day was, *The Vision of God*." At the memorial service in Raheny Church on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1908, the note of the address was *The Vision of God* vouchsafed to those who followed the light of the Star. Is it not the Beatific Vision which constitutes the joy of Paradise: "They shall see His Face"?

"She fell asleep, her feet in Duty's path,
Her eyes uplifted to the guiding Star
That led her Eastward"

Hers is *the vision* of Epiphany.

"Rest after toil, in sure and certain hope,
Brave champion of God's cause, and of His Christ,
Till morning breaks and shadows flee away,
And all the Saints are called to endless bliss."

A ward in the new S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi, bears in the verandah wall a tablet recording that "The 'Marie Hayes' Ward was given by many friends in Ireland and throughout the world." In the Hospital chapel is another small memorial

brass, and a prayer-desk in the chapel bears an inscription in Urdu character, of which the following is a literal translation:—

“ For the service of God in prayer, and in memory of
Dr. Marie Hayes and what work she did.

Placed here by the nurses of
Delhi, Karnāl, and Rewari,
Year of Jesus, 1908.”

PREFACE

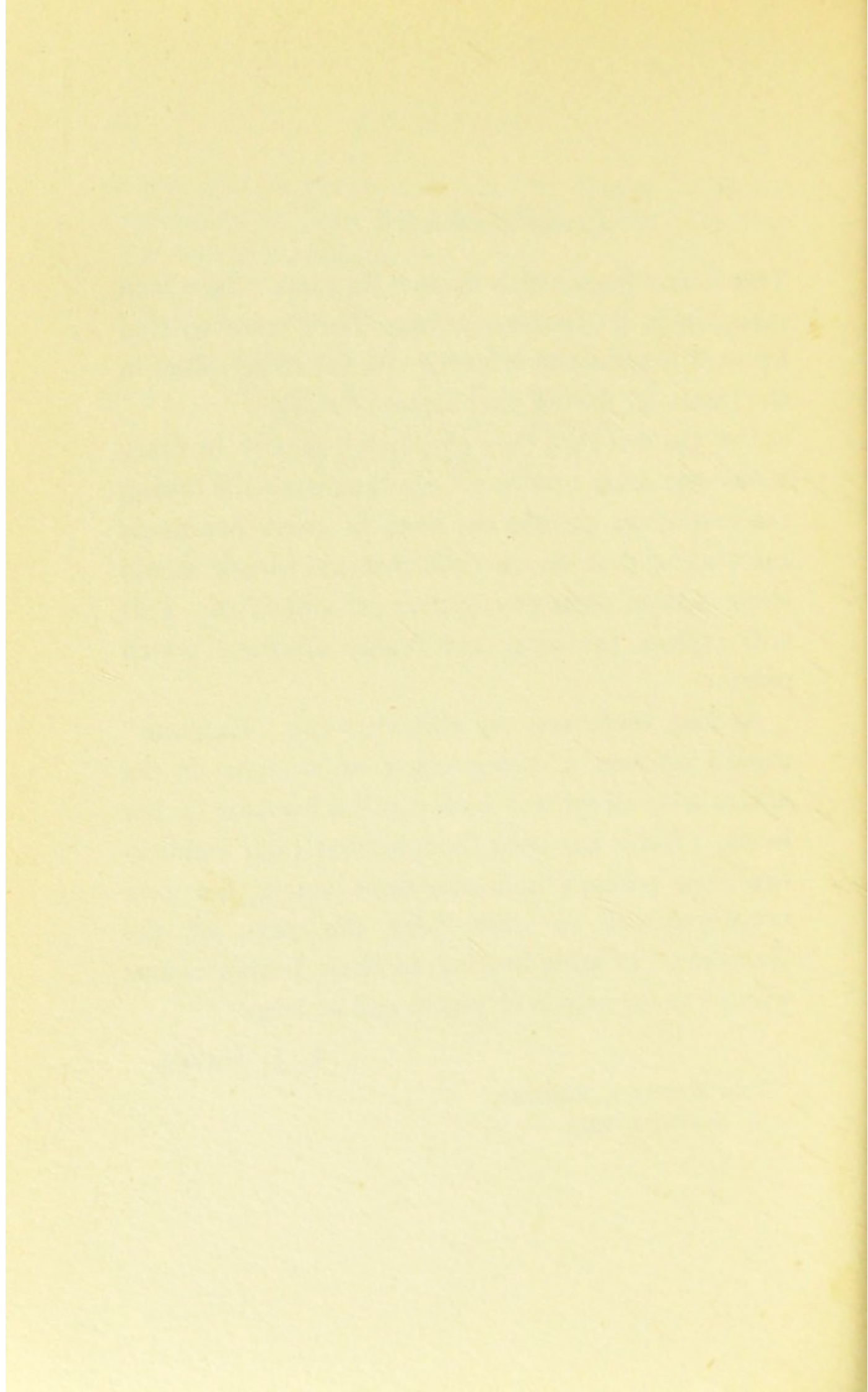
THE letters from which these "Extracts" have been taken have no literary value. They were written for each mail at odd minutes—on the road—often in the train—or during busy hours of work.

But the fact that they chronicle—mostly in diary form—the daily routine of my daughter's life during the twenty-six months she lived in India has made me anxious that her own relatives and friends should share with us some consecutive account of it. This will explain the local and family allusions which occur.

At first there was no idea that the "Extracts" should address a wider circle of readers, as the letters were all written with careless freedom to her home. But it has been thought that their publication may perhaps influence some among her own countrywomen to offer "for the sake of the Nazarene" to bring healing to their Indian sisters whose cry for help is so pitiful and so keen.

A. J. HAYES.

THE RECTORY, RAHENY,
ADVENT, 1909.



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CHAPTER I

Beginning Work

S.S. "*City of Bombay.*"

Nov. 14, 1905. . . . *Two o'clock p.m.* Within fifty miles of Bombay! Everyone has been so excited and unsettled the last two days. Packing began yesterday in various quarters. I got mine done this morning and did not find it so very hot, I suppose because one expects it to be fairly stupendous when the thermometer is at 86°. The mugginess of Bombay has appeared in the atmosphere to-day; my eau-de-Cologne pump has been splendid during the voyage—so refreshing! . . .

Ten o'clock p.m. Coming up from dinner to-night we beheld Bombay—illuminated! and the harbour and bay, full of warships, also illuminated—such a sight! When the pilot came on board he told us that the Prince of Wales was dining on the "*Renown*," and leaving that evening. Presently we passed close to it, and the "*Terrible*," brilliantly lit up; we could hear the music on board. This will be in the home papers to-morrow, *and* the arrival

of the "City of Bombay." I wonder if you will put two and two together!

Then came a great display of fireworks from the shore, and we could hear the cheering. . . .

We were up at 5.30, and, after
Nov. 15, 1905. breakfast on board, started the business of getting our things on shore. Such coolie haggling! Two *gāris* took us from the docks to the huge Victoria Station, and two ox-carts took the luggage. I followed our coolie into the station as quickly as possible, so as not to lose sight of the latter, and beheld him cast it down on the floor at the edge of a seething mass of humanity. We merely made another party of those who were sitting guard over their own peculiar heaps of belongings. Some were asleep, some chewing betel nut, some minding babies, all talking at the top of their voices, and this in a place which corresponds with the main hall of Charing Cross, and was perhaps twice its size! It being now 10 a.m., and our train not due to leave till 5 p.m., I meekly suggested the cloak-room. But it seemed an unheard of idea, so we proceeded to sit on our boxes among the thousands who were doing ditto.

Having by 1 o'clock at last consigned our goods to their respective trains we engaged a coolie to do the "sitting," and went off to get luncheon and do some shopping.

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

When we got back to the station on Nov. 17, 1905. Wednesday afternoon there was such a crowd, I suppose on account of the Prince, that the Punjab mail had to be divided. But we luckily got seats, and managed to sleep fairly through the night.

Such funny sights as one sees at the stations going along. The trains were opposite the well at one place, and the natives ran out of their carriages and had their baths—very speedily accomplished, without troubling to take off any of their scanty clothing. You never saw such energy as they put into the washing of their teeth! Perhaps six men vigorously at it together, got up in various rigs!

We found we could not reach Delhi till after midnight. At 11 p.m., very sleepy, we got up to wash, pack, and dress; no use preparing till near the time, as one gets so shockingly dusty and dirty. I put on strict uniform, grey alpaca, collar, cape, and topi, and felt very choked! As soon as we got on the platform I saw a lady in grey, who, I felt sure, was Miss Barnard, so I showed her where we were. Soon the hospital people appeared—Miss Scott, Miss Mayo, and Sister Roseveare, and with them, too, was Miss Taylor to meet a compatriot. She had spent a fortnight in Ireland once!

With as little delay as possible we got into the

hospital *gāri*, and a few minutes brought us to St. Stephen's Hospital at 1 a.m. On coming in, the whole place gives one the idea of an old mediæval castle, odd-shaped stone doorways everywhere; and the high walls of uncovered stone make it much cooler. There is a square courtyard in the middle, which you do not imagine at first is open to the sky, as it is high for its width. Two "boys" were lying asleep on *chārpoys* (beds) inside the door. As we passed, Dr. Scott just pulled one by the leg to wake him, and told him to get up and help with the luggage! Then we passed by the light of a stable lamp (they are used as carrying lamps all over the place), through the weird castle-like passages, and up the stairs. Then a light repast, and to bed as fast as we could fly. I found a good deal of difficulty in getting inside the mosquito net, and then tucking it round me. When in you can scarcely see out, and vice-versa—quite pleasant inside, especially that night, I can tell you!

Next morning at 7.30 the *ayah* appeared beaming, and talked voluminously, with a great deal about "*gusle*," which I didn't know then meant "bath," but I believe she was delighted that I managed to get out "*garm pāni*" (hot water), and she presently appeared through another door from my bathroom. There are seven windows and doors in my bedroom and four in the bathroom. I don't know which is which yet! I proceeded to ablute, feeling it a very public business, but I hear it is not really so, though

this morning *ayah* was late in coming, and when, in my bath I heard her at the other side of the curtain, I could only desperately yell out, "*hut, hut, hutjā*" (go away). But I'm sure in my energy I said "come" as well as "go"!

. . . I am delighted with the Nov. 19, 1905. hospital as a whole, though the wards are very poor and cramped. The theatre is quite nice. . . . Breakfast is at 8 o'clock, and the food excellent. This morning I went off with Dr. Mayo to visit a Hindu zenana near. The steps up to it, and the room, were by no means worse than many we went to in the Coombe! [A hospital district in Dublin]. Soon after we came back there was a bad hospital case, but I was much too tired to take any part in it. . . .

Miss Mayo, M.D., who worked for some time in the Coombe Hospital, Dublin, and afterwards was *pro. tem.* on the medical staff at Delhi, wrote to me of my daughter's arrival there as follows:—

"*S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi,*

"*Nov. 22, '05.*

" . . . I can just imagine how eagerly you will be looking for this mail to know what Dr. Hayes thinks of Delhi, and to hear of her safe arrival there. Her train was late—got in some time after midnight—but we rejoiced to see her, and it

seemed to me so familiar somehow, though I saw her last in very different surroundings. This time it was in a very big station, the unfinished part of it, bits of galvanised iron, &c., lying about to catch the feet of the unwary, electric lights, crowds of natives whose one idea seems always to talk and shout as much as possible about everything. In the midst of this she appeared calm and smiling and helpful, especially to a poor little nurse who, coming up in the train with her, and going on further, seemed inclined to spend her night weeping on the Delhi platform from pure bewilderment and strangeness.

“Eventually, luggage, etc., secured, we took her off to the Hospital, and had a ‘scratch’ meal at the very weird hour of 1 a.m. Since then somehow she seems to have dropped into her work at once, and it appears a long time since her arrival, as a good deal has been happening. Dr. Scott has had to go to Karnāl, so Miss Hayes and I are in charge here, which is rather hard on her as she has so little time for language study and letter writing. However, the time will come later, I suppose.

“Chauki, our *ayah*, was most delighted because the very first morning Dr. Hayes could tell her she wanted “*garm pāni*” for her bath.

“It is so nice to see such rosy cheeks out here, we are used to pale faces and tired looks, but I must say that most of the Community are looking very well just now and quite rosy too, but naturally they lose their colour in the hot weather. . . . Miss Purton, one of the zenana teachers, has quite lost her heart to Dr. Hayes, and every one is very happy to welcome her, and I am so glad to have the chance of knowing her better. I only wish I could stay here longer

“Yours &c.,

“HELEN M. MAYO.”

My first Indian Sunday was a strange Nov. 20, 1905. day. At 6 a.m. the *ayah* brought me my *chhota hazri*. . . . Dr. Mayo and I walked (twenty minutes) to S. Stephen's Church for the Urdu Celebration at 7.30. It was immediately followed by Matins, 8.30; but as I "occupied the seat of the unlearned," I thought one service in an unknown tongue was enough at a time. The Sunday hour for breakfast is 10.30, and it is a regular meal—in fact, all are here—and I at least am hungry for them! There are often operations on Sunday morning, but we had none yesterday.

One of the doctors takes prayers—Urdu—in the wards every weekday morning at 7.45, on Sundays at 11.30, and we all go.

The afternoon passed quietly, but, when I came out of my room at four o'clock, I found Dr. Scott just starting off at five minutes' notice to catch the train for Karnāl. She had been wired for to attend Dr. M. Stevenson, who is ill with fever; it is possible I may be sent there any day to take her place and manage the hospital, with the help of Martha Francis, the Indian assistant. We went to Evensong in the English Church—the general rule, I am glad to say. One of the hymns was "The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended." I took out my watch and found *you* were singing the "Te Deum" in All Saints'! We are exactly six hours ahead of Irish time. In the middle of the Psalms Dr. Mayo was

called out, and Sister R. and I had to follow! As it was a hospital case, we were kept busy at work till 8.30 p.m. . . .

This morning, after seeing to the wards and doing the dressings, I was in the dispensary with Dr. Mayo, much more of a hindrance, I fear, than a help. We did not get the sixty patients done till twelve o'clock, and then there was a small operation upstairs. It amazes me the way Dr. M. talks to them, like a native, with apparently no difficulty, and she only arrived here at the end of February.

. . . .

We adjourn to our rooms at two until four o'clock. It is not necessary to lie down in the winter, just as one feels inclined, and we always—unless on a case—go out driving about five o'clock “to take the air.” The hospital has three *gāris*—one a kind of victoria, another called “Tommy” (*tum tum*) is the favourite, a two-wheeled dogcart which we drive ourselves, and the *sais* stands behind.

The weather just now is the most beautiful you can imagine; never a bit too hot, and, to me, never a bit too cold, though the others felt it so mornings and evenings. . . . We have daily Evensong—Urdu—in St. Stephen's Church at six o'clock, when we come back from our drive. The hymns have our tunes as a rule; the native ones are called *bhajans*, and are like Gregorians; they sing them in the wards often. . . .

After dinner (seven o'clock) we do our rounds in the wards upstairs, and then, if there is time, adjourn to the drawing-room ; it is so high and airy and light, leading at the far end on to a verandah which overlooks "Queen's Gardens." Cricket goes on under our windows each afternoon. We go through this park to church or to the "Home," going out of the city by the Mori Gate.

Delhi.

After luncheon to-day we found a
 Nov. 21, 1905. man waiting to see Dr. Mayo, the husband of a patient who lives in a village one and a half hours' drive away. One of our nurses was already there, but the man came back for a doctor. Miss Mayo could not leave the hospital, so I told her I was ready to go and would like it if she would give me an interpreter! Well, it was an experience, but I only hope it won't be repeated too often.

I had one of the nicest and most trusted nurses with me, who understands English, and she taught me to put sentences together as we went along. We had to cross a long single-way bridge over the Jumna. There was no wait going, but half-an-hour's delay coming back, when I wrote this, till my pen went dry, which it does very frequently here.

What is the country like? Well, if you imagine Keel [Achill, Co. Mayo], with high, broken mud walls round it, and *not* in a hollow, and with six

inches of dust underfoot, and a few trees about, you are not far wrong.

Somehow, the place doesn't seem entirely unfamiliar—I don't mean from the knowledge of Keel, but from all one has heard of the country itself. The villages are not apparent; as one goes along road or railway, the place looks depopulated and barren, and it is hard to believe that it has the densest population in the world.

When we arrived at the place the patient was very weak, and had been ill for three days; and almost directly, before we could do anything for her, she died.

Often as I had heard of it, I was not prepared for the scene that followed. Ratnamala, the nurse, went to call the husband, even before we were quite sure the woman *was* dead, but I could scarcely believe she had had time to get to the door when we couldn't hear ourselves speak with the awful noise of the wailing—the little courtyard was *filled* with the whole village, the roofs round it peopled with entire families, and all yelling at the top of their voices, beating themselves, clanging metals, and hitting their bracelets against their anklets.

Of course I couldn't open my mouth. I tried to get Ratnamala to say just what I told her, but I'm sure I don't know what she did say, and for the life of me I couldn't remember her name whenever I wanted to call her!

One imagined the people were ready to turn and

rend us, but no, they seemed to consider it quite natural for us to gather up our things and silently depart to the *gāri*! . . .

*Mission Bungalow,
Karnāl—Punjab.*

Here I am — in a lovely country
Nov. 27, 1905. spot, on a glorious July-like after-
noon — sitting on watch on the
verandah, my green umbrella up to keep off the
heat of the sunlight reflected from the ground. To
explain the situation diary had better start again.

Friday, 24th. A party of us went to the great
Mohammedan Mosque, the Jama Masjid, to see
the thousands in the Courtyard at the great Fast.
We got seats in a turret right opposite the Mosque
itself, and it was a marvellous sight. At the back
was the Court of the women, right under us, and
they were packed almost to suffocation in some
places—I'm sure you've seen pictures of it. Such a
hub-bub as went on everywhere till the moment of
prayer, and then, in spite of the babies all crying
underneath us, one could *feel* the silence, while the
men all formed up in unbroken lines, and moved in
posture absolutely *en masse*. I took five photos, and
I think they will be good, but of course colour is one
of the most marked features. . . . We heard from
Karnāl on Tuesday and Wednesday, but there was
no word Thursday or Friday, for, though Dr. Scott
wrote telling me to come here on Friday afternoon

and that she would return to Delhi after seeing me, the letter never turned up—quite a common *local* occurrence!—so, after doing my photographs on Friday night, I got to bed and slept at once. I awoke to the usual sight of a lantern outside my net, and tried to talk Urdu to the *ayah* about my ‘*gusle*’ and *chhota hazri*, but was rather puzzled on opening one eye, by a general grey appearance—remember, you can scarcely see through a net. Well! it was after midnight, and Dr. Scott had just returned from Karnāl to know what had happened as I had not turned up there. The next train left at 6 a.m., and as of course it was urgent, I was to go by that, and be prepared to stay a fortnight. We had a long talk, while she explained everything and told me all I had to do. That being over, I got up and packed, a most uncanny proceeding at 1 a.m. It meant really all I had of ordinary wear, as my heavy luggage has not yet arrived; so the canvas trunk was packed, and the hold-all reserved for bedding—when I had finished my sleep! By 1.30 I was in bed again, and the *ayah* had me up in time, and gave me my breakfast.

The hospital *Chaprāsi* (porter) came with me to the train. It was amusing to see both my baggages, neither of them small, on the head of one coolie as he walked after me till I got my carriage. It was “zenana,” as my companion, a Mohammedan woman, vociferously declared to an unheeding man

who got in further on, and stayed in too! Though intermediate the carriage was much more comfortable than the "second" we had last week, and I got a stretch at once, and dozed half the journey. The fare was 1s. 10½d. for the seventy-five miles, and nearly three hours. Suppose the fare from Dublin to Belfast was at that rate!

The Mohammedan woman had two children, a little girl about the size of Ethel Worrall, who would not touch her breakfast till she had had water poured over her hands, and then managed to climb up on the seat without letting them touch anything, as cleverly as a surgeon might protect his when ready to operate! Later on a Hindu woman, her face laden with ornaments, got in. That was all.

Arrived at Karnāl Station, the hospital boy was at the carriage door to take my things to the *gāri*, and ten minutes' drive through very dusty country lanes, the trees meeting overhead, brought me to the Mission Bungalow, which is about one and a half miles from the hospital. It seems much warmer here than in Delhi, but anyway the weather is most glorious. . . . The Bungalow is more one's idea of an Indian house than the Delhi ones. My room opens off the drawing-room on to a verandah. . . . I can't get much writing done, as interruptions are constant, so if letters do not arrive at Christmas to people who ought to have them, please explain. I hope to get most of my post cards off, as they can be done better in odd minutes. I

wish I had more facility in writing. Even this Autumn's practise doesn't seem to have made me much quicker.

Miss May is here; don't you remember her delightful accounts of itineration in the "Delhi Mission News?"

I feel as if I had been here for years; even my short sojourn at Delhi is in the dim distance, to say nothing of the SS. "City of Bombay," so it is hard to believe it is only six weeks since we went to meet Mrs. Ferguson-Davie at Donnybrook!

. I enjoy my early mornings on the verandah; this is the week of the great Moham-medan Festival, and in the small hours I thought there were people shouting along the road in the distance, as we sometimes hear them at home after Baldoyle races, when I suddenly realized that it was the jackals! It never struck me before, though I have heard the noise several times.

So this is my Christmas letter! The
 Dec. 3, 1905. busy part of Christmas Eve will be
 over when you get it. That is the
 blessing of Christmas Day being on a Monday, one
 has breathing time before it comes. . . The
 English mail is not in yet, as it did not reach
 Bombay till yesterday, and, fancy, the P. and O.
 have, I believe, to pay £100 fine for every hour it is
 late after 2 p.m. on Fridays.

I went into the city here for the first time yester-

day. The streets are just wide enough—though they don't look it—to let the *gāri* pass through, but if you meet an ox cart, or any other kind of vehicle, it has to go backwards to the next turn. Cheerful, if one is in a hurry to catch a train! The streets are fairly crowded with people, and, if riding a cycle, you have to yell the whole time *bachho bachho-ānewālā* (O man coming towards me) *jānewātā* (O man going from me) *bakriwālā* (O goat driver) *Bailwālā* (O cow driver), &c., &c.; everyone is a *wālā* something or other. I don't think one would ever get tired of the fascination of a native bazaar, though I must say it is slightly awkward when so many of the passengers are buffaloes and cows, they take up more than their share of room. However, I got to the hospital at last; it must have been very nice before the earthquake. It is on nearly the highest ground in the city, and from the roof you see over the city walls to the country beyond.*

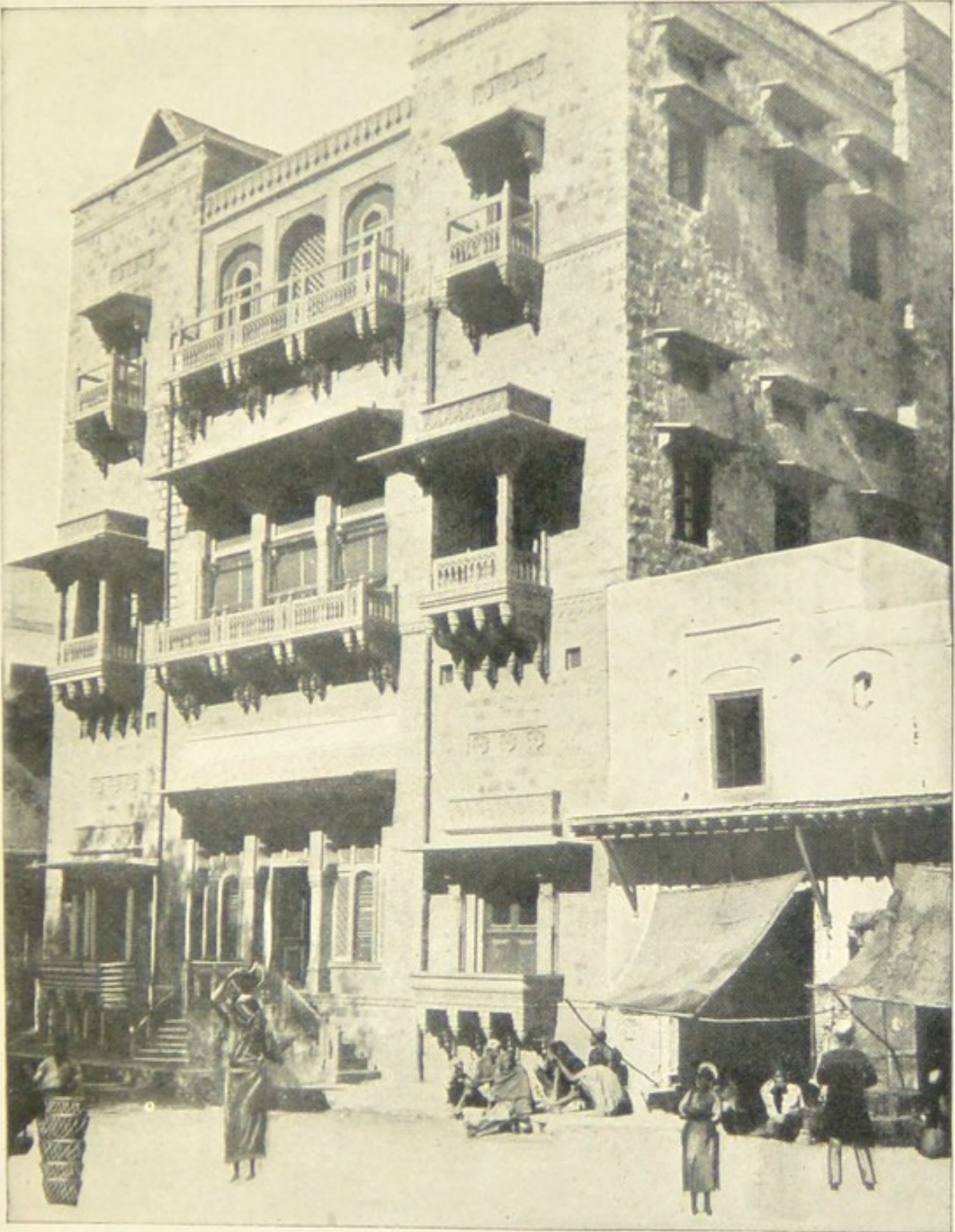
On Sunday morning we went in again and did a couple of small operations. It is no use my going alone as no one can speak English; the nurses were greatly amused at me.

I have not got used to Indian Sundays yet. Matins and Celebration are together in the morning, and then no more till 6 p.m. Here there are two churches close by, the old one small and ugly,

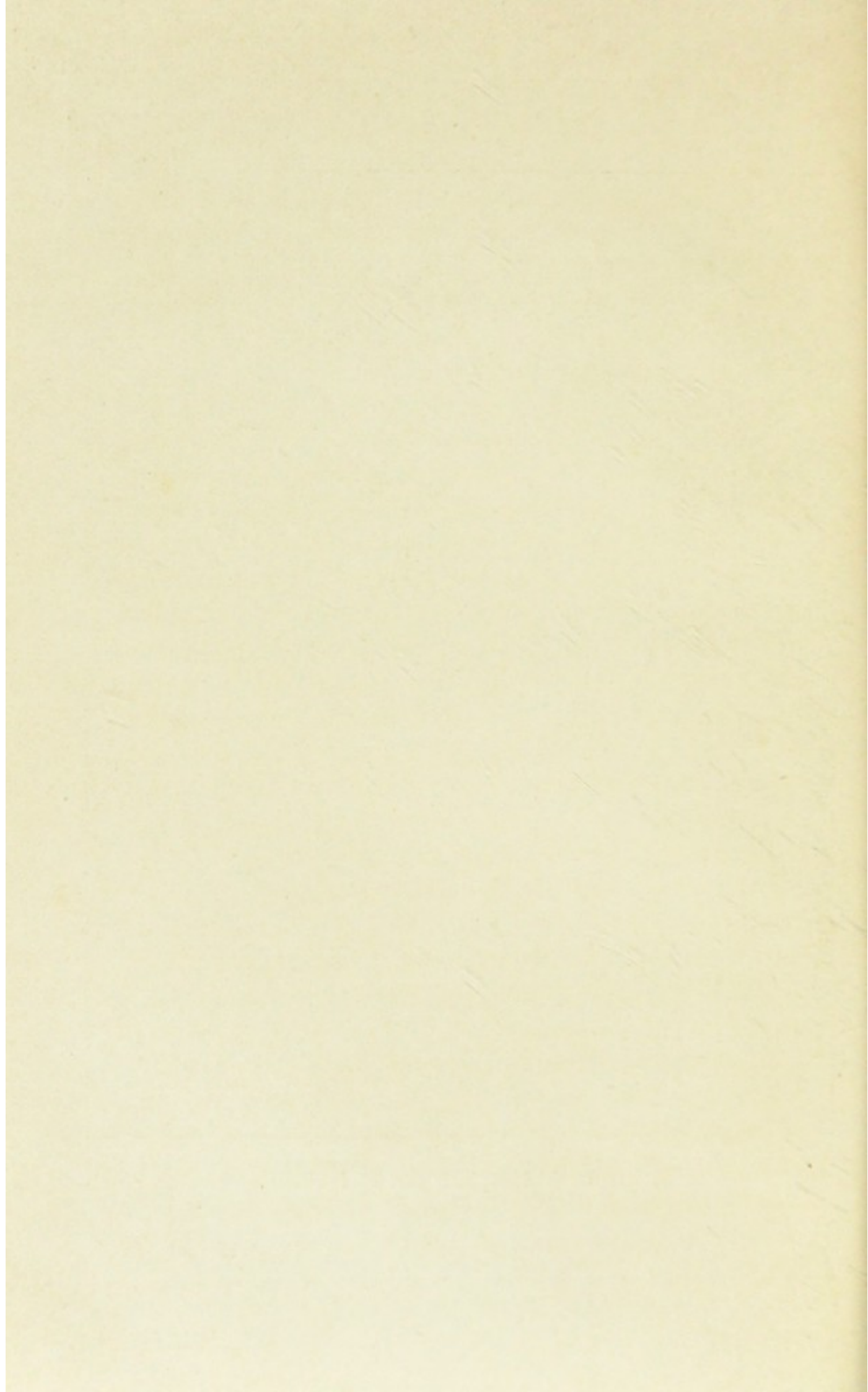
*This hospital, which was so much injured by the earthquake of 1905, has been replaced on another site by a beautiful modern building, and was opened in 1908.

entirely English, for the station. The other, much larger and very nice, was opened last month, and is entirely Hindustani—no seats. The men squat on one side, the women on the other.
 I enjoyed my mails yesterday in bed. Martha came by the early train from Delhi, and brought them with her. Have I mentioned her before, our qualified Indian assistant, such a nice girl? She cycles to and from the bungalow in her *chadar*. She does most of the Dispensary work at Delhi, and is taking charge of the hospital here at present.
 I spent last night at my postcards, and have forty ready for post; there is more work in it than I thought. Some of the pictures give a very good idea of things. I am sending you one taken from the roof of S. Stephen's Hospital, looking across the Chandni Chauk [principal street in Delhi], the trees of which are in the foreground, and dome of Juma Musjid in the distance. I may go up to Delhi at the end of the week to get at my clothes, if the luggage has arrived, for, as it may turn very cold any day, I want warm things. . . . I began with a Munshi to-day, and liked him; I have done practically no Urdu yet.
 The roads here are good for cycling, and as there are two or three cycles in the house, I go for a ride every day. Oh! dear, I wish I could send you some of the dryness of this atmosphere, you poor soaked things!

Thursday, 6 p.m. I slept "solid" from 3 a.m.



S. Stephen's Hospital, Chandni Chauk.



till 1 p.m. this afternoon, so I am sure that will rejoice M.— more than a longer letter, which I might have had time to write had I slept less! Don't imagine I am in any way overworked, I am very fit and ready for all my meals.

Heaps and heaps of love and a very happy Christmas to all.

Mission Bungalow, Karnāl.

It was strange to wake this morning, Dec. 12, 1905. quite cosy in my bed, out on the verandah, with the sun shining on the green trees, and tell myself it was December 12th! Sitting up at night last week made my days almost exactly correspond with home, though I was in bed by your ten o'clock p.m., which I'm afraid you were not! I have been delighted and surprised to see the dear old "Plough" in the sky for most of the night, though it seems to be standing on end instead of horizontally.

I told you in my last letter I expected to go to Delhi, and also that Dr. Wynne Edwards had offered to send us Kathleen Gibson, so I started from this last Saturday evening, and a quick train brought me into Delhi eleven p.m. I find the "Jane Fair," wrapt round my head, and "the little green sausage" (as M.G.S. calls my cushion) on my hold-all, most comfortable for travelling. The station was a sort of fairyland fully decorated for T.R.H. Prince and Princess of Wales, and, as a mail train had come in

from another direction too, the place was filled with people even at that hour.

Kathleen G. had arrived from Cawnpore when I reached the hospital, and oh! the mail was there too! We had some supper and arranged to go to the English service together next morning. It begins an hour later than the Urdu one.

My luggage had all arrived, and then came the unpacking. The *chaprāsi* went at the screws in a most business-like manner, and we succeeded in getting the big tin box out of its case. While they were unroping all the other boxes, I felt as if I could hear the voices of the children in the dining-room at home [there was a class there the afternoon the luggage went away] and could see F. in his shirt-sleeves labouring at the packing, and hear Murphy panting as he carried the boxes from my room to the cart at the door. On the outside *all* looked precisely as it had left home.

A coolie was now chartered, who at once wished to place the big box on his head, but as that would interfere with doors, he was at last persuaded to take it in another fashion to my room!

Well, there we sat—on the floor—Kathleen and I, and the place soon resembled the day before a bazaar more than anything else. We opened the picture box first, and, oh, joyful! not one single crack or bruise in any one thing from beginning to end. The pictures and frames of all sizes do not look as if they had budged from the precise spot in

which each was placed. Isn't that satisfactory? And I think the box itself will eventually make a nice seat.

Monday was busy, as it is always a big Dispensary day. K. helped Dr. Mayo at it, and I did the in-patients. That afternoon we caught the 4.30 train back to Karnāl. It was desperately slow, not in till 8.15. Dr. S. met me at station, as she was going on to Delhi at nine o'clock. Of course we had much to say, for I take up her work here now. I did not waste much time getting to bed after dinner, and had a splendid night.

This morning Kathleen and I walked to hospital. As it is quite cold it is a good way of getting exercise. The Dispensary people were assembling in the courtyard. My plan is to sit by, and try to learn to speak to them and understand what they say as quickly as I can. Dear me! when I think of my utter helplessness, even with three months' work at language before I came out! but I hope to have a good go at it here. It is much quieter than at Delhi, and less work. There are only about half a dozen in-patients at present, for the surgical side has been shut up for some time. We found to-day that two of the nurses here—and the best ones—are from Ranchi, and have been to school at Hazaribagh! [The Trin. Coll: Dub. S.P.G. Settlement].

Mission Bungalow,

Karnāl.

Dec. 17, 1905. . . . The roses in the garden now are perfectly lovely and fresh, so very unlike the ground they are growing from! There is no sign of grass growing anywhere, though a kind of irrigation is carried out, running the water of the canal along the ditches of the road. The bungalows look like houses which have just been built—that is, as far as their gardens are concerned; they are just like rough unmade fields right up to the house, and yet, if you look closely, there are probably some lovely flowers about; one specially, a bright blue convolvulus, “Morning Glory,” (*Ipomœa rubracerulea*) is in some gardens here. I have seen plenty of it in Queen’s Gardens, Delhi. . . . I’ve just been “chewing the cud” of my mails again. They had been delivered at hospital when I got there this morning—quite a lot of Christmas letters. I am charmed with your anti-bazaar crusade—all success to it. . . . My watch has been keeping—as far as I can judge by the uncertainty of clocks—quite perfect time since I left home; as it has never run down, I have not had the courage to change it from Irish time yet!

The watch alluded to here and elsewhere was a presentation to her before leaving home by many friends in her own parish. Her monogram

is inscribed on the back, and within is the following inscription :—

PRESENTED TO
MARIE E. HAYES
BY HER RAHENY FRIENDS
SEP. 1905

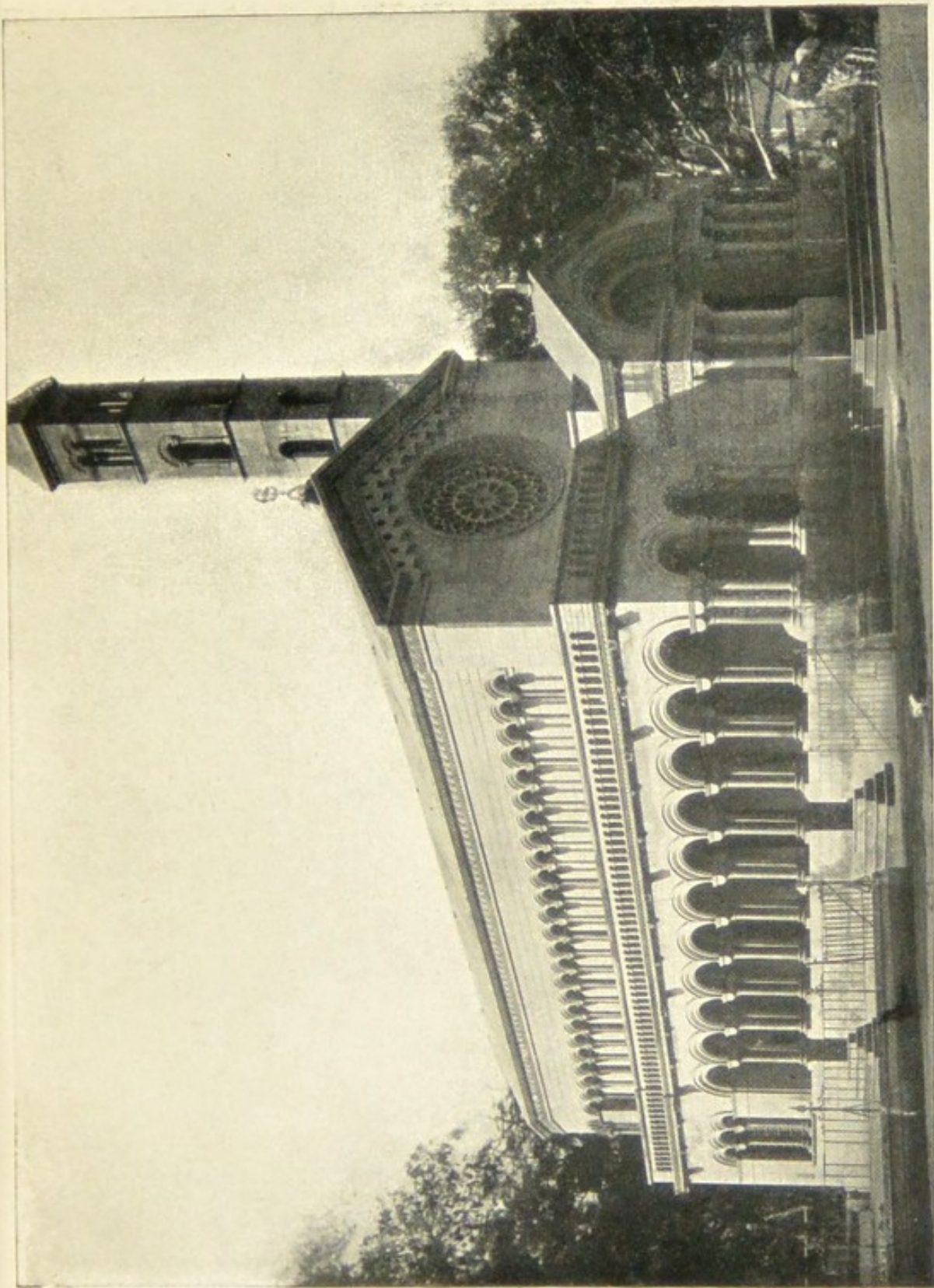
*Mission Bungalow,
Karnāl.*

Dec. 19, 1905. We woke this morning to the sound of soft-dropping rain, "the Christmas rains." Already it has had effect on the burnt-up ground, and the trees, too, have somewhat lost their dust-laden look. . . . We had a very nice little service in the Chapel this morning at 9 o'clock, and it was not at all too much for the invalid [Dr. Stephenson]. She and the party for home will be on the sea on Christmas Day. The poor nurses are nearly heart-broken at the thought of parting with her. I go as far as Delhi with them, and then, for the present, return here and do the best I can with Sister Agatha for interpreter. I am very pleased with the arrangement as it gives me much better chance of getting on with the language. . . .

Dec. 21, 1905. We left Karnāl yesterday evening, had an engaged carriage, which was very comfortable, and got to Delhi 11.30 p.m., but were then shunted to a siding to wait till 6.30 a.m. I slept a good deal, but couldn't

have imagined there was so much traffic at Delhi ; there never seemed to be ten minutes without trains coming or going or shunting, and they all elected to whistle while passing us !

In the night I was wondering if you were just finishing off "Macbeth" at the Shakespeare class before Christmas. . . . A good many Delhi friends were on the platform when we moved up to it in the early morning, who had come to see the Karnāl party on their homeward way. . . . Being S. Thomas' Day [the shortest in the year, though broad daylight before 7 a.m.], I drove straight from the station to St. Stephen's Church for Celebration, and then back to hospital for breakfast. . . . My plans are changed again. I am now to spend Christmas here in Delhi, and Kathleen G. will stay at Karnāl. I am extremely fit and have got such an appetite. I am now at my third meal to day, 11 a.m., cocoa and biscuits! . . . Indian money is horribly big and bulky. A rupee, 1s. 4d., is scarcely distinguishable from our half-crowns, and except for notes it is the most valuable coin. It would be bad enough to carry all one's money in shillings, but if they were the size of half-crowns and still only one shilling in value, you would feel aggrieved ! There are three columns of figures. Rupees, Annas (1d.), Pies (twelve Pies one Anna).



S. Stephen's Mission Church, Delhi.

*S. Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi.*

S. John's Day.—There is small chance of getting a real letter written to-day though heaps to say, so I had better just give you headings.

My routine is to do the ward work after breakfast, but a good while was spent at the end of last week unpacking, putting things together, and general tidying up.

Saturday was a very busy day, but I got some tennis in the afternoon, playing up to 5.45, though I'm sure the sun sets between 5 and 5.30. I don't see any difference between twilight here and at home, but fancy playing tennis on Christmas Eve at all at home, even if it were mid-summer! We were at Evensong in Church at six o'clock. On Saturdays there is always a short service and address in the Wards at 7.30 p.m. After dinner came the Mail! It brought me over thirty letters. So many from Raheny, please thank them all. . . . We had a wonderful service on Christmas Eve, Sunday, at S. Stephen's. Sixteen adult baptisms. I must tell you all about it later.

Christmas morning, 6 a.m. Chauki brought me my *chhota hazri*, saying, "*barā din murbārah ho*" (great day, may it be blessed and happy). She seemed excited about something, and there on the tray was a silver penholder from Uddiya, the head nurse!

We all went to St. Stephen's Church for the

Urdu Celebration, 7.30, and then to St. James', the English Church, at eleven o'clock. I had been to a practise for the Christmas music. In the afternoon there was a small *Khānā*, or feast, for the nurses and patients. It was quite a success. (The word *Khānā* really means "to eat," and also "food.") Then all the Mission people were invited to the hospital for afternoon tea and carol singing, and we had a huge cake—exceedingly good! . . .

Innocents Day, Thursday, 3 p.m. It is now arranged that I am to catch the 4.30 and go back to Karnāl after all, and be doctor in charge. Sister Agatha and I will manage the Dispensary between us as regards language. I will sleep at the Mission Bungalow, and live the rest of the day with "Sister" at the hospital. It is very difficult to make plans without changing them often; there are so many "ifs" to be considered, and Dr. Müller is still on furlough. . . . It has been a business getting my things together, and then separated! I am leaving my big case here and taking everything else. . . . I've really not been so frightfully busy, and time to go out for drives is always made, but there are just interruptions galore. Sorry to send such a wretched letter, but, at least, it can bring heaps of love to every one,

CHAPTER II

Karnāl

The following letter was begun on little sheets torn out of a notebook—her fountain pen was always ready.

Pānīpat, Punjab.

11.30 *p.m.* I am sure the present
Dec. 29, 1905. situation would appeal to sentiment!

Here we are, Sister Agatha and I, at midnight, sitting in the central hall, or courtyard of a Mohammedan house; it is in the middle of a strange city, where neither of us has ever been before. Two men are sitting in a corner, close to a wee fire, a large *hukka* or pipe between them, smoking by turns.

Behind the *purdah* (curtain) is a crowd of trousered women, apparently very fond of the patient. She, poor thing, is very bad, and, as they have consented to let her come to the hospital, we are here waiting for the next train—1.30 a.m.—to bring her there. They all seem pleasant and very amenable people, and I am so relieved they are letting her come, though she has a very poor chance.

But now to go back and explain how we got here,

I arrived at Karnāl from Delhi on Thursday evening. This day, Friday, I dined with Sister in hospital, after which we had nurses' prayers in the wards, and then, as I was starting back to the Bungalow for the night, Lydia, the head nurse, appeared, to say that some men had come to ask us to go to a case at Pānipat, twenty-five miles away. There was a train in exactly half an hour. We discussed fees with the men, asking about half what we found they expected to pay, and we could see them trying to hide their delight.

Agatha and I then jumped on to our cycles. I went round by the Bungalow, which is a quite ten minutes' ride from hospital, seized Aunt M.'s sterilizer, which was ready, Uncle T.'s bag, my old sealskin coat, and somehow managed to catch the train, though I heard it come into the station when I was only half-way there.

When we reached Pānipat the men said that the house was only quarter of a mile from the station, and that they could not get a *gāri*, so we followed them on foot into the city, through weird gates, past Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques, up narrow streets, and wide ill-paved courtyards. At one point one of the men ran on ahead, and joined us later with a good lantern. On we went quite a mile, and then turned up a short *gali*—the same as our word "gully"—and into this house where I now write. . . .

To continue my history of the past Dec. 30, 1905. twelve hours' work:—Soon after midnight the patient's husband secured four men to carry her on a *chārṇṇoy* (which, by the way, is a most comfortable sleeping place; we use them ourselves), and said they had a *gāri* for us. When we got outside there was a carriage and pair waiting for us, but the "carriage" was an *ekka*, and the "pair" bullocks! Such very pretty beasts they were, the colour of Alderneys. I was charmed at having an opportunity of going in one, but there was no way of sitting except true native fashion, and there are no springs!

Such a procession as we formed; it was horribly like a funeral.

First of all went the man with a lantern on his shoulder; next the *chārṇṇoy*, on which was the patient carried by the men, and round about her walked six or eight women, who came as far as the station, Sister and I in the "carriage" bringing up the rear. We had an hour to wait for the train; and in the station were a lot of sacks, on which Sister and I sat, making the sterilizer and bag into pillows. In the various corners and crevices about us and on the platform, were what appeared to be curious shapeless bundles, but from which presently issued snores! When the train was signalled the "bundles" one by one got up, shook themselves, and very carefully wrapped their coverings round them to the best advantage. The native mattress is like an eiderdown

quilt, and they use it as a cloak when they are cold.

It was very easy to lift our patient by this quilt into the train, and the men bore the *chārṇṇoy* in another carriage.

When Karnāl station was reached, Sister Agatha and I got on our cycles and rode before them, she going direct to the hospital to have all prepared and the nurses ready, while I waited at the gate of the city, which is closed about nine p.m., until the cortège arrived; but in the meantime the *chaukidār* (watchman) at the gate most touchingly took off his cape to make a seat for me on the ground.

About four a.m. I arrived with the party at the hospital. We made ourselves some hot cocoa before going to work, and as we had only finished dinner when we started on this expedition, you must not think we were too badly off. . . .

I am sorry to have to relate the conclusion. I found one of the biggest obstetric operations was necessary, the shock of which was so great (we could not get the theatre sufficiently heated, everything in an Indian house being made for heat, not cold) that the poor patient died two-and-a-half hours after we got her to bed. I was glad she woke up enough to speak to her people—they are very strange, they seemed to take everything as a matter of course. . . .

New Year's Eve, Sunday. The mail is late, not

in yet, but I hope it will arrive in the morning. Here I am with my feet tucked up enjoying the warmth of a wood fire, while I am imagining you doing just the same in the Rectory drawing-room before tea. There is a certain satisfaction about Sundays. I know at the different hours what you are doing. I spent all the day at Hospital, only coming back to the Bungalow after dinner. . . . On Thursday in the train, coming from Delhi, I had my first experience of tropical lightning. It did not occur to me for some time what it really was. The effect at each flash was like very bright moonlight lighting up the country as far as you could see, making each tree stand out. . . .

*Mission Bungalow,
Karnāl.*

New Year's Day, 1906. . . . There was an Urdu Celebration in the Mission Church this morning, after which I drove back to Hospital with some of the nurses, and had a very busy morning. I have not had the time this week that I expected, for things have been quite brisk at Hospital after a slack time last month, and, as well, all the books have to be made up, involving a powerful amount of simple addition! Returns of every patient treated have also to be sent, for the sake of a miserable pittance from Government.

.

There are not many patients at the Dispensary, which is well for me, as it takes a very long time to find out, through two or three relays of interpreters, what is wrong, unless it is self-evident! When I had finished to-day, some people came from a long distance, and were admitted to hospital.

In the afternoon I went off in a very old *band-gāri* (closed carriage) to visit a zenana outside the city, old patients of Dr. Müller, upper-class people, Begums. I went by myself first, but, as it was chiefly conversation and sociability they wanted, I couldn't get on very far, so Sister Agatha and I went back later and saw them, when we did business instead of laughing and making signs. . . . They have sent for me every day since then, so I must go soon and see them again!

St. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

. . . Heigh-ho! more changes.
 Jan. 7, 1906. I had a wire at 5 p.m. last Friday telling me to come to Delhi by the 9 o'clock train that evening.

Dr. Mayo had got blood poisoning in her finger at an operation this day week, and had been ill in bed for two or three days, Sister R. down with fever, also Martha, the Indian assistant, as well as two of the Indian nurses, so all were in a poor way. Dr. M. and "Sister" have now gone to Karnāl for change and rest, which they want very much, and I

hope we may be able to make them stay a week or more.

Who would have prophesied that the first week of the year 1906 would see Kathleen G. and me "running" Delhi Mission Hospital? And yet here we are alone, with the whole medical work of the place on our shoulders! It means, of course, a knock back again to my poor Urdu, which scarcely gets a chance of progressing. I don't feel as if I knew more than I did at the Hostel, and it is such a bother always having to run after someone to interpret for me. . . .

. . . Miss Lawrence and I were
Jan. 9, 1906. "admitted" to the Community this
morning. I told you before that it
had been unavoidably postponed.

There was Celebration at 7.30 in the little Chapel belonging to St. Stephen's Home. I drove there with K. G. in a bitterly cold wind. There were only ten of the Community present. Mr. Allnutt celebrated, of course. The Collect, &c., for the week was particularly suitable, as you will have seen. Mr. Allnutt gave an address from the Gospel, "I *must* be in the things of my Father," the obligation and the freedom of service and work, *Imitatio Christi*, the "*musts*" in the ministry and in the Passion of our Lord.

After the address, Miss Lawrence and I stood forward and were asked had we read the

rules, and would we keep them, and were then admitted.

I must tell you one amusing incident. I knew, when leaving Karnāl, that my "admission" would take place to-day, so fancy my starting off to the train without changing into my uniform cloak and bonnet! I had been at hospital all day, and when I hurried back to the Bungalow, was so taken up with making arrangements for my absence that I totally forgot. Luckily we were twenty minutes too soon for the train, so Sister Agatha went back in the *gāri* for them, and arrived on her cycle with both, just as the train came into the station! . . . Mr. Andrews began his Bible Class at the Home yesterday. They have one every week. The book of the Revelation is the subject of the course. I was so sorry to have missed the introduction by being back late from a case.

We have had rather a slack time at hospital for the last couple of days, so
 Jan. 11, 1906. I got some good games of Badminton and tennis in the afternoons. . . . A few minutes ago a woman appeared in the Dispensary asking for me. It turned out that she was a former patient, whose house I had visited two or three times when I was here before. She had brought me a dish of extraordinary-looking sweetmeats, four big brown heavy lumps with silver paper spread at the top. I salaamed and looked pleased. It is really

not half bad stuff, something like almond icing with a lot of pistachi nuts. We had another present from an in-patient this morning, the mother of a small boy who has a broken leg, but who yells perpetually from pure naughtiness. Miss C. and I spank him alternately! The mother sits in the same bed and has a new disease every day; very convenient, you see, while in hospital! She appeared just before breakfast in the dining-room with a large brass tray, on which were apples, half a dozen oranges, guavas, and another queer-shaped Indian fruit which is very good stewed with apples. The oranges look very pretty with the leaves at the stem, but at present they are not a bit nicer or sweeter than the home ones. . . . I am in the "bari* Miss Sahib's" room here, as K.G. has mine. It is a very nice one, with a big door opening on the verandah overlooking the Queen's Gardens. There was a cricket match going on all Saturday. It looks so pretty and fresh, though bitterly cold in the early morning. . . . I had a grand long grind at Urdu after breakfast this morning, the best I have had since I came to India. . . . In the afternoon K. and I went in the *tum-tum* (dogcart) to see several European patients, and later on I drove Martha to Evensong. Conversation with her is very funny—we all talk English to her, and she *always* talks Urdu to us; if I get into great difficulties she will say it in English, but never otherwise!

* Senior.

Jan. 12, 1906. This afternoon I had to go and see the out-cases of two of our hospital nurses. I took them both with me in the *tum-tum*, as it would be impossible to find a house without a guide.

The street often gets absolutely impassable with pedestrians, ekkas, handcarts, ox-carts, buffaloes, oxen, dogs, herds of goats, to say nothing of camels. Then the *sais* (groom) gets off his stand at the back and runs in front and yells, shoving to right and left by main force, until there is space to get on. It always seems a fresh miracle to me that nothing, and no one, gets run over. I *did* run over a child here one day on my cycle; the front wheel went clean over his body. I dismounted before the back one did too, and expected to have to carry him dying to hospital; but, lo and behold, he got up, smiled at me, and salaamed! The children behave just as hens do; when you get abreast of them they suddenly dart to the other side of the road! It turned miserably cold before I got back to hospital, so we had the fire lighted, pulled the table in front of it, and set to work at the hospital returns and report. . . .

Jan. 14, 1906. I was up in the wards this morning at 2 a.m., and three hours later was called off to a case within the city—very poor people in a miserable hovel. I had one of the nurses with me to give chloroform. I got back at

8.30, very tired and glad of my breakfast. I went to English Church at eleven o'clock, and when I returned, got to bed and had a nice sleep. Don't imagine for a minute that I am overworked; except at Pānipat, this is the first night duty so far.

S. Elizabeth's Hospital,

Karnāl,

Punjab.

Jan. 17, 1906. Fancy, this is Wednesday, and my home letter only beginning, and no others done! I came back here yesterday, with the prospect of no change for at least a month, though unforeseen circumstances may occur! Since Friday there was a rush at Delhi, and I must tell you about my actual start to come here. The night nurse was to have called me at 4.45 a.m., so as to catch the 5.55 train to Karnāl; but, lo! the first person to come near me was Chauki, the *ayah*, with my *chhota hazri* at 5.15. It was a rush to get dressed and packed (bedclothes included) by 5.30, at which time the *gāri* was ordered; however, it didn't appear. I waited till 5.40, and then trotted off with my handbag. It is less than a quarter of an hour's walk to the station, so I arrived in time; and as the train was late, my things arrived too, in Bhola, the *chaprāsi's*, care. When I reached Karnāl, I drove direct to the hospital, washed and had a good breakfast before dispensary came on. We are very busy taking an inventory of drugs, so I am trying now to

have my *munshi* from five till seven p.m.; it is so hard to fit everything in.

On the Friday before I left Delhi I began to visit a bad case about five minutes' walk from hospital, and went there twice a day, receiving during the hours that intervened between each visit three letters daily from the patient's husband! . . . It is 10 p.m. now, and I must get off to bed. Alas! I did not wind my watch the night we were at Pānipat, so, as it had run down, there was nothing for it but to set it to Indian time!

Hospital Roof,

Karnāl,

. . . It is just glorious sitting up
 Jan. 21, 1906. here in a comfortable arm-chair, with
 my feet tucked up on a stool, and a
 balmy breeze blowing makes it like a perfect June
 day at home; though I don't suppose it is really as
 warm as that, for we are wearing all our winter
 clothes, and it is still bitterly cold in the mornings
 when in a draught of wind. The thermometer in my
 room seldom has gone below 52°, only once to 49°,
 and now they say the "great cold," which I have
 been looking forward to, is over.

I have always been going to describe my quarters at the Bungalow, and will send you a ground plan. They are very comfortable, four rooms in all. Every bedroom in India has its own bath-room, and half of this has a concrete floor, and is divided from the

other half by a little concrete wall six inches high and six to eight broad. In this stands the zinc bath (like a wash tub), and beside it a typical red earthen "water pot"—I forget how much a firkin is—but it holds, I suppose, two gallons or more. The "water pot" is replaced in Delhi by a tap coming out of the wall! The bath-room has two doors, one opening on the verandah, and through that the *mehtar*—sweeper man—brings the hot water for my bath, giving his professional cough, and calling out to me (in bed) that it is ready!

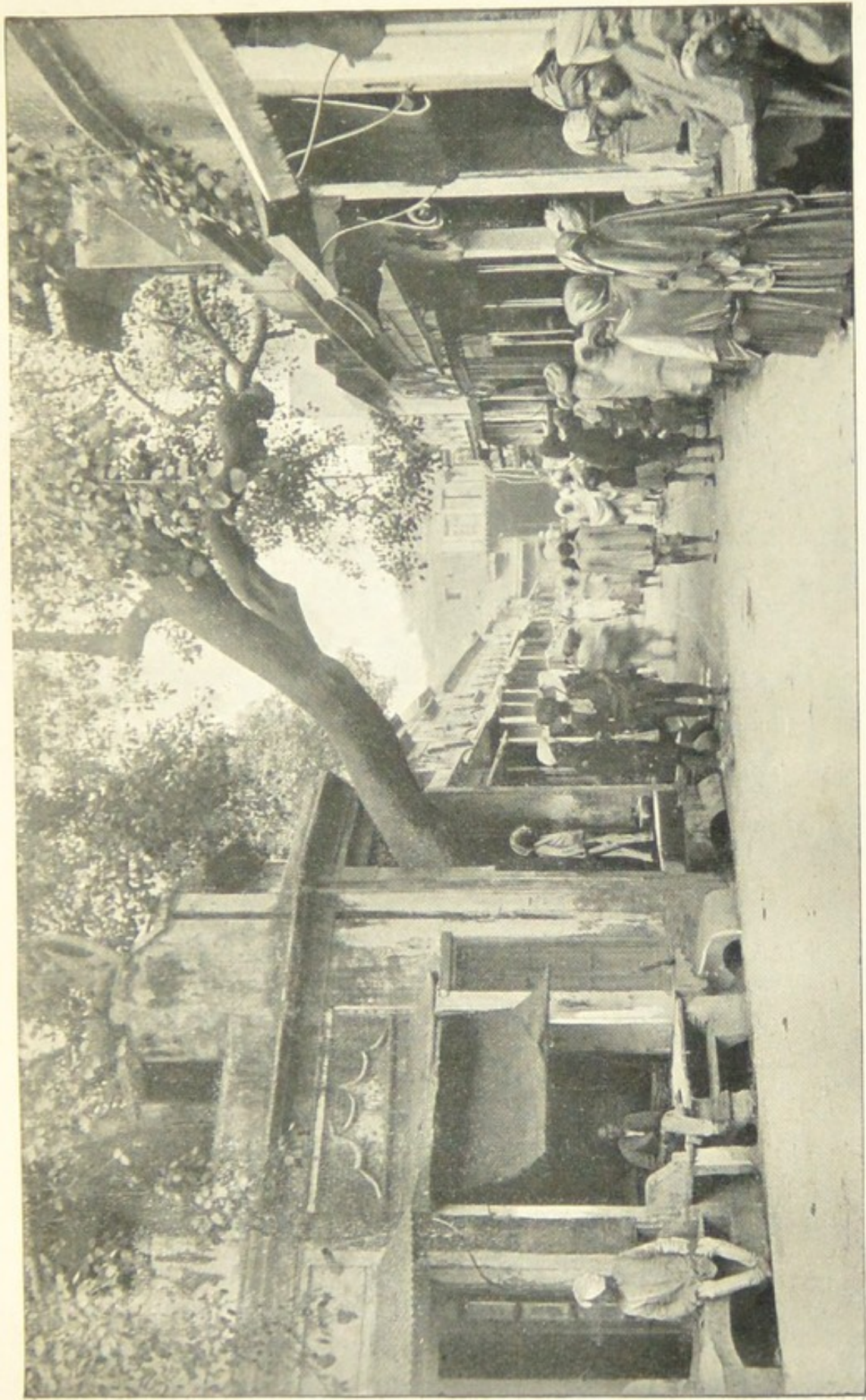
Jan. 25, 1906.
St. Paul.

Mail day has come and still I have to cry "no time." Every spare moment has gone on the drug inventory; it must go by this mail, and it simply took hours to do, with Agnes the Dispenser. She is really one of the nurses, but does dispensing as well. She and Jaiwanti are Chhota Nagpur girls. There are two others, Lewis and Kesār, as nice a quartette as you could meet anywhere. . . . I got the first sheet of this written on Sunday, which was a very peaceful day. It still feels queer to have all the morning services over before breakfast, but it is the only thing to be done in India. I went back to the bungalow from hospital directly after *tiffin*, and actually had a "Sunday afternoon read!" English Evensong is at six o'clock, exactly the time you are at Matins, which is something definite to go by. . . .

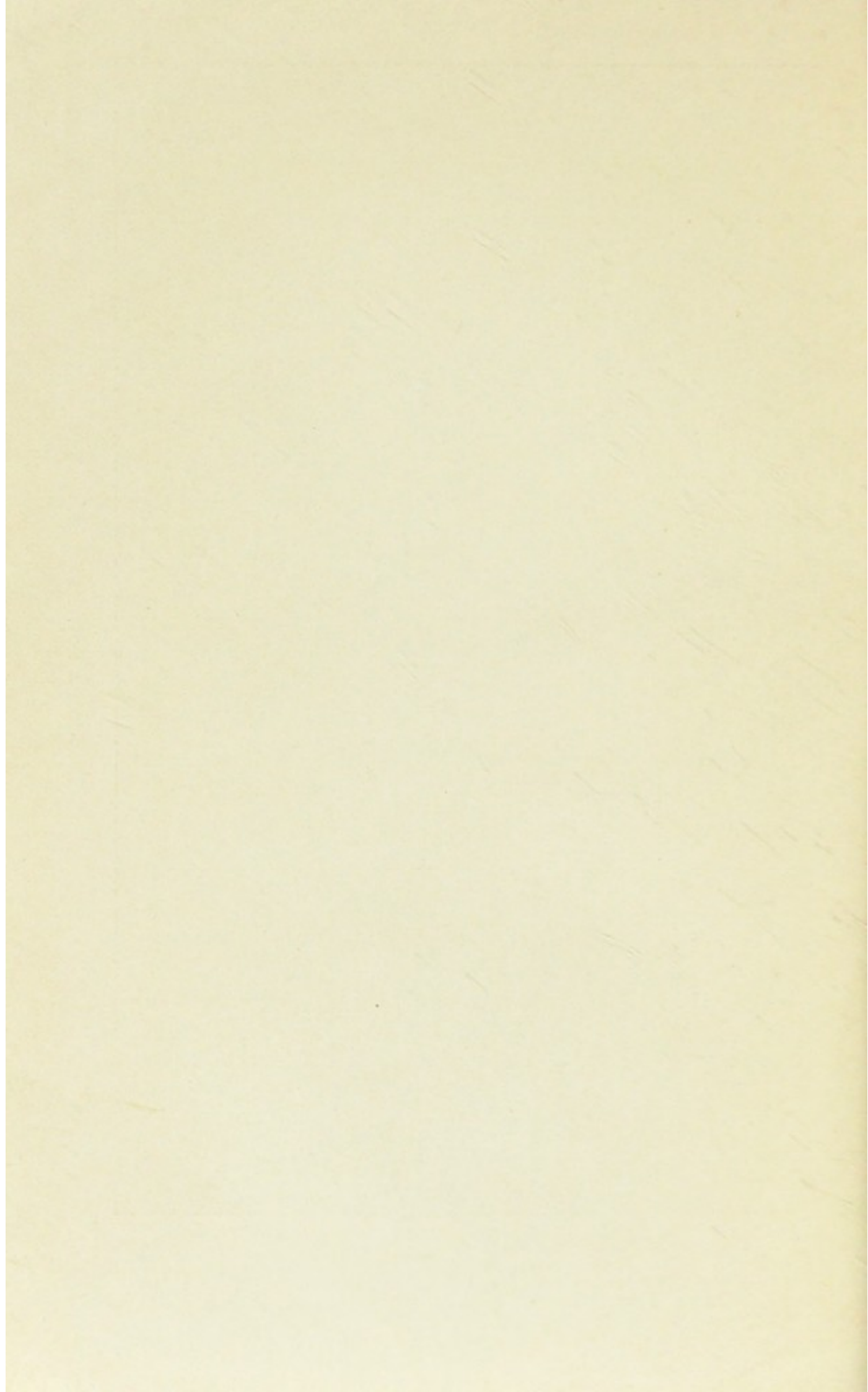
I developed another cold that day. I suppose this weather favours them, but it didn't last long.

. . . . The people come very late to dispensary these days; there are not enough to begin till after eleven o'clock, but then we are not done with them till two, when we have *tiffin*, which is now really early dinner. . . . Oh, I must tell you I have succeeded in making hot griddle bread for supper, with one of the many stuffs they have here for making porridge, which answers for brown meal quite well. Our cook is very anxious to learn things, having risen to his present position of cook-attendant from being *punkah wālā*, and what he knows, he does really well; it is marvellous how they produce the dishes they do from their wee bit of fire. Send me a recipe book if you think of it. Eggs have now risen to fourpence a dozen! but they are not much bigger than pigeon's eggs, though, in cooking, they go quite two-thirds as far as eggs at home. . . .

.
 Last Monday, (22nd), was a very busy day at hospital till after tea, which we take on the roof. Then Sister Agatha and I went for a ride on our cycles, out by the city gate and right round the walls; that was the first time I have been anywhere except along the direct way through the city to the hospital. The streets are all quite narrow. At five o'clock I had my Urdu lesson at the bungalow. While at it a messenger came from hospital to say that a man was waiting for me there,



Principal Street in Karnal.



as "child fallen from roof." I went back post haste but the man had gone and never returned!

Tuesday, 23rd. Another busy day at hospital; one of the in-patients was taken bad. She came in with neuritis, which got better, but now there is other trouble. There was a big dispensary, after which a baby with a club foot had to be operated on. Sister Agatha and I had arranged to call on some Indian Christian people in the afternoon, so I went on before her to the bungalow to change my dress. Ten minutes later she arrived to say that, just after I left hospital, a man came, "child had fallen down a well." Back I went helter-skelter, though thinking it was probably another wild goose chase, but the man was there this time. He brought me through the city, up several gullys till we reached the place. The "child" was fifteen years old or more; but she must have been dead before they sent for me, for she had been twenty minutes in the water, so there was nothing to be done.

*Mission Bungalow,
Karnāl, Punjab.*

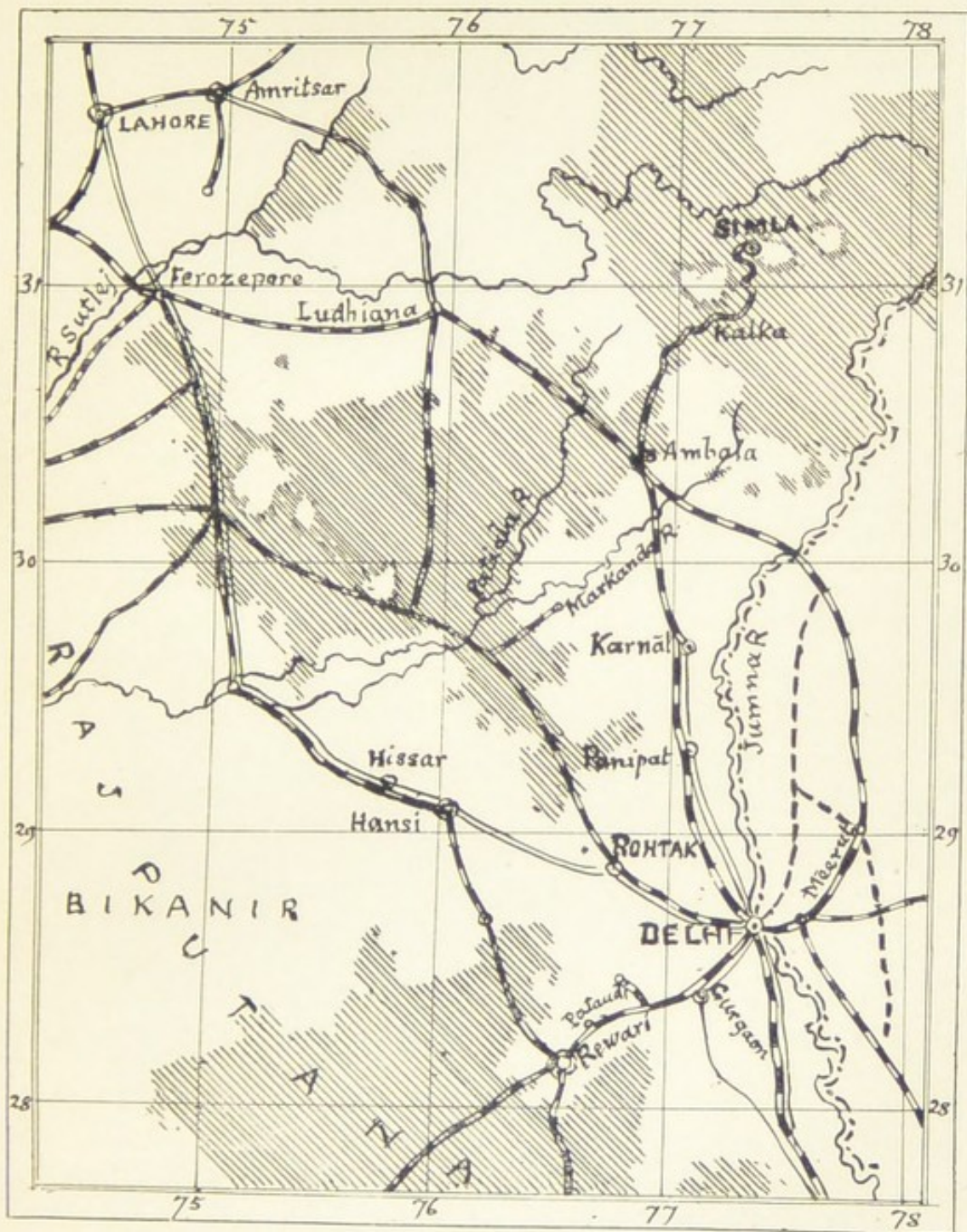
Jan. 28, 1906. I told you last week of the in-patient who had neuritis and other troubles. She is wonderfully well now, and looks blooming.

Another poor creature walked in to-day from a village seven miles away. She is in the last stages

of malaria fever. I wasn't going to keep her in hospital, as we can really do nothing for her, and she will die very soon, but we found the friends who brought her here had departed. It often happens that a party of four or five women belonging to a village ten, fifteen, or twenty miles off will come into the city and stay, much in the same way as you go to Bath! Nothing would induce them to be in-patients, but they probably encamp somewhere, and attend dispensary every day while here. There was such a nice intelligent woman doing that last week. She had a polypus in her nose. She has gone back to her village now, but said she would return after a while. . . .

I am sending you a rough map of this place to show you the lie of things. I don't think the city is bigger in proportion than I have drawn it. I rode round it quite leisurely yesterday in ten minutes, and yet they say it has a population of 23,000. Of course there is a complete network of streets inside. The country stretching out at one side is very Eastern looking, with palm trees and bare ground, while on the other it might be anywhere in the three kingdoms, except for the complete absence of grass. . . .

Last Friday we had tea with an Indian lady named Sunti. She is a Sikh; her husband, with B.A. degree, speaks English, but she does not. In the August number of "Church Abroad" (for 1905), you will find a picture of her, and also several very good



Map of the Southern Punjab, including Delhi Mission District.
 (The Native States are shaded).

ones of this hospital. Neither she nor her husband are Christians. Sunti comes very often to Dispensary, bringing her sickly child. When we got to her house her room was absolutely bare but for three chairs and a table, on which was a dark blue cloth. At one edge of this table was a row of oranges, behind them a row of apples, and in various places, without plan, scattered about, three cups, three saucers, and a teapot, all covered with a thin white muslin cloth; a tumbler of milk, a sugar basin, and finger-glass filled with oranges, peeled and divided, finished the menu. To our surprise the tea was quite drinkable! Before we left we were taken to another room and shown a wee harmonium she had just got, and also looked at some of her pictures and toys!

A few days later we invited her to come and see us, but beforehand there was a letter from her husband saying that, though she was privileged to come and see "your learned honours," he hoped she would be kept in strict *purdah*, so we arranged that one of the nurses should bring in tea instead of the man Būndū!

A thousand thanks for all the letters.

Feb. 1, 1906. I am just back from seeing Sister off to Delhi for her language examination to-morrow, after which she goes for a few days' holiday to Rewari. . . . I started reading hospital prayers last night. I wonder how many words

the poor nurses recognised. Of course *they* know them almost by heart. They chose the hymn and started it. After three notes I found it was "Abide with me." They often sing their own *bhajans* (native hymns), which "repeat" in the most extraordinary way, but they love them and join most heartily. . . . It is very strange talking with these people; they always seem to consider it necessary to shout so loud in ordinary conversation, that one can hardly hear them! I find myself speaking louder and louder to my *Munshi*, till at last I get hoarse with shouting, though I try not to do it, so I suppose it is infectious!

S. Elizabeth's Hospital, Karnāl.

. . . Hip hurrah! I was so
 Feb. 4, 1906. certain that there was no mail, that I
 didn't hurry in from church, but
 leisurely took off my things in my room, so it *was*
 grand to see the home letter in the dining-room
 waiting to keep me company at breakfast. In Wed-
 nesday's *Pioneer* there is always a cable from Aden
 saying when the mail is due in Bombay, and one
 can guess, but not always rightly, when they will
 arrive here. . . . Please tell Miss C. and Mrs.
 S., also Miss G., I was delighted to get their letters.
 I can't attempt to answer them now. Miss Mayo
 has been ill, and I wrote to K. G. to-day to say I
 would expect a wire on Tuesday, and be prepared
 to start at a moment's notice if necessary. . .

CHAPTER III

Delhi

The following letters supply a fair illustration of how the work is crippled through the hospital staff being undermanned :—

In the train en route to Delhi.

Feb. 5, 1906. 6 p.m. The wire I expected to-morrow came to-day, and I am off to Delhi. I hope it is not to be permanent, but, as K. G. must leave to-night for Cawnpore, I go to take her place. Sister Agatha has the worst of it this time, for, as Karnāl hospital should not be closed, she is on her way back there now instead of having her few days holiday at Rewari. . . .

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

Feb. 6, 1906. Perhaps a short sketch of yesterday's work would interest you.

Called at 6.45 by the night nurse. I have been sleeping in the privacy of the old theatre of the hospital (Karnāl).

7.30 a.m. Read hospital prayers (shortened matins) and wondered how many ludicrous meanings I gave to words !

8 o'clock. Breakfast, followed by receiving of accounts brought by various servants.

9 o'clock. Post bringing two letters from Mr. Allnutt, the first, to prepare for the second, which said, "Come to Delhi without fail Monday evening."

9.30. Superintended hospital dhobi (laundry). Fortunately my *munshi* did not turn up, the day being a Mohammedan fast.

11. Began dispensary, and Miss A. soon came to act as interpreter. I had to wait at hospital till the dhobi came again, so it was 3 p.m. before I got to the bungalow to pack away all my things, as Mr. and Mrs. G. are to go there when they arrive in Karnāl until their own house is ready. I tried to pack under three headings. In the first box, "Wanted if one month in Delhi"; in another, "Wanted if six months in Delhi"; "Not wanted till next winter" in a third. But in the one and a half hours at my disposal a great many useful things had to take refuge in a bottom drawer, as they wouldn't fit anywhere!—and all the time I really thought I would be back in a week!

4.30. Tea.

5.5. In the train, but the day is now only half over.

7.30. Kathleen G. met me on arrival at Delhi, and we drove to the hospital. Dr. Mayo down with fever, and it had been decided that she was not fit to do any work at present.

8 o'clock. There was a small dinner party, which had been arranged as a farewell for K., before all this change of plans. When the guests were gone Kathleen got into her travelling attire, and at 11 p.m. we stood on the hospital steps awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Ferguson-Davie, who was coming, as senior doctor of the Mission, to see Dr. Mayo, and hoping to have time to consult with K., but the latter had to get into the *gāri* which Mrs. F.-D. got out of, in order to catch her train.

11.30. Found me at the station seeing her off to Cawnpore, and Mrs. F.-D. was waiting to talk to me when I returned to hospital.

12.15. To bed, and not a bit overtired; I had two and a half hours' good rest in the train in the afternoon. Had I been twelve hours longer in Karnāl I would have completed my third week there, which would have been my longest sojourn in one place since I came to India!

Feb. 7, 1906. There is just the usual run of things here; after breakfast to the wards, then dispensary. This morning I was out to see a patient—Mohammedan lady—with Uddiya, the head nurse. Off again, later on in the day, with Miss M., of the Baptist Mission, to see the wife of one of their Catechists. After tea a rest, then letters, a drive, and evensong at 6 p.m. . . . It has been decided that, as well as I can. I am to "run" the hospital here as "Bari Miss,"

and Miss Vaughan, M.B., takes the district. She is to arrive on Thursday, having promised to take temporary duty. The language is, of course, my greatest difficulty. If the people speak good Urdu, and *if* they speak slowly, and *if* they keep strictly to matters connected with illness, I can sometimes carry on a conversation, specially when accompanied by many gesticulations, as most conversations are! One of the offices of "Bari Miss" is the receiving and sending off of constant notes; another, the entire management of the nurses for district work, also the having to decide the hour that the *gāris* are to come for drives, and who is to go in the various vehicles, for all the nurses go in turn for recreation, and if someone starts in the wrong *gāri*, as happened yesterday, it upsets the equilibrium of all! It is not considered at all proper for the nurses to go in an open *gāri* unless with a chaperone, so the *bandgari* (closed carriage) is sometimes needed; then very often the two doctors must go in opposite directions to visit cases. At 12 o'clock the *sais* comes for *hukins* (orders), and then all arrangements are made for the day, and the various and separate orders given. These are some of my duties. The honours—so-called—of "Bari Miss," I object to; for instance, the dishes at table being solemnly brought first to me, &c.! . . . I wish you saw the meals I eat; I have a cup of cocoa to keep me going between breakfast, 8.30, and *tiffin*, 1 o'clock. I sleep like a top, too, no matter what the noise! . . . The

Mail this week was a large one, including welcome letters from Miss H., E.C.S., V.J., Mary F., and T.H.

With reference to this time Dr. K. Gibson, of Cawnpore, wrote to me:—

“May has told you what a good time we have had together, first in Karnāl and then in Delhi, but in the latter we were rather too busy to enjoy it thoroughly. . . . She has been having rather a bad time going in and out from Karnāl to Delhi, and never knowing when a telegram would make her gather up her bed and run! It is astonishing how the only thing we cling to without fail in India is our *bistar* (bedding). I was sorry to leave her in Delhi on the 5th. It is no joke to be *bari* (senior) doctor of a big place like St. Stephen's Hospital. However, she writes very cheerily, and has only another four weeks of it till Dr. Müller arrives out, and everyone is delighted with her 'sensibleness' already. I wish they were in the new Hospital, for St. Stephen's is in a very trying position in the centre of the Chandni Chauk, with an idol temple on one side, and a Hindu hotel on the other, and as the trains in India all seem to start, and also to arrive everywhere in the middle of the night, you can fancy that sleep is somewhat disturbed.”

St. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

. . . It is well my mails did not
Feb. 12, 1906. come yesterday, as I would have had
no time to read them, for the day was
taken up with measles! During breakfast I was

called upstairs to see one of the Ludhiana nurses, who was covered with a rash. That meant fitting up an isolation ward. Before it was done two notes were brought to me. The first was from the Home, "Please come and see Miss P. We fear she has measles." The second was from Miss Jerwood, "Since Miss T. came back from Church this morning she is covered with a rash"! It is most provoking for them, poor things, as this is the week of the Bishop's visitation; he is to give out the prizes at Bikanir School, and its Head Mistress, forsooth, in bed with measles! I hope all the nurses won't go down with it. They probably will. . . .

We are back from 7 a.m. English
Feb. 15, 1906. Celebration in St. Stephen's Church,
and I have a little time now to write,
before breakfast. The Bishop must have arrived
in the night, for he was celebrant. He has an
English Confirmation to-night, the Urdu one on
Monday. . . . There is rain here, the first
since July, though we had a good deal in Karnāl.
The extraordinary dryness of the climate shows
itself in the way the covers of books crinkle up, as
if they had been lying in a strong sun. The trees are
now rather like Autumn ones at home, some green,
some brown and losing their leaves, others bare.
The roses in Queen's Gardens must be at their
best—long, low hedges of them everywhere, and
thick with white and crimson flowers.

St. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

I have scarcely had time "to
 Feb. 21, 1906. bless myself" since Monday morning!

This whole week has been a rush. On Sunday I should have had time to write, but I was slack. The Bishop preached in the morning. You may imagine how simple his language was, when I could follow what he was talking about the whole way through. Of course I didn't really understand, but he used very few words that I either did not, or should not, have known. I was at the evening Confirmation Service last week. About forty were confirmed. He gets each candidate to answer separately, which is impressive and much more individual. . . .

We have had two very bad cases
 Feb. 22, 1906. of pneumonia from Bikanir [Industrial School of Mission]. One died on Tuesday night. She made an extraordinary fight for life. The other is still delirious. We were in the theatre yesterday morning from 9—2 o'clock—three major operation cases. While we were at work messages kept coming up with regard to the funeral of the pneumonia patient who had died. Cheering, you will say, but we had to arrange all these details, as her people are not in Delhi, and she was a Christian.

I must give you a little history of our three

surgical patients. Such very nice, sweet-faced women. We are quite in love with them.

First, there is Sundar, a Christian and very good woman. She was here for years as nurse with Uddiya, our present factotum, but then went to Lahore.

The second, Mamudi, a Mohammedan, has apparently had a good deal of Christian teaching. She knows the Creed and Lord's prayer by heart, and is brimming over with intelligence, full of fun as well, and very handsome. Four years ago her husband deserted her, but she is only aged 23. The third woman, called Kiliya, is a Hindu, and also most attractive. . . . We have had an evening like February weather at home, sheets of rain and a howling wind, doors and windows banging. It increased to a regular storm in the night, and the cricket ground in the Queen's Gardens was flooded. . . . I have done absolutely no language study since I left Karnāl. I have not been able even to study properly the prayers which I read in hospital every evening. I pray with the spirit, I hope, but certainly not with the understanding also! Please don't think I am "getting on rapidly" because I understood the Bishop's sermon, for I have made ridiculously little progress, though I have had the great advantage of simply being obliged to make out, by hook or by crook, what the people mean. . . . I have just been interrupted, as I write, to interview the mother of a youth, whose letter of

proposal to one of the dispensers was intercepted! I wrote to him yesterday to demand his presence at the hospital to-day, but was distinctly relieved when I found it was his mother, not himself, who turned up. It appears he is aged 14!! . . .

I must cease now, and fear I have said little. I am absolutely well in health—was never better in my life.

Here follows a letter to the members of Raheny "Children's Missionary Union."

S. Stephen's Hospital

Delhi, India.

February, 1906,

My dear Children,

Here I am in this Indian hospital, and I have been wanting for a long time to write and tell you something about it.

One funny thing is that, just at present, I'm not one bit hot, as you imagine, but am sitting wrapped up in a rug and with my winter clothes on! But in a few weeks now it will begin to get hot, and go on getting hotter and hotter and hotter till we can scarcely breathe.

The back of the hospital looks into the "Queen's Gardens," which is rather like S. Stephen's Green in Dublin, but a good deal larger. The school and college cricket grounds are just under our window,

and a number of boys play there all afternoon. There are generally about four games going on, and some of the boys play right well. Yesterday I heard a great commotion, and when I went to find out what was happening, I saw a monkey triumphantly carrying off a boy's cap, and grunting with satisfaction, while a crowd of boys pursued it! I was surprised to find that it soon gave up the cap to its owner, and went off to the nearest tree, but the ungrateful boys came and tried to throw stones at it. They must have been Mohammedans, for with the Hindus the monkey is such a sacred animal that they would think that something dreadful would happen to them if they hurt or killed one.

That is why we have so many about the hospital. We have to put wire netting round the verandahs and windows to keep them out. I hear some this minute scampering noisily over the roof of the verandah. Then they drop on to the branch of a tree, pick off some leaves, and carefully eat their stems, and then jump on again from roof to roof. If a jump is too big for a baby monkey, it clings on to its mother's legs! The other day in the dispensary I looked round and saw two baby monkeys sitting on the window-sill, eagerly watching all that was going on inside! Then they fell into each other's arms, hugging each other, and disappeared.

Isn't it a pity you can't come and look in at the windows like those little monkeys? You would see the room full of people. The English doctor and

the Indian assistant doctor sit at a table, both seeing patients, and there are several nurses (none of whom speak any English), and then the patients, varying in age from old women to the little brown babies, who sit in such a funny way on their mother's or sister's or often their brother's hip, one leg behind and one in front. From the time that they are a few months old they cling on without being held. Another favourite place for them to sit is straddle-legs on their father's or mother's shoulder, or, as a special treat, even higher up still, on their head! They don't seem to find any difficulty in balancing themselves!

When the babies are only about a week old their arms are laden with bracelets, which never come off. I think they pull them out to make them bigger as they grow. There was a dear little girl who had to have her neck bandaged up this morning. She was just about the size of Muriel Coard (though not nearly so fat!), and she had such a lot of big earrings in both ears; I was afraid the bandage would press them on to her head.

It is not only their ears which have rings. Sometimes the ones from their noses are so big, that they hang down over their chest. They vary from the size of the top of a tea-cup to a plate!

Then there are the little mothers that Alice Keegan used to tell us about in her Indian poem, who are only "just as big as she is." They are often what are called *pardah* women, that is, they

are not supposed to let their faces be seen, and they generally come in with their *chadars* pulled right down, so that one can scarcely see what is underneath! They are so shy that they can't be persuaded to speak, or, rather, it is probably because they are so afraid of their mother-in-law and aunts-in-law, and grand-aunts-in-law, and husbands' brothers' wives, &c., &c., who come with them and stand all round and want to answer all the questions one asks her.

Poor little girls; they are *very* seldom taught anything, and know about nothing outside their own zenanas and its quarrels—and such dreary places they are. As you go past a house you see one part of it, or perhaps a separate building, with high walls and no windows, and you hear that is the part where the women live—the zenana; and their husbands care for them, just about as much as they care for their cows and their goats. They don't like them to die because they have paid so much money to their fathers and mothers at their wedding, so they come for us when they are ill, and are most anxious that we should make them well.

Next door to the hospital, right up against its walls, is a Hindu temple where the idol is “put to sleep” every night. How do you think they do it? Why! by making as much noise as they possibly can with every sort of musical instrument, from a fog-horn and drums, to bells and lutes and whistles. Sometimes this goes on from six o'clock in the evening until one o'clock in the night, especially

just now that there is a Hindu Festival going on. The god has to be wakened, too, in the morning, but that does not seem to take so long.

I hope you will write and ask me questions about the little dark children (though some of them are nearly as fair as little Irish children!). I was delighted to get a letter from Laura and hear all her news.

Do you know, one of our nurses here, whose name is Ruth, comes from Hazaribagh. I asked her did she know our Raheny boy, Bina, and she says she knows him quite well. He is a big boy now.

Now good-bye for awhile to all those people who were waving to me from the railway-bridge that morning, and the ones who were not there, too.

From your affectionate old friend,

MARIE E. HAYES.

S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

Ashwenzde (*à la* Urdu Prayer-book).

Feb. 28, 1906. I slept soundly through an earthquake last night! I am so disappointed. Fancy being in an earthquake and not knowing what it is like! The others all awoke and felt their beds swaying as if on board ship; the dining-room clock stopped at 1.15 a.m., that is the only thing to prove they were not all dreaming.

On Saturday last I was at a *tamāsha* (entertainment) in S. Stephen's School, which is in the Chandni Chauk, just opposite the hospital. We had speeches and prize-giving; the boys recited in Persian, Sanskrit Arabic, Urdu, and in English gave us Cromwell's speech in Henry VIII. It was right well done, and not over-acted. The Sanskrit was sung like a Gregorian chant. Mr. Allnutt came back with us to the hospital for *tiffin*, after which he spent a long time going over the new hospital plans. That same afternoon Sister R. and I drove off in the *tum-tum* to Metcalfe House, the ruins of a wonderful old palace of Mutiny days renown, from which the women escaped to the river. It overlooks a long winding strip of the Jumna, and, after the late rain, the fresh green was simply lovely. We took off our hats and sat there till sundown. It was most refreshing, for we were both rather tired; it had been an anxious week, with so many bad cases in hospital. Sundar is still very ill (I told you about her in last letter), and Mrs. Ferguson-Davie is coming for consultation. Māmūdi is so far doing splendidly.

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We all went to Celebration at 7.30 in March 4, 1906. St. Stephen's. I like walking there.

I get out by the ladder from the Dispensary window (at the back of the hospital) into Queen's Gardens; the church is opposite the gate at

the very end, so I have not to go on the road at all. Back to breakfast 8.45, and by 9.30 we were arrayed for work in the theatre.

Sundar was so bad in the night that we didn't think she would live through the anæsthetic, but she was most anxious for the chance which the operation would give her.

She is doing wonderfully well, though we cannot tell what the ultimate effect will be. . . . After *tiffin* Mrs. F.-D. and I spent 1½ hours going over the hospital plans again, and then, on her way to the train, I took her to see the new site . . .

St. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

March 11, 1906 *Sunday, 12 noon.* I want to begin this letter from bed, just to show you what excellent care I am taking of myself! The last two or three days I've been a bit tired, so, when "Mem Sahib" called at my door at 7.15 saying she was ready, and "*gāri āgē*" [carriage in front of door], I told her I was not going to church. And here I have been, lazing ever since. Dr. Mayo and Sister are taking an extra rest, too. Ratnamāla, one of the nurses, has been down from the wards to talk to me. She says the *chār bare itaj* (four big operations) accounts for this state of things! My virtue has been delightfully rewarded by the arrival of the home letters; it is good to get them on Sunday again. Such a nice one from Eva

K., also from J.D. . . . I had no idea the Raheny G.F.S. candidates were making dolls for us. I must get a photo of the Indian babies with them in their arms when they arrive.

.

We have been to the baptism of a grand niece of Uddiya's, in the new Mission Church, Holy Trinity (memorial to Rev. A. C. Maitland). They had a feast at their house afterwards; I hadn't been to an Indian one before—the first course is invariably *pilāo*, which I like very much. I believe it should have seventy ingredients, but what you *see* is chiefly rice and meat cut into little squares! The second course, not nearly so nice, is also rice, very sweet and made rich with *ghi* (clarified butter), and mixed with cocoanut chopped into squares. . . . Green peas are our main vegetable at present, and sweet pea (in full bloom) our most luxuriant flower. . . . I was at the "Christian Tennis Club" this afternoon, and while waiting for a game, was in a set of Badminton, the only European of the six playing!

*St. Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi.*

Sunday. I fear I shall not get much writing done this week, as I am going to Rewari to-morrow evening, to help Mrs. Ferguson-Davie at some operations

on Tuesday. She has no one able even to give an anæsthetic. Then Wednesday is the quiet day, and Thursday the half-yearly Community meeting.

.

. . . *Monday. En route to Rewari.*

March 19, 1906. The country we are passing through is wonderfully green; it looks so curious to see the corn ripe in March.

I must try to get a good photo of the Indian goats. They are extraordinary looking animals (no horns and long ears), and there are generally about forty of them together, feeding and apparently thriving, on one leafless branch! . . .

Rewari, Tuesday. I have enjoyed
March 20, 1906. my twenty-four hours down here very much. The house is home-like and restful, but the place is typically barren, just a mass of sand, with apparently no other soil, and nothing will grow. There are some trees, but an attempt at a garden is a most pitiable sight!

Mrs. F.-D. and I are starting for Delhi in an hour, and dinner intervenes, so this is merely another sentence or two, though I fear the finished letter won't contain much more. . . .

This was her first visit to Rewari, one of the outlying stations of the Cambridge Mission, and about seventy miles by rail from Delhi

(see map). In a year's time she succeeded Mrs. Ferguson-Davie there as doctor in charge of the hospital.

March 22, 1906. . . . *Thursday*. We had our "Quiet Day" yesterday. Left the hospital 7.10 a.m. and got back 9 p.m. I had never been at one before, and enjoyed it very much. The addresses were given by Mr. Allnutt on Our Lord's Temptation. I cannot go into any details now; we were lucky in not having any professional calls, and on Wednesday there is no dispensary. . . . To-day was held the business meeting of the Community, which lasted from 4.30 till nearly 8 o'clock, and then Dr. Mayo and I were out at a case, so there has been no time at all for writing. We can post in the station up to 4 a.m. I am reckoning on that.

In the train, en route to

Karnāl.

March 26, 1906. . . . A happy Easter! I think I must once more begin a letter on my way to Karnāl, but it is only for a holiday this time, and to gather up my scattered belongings. . . .

Dr. Müller arrived safely in Delhi last Saturday, after her furlough in England. We all met her in force at the station 7.20 a.m. . . . It is still keeping extraordinarily cool, only 76° in my room

to-day. We had thunder-storms at the end of last week and abundant rain, which is not very good for the crops, but has made the country—especially here—look perfectly angelic, brilliant green everywhere and practically no dust, like the most beautiful summer weather. . . . A new civil surgeon, Col. M., has come to Karnāl lately, who was with me at the “Tropics” [School of Tropical Medicine, London]. He is one of the best authorities in India on cataracts. I went to see him operate on several yesterday. . . . Deaconess has gone to Simla, so Miss Good and I are here alone at present. . . . Best of love and Easter blessings.

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

. . . This day seems fairly long
 April 5, 1906. already, though it is barely noon yet.

Lady Minto came to visit the hospital this morning. We had notice that she would leave the Residency at 8 a.m., but, as I had really nothing to do in the way of preparation, and all was apparently ready, Mrs. W. and I went to church—as is usual on Thursdays—at 7 o'clock, and were back in good time to put on our spick and span white dresses. Dr. Müller, Dr. Mayo and I then took up our position at the porch to receive her Excellency.

She arrived at 8.30. I fear we blundered in not making proper curtsies; we did not realise until

afterwards that she represented Royalty! We womenkind, solemnly marched after her round the wards, and then to the drawing-room, before going downstairs to the dispensaries.

It was a very good time for seeing the hospital. About forty patients were already in the courtyard with the Bible-woman, and the wards upstairs were crammed, even to the passages—every available bed occupied. She asked, “Where will the newly-admitted ones be put?” and we told her, “Those least ill would have to be turned out.”

When in the theatre her ladyship said, “And *who* does the operations?” It was amusing to see how aghast she was at the answer!! The foundation-stone of this hospital was laid by H.R.H. Duchess of Connaught, Lady Dufferin opened it, and Lady Curzon once paid it a visit, so you see these functions are not every-day occurrences.

Lord Minto has also had duties to perform in Delhi, for, last Friday, I was at the unveiling—by him—of John Nicholson’s beautiful bronze statue. It stands in the public gardens, near the Kashmir Gate—at which he is looking—and close to his grave in the English cemetery.

I took a photo of it, and also of Lord Kitchener, who was close beside me, the Kashmir Gate making a good background. . . . The ceremony was a very pretty sight, some of the Indian regiments—Sikhs—had a brilliant scarlet to crimson uniform, and were such fine-looking men; they wear their beards

in most comical fashion, rolled into a thick twist inwards round their chin, the ends caught at their ears, and tucked away under their turbans! . . .

When I arrived back here (Delhi) from Karnāl last Saturday evening I found Dr. Müller and "Mem Sahib" sorting the English mails *on a piano*. We have been without one since Christmas, and now, to our great joy, this semi-grand—which arrived in my absence—has been lent to us by friends who have gone to England. Thank C.M.G. for letter; feel very guilty not to have written.

The other day I was visiting in one of my zenanas, where there are such a nice set of Mohammedan women. I asked if they could read, but they said, "We have no *parhanawala*" (one who causes to read), so I told them I would bring them a teacher; however, the fear is that, when it comes to the point, their men won't allow them to learn.

They sent me a present on Sunday of a pair of live chickens!

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 . . . *Palm Sunday*. Soon after
 April 8, 1906. we came back from early service this morning, a man appeared from a village sixteen miles away wanting a doctor, so Uddiya, another nurse, and I started by the 12 o'clock train armed with the sterilizer, &c.

The train was crammed with Hindu pilgrims as far as Okhla, where a festival was going on; a hill near it was covered with camps. Our station, further

on, was quite a pretty place, but we had half an hour's walk from that. The case was not a very bad one as they go, but the baby was dead. We were lucky in getting a train back directly we got to the station, but it took over two hours to reach Delhi. We were put into a 1st class carriage, so, as I had E.'s *tiffin* basket with me, I started making tea at once—a great refreshment.

.

The last couple of days have been fairly hot. Yesterday, even in a breeze, it touched 90° in my room, but the hot weather's coming so late will probably diminish its length. . . I am gradually unpacking my things and sticking up pictures on odd nails, till I see how they look. . . Last week Mem Sahib, Martha and I went to a G.F.S. lantern lecture, given by Miss Fitzgerald, at Mrs. Humphrey's (wife of the Deputy Commissioner). The lecture was a general sketch of the G.F.S., and amongst other pictures Sackville Street appeared on the sheet!

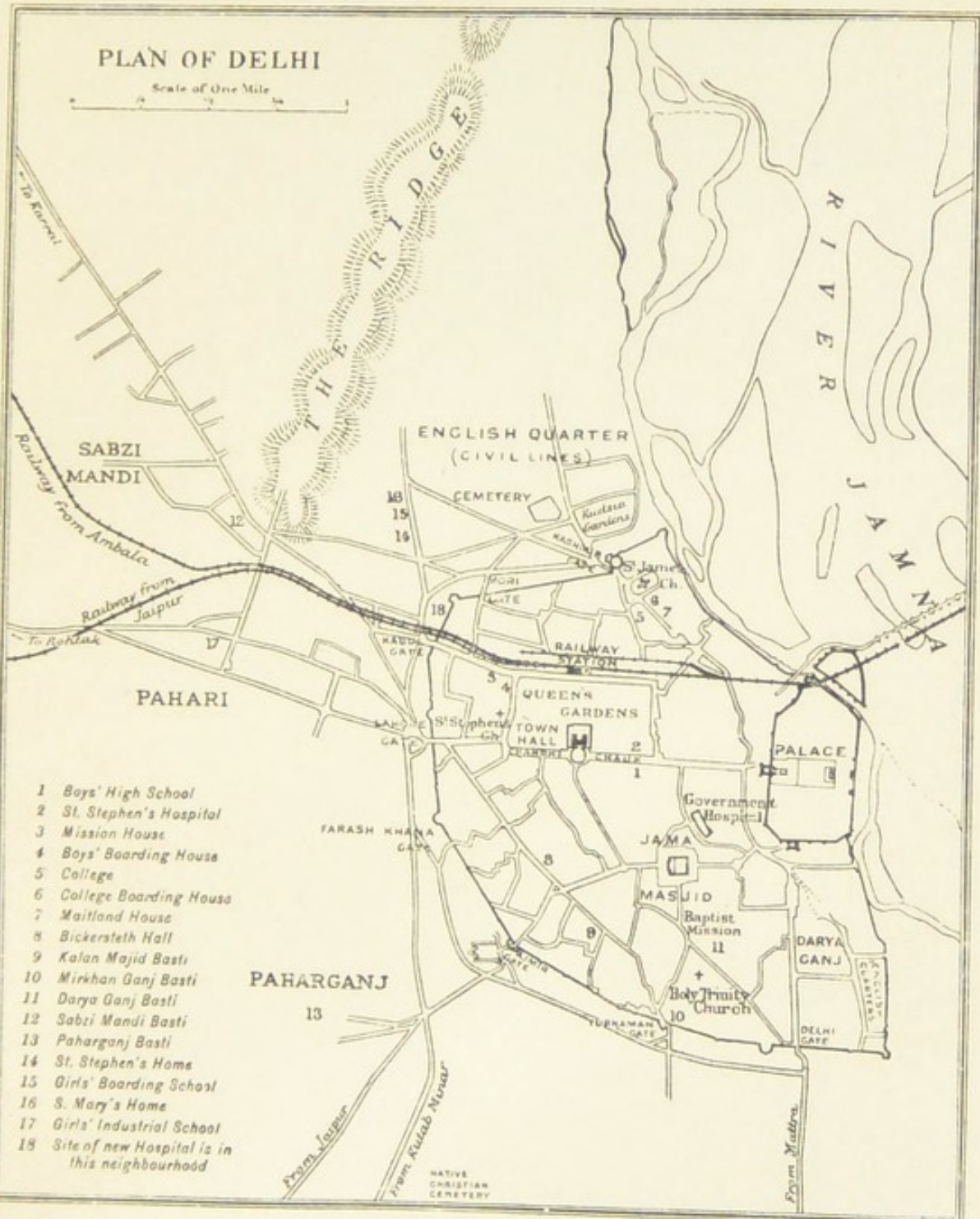
Miss Fitzgerald, you know, is starting the new Lodge at Murree in May.

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There is a terrific monkey battle going on this minute under my window! So sorry not to have mentioned the monkeys before. I am always keeping them for the mail when there is no other news! . . . I am thoroughly fit, and enjoying 90° in the shade. . . Heaps of love.

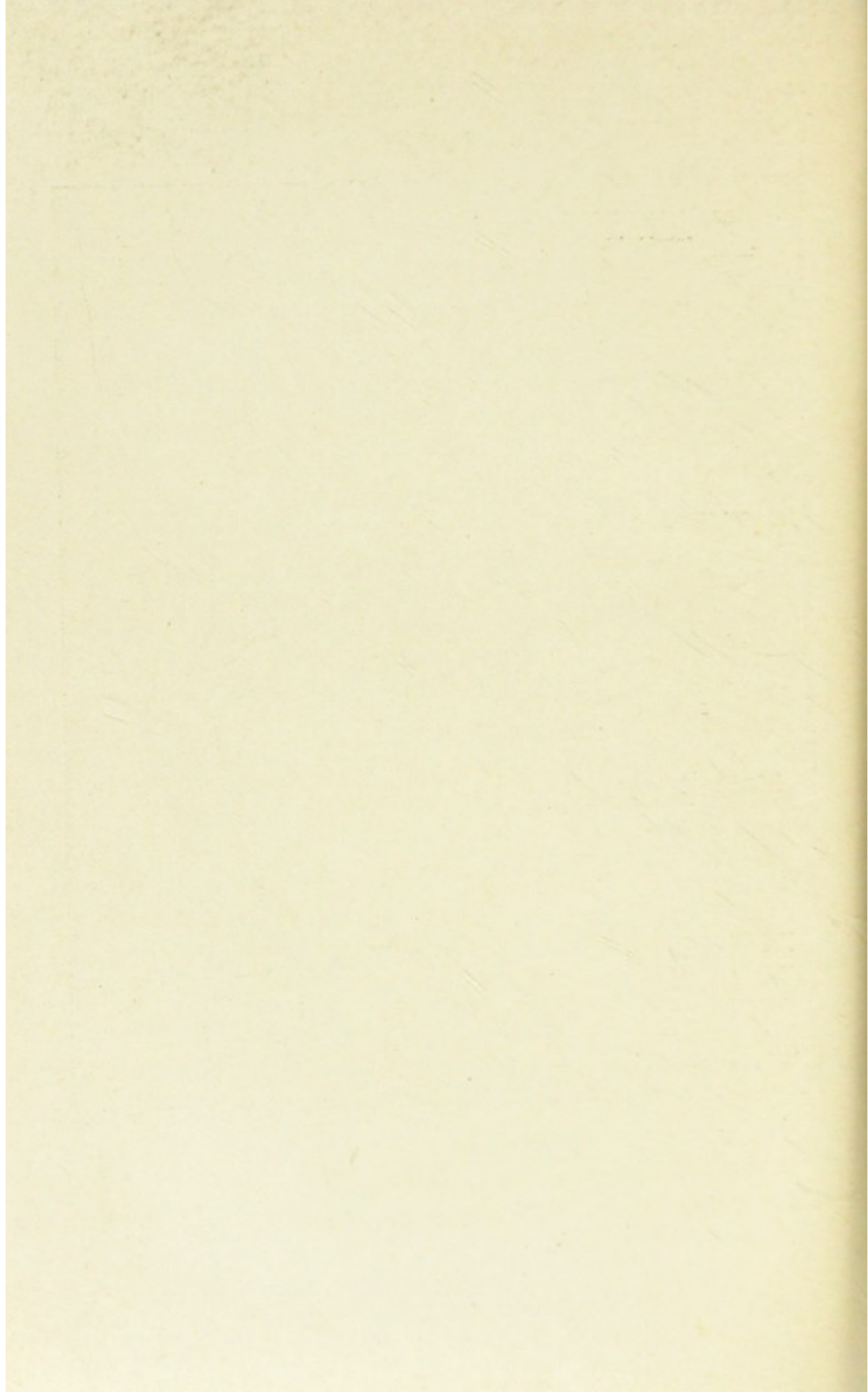
PLAN OF DELHI

Scale of One Mile



- 1 Boys' High School
- 2 St. Stephen's Hospital
- 3 Mission House
- 4 Boys' Boarding House
- 5 College
- 6 College Boarding House
- 7 Maitland House
- 8 Bickersteth Hall
- 9 Kalan Masjid Basti
- 10 Mirkhan Ganj Basti
- 11 Darya Ganj Basti
- 12 Sabzi Mandi Basti
- 13 Paharganj Basti
- 14 St. Stephen's Home
- 15 Girls' Boarding School
- 16 S. Mary's Home
- 17 Girls' Industrial School
- 18 Site of new Hospital is in this neighbourhood

London, Standard's Geog. Dept.



*Rohtak Station,

Ladies' waiting room (in which a man is carefully arranging the folds of his turban before the glass.)

Monday before Easter. . . . This April 9, 1906. is really a very clean, comfortable waiting room, and I shall start my letter here. A *punkah*, too, is at work, the first I have seen since coming to India. . . . To explain. Last night—Sunday—some men arrived at hospital for a doctor. I feared at first I would have to start off at 5 a.m., so was glad to find a train at 7.45 would suit equally well, and we arrived here by 11 o'clock. The men were not able to give any information as to what was wrong with the patient; however, I found it was a fairly satisfactory case, and she has promised to come to hospital later on for further treatment. But this "coming" is always extremely doubtful!

I am now on my way back to Delhi, and was glad to see Rohtak. It gave me, too, a day in the country; but at noon it certainly was very hot, for the heat *has* come now! However, during one night the temperature dropped to 68°, and I fumbled, half asleep, to my wardrobe and fetched a blanket.

*One of the outlying stations of the Cambridge Mission.
(See map).

. . . *S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.*

April 12, 1906. *Thursday.* This week we have a celebration of Holy Communion each morning, at seven o'clock in the chapel of the Home. It is specially for the hospital people, as the service in Church lasts two hours, which we could not spare—in Urdu it is much longer than in English. . . .

There is an epidemic of measles among the hospital babies just now, which is very awkward when the wards are already fuller than they will hold. One poor little mite, who had the most persistent and peculiar cry, died this week; she was called "Cheu-Cheu" in the hospital, but was baptised "Ummadi" (Hope). A dear little white baby—Ruth—whose mother gave her to us last summer, is very ill. She is the pet of the place; the nurses are devoted to her. If she lives, and *is* to live, she will have to go to the hills; she was such a bonny baby in the winter, now you would scarcely know her. . . .

You ask after our three bad surgical cases. Sundar is up and about, though not very strong yet. Mamūdi went out long ago "against doctor's orders." Kiliya (the Hindu) has left hospital, but still comes to the Dispensary looking the picture of health and beauty!

. . . A small boy was brought in from a village for operation last Saturday, and we spent most of the afternoon in the theatre. It was distinctly hot, I can assure you.

CHAPTER IV

Delhi

S. Stephen's Hospital.

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Easter Monday. Such a splendid budget from home for Easter, nine sheets all told! They were specially welcome, too, for here I am in bed. The dread at first was that I had taken measles; however, I believe it is merely a feverish cold and sore throat, such as I've had many a time at home. But such an abominably stupid time to have it—on Easter Eve and Easter Day. The only sound to remind me of the Festival was when Sister R. played the Easter hymns on our sweet-toned piano. It is very hard lines on the others, for all are so busy to-day, and Dr. Mayo leaves us in the morning.

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Thursday. I have had no fever since Sunday, and yesterday got up for *tiffin* and "pretended" to do some work, but spent most of my time lolling about and reading "The Seething Pot," which I much enjoyed. However, I am quite fit to-day, and not a bit tired after full work. . . . We have now

summer hours; up at 5 a.m., and breakfast in dining-room at 6.45. This gives one a fine long day.

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E.G.B., has been here for a few days. Picture us sitting together in my room writing our home letters. I saw her off yesterday to Sukkur, a journey of thirty hours at least. As Dr. Müller was in Rewari this week for operation, I took the whole Dispensary work for two days, with Sister's help.

May 2nd.

I have started my Munshi again from 11.45 to 1.30, so that takes a good hole out of the day. He knows the meanings of some English words, but when spoken they are much harder to recognise than Urdu. At times I am struggling to understand what he says, when it suddenly dawns on me that it is English! I like him, as he shouts less than most of them do.

Miss Müller and I were out yesterday operating on the daughter of an Indian doctor. They live in a very nice bungalow outside the city. He is considered to treat his women well; they are allowed to go all over the house. The poor patient is far advanced in tuberculosis. On arriving home my room felt like an ice-house, so it was rather surprising to find the thermometer at 90°; perhaps you can imagine what the heat was like driving back to hospital!

. . . As there were no operations this morning, I have been making a fair copy of the new hospital plans; so now they leave our hands till—when? We wish every hour of the day they were beyond the *plan* stage. Dr. Müller was joking the other day about sending a petition to hurry up, with special reference to the Chandni Chauk smells; but we came to the conclusion that we are all looking much too well for it to have any effect! But, oh, dear! the want of room is just desperate. The nurses fare worst. Fancy! ten of them in one, only fairly large, room, and two more in a very small one off it, and in these they eat, sleep, and have their recreation; and, the poor things, if they make a noise it echoes and re-echoes through the whole hospital—and yet there is not another spot to put them. The same applies in a lesser degree to everything else in the place.

The old S. Stephen's Hospital was situated in the centre of the Chandni Chauk—principal street of Delhi—where noise and smells abound.

Those who now join the medical staff and work in the beautiful new building on the Hazāri Maidān—with every modern improvement, bright, airy dispensaries, wide verandahs, and a spacious theatre with its large windows and marble floor—can form little idea of the discomfort, borne so cheerfully by those who laboured under the old conditions. The dark-

ness, the flights of stairs, narrow and steep, in some places like an awkward ladder, all added much to the daily fatigue. No wonder that Dr. Müller strained every nerve to remedy such a state of things. The new S. Stephen's Hospital is the result of her ability and indefatigable energy.

May 10th. . . . All the letters this week speak of the glory of the Rectory garden, so I can smell it even in the Chandni Chauk. After all, home is not so far away; I have a short cut which brings me there quickly! . . . The heat is not yet unbearable. My room ranges from 93° to 100°, but so far I don't find it difficult to do my work. I have been to Rohtak again. The wife of an Indian doctor there set her heart on seeing a lady doctor, and it was arranged that I should be the one. So, last Tuesday, the *ayah* called me at 4.30 a.m., gave me some breakfast, and I caught the train. The two hours' run, in the early morning, was very pleasant. I quite enjoy these "days in the country"; they are something of the nature of "a night at Edmondstown"! The patient's husband met me at the station, and his dogcart was waiting, so we drove together to his house in the city. When he found I was an Irishwoman, he considered it right to "think that Ireland would soon get her freedom." The *Swādeshā* movement here corresponds to the Gaelic League at home—"patronise home manu-

facture," &c., &c. On arrival I found the wife (a placid, sweet-faced woman) not as ill as I expected, but another case of tuberculosis. As I wanted to see her again late in the day, I arranged to spend the intervening hours at the Mission Bungalow, where I had a good breakfast at nine o'clock, wrote letters, read, bathed, and got a delightful rest; so felt very fresh for my second visit to the doctor's family. It was quite an Indian house. They had a trayful of fruit for me to take away, and were very nice and kind. Leaving them, I heard the bell of the Mission Church ringing for Evensong, and went for the service. . . .

There were still two more visits to pay, one to a European patient, who lives here, but comes into Delhi to see me, another to the woman who was the cause of my first journey to Rohtak. They were both some distance away, so I started off in a bullock cart. The friends of the Indian lady were very cordial, and delighted to see me, but alas, she had gone back to her village, as I feared.

9 p.m. saw me in the train again, and I slept most of the way back, suddenly waking to find myself in Delhi, just eighteen hours after I had left it. . . .

I gave up my mosquito net for three nights, as the custom is when *punkahs* begin, but the wretched animals kept me awake, so now I am enclosed again and happy. With the *punkah* wagging over my head a fair amount of air comes through.

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Our hospital babies, including little Ruth, are dead. It is very sad. Four died within three weeks, of tuberculosis after measles.

The following letters speak constantly of the heat, but it is interesting to know the conditions under which work is carried on in India :—

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

May 17, 1906. . . . This week, for the first time, I am beginning to think that the heat may grow to be objectionable! I have had a *tatti* put up in the doorway of my verandah; it's a kind of thick grass matting on a frame to fit the opening, and is kept saturated with water, so that the hot wind passing through is cooled about 10°. . . . "Mem Sahib" has just brought me some flowers, beautiful yellow lilies, for my room and the drawing-room, in honour of the day [her birthday]. As a rule we have had to give up flower decoration, for it is as though you brought them from the garden, and left them lying on the plate rail over a kitchen range, and it's too sad to see them die so quickly. However, the lovely flowering trees in the public gardens make up for the loss, one about the size of a copper beech looks from a distance like a huge lilac in colour, though the flowers in shape resemble mallows; then the *Acacia fistula* might be a *Laburnum* tree without leaves, while another in size and shape like *Ailantus* is covered with bunches of brilliant scarlet and

yellow flowers. . . . But I must tell you how this day began, if only as an example of the way I still muddle the language. I was wakened by the light of a lantern outside my net, and there stood Uddiya saying there was a patient ill. I talked to her about the case and said I would go in the morning, but "No, the man is downstairs demanding now." Off she went and I got up. The house was only about five minutes from the hospital, so I put my white coat and a skirt over my nightdress and went down. But lo! no one was to be seen; the nurses all asleep but Uddiya's door locked from outside. I had quite misunderstood her, it was not a doctor's call, she only wanted the necessary leave to go herself. As I tumbled happily back into bed again, I found it was ten minutes after midnight, and the 17th of May!

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Yesterday was a very long day. It
 May 20, 1906. began by a call to a case at 3.30 a.m.
 The patient, an Eurasian, had been a
 G.F.S. girl, and teacher in the English school. I
 had to do visiting in the afternoon, but was able, in
 the latter part of it, to have two good sets of tennis
 and ices, at Mr. Kirkpatrick's, which rested me!
 This same evening, just as I was undressed and
 getting into bed, another call came. While I was
 waiting downstairs for the *gāri* to be fetched, I had
 a read of my letters, for the mail had come in, which
 was a compensation.

Then off we started, the *dai* [nurse] and I through an extraordinary labyrinth of lanes to a distant part of the city. There was never more than one foot to spare over the width of the *gāri*, and the horse several times came to a dead halt, when the wheels had to be pushed round to compel him to go on. All the way the place was desolate and dilapidated, and the houses, when we got to them, specially the Mohammedan women's quarters, were like re-inhabited cities of the dead—a kind of highly-exaggerated Irish dilapidation, and like it also, with the remains of fine old carving and stucco work, such as I have often seen in Dublin tenement houses.

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Last night, as we sat down to dinner, a patient's husband—Kashmiri folk—arrived with four courses of native confections. He fortunately did not wait to *see* us eat it, as we could hardly manage any food at all that evening, the heat was so great. . . .

I will be thinking of Guild Day at A.C.D. [Alexandra College, Dublin] this week. . . .

S. Stephen's Hospital.

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May 24, 1906. *Ascension Day.* This was the hottest day yet. When I came down from the theatre I thought I must have spilled a basin of water over my petticoat, but no, on close inspection it was merely the result of the little rivers, which I had felt running down my neck all the morning!

My time for writing seems absolutely to have departed. I suppose we must be extra busy. I take my class for the dispensers in the hour between *tiffin* and going out, as it is more or less a free time, and have it, if possible, every day. But I find now that I must have written my letters then! I enjoy having these three girls; no one has had time to teach them all the winter. The subject is a large one—medicine and divinity!! . . .

. . . With all our work we have had dissipation too. Last night we had supper out of doors at Humāyan's Tomb, which is built on a huge artificial plateau about 80 feet square. The place is four miles out of the city, and has lovely views all round. The dome over the tomb has a most wonderful echo, so that a part-song sung underneath it (when heard from outside) had the effect of being accompanied by an organ. The guests were limited to cyclists. We got back to hospital about 11 o'clock. I thought I should have been very sleepy to-day, but the change of air has been more refreshing to me than sleep! . . .

Melons are the chief fruit at present. I had no idea there were so many kinds, but by the time you get this, peaches will be 1d. lb. We have had several presents of fruit lately from patients. . . .

Letter written for a meeting of the Raheny parish Missionary Association:—

*S. Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi.*

May, 1906.

My dear old Friends,

It is grand to hear of your having formed a Missionary Intercession Union at Raheny. I've been wanting to write and congratulate you all this long time, and now I have to congratulate you also on the success of your first two Quarterly Meetings.

I didn't realize until I came abroad how very much actual foreign missionary work may be—must be—done at home. Those who are at work abroad are so few and powerless and liable to make mistakes, that one feels more than ever that prayer—the “effectual” prayer of those who know something at least of what they are praying about—is vital. That sort of prayer is real mission work, and it is the most hopeful sign for missions that such Intercession Unions are spreading round the world. Don't forget how much we rely on home help!

Now, I must tell you at once of the things in India which have struck me as being different from home, or I will become so used to them that I'll forget they are novel.

One of the first things which you notice are the trains and railway stations. It's astonishing how much the people travel. They think very little of going four or five hundred miles, and I've even heard of them going from the Punjab to south of Bombay (over a thousand miles) if they think they

can sell their wares better there. Third-class travelling is very cheap, about eighty miles for a Rupee (one and fourpence), and the trains are almost always full. Time is even less an object here than in the country parts of Ireland! They never know when a train is going to start; their plan is just to go to the station when they are ready, and wait till it comes, which may be ten minutes or twenty hours! People all carry their bedding about with them in India, so they spread it on the platform, cover themselves up, and go to sleep, and it is not until the train comes in and you see them all standing up, that you realize exactly what they are and how many! No one expects the trains to run at convenient hours. Generally the one train goes on for at least twenty-four hours on a single journey, and it may take even two or three days to reach its destination; so it depends upon where *you* happen to be on its way, whether it reaches you in the middle of the night, or in the middle of the day!

It is a curious thing that in India May seems to be considered *the* great month for weddings, and this year is supposed to be an especially propitious one, so there have been any amount, and we get the full benefit of them here in the Chandni Chauk. The processions move slowly along, beating drums, and sounding every other kind of instrument which can produce noise. The central object is a very gaudy gilt cart with a canopy, drawn

by camels. The little bridegroom is on horseback, but is so covered up that he can see little of the "show," and must get very tired before the three days' procession is over. At the richer weddings there are sometimes wonderful artificial flower beds carried along. The little bride is visited at her father's house, and then goes for a short visit to the bridegroom's people—not to live there just then. In this part of India—if a Hindu—she may remain with her own people for two or three years or more after her wedding, and the Mohammedan women are not usually married until they are about sixteen or eighteen.

After a big Hindu festival in March—the *Holi*—for sixteen days we used to see little girls going about the "Queen's Gardens" in the early mornings, gathering a special kind of grass. What do you think it was for? They carry it off, singing as they go, to the temple of the god who, they believe, has power to give them good or bad husbands, so they want to do all they can to please him.

There is a Hindu Temple close to the hospital where they make a deafening noise every night and morning, putting their god to sleep or waking him up. Just beside it there is another caste of Hindus called Jains. Some of these seem to be specially sacred or holy, as the others come every morning and evening to salaam and do *puja* (worship).

Animal life is sacred to nearly all Hindus, but so much so among the Jains that they wear a

piece of cardboard or cloth over their mouths, fearing they might swallow a fly. All the same I am not at all sure that they filter their drinking water!!

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The hospital is very full at present—several more patients than beds. Some have to be on the floor in the passage. So maybe we are not longing for our new hospital! But its foundations are not dug, so I'm afraid we shall have to wait a good while. One little boy, three years old,—Khachero—who has been in for a long time after a troublesome operation, is a great pet, and *such* a good well-brought up child. His mother was in with him at first, then she went back to her village, and an aunt came to stay. He is very precious to his parents, as his two elder brothers died; so when he was born they put a ring in his nose to pretend he was a girl, and gave him away to a *Mehtar* (the lowest caste) to pretend they didn't care what became of him, and so deceive the gods!

Each morning, as soon as the doctors' work is done in the wards, Mrs. Williams, the hospital Evangelist, goes up and shows the patients pictures and teaches them, and they gather in groups round her. Just at present they centre round the bed of a bright intelligent little Kashmiri lady, Surāj Rāni, who has been in for weeks with a bad abscess, but is nearly well now. Two or three days ago a little girl with hip

disease had just had a serious operation. There was some difficulty about her bed, and we decided that Surāj Rāni's was most suitable. Out she jumped without a grumble and sat on the floor smiling, till another could be got ready for her! And now she tries to comfort poor little Lachmi, who has a great deal of pain.

I expect you would like to hear something about the churches before I come to an end. S. Stephen's, the oldest, seats about three hundred. When empty it is very much like any church at home, except that instead of windows, it has big doors opening on to verandahs. But when full it looks quite different! The women all sit on one side, the men on the other. The women all wear white *chadars* over their heads, and there are no hats to obstruct the view and arrest attention! On the men's side the costumes are very varied, from the college professors like Englishmen, down through all sorts of funny stages to the *chamar* (leather worker), with his calico shirt, bare legs, and *dhoti*.

The choir boys, in their white cassocks and surplices, don't make much noise with their bare brown feet, but they *can* make a noise when they sing, and the whole congregation joins in very heartily. Of course their native music is not the same as ours. We have *Bhajans* (native hymns) in church. I often haven't quite mastered them yet, but every line is sung twice, and at the end of each verse they turn back and repeat the first verse, so that it is difficult

to know where you are until you become used to them !

At the West End of the church is the verandah, or porch, for catechumens and enquirers, and just inside it is the big font. The first adult baptism that I saw was on Christmas Eve, when there were sixteen candidates, eight men and eight women, some of them carrying their babies. They are baptised by immersion, walking down the steps of the font into the water, except an old couple who were too feeble to venture. Others were baptised on Easter and Whitsun Eves, but there were not so many then.

I would like to tell you a good many other things, but they must wait. This should have been sent long ago, and it is already quite as long as (probably longer than) you will care to read.

With every good wish from

Your sincere friend,

MAY E. HAYES.

Delhi.

June 5, 1906. I was sitting on my bed this morning making up my parcel for home, when one of the *dais* (nurses) came in and brought me your's, looking as if it could scarcely have been through the post, so I popped mine into your case, and even used the same string! . . . Ever so many thanks for the bag; the dust makes us keep everything possible in bags. Oh! the dust, it is *the* bad thing. The days now are mostly like a

London fog, and in the afternoon it is almost too dark to read! In a bad dust storm it becomes so absolutely black that you can't see the windows. However, it is cooler the last few days, and my room is only 95°. . .

June 6, 1906. We have had a field-day of operations, four anæsthetics—all long ones—and a cataract.

We came down and had breakfast at 11 o'clock, and then resumed till 1.15; and, if you please, we are trying to empty hospital for cleaning purposes! Sunday last was another big operation day. We were at it from the minute we came back from early Service, we found a patient waiting, and were still in the theatre when the 11 o'clock breakfast bell rang, and after all was over the dressings had to be done. We avoid operations on Sunday if possible, but there is generally something to be done. Three weeks' ago we had an almost entirely medical hospital, now nearly every case needs dressing daily. . .

The plans for the new hospital have come back from their first journey; so now we are setting to work to prepare them for their next. . . My Rohtak patient has been staying in Delhi for a few days. I asked her to come and see some adult baptisms in S. Stephen's Church. There were three men and two woman—Chamars. She was much struck with the singing; it certainly is very hearty, although, as often as not, the harmonium has to stop

in the middle of a hymn, if the discord with the voices, becomes irremediable! . . . Sister and Miss Barnard left this week for Simla, so now we shall always be one short until the end of November! . . .

We got the present of a great dish of figs yesterday from a gardener's wife. I took out one of her eyes a little time ago. She is quite well again, and came herself with the figs. . . .

Delhi.

June 11, 1906. . . . Ugh, ugh, ugh! the dust of the last two nights—a storm sufficient to bring down tree branches and clap doors, till you wonder how they stay on their hinges. Dust in your mouth and in your hair (and as one's hair is always wet, there are the elements of mud!); dust in your sponge and basin and brushes, the towels thick with it, and the floor, in spite of various sweepings, nearly ready for digging! Ah, well, it has its advantages, for it has made the air wonderfully cool.

. . . I spent all my odd time yesterday in making a fair copy of the first revision of the hospital plans, and then at 6 o'clock a large party of us—15 in all—started on a picnic to Okhla, a beautiful place, something like the river between Lucan and Leixlip [Co. Dublin]. It is here the water is taken from the Jumna for the canals. They say there are heaps of crocodiles knocking about, but it was too dark to

see any. The place is well wooded, nice shady avenues, real grass, and plenty of water. . . While at dinner, the lantern (swung on a tree) attracted away the insects, some of which were beautiful dragon flies. . . It was late when we got home—one-and-a-half hours' drive—but I find that these outings rest one as much, or more, than the additional sleep on early nights. . . I heard that Kathleen G. would be passing through Delhi from Cawnpore on Tuesday night for her holiday, so I got Ratnamala, the night nurse, to call me at 1 a.m., and rode to the station. I wasn't there five minutes when a train came in—it might have been from Bray—and out of one of the front carriages looked Kathleen; so the cycle and I ran on after it, and I sat in the carriage with her for twenty minutes. . .

June 20, 1906 We spent from 7.30 a.m. till 4 o'clock to-day (Wednesday) in the theatre, with intervals for meals, for which we were ravenous; and this is what the Community call our holiday, because we have no dispensary! The operations were the biggest we have had since February; one was a tumour weighing 18 lbs. It was fortunately a beautifully cool, fresh day—86°—no dust, and we could keep the windows open all the time. While preparing things, before we put on our overalls for operations, we walk about the theatre in very airy attire; funny looking figures, I can tell you!

Once, when we came down during the day,

we found two *pardah* women and a servant sitting on the dining-room floor, and the table covered with good fruit of different kinds, and sweets. They had been patients of Dr. Müller's two years ago, and brought these as a present. We have been enjoying their peaches and mangoes very much. . . . Last Sunday, again we had two operations, besides dressings. The day before, while I was sitting with my *munshi* (teacher), a little boy was brought to me—fallen from a roof—with his mouth and nose split open. He and his mother—a very nice industrious woman—and a baby sister have since inhabited one bed. Beside them is the boy Khachero and his mother, also with her baby; while in a third bed is yet another family party! . . . Surāj Rāni [Sun Queen] has left hospital, but she comes every day and visits it from top to bottom. She has asked for a Miss Sahib to teach her, and says that she doesn't mind whether it is in Urdu or Hindi, so long as she learns the Bible. . . .

There was a celebration of Holy
 June 21, 1906. Communion in the English Church
 this morning for G.F.S. anniversary.
 Mrs. Humphreys is the leading spirit, but she was in
 the hills. Martha Francis, our Indian hospital
 assistant, is a member.

. . . The days in summer are nearly two
 hours' longer than in winter, and yet there seems to
 be less time. There is absolutely no evening, which

is a loss as compared with the home day. We go to bed straight from the Wards. . . . The plans for the Karnāl Hospital [it was opened March, 1908] are the excitement at present. The site was given to us two or three weeks ago. . . . My watch is doing well. It lost five minutes in a month or six weeks in the heat, that is, if the other clocks were right!! . . . The Rectory garden does sound lovely. I wish I could help with the jam. All good wishes for the parish party, and also Fingal Fête.

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

. . . . The hospital is very full,
June 28, 1906. three or four sleeping on the floor, not
to mention four beds in the passage.

This morning, when two necessary cases were sent up, it was a most difficult matter to manipulate them. Those who were sufficiently well to be put in the passage or on the floor were sure to be *purdah walis* or otherwise ineligible. . . . We have had some amount of night work after our big operations last week, and both women have so far done splendidly. . . . On Sunday I was in the City visiting a patient—daughter of a native doctor. Her aunt, a very nice woman, who acts as her nurse, is a great help to me in doing the dressings. While we were at work I looked at my watch so as to be as little late for dinner as possible. The aunt was greatly taken with it and said it was “very beautiful,” and then “*is ka dam kya hai?*” (what did

it cost), so then I had an opportunity once more of showing it off, and they explained to each other, "her name is outside, and their names are inside." . . . Martha and I had an operation to do in a zenana the other day. The patient was a relative of the hospital *Bhishti* (water man). There was barely a chance for her, as they sent for us nine days late, after trying every other (Hindustani) remedy, and she died that evening. . . . During the operation I happened to look up, and round me I counted twenty-seven women visible from the spot where I stood. It was a poor and small zenana, so in parts they were packed in rows, sitting on each others knees. I had turned out all the men, and only allowed three women to sit on the patient's bed! Poor girl, she was about eighteen years, and quite unconscious.

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

As I was finishing mail letters last
July 12, 1906. week at 6 p.m. I got a call to a
Mohammedan *basti*, so took them
with me, and posted them on my way home, 8.30.
A "*basti*" is an enclosure like a yard, with houses
all round the walls, opening inwards, and generally
with only one insignificant entrance. This one was
perhaps twice the size of our stable yard at home,
and it is probably a good deal below the mark to
say that from 150 to 200 people live in it, all one
class, and the women, strange to say, spinning and

weaving cotton. The house we went to had a pit in it, something to do with the weaving. The poor patient was frightfully deformed. She has done very well since.

When I get home after work I'm a sight to behold; as if I had been bathing, and was seeking a bathing box! Yesterday was the first time I experienced a real green-house sensation. The most trying thing is doing one's hair in the morning. There is a steady stream of water from my elbows to the floor, and every hair sticks to hand and arm! However, that's soon over, and, all the same, the weather is often most pleasant for some time in the day. . . . The noise at the Hindu Temple next door to the hospital is often pandemonium at night. Dr. Müller beseeches of them to have mercy on the sick, but I think it only makes them worse. . . . I have classes for the dispensers on weekdays for medicine, and on Sundays for divinity. . . . When you see Miss L. tell her how delighted I am with her book, "Great Souls at Prayer."

Delhi.

July 18, 1906. This morning, at six o'clock, after many and fruitless attempts to get dry, I had just succeeded in putting on a clean blouse and collar, when a nurse appeared, to say that a patient needing immediate attention had come in, so Dr. Müller and I assumed more primitive attire and betook ourselves to the theatre for forty-five minutes hard work, . . . We had

two operations of removing eyes this week. There is a frightful amount of blindness or bad sight in India. . . . I have just been out for a drive with Martha in the Roshanāra Gardens. She is going to Bombay for her holiday, and greatly excited at the prospect of seeing the sea for the first time. We were talking about Durham, so I brought her in to see my pictures, and she has now gone off much interested, with "Leaders of the Northern Church" to read.

Delhi.

July 25, 1906. I spent last week-end at Rewari, having gone to help Mrs. Ferguson-Davie with an operation at the hospital. Rewari is proverbially dusty of the dusty, but fortunately a heavy shower on Saturday morning made things pleasant. We had dinner in the "garden" on arrival. . . . There is one drivable road round the city, otherwise all is cross country. . . . I got back here 10.30 Monday night, and have had a fairly busy time since. I think there are eight beds in the passage, and at least one patient on the floor. . . . I had a nice little snooze when I came up from my *Munshi* to-day before I began to write. I am going to stop my lessons next month, as that will give me one-and-a-half hours' more in the day to make up for Martha's absence on holiday.

Did I tell you it is decided that I go to Simla the last week in August for a fortnight?

*S. Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi.*

Aug. 1, 1906. Hospital is still very full, but the dispensaries are not big, owing to Hindu feasts.

There have been two entertainments at the College this last week of the Session. On Tuesday night there were theatricals. The Saturday evening before, Miss Jerwood got up a concert, training some of the men in part-songs ; it was most enterprising, and wonderfully successful, as they had never done so before. I *wish* I could have drawn the Indian flute player who performed three times, bare feet and legs, small round cap on his head, black striped waistcoat, transparent white muslin shirt coming down *over* full white muslin and *hoti*. It is only the quite anglicized men who wear their shirts under their trousers !

The entertainment was primarily to give a presentation and bid farewell to Mr. Martyn, who has been a Professor at the College for sixteen years. He is a Madras man, his wife was a daughter of Rām Chandra, one of the earliest and greatest of the Delhi converts. The hall was filled with Hindu and Mohammedan students, some of whom made eulogistic and very appreciative speeches. Mr. Martyn is going to Edinburgh to finish his medical course. He made an excellent, straight speech at the end, saying his object in being a doctor was not to make money, but that he might help his poorer

Madrāsi fellow-countrymen and gain access to their houses as a Missionary. He owed, he said, much to the Cambridge Brotherhood here, and told the students that as they had received much through their contact with them, so of them would much be required. . . . On Monday afternoon I had a case in a rich Hindu house. The patient was lying in a room (?) about five feet square, opening off the middle storey of a courtyard, *i.e.*, its floor and ceiling, so to speak, were iron bars through which you could see the sky above, and the stones below. On this floor squatted scores of women, but none of them would go near the patient, nor would they let us touch them or their vessels of any kind. After I had done my work, I saw another sick woman in a room near, and innocently went towards her, whereupon, with a cry, they rose *en masse* from their squatting position, and I had to content myself with enquiring for her from a distance! After much bargaining the man gave me R.25, which he held between his finger and thumb and *dropped* into my hand lest he should touch me!

S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

Aug. 8, 1906. . . . The great news of the week I must tell you first. THE HOSPITAL IS SOLD! and on better conditions than we could have hoped. Mr. Allnutt had named R.60,000 as the least he would take (but he

might have had to take R.55,000 or less). We have got almost R.80,000, which equals £5,000 and the gift of rent free for a year, so we are actually living in a hired house! Now we are longing for the working plans to be ready in order to begin building the minute the rain stops.

On Saturday morning, 2.30 a.m., Dr. Aug. 8, 1906. Müller appeared at my bedside to say a Christian had sent in from the Kutab—eleven miles off—for a doctor. His wife, he said, had been ill five days. This we doubted, but she might be dying, so there was nothing for it but to go. By 3.30 we had started, a nurse and I and two girl students, who are here for midwifery training from Ludhiana. It was a two hours' drive, but we had a comfortable open vehicle instead of the ordinary springless sort of cab. I must have dozed a good deal of the way, for it seemed short, and the fresh air also sent an incipient cold I had about its business! Well, when we arrived we found the baby six hours' old, and they had all gone comfortably to bed instead of sending a second messenger to stop us! While the horses were resting the girls and I went off to see the Kutab Minār, said to be one of the highest towers or pillars in the world, and certainly it has most wonderful carving, and huge arches and doorways standing alone. I think it must be something of the nature of Baalbec. The girls went to the top, but I contented myself with contemplation of the

exterior! It is the site of the original Delhi, the present is at least the seventh city. . . .

. . . . The natives are wonderful at a kind of massage—*debāo*, they call it. It is the regular thing to have done if one is tired, so I thought I would see what it was like. The *ayah*—Chauki—enjoys it immensely when she tickles. She goes over the whole body, from toes to shoulders, and then down to finger tips, it takes tiredness away wonderfully.

Delhi.

I am at the present moment sitting on
 Aug. 20, 1906. the roof of S. Stephen's Home. It is
 nearly dusk, and not a breath of air in any
 direction, and probably fully 90°. We had a nice quiet
 Sunday yesterday, though the wards were nearly as
 full as usual. After breakfast we have prayers
 upstairs for the nurses and any patients who will
 come. The service consists chiefly of hymns or
bhajans, and a *Samjhāo* (literally, cause to under-
 stand lesson). It so happened that I took it to-day,
 by which you are not to think that my knowledge
 of Urdu is very advanced, quite the contrary. I was
 extremely short, stuck close to the point, and if two
 or three gave the same answer to a question, I took
 for granted it was right!

. . . . I hope to start to Simla next
 week for a fortnight's holiday, and return to Karnāl
 to take up duty *there* until I go for my regular

furlough to Hazaribagh! We had a heavy morning in the theatre to-day, the heat keeping us in a "pouring" state all the time. E. W. sent me picture of the Beehive Hut (Achill) this week; it was very thoughtful of her.

Delhi.

I had two big *midder* cases on Aug. 30, 1906. Tuesday, one at 1 a.m. the other 3 p.m. In both instances the children were first sons, and in each case the babies did not breathe for twenty minutes. The native women standing by said each time "throw it away." In the Hindu house, when they found it was all right, they were in great joy, and set the bells jingling! Coming back to hospital from the first case, I was actually perishing with cold, so much so that Buddhu, the nurse, had to sit beside me and clasp me in her arms to get me warm and dry!

Eleven o'clock p.m. has struck, and all preparations are complete. I'm sitting on my trunk, so to speak (Uncle J.'s box); the night nurse is to call me at 1 a.m., and the train leaves at 2.5. I am very fit, and not really wanting a holiday at all.

CHAPTER V

Holidays. Simla and Hazaribagh

Sept. 4, 1906. . . . I reached Kalka 8.30 Saturday morning, and got into the Simla train. I have "notes" of the journey from that to Simla, where we arrived 6 p.m. I then got into the vehicle of the place, a perambulator with a hood, dignified by the name of rickshaw. This was drawn by four coolies, who straightway proceeded up a hill like the side of a house; a fifth coolie carried my trunk. They all wear cotton cloths, which may once have been white, over their heads and reaching loosely to their knees, and tied round their necks with a wisp of cloth. The calves of their legs are much more developed than on the plains! . . .

I spent a good part of my first day taking little walks to get used to the hills. It was quite a new sensation to find I couldn't go more than about twenty yards without having to rest on account of what the natives call "my heart making a fuss." It is nearly always the case until one gets used to the altitude, and I've quite got over it to-day. . . .

There was a glorious sunset last evening, and I got my first glimpse of the snow peaks. The cloud effects were wonderful. . . . What one misses is heather ; there is nothing of that sort of colour at all. . . . Oh ! but it's a joy to feel one's skin *dry* and smooth once more. The constant discomfort, no matter how often one puts on fresh clothes, is trying ; but I think that is about the only hardship one has to put up with, and, after all, it is not so very severe ! . . . To-morrow, unless rain comes down in torrents, we are off to the wilds.

Matiāna,

in the heart of the Himalayas.

I am sitting on a little hillock which
 Sept. 9, 1906. juts out for about half a mile from
 our Bungalow, and then drops almost
 sheer down to the valley below. It is a glorious day
 after much rain, and we see range upon range of
 green and blue and grey mountains (though not
 the snows) ; and as for the flowers and ferns, I
 think they would nearly turn the Dad's head !
 These *Dāk* bungalows take the place of inns ;
 they have cooks attached to them. You pay R.1
 each night and bring your own food, which they
 cook, or you can bring your own servant, just as
 you please. Of course, you always carry your
 bedding wherever you go ! First come, first served,
 but only for twenty-four hours ; if other travellers
 turn up and want the rooms, you must " move on,"

and they in their turn must give place to fresh applicants. However, as no one has come, we are staying on for the week-end.

. . . We have got to Nārkanḍa, 9,000 feet above the sea. I'm sitting on the verandah, where, if it was not pelting cats and dogs, we should see the snows right opposite us. . . . Oh, dear! the start in the mornings is the tedious part of this sort of expedition—packing up everything rain proof, and the coolies pushing into one's bedroom over and over again before one is half ready for them, and then fighting with each other over the luggage. Everything goes on the coolies' backs the whole way. I'm thankful we're not moving every day! . . . I hope it will clear up for us to get to Bhāgi forest this afternoon, though, even in spite of the rain, I am delighted to have got thus far. I wonder what you would think of the funny little bath-rooms here, with a hole in the floor to let the water out, and you can hear it running down into the valley below!

. . . Sunday was our only fine day. We went up one of the hills above the Bungalow for a walk in the afternoon. When I got to the top I heard a curious sound, a kind of muttering bellow, and it suddenly struck me there might be wild animals about, so I turned and fled. Sure enough, a shepherd informed us that there were "*jungly jānwars*" about. However, presently I heard and saw a harmless cow making a similar noise!!

En route Simla to Karnāl, Sept. 14th, 1906.

I sent you notes of my journey up, but there was really nothing to write about then.

I will now relate down-journey experiences :—

10 a.m.—Left Simla. First three and a half hours uneventful, as we managed to cover twenty-five miles, and reached Barogh for lunch 1.40, starting again 2.15.

2.30.—Dead halt for an hour and a quarter.

.50.—Got out to walk over a bridge.

4 o'clock.—Reached Dharmpur, six miles from Barogh ; quite gave up hope of catching the 6 p.m. from Kalka to Karnāl, and wired to them to meet me at 2 a.m. instead of 9 p.m.

5 p.m.—A train arrived at Dharmpur from Kalka which was due at *Simla* 3.30.

5.15.—We started down.

5.30.—Came to a breakdown in road—this was what delayed the up train—and had to change trains. Heavy rain began simultaneously, and continued.

5.50.—Started in the second train, which, as it contained two lots of passengers, was crammed. However, I got a corner seat in the second class with two Englishmen and two English-speaking Indians, one of whom, rather proud of the accomplishment, remarked “ many slips are between cup and lips.”

6 o'clock.—A stone, three tons in weight, rolled down while train was passing. All the carriages had got clear, but the luggage van and engine (which was behind at the time) were struck, but not derailed. Gangs of men from above and below were called,

who proceeded to hack up the stone. Another engine, visible at a station down the valley, was whistled for, and it came and fetched us down, and there we waited for a long time for luggage which didn't turn up!

7.30.—Started again, and by means of frequent dead halts, when the guards, &c., made preliminary trots in front of the engine, we actually reached Kalka at 9.30—only four-and-a-half hours' late.

There was a good deal of delay in getting out luggage. I was sure mine was in the "stuck" van, so was very thankful to see it come out last from the one with us.

10.15.—The dinner in the refreshment room didn't look at all inviting, and, expecting to reach Karnāl at 2 a.m., I took a good tea meal.

11 p.m.—Started in the big train. As we went on, the storm grew greater and greater, and the rain fell in torrents, even coming through the closed windows. Shortly before 2 a.m. I was suddenly wakened, and found myself standing up in the carriage and sure that we were in a collision, but surprised and relieved to be still moving. It must have been a tree or branch falling on the train.

This happened three times, each with a tremendous crash; the last time the creaking of the tree was quite audible.

We apparently stopped at every station, and most of the lamps were blown out, so that the names of the places could not be read.

4 a.m.—Arrived at Karnāl, but no *gāri*. The waiting-room was opened, and I made myself some tea and finished my provisions.

When light, sent a coolie for a *gāri*, which at 7.30 landed me at the hospital!

During this journey we *never* went faster than twelve miles an hour, and the average rate came to four and a half miles per hour.

Karnāl Hospital.

Sept. 18, 1906. . . . Breakfast was ready soon after I arrived, and Miss King had put lovely flowers in my room, and a vase of roses on the dining-table. . . . I was a bit upset and feeling rather sick after that journey—not very surprising—but am all right again. It feels much more stuffy and hot than before I went up to the hills. It is the contrast I suppose. However, I have instituted meals on the roof, 8 o'clock breakfast (in the shade) and evening dinner. I am also sleeping up there; it is quite cool at nights. I have my eiderdown over me, but no blanket, and spread my rug over the mosquito poles to keep off the dew; it is quite wet in the morning!

Housekeeping is an awful torment; of course, nothing keeps any time, and I'm sure I scolded the cook undeservedly, everything seemed sour, but whether it was or not I can't tell. I made a point of praising whatever was good, but I'm afraid the former predominates in his mind!

. . . I am feeling much better
Sept 26, 1906. and able for my work. Last week I
went to a *Mela* with Miss King; it was
quite a big affair. We were all at the Nawab's
house, and went out on the balcony to see the show
beneath. Such crowds and crowds of people; they
come great distances to this *Mela*, and it was
specially good this year, as a sort of thanksgiving
for rain.

There was an elephant ornamented with three big
silvered fans, which looked really very pretty, and a
procession of horses and riders, and any number of
bands, making sundry noises, and all sorts of side
shows. Then a company of about ten men, a little
stick in each hand, beating their own and their
neighbours' sticks alternately, and in all sorts of
positions, sometimes lying flat on the ground,
then sitting, then dancing round.

There was a lot of sword play—a man supposed
to be surrounded by enemies, whirling his sword
hither and thither, and certainly the movements
were marvellously quick. Also men with a torch
lighted at each end of a pole, which they hurled
round their heads and bodies, looking delightfully
terrifying in the midst of a dense crowd! The *Mela*
has been going on ever since. This is the last day.
They have processions round the city, and burn
huge effigies in a field.

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Would you like to hear my housekeeping expenses? Soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day; vegetables, $\frac{3}{4}$ d. ditto; leg of mutton, 6d.; chicken, 6d.—the smallest I can get would make a dinner for four people; eggs, 4d. doz.; potatoes, 8d., for a week or ten days. . .

In train from Karnāl to Delhi.

Oct. 3, 1906. It seems like early days to be writing to you in the train, trotting back to Delhi from Karnāl. My carriage companion is an old Wesleyan minister, who has been telling me of his work amongst soldiers and railway civilians. . . I had a wire from Mr. Allnutt during dispensary to-day to say Miss Müller was ill, and to come in by the afternoon train. I had a very busy time then, for as the monthly money had come that morning I thought I had better pay the people before leaving, and the train was at 3.45. . . Sister (Miss Roseveare) met me at the station. Dr. Müller is down with fever; she has been doing a stupendous amount of work, and there are dispensaries of 100 to 150 each day. . . On Sunday afternoon I had a call to a village about five miles away. As I thought it might be bad, I took with me Kamla, the little English-speaking compounder, as anæsthetist, and the nurse Kesār. . . The people were very interesting. One of the women requested me to take off my sailor hat, that she might see what it was like inside. . . All went well. . . The papers announced mails twenty-four hours late last

week, so it was a great and lovely surprise to find letters on the breakfast table when we came back from church. I am so glad you have seen the new hospital plans, but I am sure you will muddle them up. Even we find it hard to keep them separate in our minds!

S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

. . . Last Sunday was "Baptism
 Oct. 11, 1906. Sunday," and it had been arranged that a derelict hospital baby was to be baptised that day. Sister had intended to take it, but was engaged with Miss Müller when it was time to go, and the *gāri* at the door, so Martha and I went off instead. We discussed names on the way, and decided on "*Masih De*" (the gift of Christ), a very common name amongst the Christians. Poor little mite, I don't think it will survive long; its mother died here last month. . . Yesterday we had small operations all the morning. I have been trying to get the September accounts finished up in odd minutes, and had 118 patients in dispensary this morning, so, altogether, there hasn't been much time; but I am very well. The early mornings are fresh, though the thermometer is never below 80°, and is often up to 90° . . . Dear, dear, here is another week and no other letters written, but I cannot help it, there are such constant interruptions. . .

[Dr. Müller having gone away for change, the services of Dr. Iles were secured to give temporary help in Delhi].

When I came down from prayers
 Oct. 15, 1906. this morning, 7 a.m., Miss Iles had
 arrived. We have got Martha off to
 Karnāl to be in charge of the hospital, and two of
 our patients (Christian teachers) went down with
 her for change of air. Dr. Müller has gone with her
 brother and his wife to Mussoori.

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S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

. . . The "City of Bombay" is
 Oct. 17, 1906. to sail from home to-day with twelve
 S.P.G.'s on board, two days earlier
 than last year! . . . I was so distracted with
 mosquitoes this afternoon that I felt something
 must be done. Now I'm sitting very comfortably
 on the "Hargreaves' chair" inside my net, which
 reaches to the floor all round, and so enjoying a
 short season of immunity! This is one advantage
 —there are many—of having one's net-stand separate
 from the bed. . . . This week's mail came
 to grief somewhere on your side of Egypt and
 only arrived this morning, three-and-a-half days
 late. Mine was represented by a very nice letter
 from Jeannie D. I'll have to wait till to-morrow
 for the home ones, . . . This is our marmalade

season, which we make of lemons. Seville oranges don't thrive in these parts. Sister and I, between us, give directions to the *khānsāmā* (cook). I dare say his measurements were by no means accurate, and it was too long boiled, but all the same it is very nice! "Mem Sahib" is housekeeper, but is away on her holiday. When she is here the domestic wheels are so well oiled, that we do not know they are working. She will be home in a week. Most people are back now, so it is quite a variety to have my holiday still in the future. . . . I've just got the details of my route, and am to go by the new line, which means making for Hazaribagh from *this* side, and saves eight hours in the Calcutta Mail. The permit says, "Miss Hayes, attendants, servants, and baggage, has a pass over the ballast part of line"!!! Miss Hassard is sending her gardener to meet the train at the terminus, and manage the coolies for me. . . . Nurse Ruth, the Chhota Nagpur girl, who has been ill, hopes to come with me, but is not yet out of bed. . . . A big Hindu festival—*Diwāli*—is on to-day, and a great deal of time has been taken up in interviewing the male relations of our patients, as they insist on taking them out of hospital for the time being, trying to allure me with promises of a speedy return, even though some are almost in a dying condition. The only thing one can do is to impress upon them that this is not a "*jail—khānā*."

. . . Another duty to-day was showing over

the hospital a Miss H., a qualified nurse from Los Angeles, U.S.A. She knew Sierre Madre, but not the L.'s there.

Dublin University Mission,

Hazāribāgh.

Left Delhi at midnight last Monday Oct. 27, 1906. (22nd). That evening Uddiya came in to say good-bye to me. I said, "It's a very long journey, Uddiya. Three days." She threw her arms round me. "What matter—*Khudā ke sāth*" (God is with you). . . . We had a wait of eight hours not far from Benares, and got to Manpur 5.30 a.m. Wednesday. Here a note was handed to me from the Head Engineer to say "Special in waiting," and when I had had an excellent *chhota hāzri* we started. "The Special" consisted of a saloon carriage, bathroom and cook-room included, and driven by a dear little engine, which was in use before the Mutiny, and is to carry the Viceroy over this line next month. A wire was sent on from this to "D.U.M." to say I would be late at Koderma, but it arrived two days after I did! Miss Salmon and Eva Jellett had ridden out to meet me Wednesday evening, and E. J. stayed all night on the verandah, and had only just gone off to dress for the day, when I arrived. Ruth kept very well on the journey, in fact improved every hour and is now at work here. . . . The Mission Bungalow is built one room

deep, each room opening on to a beautiful west verandah. The Dispensary is a short distance behind, and further back still is the boys' High School. There are banana trees with fruit on them growing outside the bath-room doors, and in the distance are to be seen little hills rising above the plain (or rather plateau) just like so many "Ireland's Eyes"! The silver creeper at the end of the house is quite wonderful. . . . On Sunday night the mails were deposited on the verandah, and to my great joy I saw mine to the fore. Then there was silence, each one retiring to some corner to read. Miss Salmon and I happened to be sharing one lamp, and could exchange bits of home news! Please acknowledge one from H.B.W., which I hope to answer next week. . . . On Saturday I went to see over the new College as far as it had gone. One block is finished. I took a very successful photo of some of T's "bricks" being made. Tell her I will send it later. . . .

Oct. 30, 1906. Tuesday — *pours* of rain. Miss Hassard, like Dr. Müller, says that she has given up reckoning on Indian seasons these times, and I haven't brought an umbrella! . . . Wednesday—still heavy rain till twelve o'clock, but Miss Salmon and I were able to ride off to Sitaghar in the afternoon to a Mothers' Meeting and work party. For the first couple of miles the road was good, but then more like ploughed

field, and the cycles frequently carried us into the middle of a swamp, not to speak of rivers, when they refused to go further! Finally we got to the village at 3.45, and while Miss S. went to inspect some things at the Church I prepared our tea, as I had my tea basket with me. While finishing it the women began to come in—a sturdy looking set. Their work is in the fields, and a number of very jolly little children kept running up to the door, peeping in, and then scuttling away.

We were directed home by a better, though longer, road and hadn't to dismount once. . . . I am sending you some nose-rings, and also little round, bright coloured buttons (for want of a better name) which the people manage to stick on their foreheads—an almost universal Hindu custom. They might possibly be worked into embroidery. . . .

.
All Saints' Day. We were far ahead of you, for Hindi Celebration started at 6 a.m. Full choir, lots of hymns, two tunes of which I knew, which made the day for me. It was a long service, not back till 7.30, but a very nice one. . . . When getting into bed at night I was wondering how many were back to tea at that moment in the Rectory, after the Festival in All Saints!

Language is a puzzle. The Church Service in Hindi I can't follow, just odd words here and there are the same, and as there is no Roman Hindi, but all in character, which I don't know at all, even a

book is no use. On the other hand, it is far easier to understand and talk to the average person one meets here, coolies, children, &c., than it is to the village women who come to the Dispensary at Delhi. Uddiya, for instance, talks really more Hindi than Urdu, and a good deal of the difference is in substituting j for z and s for sh, &c., &c.

We saw Eva Jellett off in a *push-push* on her journey this morning. Just at the same time, "Premānand," the Raheny boy, came up with his note of introduction to me, but having given it to one of the servants, he apparently considered his business done, and fled, so I haven't seen him yet!

D.U.M., Hazāribāgh.

Nov. 4, 1906. . . . Only one more week here, for I find I must make out my homeward route to-day. It is to be *via* Benares, Lucknow, and Cawnpore. . . . I am making the very most of my time here. Starting off at 8 a.m., I sit under the shade of some tree along the roads to read or write, getting through some of that bundle of "unanswered," which is much larger than it looks or than I thought. There are two boys about twelve years' old beside me now, having bits of conversation in the intervals of minding their cows and buffaloes. They have most interesting faces, and, at various times, both boys and girls from the fields come and inspect me. . . .

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The following two letters were written at odd times during her journey back to Delhi, when she visited *en route*, Benares, Lucknow, and Cawnpore.

Madhupur Junction,

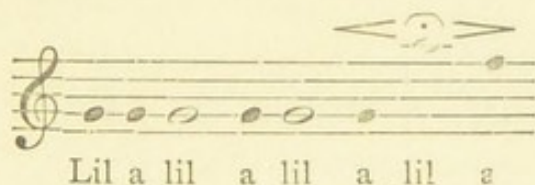
8 p.m.

Nov. 13, 1906. Last night, after Compline, I started on my homeward way. The *push-push* had arrived in the afternoon to be packed, straw was put in, and then my *rasai* (mattress) over it. They all saw me off, and the last thing I heard was Miss Salmon's voice calling after me: "Have you wound your watch?" just what I would have forgotten to do, and been in a nice hole to-day! I didn't sleep much, but the night seemed short, and now I have had such a delightful day, the only trouble being that you were not there to enjoy it with me; *push-push* travelling would suit you down to the ground! You can make a most comfortable sofa by putting your cushions against the hold-all, and so go wheeled along to catch your train, a distance further than from Dublin to Newry!

A *push-push* is by no means a light and airy article, it seems to give five men as much as they can do to move it. In shape it is something like a baker's cart, with door in front and windows all round, which give plenty of air. The scenery was lovely from 8 a.m., when the biggest hill—

almost a mountain—came in sight, with an extraordinarily pointed top like a needle. I sat out under a tree for my tea. That was the only halt made, though, of course, the coolies changed every eight or nine miles.

Such a noise as they make; their voices are wonderfully musical, though they do shriek, and the voice is more the quality of a woman's than a man's. I don't know how they manage such high notes. Here is an attempt at the sound:—



It is a curious interval—a 9th? and I think they go even higher when they want to rouse up their friends for the next stage, and then one hears the answer back from the woods in the distance.

. His Majesty's mails would have interested you. The outward and the inward passed me nearly at the same time, and Oh! perhaps they were carrying my letters up to Hazāribāgh, for they've gone astray somewhere. The "postmen," with their scanty clothing and turbaned heads, were two richly blue-brown-skinned men; they carry a long pole, which has a sharp spear at one end—for protection, I suppose—and where this joins the pole is a circle of little bells, so that you hear them coming along the road before you

see them. . . . I just utterly lazed all day. Writing was not practicable, but I had Benson's "Light Invisible" with me, and liked it greatly, its big print was easy to read.

CHAPTER VI

Visits to Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Lahore

Benares.

Nov. 15, 1906. I am seeing so much more than there is time to describe, I don't well know how to manage!

This morning, at 7 a.m., I started off for some hours' sight-seeing. A *pitān gāri* took me to a place called Dasassumed, on the river, where guides presented themselves *ad. lib.*, one man volunteering to stay the whole day for eight annas!

I got a boat at once, a big affair, rowed by three men in front and a fourth doing guide beside me, as I sat on the upper deck. I started from one of the principal *ghāts* (*i.e.*, landing stage and bathing place). They stretch almost continuously for about three miles along the river bank; great flights of steps from them lead to the temples and palaces.

At all these *ghāts* were crowds of people bathing, praying, and washing their clothes, others putting on their caste marks; while on innumerable little jetties, just on the level of the water, many sat in

meditation, or solemnly enjoying themselves under the shade of huge umbrellas. The rise and fall of the water is very destructive to the lower part of the buildings on the bank, and they are in various stages of decay, in some places having entirely fallen away, in others two or three great carved columns are left high and dry, on the slant, as if in the act of falling, and surrounded by mud, but they may have been in just the same position for the last two or three hundred years!

. . . . At the Burning *Ghāt* I saw the funeral piles ready, but no burning going on. My boat went slowly up the river and then back again, giving me time to see the multitude of people all along the banks. At the nearest point to the Golden Temple I dismissed it, as I had a map, and stumbled along on foot amongst the ruins and the crowds of pilgrims to the city. It struck me as very wonderful that I could go absolutely safe through that network of lanes and temples, and though they shrank away for fear of defiling themselves by touching a Christian, yet there was always a number of people anxious to help me to buy if I stopped in front of a shop! At last I reached the Well of Knowledge and the Golden Temple; all the temples consist of three parts—an outer, which is a kind of courtyard, an inner, raised place, where none but Hindus may go, an innermost, just visible, in which is the god. In the "outer part" here, was a hideous image of the Sacred Bull, like a huge

wooden toy nine feet high ; between its crossed feet in front were numerous coins and floral offerings, all wet with the water each worshipper sprinkled on them, carrying it—as best he could—in the palm of his hand from the well.

A Brahmin priest sat near, to put the red caste mark between the eyes of each devotee. I stood and watched for a long time, all seemed so earnest and intent on what they were doing that they took no notice of me. Flowers were very much in evidence, quite fresh, mostly those bright yellow *Calendula* (marigolds) ; there was a florist's shop opposite the temple door doing a great trade. I wonder if the Christian use of flowers is an adaptation from old heathen customs ?

I found the right thing to do was to see the outside of the temple from the second storey of this house. Looking at it from there, the central and side pinnacles shone like gold. They are plated in copper and heavily gilded, the gift of the Rajah who owned the celebrated Koh-i-nur.

A little further on in this street, or, rather, lane, for it was about five feet wide, I came to the Cow Temple, but was not allowed to enter, as it also is sacred. However, I was brought up another little lane to a side door, through which I crept and stood on a ledge inside. The place was like a cow-house, and not requiring *eyes* to tell you so ! The cows and calves and Brahmini bulls are such fine-looking animals, like dark Alderneys, but with

great humps on their back. There they were as plentiful as the monkeys in the Monkey Temple (which, by the way, I had seen the evening before), and, like them, sacred and worshipped—it is said the people kiss their tails, though I didn't see that! but crowds of people were going through the same performances with flowers, &c., as in the other places.

The question of *bakhshish* is very difficult indeed, and also it looks ungracious to refuse the flowers they offer you. In one place a man wanted to put a garland over my head, but it simply means that if you either give or take, you are doing *puja*—worship. All one can do is to thank them and be polite, and say, "It is not our custom," and that is such a strong reason with *them* that it is generally accepted at once. (I know it saves one eating all sorts of messes at patients' houses!) But here they said other visitors had done it, and they got very angry when I said perhaps they did not understand their *boli* (speech), and therefore did not know it meant *worship*, but the priest turned his back on me with a mighty "Go," a word, or rather a tense, a Hindu never uses except to one much beneath him. . . . I got back soon after 11 o'clock to my hosts, Canon and Mrs. M. Was it not extremely kind of them to let me—a perfect stranger—come and go like that?

In the afternoon Mrs. M. arranged that children and all should drive out with me to Sārnāth, one of the very few Buddhist remains in India. The old village has lately been excavated, and heaps of

images of Buddha have been dug up. There is the ruin of a great solid round tower which marks the place where the Buddha began to teach, with bits of beautiful carving on it, and also here and there, the remains of gold on the stone. In the village is a remarkable stone pillar rising out of the ground; its foundation is probably at the original level, and it must have been very high; on the broken part three lions were carved at the top. A Buddhist priest lives near, a man with such a fine, good face—absolutely different from the types I saw in the city in the morning. He did not seem to have any idea of *bakhshish*, and we had to send for him from his house. He talked about Max Müller, and seemed to know the history of Sārnāth well, and was able to compare its dates with other places. He said he was the only Buddhist in that part of India. . . .

.

I must not forget to tell you I passed Mrs. Besant's college one evening. *Such* a place, like an Oxford college—great quadrangles, splendid buildings, electric light, crowds of students going hither and thither. . . .

.

Friday. Leaving Benares by a night train I got here—Lucknow—this morning. Drove direct to the hospital to Miss Hanson, and in the afternoon started sightseeing.

I was astonished at being so delighted with the Residency! It is like a lovely old English park, beautifully kept, but all the buildings in ruins. First we came to what had been the English church and graveyard during the Mutiny. Do you know the epitaph?

HERE LIES
HENRY LAURENCE,
WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.
MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL.
JULY 5TH, 1857.

Every inch of the place is connected with some episode during the seige—small red pillars mark the enemy's lines not fifty yards from the Residency.

The seige began June 29th, and there you see the huge underground courtyard which Laurence got filled with grain months beforehand, so that there was no starvation during the seige, and the room where he was shot on July 2nd while dressing, also the room where he died in "hospital" on the 5th; and the place, too, where the girl, delirious with fever, dreamed she heard the "Campbells are coming," and they really were within hearing, and there's the gate through which they came.

I'm writing now sitting on the steps of the memorial "Built by Government to perpetuate the memory of the gallant Sikh soldiers who fell at Saraghari, September, 1897 (Chittral Expedition), thus proving their loyalty and devotion to their Sovereign." . . .

A minute ago the caretaker came and requested me not to sit with my back to the sacred Sikh books, which are under a canopy inside!

From the Residency Miss H. and I went to call on the doctor at the Dufferin Hospital, and then on to a C.M.S. prayer-meeting, where I met people whose names I had known many a day. . . .

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Saturday, 17th, found me in Cawnpore.

A splendid run of seventy minutes in the Bombay Mail from Lucknow. All were very busy, as their Mission Bazaar was being held that day under some beautiful trees in the park. A party from England had arrived a few days before, so on Monday we had a grand "Hostel"* picnic—eight of us—at a very pretty place two or three miles down the Ganges. I was lucky to meet them all. . . . Such a nice parish Church as they have here; it was given to the Mission when the Mutiny Memorial Church was built; the latter is also very fine, its chancel is an apse, with panels on which are the names of people killed in the massacre.

On the way to Evensong we drove round to see the "Angel of the Well," a beautiful white marble figure, standing over the well, and looking down towards it, a palm in each hand, and a bamboo cross springing from between her wings. "To the memory of those, mostly women and children, who near this

* Wandsworth S.P.G. Training Home.

spot were ruthlessly massacred, and cast dead or dying into the well beneath."

The angel stands in a large public garden, but the rule is that no Indian is allowed to enter it without an Englishman. N.B.—The place is full of Indian gardeners, of course! . . . From that we went to the Massacre *Ghāt*, down by the river—Ganges—which has much the same history. The people were led down on pretence of escaping by boat. It was after this tragedy that an Indian hung on every tree from this to Lucknow, and though many of the bodies were laden with valuable booty, such was the fear of the English that not a thing was touched. . .

And these are the "sights" of Cawnpore! *Bas!* (Enough). . .

Wednesday,

In train en route Lahore!

. . . I don't believe I ever told
 Nov. 21, 1906. you that it was just possible I might
 be going to the Retreat for women of
 Lahore and Lucknow dioceses, at the end of this
 month. I really did not know whether it was well
 for me to do so, as Miss Müller is by herself in
 Delhi, but I had a wire from her on Monday saying
 "to go if I liked." So here I am in the train with the
 Cawnpore people. The Retreat does not begin
 until to-morrow evening—Mr. Andrews is taking it
 —but in the morning Miss Haire Scott is to be
 ordained Deaconess, and we are travelling to-day on

that account, as it will be very interesting to be at the ordination. . . Amritsar is the station before Lahore, so I am going to get out there, and follow on a few hours later. . .

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This is Amritsar Station, and I'm putting in the time writing, while waiting for my train. . . . I have seen the famous Golden Temple, with its Sikh worship—absolutely different from the Golden Temple at Benares, but both Hindu, I think. It is situated on a peninsula in the middle of a large tank, with grass-green (thick!) water in which people are constantly bathing; and the heavily-gilded copper plates, covering everything, shine gloriously. A Sikh soldier conducted me round; a pair of cloth shoes were provided and my own left at the gate.

.

As we were nearing Lahore I opened my bag to put this letter into it. A lady in the carriage said: "Excuse me for being so rude, but you must be *very* fond of letter writing." It started quite an interesting discussion on the English treatment of the Indian!!

Lahore.

On arrival here I had time for tea and a tidy up before six o'clock Evensong, during which I suddenly became aware that I was tired! for within a week I have "done" Benares, Lucknow,

Cawnpore, and Amritsar, going well over 1,000 miles. Since yesterday afternoon I have done 650 miles—fare, R.10.

I don't know when or how I shall ever make up the writing about it all; so far I have given it to you in strictly diary form.

There are twenty-seven at the Retreat, including four from Cawnpore, and seven of us. I have a tiny tent to myself, my first experience of camping, which I much enjoy. Two C.M.S. ladies from Amritsar are in the tent next mine.

I don't know how they manage to give us all hot baths by 6.30 a.m. (and *chhota hazri*, too, of course). I hear the *mehtar* give his typical cough, and then push my bath water under the tent into my funny little bath-room, in which one can hardly stand up. The food is good and plentiful, and nicely served; in fact, all the arrangements are very well done.

Thursday morning, immediately after the ordination, I drove off to see the Aichison Memorial Hospital. It is at present in the workmen's hands, and being entirely paved in marble—flooring is *the* great difficulty in India—makes it head and shoulders over other hospitals. Then there was some shopping to do in the afternoon, and a visit to the dentist to be fitted in. When we got back things were in full swing for a photograph, the Bishop of Lahore in the centre.

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Immediately after dinner on Thursday evening we went into Retreat, and silence was observed from then until after breakfast on Sunday. It did not in the least oppress me, nor had I any violent wish to break it. . . . "The Face of the Deep," by Christina Rossetti, was read aloud at meals. It is on the Apocalypse, which was our subject, and very beautiful in parts, but I did not think it suitable for reading in that way.

I liked Mr. Andrews' addresses greatly. He spoke so slowly that I was able to take notes verbatim, and hope some time or other to send them to you. I thought he conducted the whole beautifully, and certainly the Intercession Services were wonderful. Anyone, who wished, wrote special petitions and put them in a box at Cathedral door for use at the service. He read them out: "Your prayers are desired," &c., and then, either extempore, or with an adaptation or combination of prayers from the Prayer Book offered up the petition, very quietly and naturally. The Bishop preached on Sunday twice. . . .

The following is an extract from my daughter's notes of these addresses. Unfortunately, lack of space prevents our giving them in full more than those marked thus* :—

ADDRESSES AT LAHORE RETREAT.

Nov. 22-25. 1906. Rev. C. F. Andrews.

BOOK OF THE REVELATION.

The Vision of Christ and His Church.

I.—The Vision of *Christ*.

- * 1. Christ, the Great High Priest, in His High Priestly robe, in the midst of the Churches.
- 2. Christ, the Lamb as it had been slain.
- 3. Christ, the Conqueror on White Horse. King of Kings. Lord of Lords.

II.—Visions of the *Church*.

- 1. Militant.
- * 2. At Rest.
- * 3. Triumphant.

Key-note of all: Unveiling of Jesus Christ. i.e. the Apocalypse: "we would see Jesus."

FIRST DAY. FIRST ADDRESS.

i. -The *High Priest* in the midst of the Churches.

S. John was at Patmos for the testimony of Jesus, absent from his Church at a very critical time. Patmos was only forty miles away from the coast. S. John was a prisoner in the mines looking over the sea towards his beloved disciples. He saw—while he was not with his Church, Christ *was* there; Shepherd, Priest, Intercessor, walking up and down in the midst. Holding it in His right hand. In the very sanctuary trimming the lamps, lighting lights at evening for worship before the Father.

What was this hour of temptation which had come? It was the close of first century, 90-94. Domitian, *not* Nero. Definite notes of the age—viz., very strong recrudescence of idolatry. Roman Emperors set themselves to encourage Cæsar-worship

to form State religion, *cf.* "bowing down to image," and "mark," *e.g.*, mark of beast (possibly like caste mark on forehead of Hindus, so familiar to us).

Danger to Church was that of being forced to commit some act of idolatry—law levelled against those who refuse.

Cf. "Beast from the sea"—the Roman power coming across sea from Rome. So the vision is that of tiny body of Christians—very low caste, perhaps mostly slaves or freed men (*cf.* Paul's letters), timid, despondent—at any time liable to be called upon to make denial of faith or suffer death—some had already suffered, *e.g.*, Antipas, Rev. ii. 13.

On the other hand, the great world-power of Rome, a mighty engine of precision—entirely hostile—deliberately seeking out Christians and putting them to death. Mark with this power the whole indigenous force of priesthood of the land on Roman side.

Picture—comparing tiny churches to stars—"whole world in darkness." Seven tiny points of light. Seven lights within sanctuary. *Cf.* India to-day. Not many wise, mighty, great ones; weak things—things of no account.

Often saddened, disappointed. Christian Church seems so tiny, insignificant. *Cf.* vast masses of Hindus, Mussalmans, cities, villages, country. The dangers parallel, the atmosphere around tells tremendously upon the Church itself. Idolatry more active, feverish, than ever.

It tells on our lives, and those of Indian Christians.

The mighty power is there, though not persecuting, yet pressing down the Church. Perhaps we do not see it at every point; but if we had spiritual eyes to see the spiritual conflict which is going on in this land (mighty forces, great world-powers of darkness fighting against Indian Church, pressing in at every point in citadel of the Church. Poor weak people pressed back by atmosphere of the land). Then we should understand the closeness of the parallel.

How they need the strength and stay of Christ their Lord!

How they need our prayers during this Retreat. So then all through will you think chiefly of them, your flock—your children—your dear ones—your Indian Christian women—your sick ones—your Eurasian children—that strength may come to them—raising up our hands in prayer as Moses did that his children might prevail.

Get new strength, new hope to give them, and that they may see when we return that we have been with Jesus.

ii. *The Vision itself.* The mighty Intercessor in His purity and glory, while the Church so weak.

He is there, and in Him they are strong.

Rev. i. 9-20. The Churches are *in* the Sanctuary.

Lights of God—lighted by Jesus Christ the Priest. (High Priest at evening went into the Sanctuary and lighted the lamps before the Presence—so that they might burn brightly at offering up of sacrifice).

These are the Churches (Delhi, Cawnpore, Rewari, Rohtak, Karnal, Lahore, Amritsar) brought into the Holy Place—lights to shine not only before men as stars in the world—but before the presence of the Shechinah Glory.

Think of our own unworthiness to stand in that Presence, to be placed daily in that nearness to God. How dare we? With Jesus, great High Priest to stand beside us, with us to offer our sacrifice. In Him to stand—to draw near to shrine of God by the new and living way through His flesh—the children of men accepted. If we and our flocks are weak, He is strong—never varies—unchangeable. If we impure, unclean—He pure—His hair white as wool—eyes, feet, &c., in our midst—pure. We know the deadness—lack of response—lack of life—when we ought to be living—people and selves, how dead, cold. He, the Living One—alive for evermore. Vision closes with Resurrection life, and light—not only unchangeable, eternal, all-pure, but the Living One, Giver of life to His people—in His hands keys of Hades and Death. Let us leave ourselves and our people there—take our feeble lights to be

trimmed—to burn. That our candle-stick may burn brightly—give its one glimmer of light. Light first of all before God in the Sanctuary—then from that Presence to shine before men as stars in the dark world around.

SECOND DAY.—SECOND ADDRESS.

THE VISION OF THE CHURCH AT REST.

The Holy Spirit is the light and strength and joy—the purity of the Church; but more—the spiritual fountain of joy in the midst of the struggle—seven spirits—seven eyes.

“The Spirit and Bride say come”—uniting in longing expectation for union with Christ—this is the great joy even in time of tribulation. “Let him that is athirst come”—River of water of Life (Holy Spirit) flows through the Church. It is this spiritual life which both makes us thirst and satisfies it. So that amid all toil, painfulness, patience, endurance (which *is* the predominant note) there is also this joy running through all—Come!—thirst satisfied. “Out of his belly shall flow” *i.e.*, the Spirit.

The toil has been painful, austere—*κόπος*.

We now (xiv. 13) come to the Church, at rest from *κόπος* but not at rest from activity. *Now*, “Write, from henceforth” (from time of their suffering) “Blessed.” The Spirit acquiesces—“Amen,” *i.e.*,—for they rest from their *κόπος*, but their activities follow with them—and in this is the patience and faith of Saints.

Here is the difference between life on earth and in heaven, of the Church. It is rest from the pain rather than mere inactivity—very analagous to parable of talents—greater powers and spheres of work than ever before.

[For *κόπος*, *cf.* the painful restlessness of fever contrasted with opening up of new life and activities, with convalescence and rest after crisis! This is quite different from coma].

The Lord Himself after His death rested—was it unconsciousness? No! The *κόπος* was over—but joyful Paradise

—activity of life with the penitent thief—spirits, &c. The Communion of Saints helps to teach us what the meaning of Rest in Paradise is.

Ch. xiv. 6. Now they stand before their Father and with them the angel, having the eternal gospel to preach to every nation.

In our work of doing this may we not have with us all those who are gone before?—in some inscrutable way—their *κόπος* over—but with huge opportunities of activity. What else can the “cutting off” mean?

It *cannot* be that they are mere onlookers. The visions of those slain who are beneath the altar crying “How long?” is surely a symbol of the intercession of the blessed dead—and if doing this why not helping also in other ways?

First Resurrection difficult to understand, analogous to ch. xi. 9-11, slain lying in streets of city and rise again and the people give glory. A picture of the Church, which rises to new life after persecution. *Cf.* ages when Church did lie dead in streets of Rome, &c., and *did* rise, and saints *did* reign on the earth. Augustine holds this view, and thinks that the 1,000 years is the period following the period of persecution the period of rest and peace.

Two Alternatives—

i. Principles for which martyrs died, rise from the dead—*viz.*, peace, goodwill, &c.

ii. That there is a very real personal reigning, ruling, judging on the part of those departed souls who are carrying on work, and they, through the strength they attained on earth are able, with their Lord, to rule and reign and judge in spirit ways.

This second may possibly be true. Note it is the *spirits* of them that were slain that rise and rule and judge. It is a *spiritual* resurrection. We may get some slight, faint idea of this from what science is disclosing to us. Think of the spirit of heredity and its strength, and how we English are literally

ruled by our forefathers! May it not be that those who live in Paradise do exercise great powers for us, and in us?

Nothing said of the powers of personal communication—it is a part of the Creed that there is such communication, “The Communion of Saints,” but whether direct or indirect, whether individual or corporate (the whole body of saints at rest with that on earth), we are not definitely told, all we can say from Scripture is this—they probably pray for us—we hold communion with them. There is a great and solemn reserve, a mysterious silence in Holy Scripture as to detail. But there is no reserve, no mystery, but the clearest revelation, that the life of the living and departed is ONE LIFE in Christ.

It is in the heart of Jesus Christ that there is Union. “God is my witness how greatly I long after you in the heart of Jesus Christ” (Phil. i. 8). These words we may use of the blessed dead, and we may meet them there—in the heart of Jesus Christ.

SECOND DAY.—THIRD ADDRESS.

(THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.)

We have traced the Church up to its living and reigning with Christ 1,000 years—which is not the final state—they are awaiting a final consummation. They are in Christ and He is all—they share His work—He is there in their midst as Shepherd.

The 23rd Psalm is a picture of Paradise. Though the life is glorious and free from pain, their cry still goes up “How long?” for the final triumph has not yet come. At last the great word is uttered, “It is finished,” the very word that told of victory from the Cross. The work of God is accomplished. The union with God is perfected.

Three pictures.

i. Marriage of the Lamb: a picture of Christ, the head of the Church—united as a Bridegroom to the Bride—an echo of Ep. to Ephesians—mystery great. Union of Christ and the Church, which runs all through the Book. Consummated in the last visions. This union is *individual, personal*. “He that overcometh . . . shall be My Son.” “He that is athirst . . . come.” The thirst of Christ’s soul upon the Cross is now satisfied in the “coming” of God’s children, just as the “It is finished” is fulfilled in the great Consummation. This union is *social*. It is the perfecting of human society, not only of individual lives. It is the Church as the Body of Christ, the Bride, the Marriage Feast, the social joy of wedded union.

But the social side is seen more closely in the next figure, viz. :—

ii. The Holy City: the perfect social equality; perfect dimensions; height, length, breadth, all *equal*. Perfect City of the Church; hear a great multitude: see them flocking; all nations walk in the light of it; gates never shut; kings bring their glory to it. Before the vision of Rev. xxi. who does not despair when comparing it with our own lives and our own social ideals?

iii. Paradise regained. The Healing of the Nations. In all the dazzling brightness of the Consummation, the prophet, as it were, shrank back crying, “Unclean, unclean.” Fell back as he saw the vision of the glory of the city where none might enter who were unclean—to his own heart—the nations—How could they enter the City? Then he sees going through the nations and his own life the pure River of Water of Life, healing, cleansing, blessing. The Tree of Life is once more made free and open for man to eat and live, its leaves are for the healing of the nations. The nations are the Gentile nations still outside the Church. These also are to find the healing stream, this is our missionary hope. The curse is removed. Throne of God and the Lamb in it, and His servants serve

Him. Through the healing stream penitent souls can become spotless. Stain of sin which seemed irremovable, at last banished. Then if we can stand penitent, and through penitence spotless, we can see the Face of God. Chap. xxii. 14. "Have done His Commands" not correct—we could never say it—but "Have washed their robes"—healing and cleansing. Having washed our robes we can take of the living fountain, of the Tree of Life—stand face to face—worship in His Temple—dwell in His Holy City.

CHAPTER VII

Back in Headquarters. Functions in Delhi

S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

. . . *Sunday.* Here I am after
Dec. 2, 1906. five weeks' absence, which makes, altogether, seven weeks of holiday this year.

I came back into the rush of excitement and preparation for laying the foundation-stone of the new Hospital. To-morrow Lady Minto is to perform the ceremony. Last Friday at mid-day we had a wire from Rewari to say Mrs. Ferguson-Davie was down with fever, and two of her patients very ill. We held a council of war as to who would go to her, and, though a critical time for Dr. Müller to be away, it was decided she should go.

Next morning (Saturday) was a busy time in wards and dispensary with Martha, and two visits to pay at different ends of the city before *tiffin*, 12.30. Two hours later we started off in a *tum-tum* to see that the plants and various things promised for Monday's decorations had been sent from various houses, and, arriving at the site, had one and a half hour's work, after which it really looked *very* nice. We had

quite a show of plants in pots—chrysanthemums, ferns, palms, &c.—covering front of the dais and round the stone. The entrance archway was a skeleton (nothing to do with hospitals!), filled with an evergreen called *farāsh*, and looked very well, draped towards the dais, with festoons of green and white muslin, and towards the road with flags. We arranged to return early on the morning of the 3rd, just to put finishing touches to everything.

This being the first Saturday in the month we had our Missionary Intercession Service, in English, after Evensong, at S. Stephen's Church, to which a large number of English-speaking Indians come—college students, &c. Canon Lloyd, of the American Episcopal Church, was in Delhi, and gave an excellent address. He said he had come to learn, not to teach, in what way Missions most needed help, &c. He and another canon and three ladies are on a tour of Missionary inspection in India from the American Church. . . This morning we were not more than ten minutes back from early service, and had not gone to breakfast, as mails were just in, when an "urgent" case arrived—the inevitable announcement "*ek ādmi niche hai*" (there's a man downstairs). I ate my breakfast while they were getting ready and started. It turned out a very bad case. She did her best to die, but didn't, and I am relieved and surprised to find she is going on well. I got back to hospital as *tiffin* bell was ringing, and after it went to the wards

upstairs. I was not down again five minutes when another message came, "*ek ādmi niche hai,*" and there was a half-hour's drive to go. This poor patient had been bad with dysentery for two months, and we were packing up to come away when she died. Then followed the Hindu wail. Do you remember my experience twelve months ago? Once in a year is *quite* enough. The people are simply dying all round us. The heavy rains mean much fever and debility, and then when the cold comes, they have no chance. . . .

Tuesday. THE STONE WAS LAID
Dec. 4, 1906. YESTERDAY! Lady Minto had been first to the function at Victoria Hospital, and we were only settled in our places when she arrived here, twenty minutes before we expected her. Dr. Müller, in scarlet and sky-blue gown and hood, met her at the entrance, and the service followed immediately, with an address by Mr. Allnutt. The clergy and choir were at one side of the dais, all the Hospital staff at the other, the nurses behind. They looked very nice in new uniforms; it was a business getting them all off, but fortunately there were no really anxious cases in the Hospital.

Everyone seemed greatly impressed with our service; it was really most striking, and nice and quiet, the singing good too. When it was over, her

Excellency was taken to inspect the plans before she went away.

Then we had our photos taken, one group with the doctors alone, the stone in the back ground; another of the whole medical staff, including out-stations, and the nurses. Oh, but it was hot with my M.B. gown and hood over my dress!

The next thing on the list was Miss Sorabji's *Purdah* party at the Victoria, so we had another packing into *gāris*, as it was a drive away, near the Jama Masjid.

One ward was done up beautifully as a drawing-room, and its verandahs as well.

Her Excellency left very soon after we arrived, but there were crowds of Indian ladies, all very happy and much at home, some of them in most gorgeous clothes, mostly their wedding robes, and their jewels beautiful.

We knew a very large proportion, nearly all of them, though I found it extremely difficult to "place" them!

You would have been amused to see us sitting in armchairs, with great fat *Begams* (high caste ladies) on either arm. It was altogether a most interesting function.

.
 . . . Canon Robinson is in Delhi.

Dec. 18, 1906. He lectured one evening in the library of Cambridge House on Hausaland.

We have great variety in this way, haven't we?

He described wonderful adventures. At one time being captured by a slave-raider, and escaping at night, he had to tramp sixty miles before finding any food; was at large amongst elephants, lions, tigers, crocodiles. For three months he lived in the chief town—Karna—fifteen miles round the walls, and which has 25,000 people daily trading in its market, and a literature of its own. We could have listened to him till midnight, and when he stopped and invited questions they poured in.

On S. Stephen's Day we always have
Dec. 28, 1906. an English Celebration, 8 a.m., and an address, which is meant to be a look back and a look forward over our work. But the chief thing of note this year was an account of the formation—on Christmas Day, 1905—of the "National Missionary Society," a history of its growth since, and the possibility of its starting work in this diocese, and in connection with the Church of England.

Mr. Allnutt worked out his subject in an interesting way, comparing the movement with the original formation of the Diaconate, a new thing in the Church of the first days, and like it, this movement must be allowed, under the Holy Spirit, to take its own course and develop, without undue interference, even if it goes on lines which we may not altogether like.

That has a sound of the "Church of India" about it, hasn't it?

In December, 1906, Miss Mayo, M.D., wrote to me again from her home in Adelaide, Australia.

. . . I want to give you another light on May's work in India. . . It is a year now since that night she arrived in Delhi, and the sort of feeling one has is not only very great thankfulness for her coming and work, and for being what she is, but also a question—What would have happened without her? It would have been impossible to continue the work—something would have had to go. I wonder if you guess from her letters, and your knowledge of her, what she is out in Delhi.

I hear a good deal of her, and see what a strength she is to them all—how her strength there lies not only in her discharge of her medical duties, but in the way in which she enters into the Community life, and the broad, sensible views she takes of the questions which often arise.

One can see what a power she is, and more, something of what she will be. I need hardly tell you how much she is loved. It is excellent to hear how well she is keeping. Her health has not been affected by her occasional colds, and she seems to be remarkably strong.

When I know how hard they are working, and how difficult it is to get enough doctors for what is to be done, it is difficult to stop quietly here and not offer my services again. . .

Yours, etc.,

HELEN M. MAYO.

To members of her former Bible Class in
Raheny:— *S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi,*
New Year's Day, 1907.

My dear old Girls,

This year simply must not grow any older without my writing to wish you all a very happy, blessed New Year, and to thank you for all your welcome letters since my last one,

Do you know, I have had a letter, begun to you, in my blotter, dated June 29th!! I was horribly ashamed every time I saw it. A month ago I made a desperate effort, thinking it might reach you for Christmas. I did nearly a page before being interrupted, and there it still lies! Since July, and indeed before that, there has been a great rush of work. Good, heavy rains, after several years of almost famine, caused a great deal of sickness amongst the people, and then they are weak, and when the cold weather comes, have no proper warm clothes very often, and get pneumonia and all that sort of thing. It is very funny how they seem to think that if their *heads* are covered, the rest of them will do allright! For instance, they'll perhaps have just a thin cotton shirt, and then their chief warm garment is what does as a blanket by night, a shawl by day, cotton cloth padded with cotton wool, which in its raw state is very plentiful here, and makes quite a good protection. The same idea of covering up their ears—really a very sensible idea!—makes the funny flaps that all the babies' caps have, just leaving a hole for their face in front.

I had my holiday in two parts, first going up to Simla for a fortnight in September. It was only twelve hours' journey from here, at least that is what it *should* be, but the mountain railway is still very uncertain, and may take nearly twice as long, but the wonder is how it is there at all. The train seems to be on the edge of a precipice all the time,

and when you peep over you see far below, the railway line on which your train was ten minutes before.

Maybe it was not delicious to smell the fir-trees and feel a breeze like a home summer, and actually want to wrap one's cape closely round one! after five whole months, in which thermometer never went below 90° and was often over 100°. Perhaps the nicest thing of all was to feel *dry* (in spite of all the pours of rain which lasted nearly all the time I was there!). Often on the plains, after doing any extra hard work, one looks more as though one had just had a dip in the sea, clothes and all, than anything else!

However, the only time I really disliked the heat was when I came down from Simla—all the rest of the summer I really quite enjoyed it, and it seemed to agree with me splendidly.

Perhaps if I give you some account of an ordinary day here, it will describe things best.

In summer everything begins to stir soon after 5 a.m. The sun rises most of the summer at that hour, and never earlier, as it does at home. At 6.15 there is morning prayer for the nurses, etc., and any patients who care to come. It is held in the passage between the wards, which does duty here for a Chapel. There is generally a short explanation of the second lesson for the day, but, as a good many of the nurses come from different parts of India and speak different languages, with

different characters in writing, it is hard for them to follow, and hard for us to know how much they know, or don't know ! Some write "Our Father" like this, *اپے ہمارے باپ*, and others like this, *ऐ हमारे बाप*, and others again quite differently, rather like English. Of course when they have been here a short time they pick up enough Urdu for ordinary speaking and understanding the patients. It is a curious thing that the only language in which people from different parts of India can talk to each other, is English.

But to go on with one day. First, breakfast is at 6.45, and by the time we have done, the patients are gathering at the Dispensary, so one of us doctors goes downstairs to them and the other up to the wards (you see, we live in the middle storey), and both are generally busy until second-breakfast bell rings at 11 o'clock. Directly after that we have our mid-day intercession prayers, when we use the Quarterly Intercession Paper and feel we are joining with and being joined by people all over the world. From 12—4 or 5 o'clock has all the "odd" things crowded into it, as well as necessary rest time, and always seems simply to fly over; it has also the *Munshi* (i.e., lesson in Hindustani), and one or one and a half hour's class for Dispensers, teaching them the theoretical part of their work.

I want to tell you about them, as they are the ones I have most to do with. They all speak English. Alice is the head; she is partly Eurasian, so that

English is her proper language. She is at present preparing for Confirmation, and hopes to be confirmed when the Bishop comes here about the 26th of next month. Priscilla has really been here longer. She is a Bengali from near Calcutta, so is a long way from her home. So is Kamala, the third one, whose language is Tamil. She has gone now to be compounder at Karnāl, our branch Hospital. We have a Bible Class on Sunday afternoons sometimes, and they know about my home girls, and how we think of each other, especially on "last Sundays."

As the Hospital is right inside the City, we go out each evening for a drive or something. It is curious how, even in the hottest weather, a game of tennis is refreshing, though one does not stir out of the house for pleasure before 6 o'clock.

Dear me, such *holes* as one finds one's patients in! They may be quite rich people or quite poor; it takes a good deal of experience to know which! They are both, as a rule, equally filthy! Occasionally they are moderately clean, but that is quite an exception.

In a Hindu house the patient is in a dark sort of cupboard, without any window, and when one's eyes get used to the light (or absence of it!) she is to be seen huddled up on a *charpoy* (native bed) covered with filthy rags, perhaps shivering with fever, possibly an old hag sitting on the floor near her, but everyone else in the house would be defiled by

coming within reach. If they are a good sort, they would pour some water or milk into the vessels she has beside her on the floor, but very carefully lest they should touch anything.

In one very particular house, the people were dreadfully afraid of touching me after I had touched the patient. I didn't realize it at first, and while waiting for one of my nurses to finish her work, I went up to join a group of women who were squatting in the courtyard, but I very soon found out my mistake, I can tell you! I think it was that same house where the husband, or rather head of the family, dropped my fee into my hands from fully six inches above, lest he should touch me!

Such crowds and crowds and crowds of women—in courtyard after courtyard through the city—often thirty or forty women huddled together in each, and having very little, if any, idea of anything beyond its four walls, nothing to think of, or talk of, all day long, but its doings and quarrels and ills. They have one thing—that is their little children, such jolly, laughing, fat kiddies they are. The pity is, they so soon get old (ever so much sooner than at home) and lose all their gaiety. By ten years, they look as if they had the cares of the world on their shoulders.

One often wonders what these women have to say when they go home after spending two, three or four weeks in Hospital, where, besides what they

directly hear of God's great Gift, they lie "taking stock" of us Christians. It is so easy, when one gets accustomed to it, to forget that that is going on all the time!

It is difficult for us to remember, but far harder for the Indian nurses, but there is no doubt about it, that is how these people will judge of Christianity.

Of course it is true that people judge of Christianity all the world over, by the conduct of Christians in their daily lives, but the difference here is that the time these people spend in Hospital is probably the only time in their lives that they come into contact with Christians, and have an opportunity of judging for themselves.

So will you try and remember especially to ask God to help us to show Him forth in our lives to these Indian women? It is such a help to know on "last Sundays" that my old girls are thinking of us, though I think it is not only then that many of them remember S. Stephen's Hospital and its inmates.

Bed-time has come now, and though there is heaps more to say, still I don't want this to miss another mail. So, with every best wish to all for this New Year,

Believe me,
Your affectionate old friend,
MAY E. HAYES.

S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi.

Jan. 3, 1907. . . . This week we are oppressed with "returns" and statistics, and the annual reports are looming before us. When once we get them off, there *ought* to be a fairly free time, but you can understand how letters must go to the wall sometimes. . . . Martha had a party on the roof yesterday! Quite a crowd of people. It was a great success. We played musical chairs, lots of other games, and had recitations. . . .

We have just had such a pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, of the C.M.S. He has been forty years in India, and is a great Hindi scholar, translator, and writer. Colonel and Mrs. Searle, with whom they are staying, asked us to meet them at their house last Saturday. Then, lately, a Dr. Campbell and his wife (also medical) were here for *tiffin*. They belong to the London Missionary Society, and were on their way from Kasauli to their work in Telugu country. It is a great interest to be in touch with various Mission centres, and to meet their workers.

Jan. 23, 1907. We have quite an interesting set of patients in Hospital now. Kūndan, the wife of a Catechist, is such a nice woman. She was brought in dying of cholera. We thought several times that she *was* dead; her whole body stone cold, and no pulse, and one of the *padres*

had read the Committal prayer. However, she made a most marvellous recovery, and five days later walked out! A week ago she came back to us, not feeling quite up to the mark, and glad to be nursed and cared for again. Then there is Bashiran, who was a Mohammedan, but was baptised with her husband last Christmas Eve, and is shortly to be confirmed. Another nice Mohammedan woman is in the same ward; and this morning our old friend Taro appeared again, announcing that she had "come home to Hospital." She is a Hindu cripple woman—a dear little thing, and so intelligent. She is one of three pupils in a zenana, and Miss Purton (who teaches them) says the other two are even better and brighter, so is not that a bit encouraging?

The Amir is here. We went to-day
Jan. 27, 1907. to see him arrive at the Jama Masjid
for their festival. Such thousands of
people everywhere, and all the soldiers on duty were
by request Indian, with just one English officer.

We were standing close to his carriage, and saw him go up the steps, when I got a good snapshot; he looked at me, apparently much amused. None but "the faithful" were allowed to enter the Mosque; (on ordinary occasions we can go into one of the galleries). The Amir did not take off his shoes, giving as an excuse that a soldier ought always to be ready for battle; but evidently this did not apply to the

rank and file, and it was very amusing to see great Wellington boots being hauled off as the men came up!

The interesting point of the ceremonial in the Mosque was the part the Amir took; he himself was the priest—if such it could be called—and read the prayers.

The city and gardens were illuminated all night, and he drove past the Hospital at 8 o'clock. The little native lamp lends itself to illumination, as it fits on any small ledge of building. It is just a wee earthenware saucer with a lip to it, a piece of cotton wick lies in the lip and dips into the oil; there are simply thousands of them all over the place. You can imagine the smell—or perhaps you can't!

The public gardens looked like fairyland, with Chinese lanterns—red, yellow, green—hung from the trees, and the tiny lamps all along the ground. . . .

Sunday. . . . I was at Holy Trinity
 Jan 29, 1907. Church this morning, for Celebration
 and Matins, a long service, nearly
 three hours. There was a fine congregation on
 both sides of the church, men and women, not to
 mention the babies—of course, an interesting, rather
 than helpful, addition to the service! Some of
 them are very good, and just sleep on the floor in
 front of their mothers; in the older stage they are
 more trying. At the Celebration, when the fathers

have communicated, they go back and fetch the babies, and leave the mothers free. I thought how you would love an infants' Sunday-school class there, and how much good it might do! . . .

Miss Benson's picture* daily gets fresh admiration. I haven't wanted the sea so badly since I have had it!

To members of Raheny "Children's
Missionary Union":—

*S Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi.*

January, 29th, 1907.

My dear Children,

Ever since I saw our Raheny boy, Premānand, at Hazāribagh, I have been wanting to write and tell you about him, and about a great many other things as well, but until now I have not been able.

Well, about Premānand. First, to pronounce his name properly, you say "pray" shortly, then mā, with a great deal of emphasis, then "nun" shortly, and stick in a "d" at the end! Now, do you think you know how to say it? He is a fine sturdy chap, rather like what Freddy Tucker was a little while ago, before he became a man!

Premānand is not very clever at his lessons, but he is improving, and getting to like school very much.

*Lough Swilly, Co. Donegal.

He has been there over two years. At first he was what they call "very *jungly*," which means that he came from right away in the country, where he ran wild, and knew nothing and learnt nothing, and did not want to learn anything, but now he knows better.

From the house where I stayed with Dr. Jellett, I could see the Boys' High School in the distance. It is a big, long, low white building (there are nearly 100 boarders—Christians—and a great many day boys who are not), and beside it is a well, where the boys make such fun and romping and splashing over their morning bath. They have very quaint wells in that part of India. One hears the creak, creak, creak of their wooden arrangement all day long, especially in the morning and evening when the women go to draw their water. Instead of pulling the vessel up, they push it down, or, rather pull down the long beam of wood to which it is fastened; then, as the long end of wood doesn't like being held down, it straightens itself up as soon as ever they let it go, and up jumps the can full of water with it.

I went over the school one day and saw the boys at their lessons. I think they were having their language lesson. They all have to learn two languages, because it is a High School; some were at English, some at Hindi, and some (Mohammedans) at Urdu. This is the way they learn English: The master handed an umbrella to a boy, who took it,

saying, "This is an umbrella. I hold it in my right hand. I lean it against my shoulder. I open it, and hold it over my head, and when I go out for a walk, it shades me from the sun," and at each thing he says, he suits the action to the word, and so on.

One thing that is very curious about the classes and standards, is the difference in age between the different members of one class. Quite big boys, even men with their beards beginning to grow, may be seen sitting at lessons beside quite small boys. In fact, one can scarcely tell by looking at most of the classes, what standard they have reached. The reason is that they have come to school and have begun to learn, at different ages, not all when they were small boys; and those who did not begin young have very sensibly come to the conclusion that they had better waste no more time, and that it is never too late to mend! The boarders are all Christians, and they are more like an English school. You won't forget to ask God to help them to shine as His little candles, trying to serve Him better and to show in their lives the light of His Truth to their heathen school-fellows.

But now it is a long time since I left Hazaribagh and Chhota Nagpur, in that funny kind of coach called a *push-push*, which is more like a bathing-box or a baker's cart than anything else. I travelled in it for about as far as from Dublin to Wexford, pushed along by five men, who changed with others every ten miles. Then I got into a train and came along

hundreds and hundreds of miles—about as far as two or three times round Ireland—until I got back to my own work here at Delhi.

I would like to tell you something about that now.

A poor low-caste Hindu woman came in last night. She had been two or three times in hospital before, some years ago. I asked her just now, did she know why *we* had hospitals, and took care of sick people? "I know you love us." "And do you know why we love you?" "Because of God," she said. I was quite surprised; but she explained that a Miss Sahib goes sometimes to her *basti* and teaches the people there.

"*She* doesn't understand," said a Mohammedan woman from the next bed (much to my surprise). "She doesn't know what you are talking about." This was a woman who only came in a couple of days ago. I asked her did she know about Jesus Christ? She said she had an *Injil* (Gospel). "And can you read?" "No. *I* can't read, but my little girl learnt to read, and she can read very well, and she used to read out the *Injil* to us—but now she is fifteen, and she has been married and gone away. I have no children left. Four of them died within two months, and I had a great deal of sorrow. But my daughter's husband said to me, 'You must not fret—they are with God.'" She seems to know a great deal about Christianity. I hope some day she may be a Christian.

Next her is a village woman from twenty miles

away. She and another village woman had been listening. They know very, very little yet, but we hope that what they learn, while they are here sick in hospital, they may be able to tell in their own villages when they go back. But, you see, what a great many people in this country want, is not only to know about Jesus Christ, but to be brave enough to tell other people that they believe in Him.

There is a dear little Mohammedan girl, who has been with us for nearly two months, and is a great pet in the hospital. Her name is Mahmudi, and she is only ten years old, though she certainly looks a good deal more. She has had a great deal of pain for a long time, and had several operations before she came here, but her people never allowed her to stay in hospital before.

Her mother came in with her, and never left her side for a long time, but now she trusts her to us, and comes and goes. Her small brother sleeps beside her, when their mother is not here! She still has a good deal of pain from an abscess in her back, which has to be dressed every day. At first she used to cry, but now she is very good. Sister asked her one day had *her* people hospitals? "No." "No, your Prophet is a fighter, isn't he?" Quick as lightning she replied, "He doesn't fight the *Faithful*." They are very devout Mohammedans, and often put us to shame, in the way they are never ashamed to kneel down and say their prayers, when the prayer-time comes, no matter what is

happening. [Just as I write, sitting out on our verandah, I hear the Mussulman call to prayer from the minarets of several mosques]. They are also very strict *purdah-nāshins*, which means "people who live behind a curtain"—that is, they must not be seen by any *man*, except their own relations. There was a patient in their ward very ill, whose husband was allowed to come and see her, after a screen had been put up round that part of the ward. But the screen was not enough for Mahmudi and her mother, who sat close together on their bed, with a sheet covering them up securely! I thought at first they were having some game (like playing "tents"), as I could not see the man when I came into the ward!

Have I told you about those welcome dolls you sent, which arrived in good time to be Christmas presents? What treasures they have been! On Christmas Day everyone assembled in our biggest ward (which is not at all as big as it ought to be!) to meet Father Christmas—all the patients who were in hospital at the time, and some past ones who came back, knowing it was our "great day," as they call it. First, Dr. Müller explained why we gave presents to each other that day, and told them of the great Gift God had given, which was for them as well as for us. Then Father Christmas and his son, Mayā Sāl (New Year) came along, and had something for everyone. Mahmudi became the mother of one of the dolls. I am afraid I can't tell you whether it was Minnie's or Alice's or Bella's

or May's, but I am sorry to say, I have to tell you of its *death*. One evening, as we were going round the wards, great weeping and wailing came from Mahmudi's cot. What was the matter? Was her pain specially bad? No, she seemed to have almost forgotten that, but her dear *guria* was headless. Its grandmother had quite unintentionally sat on its head, with disastrous results, and its mother, as you may imagine, was inconsolable. She did love it so.

Our nurses, I am sure, would greatly like to be sent some little thing, such as a pincushion, or needle-case, or picture, to come out of Father Christmas's bag next Christmas Day from Raheny. Wouldn't it be nice if you knew their names, and you each selected the one you would send to? Here are their names: Salome, Dhaniya, Hannah, Khiroda, Agnes, Dassoda, Sabiti, and Mathuriya, and the Dispensers are Alice and Priscilla.

And when you are making their gifts, do not forget to ask God to help them to be good little candles in their corners, and to love their patients for Jesus Christ's sake.

From your affectionate friend,

MAY E. HAYES.

Friday. . . . This morning we
Feb 1, 1907. had an English celebration at St.
Stephen's Church. Bishop Cople-
ston, Metropolitan of India, was celebrant. All

the community, brotherhood, and men from the out-stations were present, also the English-speaking Indians.

It was arranged that the Bishop should visit the Hospital at eleven o'clock—he is keenly interested in nursing and nurses, both Indian and English, and is Chaplain to S. Barnabas' Guild. His venerable appearance allowed him to visit the wards—*pardah* folk had notice, and covered themselves up.

One very hearty Brahmin woman called him “*Māhārāj*”—the highest Brahmin title—and explained afterwards that if she learnt our teaching he might come to be her *Māhārāj*! He had some talk in Urdu with the nurses, and before leaving the ward, blessed them all. . . .

. . . Dr. Müller left to-day for a
Feb. 4, 1907. short holiday to Calcutta. Mem Sahib
has been poorly with a bad cold for
nearly a fortnight and was a week in bed; ditto
Sister for some days with neuralgia, but fortunately
Hospital and Dispensary are fairly slack, and Martha
does most of the latter. . . .

Don't imagine I am hard worked. It is the ceaseless interruptions, and endless sending and receiving of notes, that leaves little spare time; and though I am alone, I have Miss Sorabji within call for consultations and emergencies—she is most kind. . . .

The hospital is as empty as I have
 Feb. 13, 1907. ever known it, but I am still having
 a great deal of outside work—two big
 midwifery cases, yesterday and to-day. The first
 was a Brahmin woman in a sort of hut on a roof!
 To-day's was in a Mohammedan *basti*, where I had
 a similar case last summer.

I think I have explained before that a *basti* is a
 sort of hamlet; the houses of mud all open into one
 yard, which is connected with the rest of the world
 by a single door. The people in this one were
 cotton weavers, and each house had its own loom in
 the ground. . . .

We are to have electric trams in the Chandni
 Chauk within a year; the poles are going
 up. They will pass our new Hospital, which will
 be convenient, and will also make it cheaper for us to
 lay on electricity; but, alas! our plans are no
 forwarder! . . .

[The new hospital is not not only lit with
 electric light, but electric fans are in use instead
 of *punkahs*.]

Miss Purton has had such persistent fever this
 week, that I sent this morning and fetched her down
 here (in the *band-gāri*, which we made into a bed),
 where we can have her properly seen to and minded,
 and Dr. Müller's room is to spare, and airy. She is
 such a good patient. . . .

We had tremendous thunder and rain on Monday.

I went out in the phaeton with Uddiya to see a patient, intending to go afterwards to Mrs. Searle's "Mothers' Union" meeting. While with the patient we heard drops, then thinking it lighter, and not far from our stables, made for them; but the hail was so terrific that the poor horse scarcely knew what it was doing, and we took refuge in the archway leading into Cambridge Mission House. When we did reach the stables, I sat on a bundle of grass and read "Letters of Forbes Robinson," which I had with me. They are fascinating—read them if you can; published privately. But I had to give up the "M.U."! . . .

Uddiya is a most amusing character. She generally comes to my room about eight o'clock to report her cases, &c. One day this week she was talking about somebody being in "the fort" and "the prison," or living near the prison. I was turning over in my mind which patient she meant, when I found it was St. Paul!! and she was relating to me the lesson she had just learned at prayers!

She has quite a large *clientèle* of patients of her own, and she relates long histories of "this one" or "that one," or "the-day-before-yesterday one," "the Sunday one," or "that Bengali," or "the Christmas Day one." None have names of their own in her mind, and, as many have no local habitation in mine, it is not surprising if one some-

times gets mixed ; but as *she* knows definitely what she wants for each, it doesn't matter !

To-day I blamed her for not having told me the proper medical history of a patient I was with yesterday. She affirmed that she *had*—did I not remember that she told it all to Dr. Müller and me—on Christmas Day ! . . .

S. Stephen's Hospital.

. . . Things are going on much
Feb. 27, 1907. the same as usual here. Interruptions
are still the order of the day. . .

The great Hindu festival—the *Holi*—(a very horrid one) is going on now ; it stops work a good deal, as no one goes into the city who can help it. The Mohammedan one—*Moharram*—is just over ; so, with the two, work is fairly slack and dispensaries small, and, as it happens, patients all on the medical side. . . . We had the excitement last night of a small boy—from S. Mary's Home—going up to 107°. Fortunately, he didn't stay there long !

He and his mother have both been having exciting times in that line. We kept them downstairs at first (which is an awful torment for nursing), as there was some suspicion of plague, but it is only malaria, certainly not the other—though plague *has* come at last, and there is said to be a very great deal of it in the town, being kept by the people as quiet as possible.

I have had one case since Saturday, and to-day (Wednesday) it looks as if she was going to get better; it will be simply lovely if she does. Her people are good-caste Hindus, but poor, and they remind me of the old Aunt Khādeeja in "Voices in the Night." The patient, a girl of twenty-two, is a widow; her husband died of plague three weeks ago, and I think she has no one belonging to her. But the old mother-in-law and aunt seem devoted to her, and carry out all my directions and Uddiya's intelligently. I think they would almost let me set poison for the rats—who may be their ancestors! One day a rat came into the house and died, and they immersed it well in the lotion we had provided. I told them if another appeared, to burn it, and they actually did! Three of their menkind came to Hospital yesterday bringing R. II. . . .

The Hindus are very gay to-day now that the hateful festival is over. They are in silks and satins of the most gorgeous and lovely colours; no photo can give you any idea of it. . . .

Miss Purton is still nursing her fever—a second bout of it. It is very disappointing. We have brought Miss Benson's picture into her room; she likes the cooling sight of the waves and dashing spray. Delhi is frightfully badly off for Zenana workers now; only one full one, and Miss Taylor, who has to give over most of her school work for it. . . .

Wednesday. It seems just ages since March 6, 1907. I wrote last. We laid Miss Purton to rest this afternoon. . . . When we came back from church on Sunday evening her temperature had gone up, and persisted in remaining so. She became unconscious, and passed away on Tuesday night. Was it not a blessing that Dr. Müller was back in time, and here during the only really anxious days?

I was out at a case with Martha and Uddiya that evening, and when I came back a little before midnight, all was over. Sister and Dr. Müller have done everything necessary. Arrangements have to be made at once. Thank God, a coffin is dispensed with, the simple bamboo framework, and white calico, taking its place. Mr. Allnutt was there with Mr. Purton, and then, before he left, he had prayer in the room—just we three women and the two men, in the quiet of the night, after oh! such a noisy day. Next morning we sewed bunches and sprays of roses all over the frame, so that when the pall of white cashmere, with its scarlet cross (which Dr. Müller and Mem Sahib made), was taken off at the grave, it was just a mass of roses, besides all the wreaths and crosses separate.

At 12 o'clock, all was ready to go to church, and Dr. Müller and I, with others, bore her downstairs and out by the Chandni Chauk to St. Stephen's—the service was not until 4 o'clock—the Church was crowded; the first part of the service, and one hymn,

“Jesus Lives,” was there, and all in Urdu of course. The cemetery is about two miles away; for the first half-mile all walked—surpliced choir and clergy, the Community, native Christians, &c.—then got into *gāris* for a half-hour’s drive before reaching the little Christian cemetery—four of the zenana workers, Sister and I, bore her from the bier to the grave.

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The little new church in Mr. Day’s *Basti* was opened last week. It was he, almost entirely, who got it built. The *Basti* people are all very poor leather workers, and few of them can read. Sister and I went to their first Sunday evening service, when the Catechist gave a good address, and to the point. The church is certainly very nice—all stone—quite small—there is somehow a look of St Dolough’s* about it! Of course there are no seats. . . . This will be my Easter letter. Best of wishes for a holy Holy week. . . . Heaps of love to all.

*S. Stephen’s Hospital,
Delhi.*

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 . . . We had a big operation last March 21, 1907. week for cancer—her only chance. It turned out practically hopeless, and she died an hour ago (but we were thankful

*Old Church, Co. Dublin.

it was not an hour after the operation). Her old man, who has such a fine face, has been watching by her nearly all the time. We moved her downstairs, as the Hindus object so much to not dying on the ground. The husband is a *zamindar* farmer (literally, a worker in the earth). Miss Sorabji came to the operation, and Dr. Müller and I went to help her at another yesterday. . . . I have been inoculated for plague, but my arm is not troubling me; the weather is still quite cool, 70°, much cooler than this time last year. It is trying to rain to-night, too, which will keep the wolf from the door awhile longer; it is nice to have Holy week and Easter before the heat.

. . . I shall want an umbrella badly before the rains—my old one has got deplorably shabby, and its handle insists on straightening itself out like a goose trying to swallow. This effect is increased by the fact that it was broken, and in mending became abnormally long!

. . . *Wednesday*. By the time March 27, 1907. you are reading this I shall probably be settled down at Rewari to stay there four months, that is till my holidays in August, after which I come back here while Dr. Müller is away on hers till November, and after that nobody knows what is going to happen. Dr. Bonnerjee writes that she can come *pro*

tem., and see us through all the summer holidays, which is a boon, as they are so very hard to arrange for. . . .

In Rewari the numbers have gone up so steadily since Mrs. Ferguson-Davie returned last year (she is now settled at Rawal Pindi) that it would be a very great pity not to have a qualified doctor to carry it on.

Miss Lawrence went there on Monday to take up the *Zenana* and school work, and I shall live with her in the Mission bungalow and run the Hospital from that—my cycle will come in handy, for it is about five minutes' ride into the city—the Hospital is just a native house there. . . .

The services have been very nice this week Celebration (Urdu) each morning at 7 o'clock, quite a number of the people there each day. We take it in turn to stay at home, and have prayers for the nurses on duty. . . .

. . . *Easter Day.* I must start
 March 31, 1907. my letter now, as I am thinking of you
 this very minute getting back from
 early service. One has to smell primroses and see
 the glory of the daffodils in Raheny with one's eyes
 shut!

The Fortune's palms in the Queen's Gardens remind me of the Rectory every time I pass, as the flowers are just ready to burst into yellow.

It is a great thing to have a tropical home garden!

I will be with you at the Easter gathering, and expect it will be round the drawing-room fire. I know my corner will be waiting for me. Fancy, *perhaps* it will only be empty two more Easters! We were making plans and talking over furloughs the other day. . . .

The Service this morning was grand; not a seat to spare on the women's side (and the men's pretty full too). They looked so nice in their spotless white *chadars*; two women, who were Mohammedan, still keep to their *burka*, the special Mohammedan dress (you know it, with holes for the eyes), and of course wearing tight trousers underneath. They are Agnes, our hospital Bible-woman, and her mother. They were sitting next to me. It is extremely awkward for them to move about, as they can't properly see, and in addition, the wretched thing gets under their feet, so they generally *fall* into their place, if they have escaped doing so before!

Then Alice (whom I have been preparing) had her first Communion to-day, also Bashiran, the Mohammedan woman, who was baptised with her husband at Christmas.

The day began by Uddiya bursting into my room at 6 o'clock with her keen Easter greetings. She told me when she was younger, she used to think Christmas and Easter meant

chiefly eating good fare and putting on fine clothes.

She is a quaint, delightful old soul; a little time ago she and Mem Sahib were putting up things for a picnic, while Dr. Müller was having prayers upstairs, and she said, "*I'm* doing Mārtha kā kām," *they* are at "Mariam kā kām"! (Martha's work, Mary's work). . . .

At the Kutab.

Wednesday in Easter Week. . . . Here are we four—Miss H. from Roorkee, Hilda G., "Mem Sahib," and myself—seated in one of the tombs, or rather, memorial halls, amid the remains of this first of the seven cities of Delhi, and having just finished an exceedingly good and acceptable meal of pigeon pie, rice, and curry!

The nurses have long been promised a picnic, so this "outing" was arranged, and five *ekkas* carried the twelve of them off at 8 o'clock. Dr. Müller, Sister, one nurse, and one dispenser stayed to mind the Hospital. It is to be hoped that nothing urgent will come in! I think I have said before that an *ekka* is very like a primitive outside car, with an erection above the well to hold curtains. The shafts go up in the air, and there is a deep well in the centre. The thing shakes like fury when the ponies go, as they generally do, very quickly!

H. G. and I cycled here, starting at 7.30 a.m. in the cool (?) of the morning. We took it very easily,

and stopped at one of the big tombs, half way, for rest, where we watched a well at work, and envied the man who stood by it, for having his bare feet in the splashing water! I tried to learn the song he was singing, which was to tell the man who was working the oxen, whether they were to go up or down. It begins with a whoop (like Mr. K.'s song of "Chilligowalabadori!") but it has such queer intervals I can't remember it at all now. The Indian music has intervals in it which we have not, *e.g.*, the $\frac{15}{16}$ -part of an octave, which M. should find especially trying, until she learned that it was really in tune, and not meant for an octave!

We got here at 9.30, and proceeded to make ourselves tea—the first time I have had occasion to carry my *tiffin* case on the bicycle, and it came beautifully. Soon the twelve *ekka-wālis* arrived, and lastly the *gāri-wālis* (Miss H. and Mem Sahib), who had waited for 8 o'clock breakfast. Then we sat in the wonderful colonade—rows and rows of pillars, carved all over, and not one the same as any of its fellows. The carving on the walls everywhere, and over the huge arches, is perfectly marvellous, and, as I write, we are just under the shadow of the Kutab itself. It is supposed to be one of the highest towers in the world, yet every one of its five storeys is a mass of carving from top to bottom. From our hospital roof, which is eleven miles away, it looks rather like Carrickmines tower, as seen from Killiney. . .

Thursday. At that point yesterday I got too sleepy to write any more. Oh! it was warm from 1 to 4 o'clock. The wind had become so hot that it was a question whether it were better to sit in the breeze or out of it! We had visits from various companies of Indian women, who fondly enquired about our ages and attainments, and pitied us for not being married! The village here is full of Delhi people who have run away from plague. When it got a bit cooler we took the nurses round to see the sights of the place, including the truly terrifying one of a man jumping 100 feet down a well for 4d.! H. G. and I sat on after the others had gone, till it was quite dark, and reached home about 9 o'clock, free-wheeling most of the way. The sensation, going towards Delhi, was as if the city had gone on fire, and that occasional whiffs from it were blowing in our faces.

Dear me, plague is very bad. As I sit here writing I hear funeral after funeral pass, the dirge being sung as they go, down to the burning *ghāts* at the river. I cannot tell you how many have gone by in the last hour. We have been doing a fair amount of inoculation, and I am going to do a batch just now downstairs.

Dr. Müller is taking nearly all the plague work at present, while I keep uninfected for midwifery cases. She comes back almost heartbroken, though she is frequently called a murderer if any of the people die who are taking our medicines! Whole families are

being swept away. In one house she found son, daughter, and father all as ill as they could be. We hear to-day that one of the women who was baptised on Easter Eve has it. However, the hopes are that it may speedily go, now that the hot weather has set in.

*Mission Bungalow,
Rewari.*

Sunday. . . . I am here you see,
April 7, 1907. but I've not come yet! Is that com-
prehensible? I return to Delhi this
evening at 7.30.

It seems ages since this day week—Easter Day—and hard to believe it is not months ago. But to resume diary since last mail.

On Friday, after dispensary, I had an hour to get to my packing, and by tea-time most was done. It is not a light matter to clear out all one's possessions, and then get them into an allotted space! (Miss Bonnerjee was coming to my room).

It was our Bible-class night at S. Stephen's Home, and as I was to dine and sleep there, I started off in time for Evensong, which comes immediately before it; but, unfortunately, just as the class was beginning, Dr. Müller came for me to assist at a private operation, so I missed it.

Next morning (Saturday), while in my bath, I heard Uddiya's voice. She had found me at last! Miss Bonnerjee had arrived at 2 a.m., and she and Dr,

Müller had just gone off by 6 o'clock train to a case in a neighbouring town. Uddiya had brought a *gāri* to the Home, which was waiting for me, and as soon as I could get my clothes on, off we started, first to the patient of last night's operation, who needed dressing. From that we went to the plague cases in the Mori Gate Basti, and oh, dear! such experiences! The houses and gulleys in it are perhaps more like Keel village [Achill Island, Co. Mayo] than anywhere else in the world, except that all are of mud.

Three people from one house and two from another, whom we had seen looking fairly well the night before, were dead and buried.

Another man was lying dead in the outer room of his cabin, and one had to step over his body to get to his wife in the inner room, lying without anything under her on the bare mud floor. I think she was unconscious, but we gave her a dose of medicine; one never knows when they may recover. Uddiya came round beside me, carrying the bowl of lotion and large bottle of medicine for replenishing supplies. The neighbours were sitting about outside, smoking *hukas*, and waiting to carry off the man—probably thinking they might save themselves a double journey by delaying a little longer.

There was one intelligent man whom we charged to go round and administer medicine at the proper hours. We hope he did so.

But the worst experience of all was that of a man

and his wife, ill since yesterday. I harangued them well, that on no account must they stir from their beds, and would not even let them sit up to drink the medicine. I ordered milk. They said they had none, so I told a woman standing by, to come to me to the *gāri* for a few *pice* to buy it, and went on to visit other houses. Before driving away I said to one of the men standing round, "Surely you have fever, too?" and a chorus of voices answered, "That's the man who has come for the *pice*!" He wouldn't trust the woman to bring the money, and had actually got up and walked 200 yards. What can one do!

I got to hospital 8.45 to find a big dispensary waiting, which I took while Uddiya went off to see plague people in another *basti*.

When she came back, I took the *gāri* to visit the sick baby of a Baptist Missionary a mile away. Inoculations were waiting to be done on my return. While busy, a wire came from Dr. Müller (ten minutes before she came herself) to say, "bringing patient in for cæsarian section." We began work directly she arrived, and had done by 1.30 p.m. The patient is getting on nicely.

Various other things happened in the afternoon, but we did get a full hour's rest, lying down, before tea. At 4.45 a wire from Martha (at Rewari), "Urgent operation necessary. Come." I wasn't too sorry that at that moment the afternoon train was starting!

You will laugh at the next item on the programme. I went off with Mem Sahib to play at a tennis tournament at the "Christian Club"!! No matter how tired I am, I always feel rested directly I begin tennis. Don't fret! I did not play a full tournament, only two sets. . . . This Saturday was the evening for our Monthly Intercession Service, and we were all at it, after which I went back to the Home.

(Continued) Delhi.

The state of things here yesterday
 April 10, 1907. and to-day makes Mr. Allnutt
 reluctant to send me off just at once,
 and I have asked him not to do so, until there is more
 likelihood of my being able to stay. . . . It has
 got very hot the last week, and mosquitoes are *very*
 bad. Alice has made me up your lavender-oil
 recipe, to see if that will keep them at bay. . . .
 I hope plague details will not horrify you. There
 is not a great deal of other work, as such
 crowds of the people have run away. Of
 course we are extremely careful, and take every
 precaution; then there is practically no danger,
 and it will probably be over soon, as it never
 lasts long into hot weather. . . . Nothing
 more to add. Have been lazy about writing,
 and only got this one letter done. Heaps of
 love. . . .

*Mission Bungalow,
Rewari,
Punjab.*

. . . It was decided at Delhi, not April 17, 1907. to open the Plague Hospital, as it probably would not be taken advantage of, and therefore arrangements were made to send me to Rewari on Monday. Mr. Allnutt came down with me by the early train. Plague has diminished the work so much in Delhi that, except for *it*, everything has been extremely slack. Probably quite half the women of the city have left. . . . I found it impossible to get all my things for this flitting, into my boxes, as the largest one had to stay behind filled with winter things, so I had a tin one made in the bazaar for five rupees. They hadn't it painted in time, so I took it as it was, and felt like a charity-school girl going to her first place! When in the hills last year I determined to get something of the sort to carry my bedding dry, as I got tired of finding it soaking wet after every journey. . . .

The last few days have been a great exception to the normal state of things here—there has been thunder and torrents of rain, usually Rewari is more of the nature of Sukkur [a C.E.Z.M.S. Station in Sindh, where the climate is exceptionally dry]. I now understand what the “waters of Marah” meant to the Israelites; we have to send to the station for drinking water, which is

brought from miles away down the line, though I believe there are six sweet wells round the city.

For the same reason, flowers—except the prickly pear (a sort of cactus), which is really quite pretty—do not grow, except by the sweat of your brow. But I must say there *are* flowers in the garden at present, mignonette and sweet pea, &c., which have taken heart since the rain, so that if ever you see the photo I took this morning, you will consider the garden quite fine! . . . There have been various difficulties at the Hospital here lately. Mr. Allnutt came down to enquire into the whole matter. I hope things are peaceful and settled now. It is not easy to manage when I cannot live close to the Hospital. At present there is no place there for the doctor except the consulting room. I am going to fit up a room as a kind of office-study, where I can have classes for the nurses, and eat my breakfast; this will be sent from the Bungalow, for, though only a few minutes' cycle ride, it will soon be too hot for running backwards and forwards. . . . I think I will like the work here very much. . . . The Church is really nice. It was built by Mr. Williams ten or twelve years ago. There is a good American organ, but no one to play it except myself. . . . I have got frightfully bitten again by sand flies, which are too small to see. I am very particular *re* sleeping under a net, so I know they are not mosquitoes. . . .

Wednesday. I am sitting on the
April 24, 1907. Bungalow, but there is another big
thunderstorm gathering all round, and
such wonderful lightning. . . . I had my
first private patient last week, the wife of one
of the railway officials, and am a good deal
taken up with her. She has pneumonia, and
I was afraid she was not going to get through,
but she is an excellent patient, a very nice woman,
and so good all the time. She has it in both
sides, so it is a hard pull, but seems now to be
doing nicely.

She asked to have a Celebration, so Mr. Munroe
(Chaplain) came yesterday; it was a nice service,
three besides the patient—her husband, who nurses
her in the daytime, the nightnurse (Samakor), and
myself. I do not think I was ever at a private
Celebration before, except Edie Campbell's first
Communion.

. . . . My bicycle saves the Mission at
least Rs.10 per month, and saves *me* the bother of
rickshaw men; being able to hold up an umbrella
while riding, gives me just the same shelter from
the sun, and it is mostly freewheeling work.

I had a women's choir practice on Friday,
and another with the men on Saturday. The
chants will take a great deal of practising;
it is a pity not to have Gregorians, they are
much more like Indian music. But I will have
to learn them myself first!

• The landlord of this hospital is an old S. Stephen's College student, and enlightened to deal with. He has his men working at some things I want done, and sent them the day he promised, which is satisfactory. . . .

There, I've written more than I have time for to-day!

CHAPTER VIII

In Sole Charge at Rewari

*Mission Bungalow,
Rewari.*

Written in train *en route* Delhi.

Thursday. I am on my way to Delhi
May 2nd, 1907. for a concert to-night! going by this
midday train. I got dispensary done
before starting, and can also see necessary patient's
when I get back to-morrow 10.30 a.m. The
carriage windows have *tatties* on them to cool the
air, so I get a nice breeze on my face, which is most
refreshing.

It was very uncertain whether I could leave
to-day or not, for last night, just as we were going
to dinner, I was called out to a case—my first in the
city. I cycled first to Hospital to get nurses and
“armoury”; then, as the men said they could not
get an ox-cart for us, and that the house was very
near, we sallied forth. Oh! how I did wish you
could see the procession we made! I did not trust
the “very near,” so rode. First went the men with
my bags and bundles of necessaries (basins, cans,

&c.), then the two nurses in their uniforms and white *chadars*, carrying lanterns, making a strong contrast to the crowd of people in brilliant costumes round us, finally myself on cycle.

We went along amid cries of "bicycle, bicycle, look!—come quickly, see!—such a horse," &c., &c. At one place we got into quite a thick crowd, but all were thoroughly good-humoured.

The poor patient was in a miserable hovel, though they were quite well-to-do people. She had been in high fever for five days—pneumonia, probably. She was very good, and called us her *mā bāp* (mother and father) all the time. By the way, the sterilizer boils splendidly on the native fires, which are little round iron stands.

We did all that could be done for the poor woman, and they were most grateful. As we went back through the streets the "corner boys"—so to speak—enquired after the patient, from the man who was with us: "*Kya hāl?* What is the condition?"

When I got at last to my dinner my throat was so parched, I was sure I was in for a bad cold with sore throat! A pint of drinking water doesn't go far these times! and yet the real heat is wonderfully late in coming. . . .

I arranged to go back at 7 o'clock this morning to see the woman, and the man came for me, but the poor thing had died just before I reached the house. . . .

. . . . I have not given you an account of my Rewari "day" yet. I am Jack-of-all-trades and so see more of the people all round than in Delhi. It is nice having plenty of variety, but I have not managed to fit in everything yet, *e.g.*, classes for the nurses, or their games. I have got a set of Badminton for them from Delhi, but it is not put up yet.

Day begins at 6 a.m., when I get up. Last night I slept right out in "the garden," instead of on the verandah, as the carpenter had brought the poles for my mosquito nets. There is a wonderful freshness lying in bed in the open air watching the sunrise, which is really gorgeous. Bath and *chhota hāzri* arrive together, and I take them in that order. The hospital *chaukidār* (watchman) comes to my door for orders at 7 o'clock, and dusts my cycle. Half an hour later I'm off to hospital, and have prayers directly I arrive.

Next, I do the dressings of the in-patients, and see that every place is thoroughly cleaned, and that the matron is giving out the food properly; send again for workmen who won't come! &c., &c. Meanwhile the Bible-woman is singing *bhajans*, and teaching those who are waiting for me. Then I start dispensary, which at present averages 40 a day. When my breakfast comes from the Bungalow, I go to eat it in my own room, which is not furnished yet except for a table and a seat, but in a little box I keep Aunt G.'s teapot, and some supplies, which

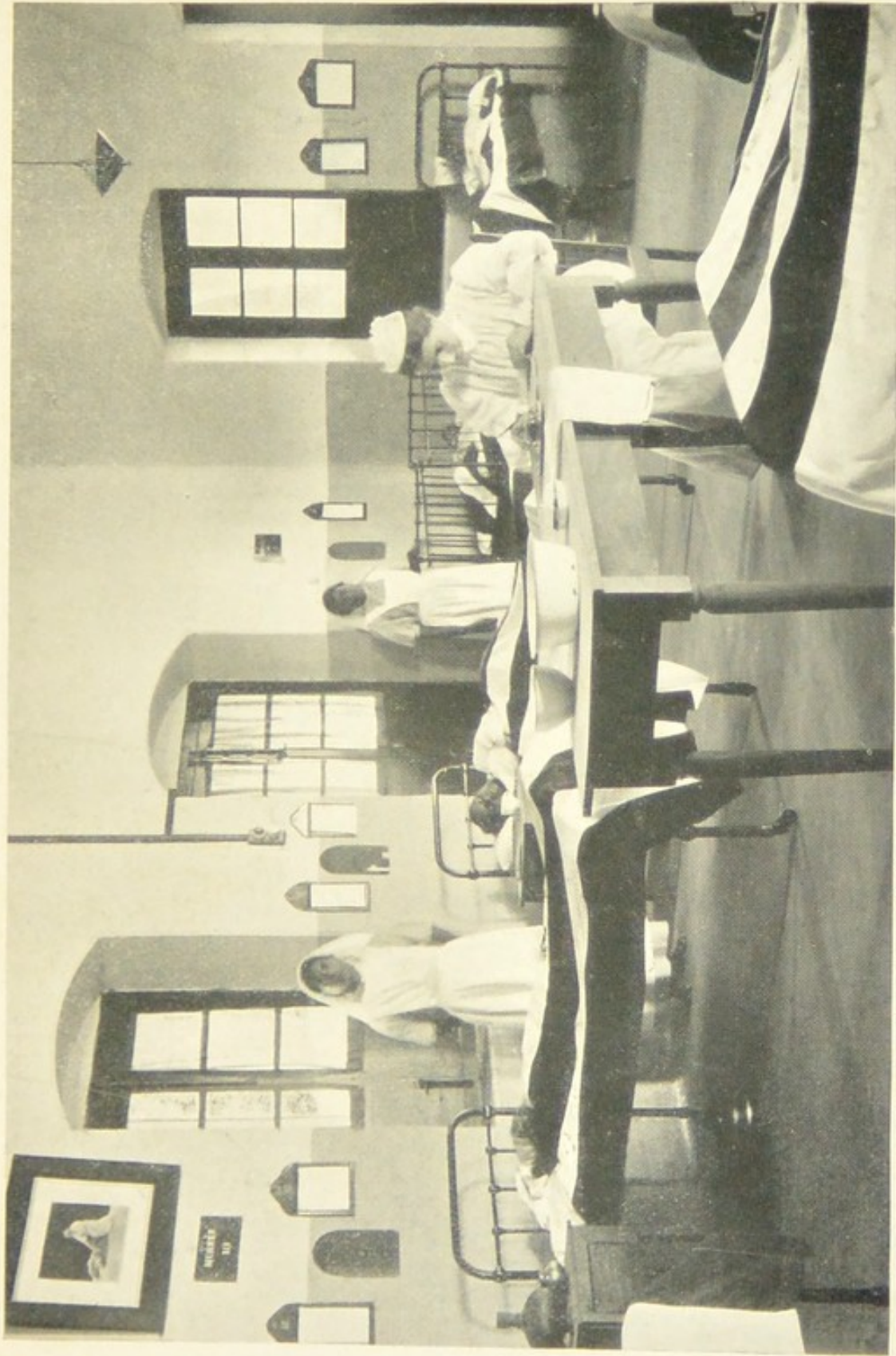
have not to go backwards and forwards. I hope to have things nice after a while, and it will be useful training for the nurses to lay it out and prepare for me.

Another item is making up hospital books, which have to be kept very precisely for municipal grants, setting copies, &c., for the nurses, so that, generally, I am not ready to leave hospital till nearly 1 o'clock. I forgot to mention that a good deal of time has been taken up in the morning with operations, which have been fairly frequent!

My head nurse, Samakor, is very good, the nearest attempt we have in the Mission to a fully trained Indian nurse. She is a young widow, about twenty-three, was trained in Delhi, and has been here three or four years. The Compounder, Mariam, about the same age, has a fair notion of giving chloroform, so we get along. No one knows a word of English, and I think of constituting myself professor—another trade!

From 1 to 4 o'clock is the quiet time of the twenty-four hours, but it never seems to last long! For the past few days—end of month—accounts have devoured it, and many necessary letters. I have come painfully to the conclusion that finance is not my strong point; and I can't learn my "16 times" table!

At present I take a choir practice twice a week in church immediately after evening prayer at 5 o'clock. Go to hospital again, for a variable time, before



The "Marie Hayes" Ward, S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

[Photo by G. F. Day.]

our dinner, 7.30, after which, if I can keep awake, and the flying beasts are not too maddening, we sit on the verandah and work or read till prayers, 9.15.

Friday. In the train back again to
May 3, 1907. Rewari. . . The concert was very good and sociable; nearly all out-station people were there. It was held out-of-doors at S. Stephen's Home, with an audience of about 100, including many "Tommies." . . . The train has begun to shake so furiously that I must cry *bas!* (enough).

Mission Bungalow,

Rewari.

Wednesday. . . I am sleeping out
May 8, 1907. in the compound every night now, though I pull two blankets over me, unconsciously, towards morning. This cool weather is very sad, for the plague has at last got a hold here, when we did hope Rewari had escaped. Sometimes fever is the only symptom; the plague is probably identical with the boils of Egypt. I have been inoculating the nurses and teachers the last few days, but we still think that it must go soon. I was distressed to hear yesterday that my confirmee, Alice, is down with it in Delhi.

In looking over last year's diary I find we had 94° of heat on April 6th, and very little coolness after that; but this year, so far, the thermometer has only

two or three times touched 90°. I am afraid you will say my letters are weather chronicles! But it is very strange the connection between cold weather and plague, and so it *does* occupy conversation. However, we have regularly started *punkahs*, and just this minute Miss L. is negotiating on the verandah with a Brahmin family, who, we hope, will take over the job *en famille*! They are rather a fine-looking set of men, but it will be very awkward if our shadows happen to fall on their drinking water!

I am rather in a fix to-day over a patient in hospital—a Banya woman. Her father, up to this, has brought her her food, but he says he can do so no more. I think it is probably a ruse to force my hand, and allow her to go out! She *feels* quite well, but it is an operation case, and she ought not to go for several days.*

This is really a very good little hospital, for a native house—very well built, two courtyards, one (or possibly two) small wards in the upper storey. Water is the great difficulty. It is brought to the hospital in skins on an ox's back for one and a half miles.

I went down at 7 o'clock one morning for an operation, but not a drop of water was there, and we had to wait till 8.30.

Last Sunday I arrived at church rather early for
*Dr. Hayes did not give in, and the father continued to bring
the food!

Evensong, and was surprised to find the aisle lined two deep with boys in bright birthday costumes, varying in age from three to twelve. Sunday-school is held for an hour or so before service, and when over, the children form into a double line and march out, each one being given a Sunday-school text-card in Hindi as they go out. It was specially impressive to see a boy of ten carrying a similarly attired baby of three or four! They are not Christians, of course, but looked very submissive, well-behaved little lads.

We dine out in the compound every night now, which is easily done, for there is built near every bungalow a raised platform of cement, called a *chabātar*, big enough to hold table and chairs, and some space to spare. It was this kind of erection that formed the platform for the concert at S. Stephen's Home last week.

. . . You have seen the account
 May 9, 1907. of rows at Rawal Pindi. I hear there
 are whisperings of possible trouble on
 Saturday, 11th, the Mutiny anniversary, but it is
 not at all likely to be serious, though, of course, in
 certain quarters there is a considerable amount of
 anti-English feeling. To me, brought up in Fenian
 times, it does not sound much! . . .

. . . The nurses—four of them—came on
 Tuesday to arrange about their games, and began by
 putting up the poles for the Badminton net—two

stout bamboos, 13 feet high, cost 4 annas! They got into the game in a wonderfully short time; even one, who had been inoculated the day before, forgot about her arm! It is a grand way of getting them to "eat the air" (*hāwa khānā*), which they badly want, and I hope they will continue to like it.

I have a child in hospital whose leg has to be cut off, and I am trying to make arrangements for someone to come and help me.

I had a wire from Miss Müller to say
 May 14, 1907. Martha was coming to me last Saturday evening for the operation, so it had to be done on Sunday. The little patient is a dear, and splendidly brave. She was not a bit put about to find her leg gone, on waking up. But you should have seen the awe of poor 16-year-old Hashmi, the nurse (whose duty it had been to hold the leg), when she found it loose in her own arms. "What am I to do with it?"! At one point during the operation I looked up and found myself and Martha—and fortunately the Compounder, who was giving the anæsthetic—left alone. Of course, Samakor, the head nurse, did not succumb, but she "was doing something elsewhere!" . . .

Thursday, 16th. The patient, so far, has done excellently. She thought it quite hard lines not to be allowed to get up, and go about as best she could,

two days after the operation! But she is not now encumbered with the weight of a painful, useless limb. Before I was dressed on Monday morning—the day after the event—I had a message from hospital to say the sweeperess had run away during the operation, and nothing would induce her to come back! Immediately following this, a card was brought to me from the head of the Municipality. He had come to say that the Deputy-Commissioner wished to know if he might see the hospital this morning. Of course, he could not come at Dispensary hours—it was now 7 o'clock. “Yes, 7.30 would suit him nicely.”

On to my cycle and away I went! No sweeper, and no sweeping done; but the nurses rose to the occasion, and set to, and when the Sahib arrived at 7.45 we were ready waiting. I did not know what the nature of the visit was to be, but he put me through my facings *re* figures and statistics. (You see, we get a municipal grant of fifty rupees a month), and I hope all was satisfactory.

. . . I am scribbling while waiting to be called to see the drinking water boiling—*pakkā hiltā*, properly moving—an important part of a housekeeper's duty, and as Miss Laurence is away, I am taking her place. . .

. . . Coming from hospital to-day at noon reminded me so much of Hartis, the man who stirred the fire at 6th Pit [in a Durham coal-pit village]. I almost expected to see him and his

poker at each turn of the road! The only thing is that here the fire is invisible, and on *every* side of one! . . .

There, I've seen the water really bubbling now! This is rubbish, of course, when read three weeks hence, but you like "detail." . . . I was tired last week, and what I wrote I know not. I am sure my letter was duller than usual. Heaps of love, and thanks for birthday wishes. We shall be together that day, as on every day.

Rumours from Delhi on Friday, 11th, May 16, 1907. sounded quite serious after all, arrangements being made for people to go to the Fort, &c.; but that same evening we heard of the capture of the two ringleaders at Rawal Pindi.

All this talk of possible repetition of Mutiny days, makes one wonder is there any Church in Christendom, which has grown strong without persecution—not only to individual members, but to the Church itself? It is a curious historical question—for if it *is* a necessity, how can it ever happen in India (or be hoped for) while the English rule?

Rewari.

Punjab.

May 23, 1907. I have just ridden round the walls of the city with Miss L.'s sister. This is the one entertainment for visitors in Rewari! It looked quite fresh and pretty after

heavy thunder-rain; in fact, we seem to have launched into July monsoon weather. . . . Mem Sahib came down from Thursday to Saturday to spend my birthday with me. . . .

On Whit-Sunday we had an English Celebration and Sermon at 6.30, and, immediately after, morning prayer and sermon in Urdu. I stayed on for part of it before starting to hospital. Our work there was nearly finished, and I was ready to leave, when a bad midwifery case came in. Scripturally "carried on a bed," she looked almost dying, so it was not a very pleasant undertaking; but they will neither send for us in time, nor bring them to us. I told the twenty or more people who were with her, that there was very little hope of saving her. One old hag threw up her arms and said, "God is above, and you below; we've no one else to help"! What more could you want? I did all that was possible, and hoped she might pull through; but when I went back at five o'clock to see her, I found her so bad I did not attempt to return to Evensong, but while staying on the spot gathered the patients into one ward—a jolly, intelligent set—and sang Whitsuntide hymns and *bhajans*; and then, when I spoke to them in my gibberish Urdu, Samakor translated it into a clear and well-delivered little sermon of her own. . . . That night at twelve o'clock the poor patient died.

Trinity Sunday. . . I was
May 26, 1907. wakened this morning at 4 a.m. by
feeling water drop on my nose, and in
a surprisingly short time became conscious that it
was raining; next moment there was a flash of
lightning. In my hurry getting up I put my hand
through my mosquito net—the wretch! rolled up
my bedding and ran. But I wasn't quite so sleepy as
one night lately, which I must tell you about. Miss
L. came to me at 2 a.m. to say that a furious dust-
storm was starting. I automatically gathered up my
bedding, determined not to wake, groped my way
through the drawing-room, then helplessly, dreamily,
called out to her, "What is this tall bit of furniture
which I cannot get round?" A flash of lightning
revealed me bumping myself against *the wall*! which
I had been trying this way and that way to "get
round"—all the lamps having blown out! These
are some of the drawbacks to leaving the shelter of
the bungalow; but, all the same, I much prefer the
open air whenever possible, though for one or two
nights the heat of the wind was almost unbearable.
Since then I have put a wet handkerchief over my
head, which keeps that part cool at least, and beside
my bed a mug of water in which to dip it if I
happen to wake! . . .

At church this morning I was the only member of
the congregation present at the hour of service, for
Indian people are not as used to rain as an Irish-
woman! However, twenty minutes later, some

straggled in. It was not to be wondered at, for the rain and thunder had been continuous for twelve hours ; but, consequently, it is moderately cool again — down to 90° in our rooms. . . .

Such a lovely mail to-day! I got June 2nd, 1907, back from hospital, prayers, &c., to 9.30 breakfast, and then kept myself up with “Karshish” and “The Grammarian” till twelve o’clock, when *there* was the postman at the window! And it *was* a fine mail—all my home saints, as well as many others, including N.E., E.C.S., and K.L. Did I tell you that she has actually given the hospital all the eye instruments I asked her to choose for us? . . . I have a dear little Hindu child, “Kamal De,” about seven or eight, coming to me every day, this long time, with bad eyes ; when one was nearly well, an ulcer appeared in the other. She comes in quite by herself, though I think some man brings her to the hospital door. She is evidently told by her people at home what to say, and brings out her message like an old woman.

Some days ago she lost her prescription (that precious paper which they all love to have, whether necessary or not). I gave her a new one, but yesterday she arrived with half of the original one, the new document being evidently lost now!

She told a direct lie about it. I put my hand over her mouth, and told her she must not say what was not true, &c. As she was frightened at my doing that, I said, "Put your *own* hand over it." So she pressed both her little dimpley hands on her mouth, but went on energetically telling the lie through them!! The creature, she really didn't know the difference! . . .

As far as one can make plans, it is decided that I leave for my holiday on July 17th, and that it is to be spent in Thandiani with E. and S.P.B.
I hope to go to Delhi for next week end.

*Rewari,
Punjab.*

Wednesday. I don't know how much
June 19, 1907. I will get written for this mail, as I have little time to spare from 6 a.m. on.

It is just wonderful how this dreaded month of June is slipping over, nearly half-way through now—and as I write, I am thinking how one longs to hold on to it at home! I do hope you are thoroughly enjoying it.

I am attending daily a private plague patient who has cellulitis (incipient or undeveloped abscess) all over her body, and it takes an hour, from 7-8 every morning to dress them. It is a curious experience. Her brother, who speaks English fairly well, helps, and attends me, clothed in a *dhoti*. He is very tender and good to her, and it is agony for the poor

thing to move. They are very high caste people, but the only other person I see there, is a woman who I took to be a sort of servant, or, possibly, poor relative, and it turns out that she is their mother!

My rickshaw man sits at the door till I come out, and then takes me direct to the Bungalow, where I change my clothes before going on to hospital. I have had rather long mornings there lately, and, during the last four days, there were seven anæsthetic cases after dispensary.

I take tea and some of the nurses' curry directly dispensary is over, before starting operations, or any other work, and then, when I get back to the Bungalow, have my proper "breakfast" with lemon drink.

I am greatly delighted with H. W. and M. C.'s papers [read at a Raheny quarterly meeting] on Madagascar and South Africa; they are so well put together.

Thursday. The matron is gone [Dr. June 20, 1907. H. had been obliged to have her dismissed], and I have engaged an elderly woman to live, for the present, in hospital as chaperon. She has not come yet, so I have slept the last two nights on the roof there. You have a photo of what I can see from my bed, and the air, if very dusty, is fresh and fairly cool, though, in the Dispensary and the operating-room below, the

thermometer has been almost 100° the last few days. This morning the church bells ringing at 6 o'clock awoke me, though I had meant to be up at 5.30, as I had three long visits (private) to pay before dispensary. I put on a white coat and skirt over my night gown, and ride first to the Bungalow for bath and *chhota hazri*, then go my rounds in rickshaw, as it is too hot for cycle.

The "Boy" here is full of tricks, and though he *can* be quick and clever at his work, I do not trust him. He took to putting my clock back an hour every morning while I was at hospital. At first I thought it was the heat, till I found it kept very good time in my presence! So now *it*, as well as everything else available, has to be locked up, and my pocket is heavy with keys! I had his father in the other day and talked to him, and I think that things are a bit better.

. . . . Grace Good came to me on Saturday evening and we had a very nice quiet Sunday. Ebenezer, the Catechist, took the services morning and evening, and preached, as the Chaplain was away.

During this week Miss Lawrence was absent on her holiday, which explains why Dr. Hayes was taking up housekeeping duties. As often as possible friends came from Dehli to keep her company, and spent week-ends at Rewari—one instance of the advantage of the Community system in Mission work.

We have a very jolly baby of seven months in hospital at present, who was tossed by a cow, got a leg broken and a shoulder hurt. It is a great pet. Such a rich coffee colour too. I have been waiting for this moon, to go to some of the nearer villages in the evening, so to-day have hired an ox-cart to come at 5 o'clock. Budh Singh, the rickshaw man, will accompany us, and Mariam and Kesār (Compounder and nurse) be with me. I have always wanted to get out to the villages, and am much looking forward to it. I am quite disappointed not to have yet been on a camel.

It was very nice yesterday (June 19th) to think of the "Women Worker's Settlement" at their Quiet Day. I don't often hear of a date until it is past.

(Post-card to E.C.H.).

June 20, 1907. 9.15 p.m. I am sending this on chance of catching mail. Just back from my first gallivant to a village, just to visit it, not to a case, two nurses and I in an ox cart. It is less than two miles off, but nearly an hour's journey.

Felt like a real live missionary (armed with a hymn-book) for the first time in my life, and an appalling fool, not for the first time!! We went along one street, which looked nearly as much like a city of the dead as Slievemore village [Achill, Co.

Mayo], asking at each door if there were women there, and going in on being invited. Later, when it got wind that I was a doctor, the women came out and beckoned to us. There was a thunderstorm brewing all the time, and quite a lot of rain fell here while we were away. M. E. H.

Rewari,

Punjab.

. . . There is a great deal to say.
 June 27, 1907. How much I will write is another matter. It was quite a successful expedition, though I think we might have spent longer at the village, and would have done so, but for the thunder storm.

Villages are queer places. They have such a broken-down, never-repaired air about them. The better houses in their tattered grandeur look as if they might once have been palaces, now they are simply cow-houses, in which men and women live as well as cows. The poorer ones, of mud, were built at the start for the cows, but the floors are generally kept beautifully clean with a mixture of cow-dung and earth. I'm not laughing. They *are* beautifully clean!

We were followed about, as usual, by a group of village louts, and by children with coughs, and women with "eyes." Then, just as it was getting dark and we were leaving Ghokal, a very jolly-faced girl, with her *chadar* well pulled over her head,

beckoned us into one of the larger houses. She managed to get me and the two nurses under her *chadar* to inform us that she "had a pain in her stomach"! I was nearly overcome with laughter at the ludicrousness of the situation, a consultation going on under the improvised tent, surrounded by the village children, crying "Ai! hai! What are they doing? What are they saying?"

We got quite large groups of women there, much better than in later places, and as most of them knew the Hospital people, some joined us in the *bhajans* we sang. But if I am going to stay in Rewari I must set to and learn Hindi as quickly as I can, for the villages are nearly all Hindu. Of course there is a great deal of similarity between the two languages, but Urdu belongs specially to Mohammedans. The village we went to on Tuesday evening—Hosaupur—is Mohammedan, so there was no difficulty, and a group of women there were most keen and intelligent, indeed they all welcomed us warmly, as they were great friends of Mrs. Ferguson-Davie.

Mem Sahib came down to me on Friday evening, and as we were coming from the train a fat young Hindu came and spoke to her. She had known him as a boy, and had taught his sister. He asked us to go and see them at their village. They are quite important people, for if there was a Raja here, he would be the man! So we arranged to go on Saturday.

However, it was very disappointing. There seemed to be scarcely any women in the village—one here, another there, and *no one* was sick!!! So we only managed to get one unsatisfactory group together. . . . Mem Sahib came with me three days to the hospital. There are such a nice lot of in-patients now, I was very glad of the opportunity of having her to teach them. She took the out-patients too, as, since the Matron went, they have been depending on whoever had time. The “chaperon” woman we have got temporarily, is not much good as a Bible-woman, but Mariam, the Compounder, gives a lesson fairly well. . . .

On Monday evening we went to one of the near *bastis* and came across a party of children who go to one of our Mission Schools. One of the girls got her mother to invite us in. We sat on a large *charpoy* with three or four women, and the group of little girls. We asked them what they learned, and they all repeated together the parable of the “marriage of the King’s Son,” making it sound like a poem in metre, by the way they undulated their voices, up and down. It was quite strange to hear the words there!

Among them, too, was a little bride on a visit to her mother-in-law’s house, where for a year she has to keep her head bent down on her chest, and well covered with her *chadar*. An older woman, from her own village, was with her, and they were all so full of weddings

that it made the parable specially homely and applicable !

. . . Such a dust-storm as we had at the English service on Sunday evening (only four people besides ourselves). It was beginning to get dusk, but not dark enough for us to notice that the lamps were lighted. Then in one minute the darkness was so great we could not see out of the windows. They and the doors were all open, of course, and it was a business shutting them, for, though each member of the congregation rushed to the one nearest, there were far more doors than people ! And all this happened during the sermon. It was an interesting one on the Bible, manuscripts, mummies, &c., but anything in the way of application had to be left to the hymn, " Lord, Thy Word abideth " (which, curiously was chosen quite independently) and the verse, " When the storms are o'er us," came in with great appropriateness between the gusts ! The air after all this was beautifully cool, not only that evening, but the whole of the next day, too. . .

I am still visiting my private plague patient, and the " English-speaking " brother enquires daily how much " rubbish " has come out of the wound !

. . . While Mem Sahib was here she made a *pankah* for the Dispensary, which Ani, " little amputation," takes great delight in pulling for me. She got her crutches this week, and you should

see her start off on them straight away without practice. She is "as sharp as they make 'em!" . . .

. . . I don't think I will get any other writing done to-day. This and yesterday have been the hottest days yet, and, though very well, I do not feel particularly energetic, but I *ought* to write to the London Committee about the great need there is of keeping this place open; it will certainly be a dreadful pity if Rewari has to be given up. It seems to me a much better centre than even Karnāl, and there's not a vestige of any other women's medical work here, public or private.

[Dr. Hayes wrote her views on this matter to the Committee very fully later].

*Rewari,
Punjab.*

July 3, 1907. I have not got things settled in Hospital yet, but to-day Rachel, the wife of our Catechist, Ebenezer, came to me as Bible-woman. We had a big dispensary, the biggest since I came, and I never saw the patients listening to anyone so well before; they scarcely wanted to come in to me! I must try to get her permanently. It is the plan I want,—an outside Bible-woman coming at dispensary hours, and then an "elderly body" to live in hospital and *chaperon* the nurses. . . Miss Fiennes came at midnight on Saturday. I am sorry to say I did not wake when she arrived, so only found her in the bed next mine in

"the garden" on Sunday morning! I did feel a beast not to have been up to receive her, but she had begged of me to go to bed, and, being tired, I did, meaning to wake at the right time! . . . If damp at all I sleep on the *chabutar* (the round concrete platform I've described before). The name for a pigeon is *kabutar*, and I am always afraid of telling the men to "put my bed on the pigeon," or asking the cook to get me a concrete garden-stand for my dinner!

By-the-way, that little animal is a nice change from "goat"; they cost $\frac{1}{2}$ d., though I believe you should get three for a 1d.; but then a "leg of mutton," *i.e.*, goat, costs 3d., and weighs 2 lbs.! But what amuses me most is the vegetable account. I was told to give a *pice* ($\frac{1}{4}$ d.) every second day, but the last couple of days the cook has only asked for 1 *pie* ($\frac{1}{12}$ d.), and to-day's supply was rather like our home kidney beans!

The *pice* is a coin English people seldom see. I have got one stored away, but probably the cook saves one out of every anna (1d.) he spends. . . .

I am hoping to go to Delhi again on Saturday, and glad to think that I will see and worship with English as well as Indian friends on Sunday. . . .

Wednesday. . . Thanks be to God,
July 10, 1907. the rains have come!

From Friday last till Monday the heat was quite different from anything I have yet

experienced. Friday night was really like sleeping in a poultice, with a hurricane of wind, hotter than the poultice, trying to tear it away. There is nothing like "piling on the agony;" but one dreads to remember that the nights will be even hotter than the days. However, that ought to be soon over now. But Saturday was such a nightmare! Ah, well! perhaps I ought not to say it was as bad as that. A perpetual dust-storm, hurried dispensary, then a call to a case in a village, part of the way there in the train, followed by an hour of jigging along in an ox *gāri*. On the return journey a wait of two hours at a small station, but fortunately on the line to Delhi, where, in the end, Mem Sahib met me at 7 p.m. . . .

Miss Bonnerjee came back with me on Sunday night, to help at a big operation on Monday, after which we took dispensary together—a large and noisy one—and two more operations turned up at it, so we didn't return to the bungalow till 1 o'clock, and I had to see my private plague patient on the way. She is getting on, but still needs daily dressings. In the afternoon we were obliged to see after three people with "eyes" in the hospital. It was a very long day, and at 9 o'clock I was glad to tumble into bed!

Tuesday was another long day in hospital, with two private visits to pay before I went there, and it was 2 o'clock before getting "breakfast" at Bungalow; but don't be horrified, as I told you, I make

sure of a preliminary meal of tea and Hindustani curry in the middle of the morning! This day, too, we had the excitement of a visit from Ani's "brother," who came to take her away. She was in great woe, and begged us to keep her; in fact, had quite made up her mind to be a permanency. Finally, the man signed a paper—that is, made his thumb mark—disclaiming her, he did not so much as look at her, still less speak to her, and probably thought she was of no value in the marriage market without a leg! So now I expect to take her to S. Mary's Home (Delhi) next week, and have her properly taught. She will likely be very quick, and is a good caste—Rajput, literally "daughter of a king." She is more like your little old picture of Samuel than anything else, with short curly brown hair (*not* black). At prayers she resents not being allowed to stand up at the creed (the privilege of the baptised), but joins in very heartily in the Lord's Prayer; of course, she knows *very* little yet. I asked her the other day could she tell me anything about Jesus Christ? She said He was Rāmji! Ram being the highest god she knew, she really meant that Christ was God. . . .

Little "Kamal De" has come back again after a long absence. I was afraid I had frightened her away altogether by putting my hand over her mouth that day when she was telling lies! Both her eyes were very bad this time, but they are recovering quickly again.

Thursday. . . . Had a wire from July 11, 1907. Dr. Müller this morning, saying that she is sending Martha to me this evening. She would have been coming next week, in any case, to take over the work while I am on my holiday. I shall be glad to have her. We have had over a dozen operations in four days, which, of course, means many dressings. Early in the week we had seventeen in-patients—the place being supposed to hold twelve! Samakor went off on her holiday yesterday, and, as we are still without a Matron, the place is more or less taking care of itself!

When I went down to sleep there last night about 9.30 the two nurses not on duty were sitting on their beds waiting for me, afraid to go to bed because they “heard noises!”

There! I have had a lovely hour on the roof, in a delicious breeze, but it has got too dark to write any more.

CHAPTER IX

In the Hills

*S. Stephen's Home,
Delhi.*

July 18, 1907. . . . *Thursday.* You see, I have actually got so far on my way to Thandiani! I felt on Sunday as if I never would!

It was a great job getting off. Martha came to me, as expected, on Thursday evening, and I had to send her to a case on Friday—eight hours' journey by rail—but after that I could leave the hospital mostly to her, and get back to Bungalow before 11 o'clock each day. However, there were then the nurses' uniforms to see about, which were badly wanted—the cutting out and the trying them on. The work of making, they do themselves, which is good for them, and being still without a cook, it took up a good deal of time arranging all minutiae of food, and making puddings, scones, &c., myself.

On Monday my room was in that happy condition of "gathering one's things together." It adds to the effect considerably when the dust of the floor is such that you could nearly grow grass in it. However, in the midst of all I had a *dirzi* [dressmaker] to come and sit here and do odd jobs. . . .

. . . . A little while ago I wanted some material, such as the native women wear, and got it in Rewari bazaar—it cost six farthings per yard! I went from shop to shop till I found it, and they heralded my arrival with "*Lāl kapra dekhlāo*. Its red cloth the Miss Sahib wants, nothing else will please her!"

Finally I did get off by the 7.30 train last evening; I half hoped to catch the 4 o'clock, but it wasn't worth the rush. Miss Lawrence returned from her holiday just twenty-four hours before, and, of course, I had to give over accounts, &c., and make all necessary arrangements.

I brought "Ani" to Delhi with me, to leave her here at S. Mary's Home.

*G.F.S. Lodge,
Ayrcliffe, Murree.*

July 22, 1907. . . . *Monday*. Here we all are! Emily and I in this house, and S.P.B. in a Hotel, only five minutes away.

Miss Fitzgerald is very kind and attentive, and

she has made us most comfortable, and the food and everything is right good.

. Our dear little room has its door opening out on the garden, or, rather, wee terrace, for, of course, all is on the side of a hill, very nearly as steep as a house.

There is a wonderful view from it; below us, miles and miles of valley—almost to the plains—and above us the hills rise, range over range as far as you can see.

To suit this steep ground there are comical little vehicles called dandies to “drive” in, which are like boats, carried on poles by four men, or, indeed, I think S.P.B.’s simile is even more expressive—like coffins! In the wide part they have an arm-chair arrangement to make them more comfortable.

Hurrah! the home letters, and one from H.C.H. arrived this morning twelve hours later than if they had come direct, so I *am* lucky. S.P.B. came up after breakfast, and we discussed our mails before going off to shop in the bazaar. He can come straight to our room without going through the house, for ours is on the ground level behind (over-looking scenery), while the dining-room over our heads is on the ground level in front!

Tuesday. The coolies are being loaded for our first march of ten miles, and we are ready for the road.

Changal Gali.

S. James's Day. . . . Our walk from
 July 25, 1907. Murree was just winding from one
 gulley into another, and over several
 saddle passes, giving us ever-changing views, with
 the glorious snows in the distance, till at last we
 wound right up here to the top.

The hill on which Murree stands faces us, while
 several smaller ridges lie between. We had a glorious
 day for our march, after the thunderstorm and
 deluges of rain, which, of course, made the views all
 the finer. The cloud effects were wonderful, some-
 times we got enveloped, and again they rolled in
 great masses under our feet. . . .

This should have gone to you yesterday for the
 mail, but instead I spent the day in bed. I must have
 got a chill some way or other. This is a big change
 in altitude, 8,000 feet, and perhaps I did not prepare
 for it soon enough; however, even without stirring
 from one's room, this place is just glorious—a
 spot where you might bury "The Grammarian," if
 it were not for a *Dāk* bungalow and an hotel! But
 the "hotel" is a very primitive affair, perched on a
 spur of this hill. . . .

Doctors (of both sexes) are very numerous; in
 fact, Emily has often to stand up for the rest of the
 world! S.P.B. discovered an old Hospital friend
 when we arrived, and yesterday Mr. and Mrs. F. D.
 came up (making five doctors). They have come to
 look after some scattered parishioners, as this is

their summer parish. Their work is hunting up native Christians, and seeing whether those who call themselves Christians are so or not, or if they have any knowledge, for the sweepers sometimes think they will get better places as servants by calling themselves so! Also *some* Methodist Missions baptise at once, without any sort of teaching at the time, and those people are called *pāni-wālās* (those who have had water-baptism!). So there is another answer for you *re* "Christian" servants! . . .

We are going in for Botany at present, but we haven't any proper books. S.P.B. has one with very good illustrations, but very little information, and that mostly popular. Later I will ask you to send me my botanical notebook for next year. . . .

Quite a feature here is the number of swallows—young ones. They fly into our room in the evening. No sooner had we caught and put them out than in they came again. E. and I., having seized two in each hand, there were still four or five flying about!

On top of hill above

Dūnga Gali

Monday. At this moment Emily
 July 29, 1907. and I are sitting back to back on the
 spreading root of a splendid Wellingtonia. These form, perhaps, the greatest beauty of

the mountain sides. You look down as far as you can see, and yet the root starts from further below still. You look up, and the branches are lost in the heights above—and all just one tree, as straight as a rush. One can scarcely believe how many feet it is in girth, for it *looks* little more than a telegraph post! Under its shade now we have had our luncheon and tea, the latter—very appropriately on her birthday—from Aunt G.'s teapot! But we must carry the water with us, for, unless the clouds supply it, it is the one thing absolutely deficient in these hills (generally speaking), and one *does* miss it in the scenery; no lakes, streams, or rivers.

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Yesterday we had a dish for breakfast, and a favourite one in India, which, of course, we know well, but S. P. B. asked the waiter, "What is this dish?" "Irish es-shtew." "And what do you mean by Irish?" "Mixed things!" without a moment's hesitation; it was evidently perfectly clear in the man's mind!

.

Wednesday. We left Dūnga yesterday July 31, 1907. day morning with eleven miles' walk before us, mostly down hill, but we were getting very tired when we came in sight of the quaint, Chinese-like village of Bagnetar. All the hill-side houses have perfectly flat roofs. Sometimes a path—or even a road—may lead across a roof without one knowing it!

But in Bagnetar the roof of each house was the front garden of the one above it! It was quite hard to find one's way about, for you couldn't well step over a roof to the next garden. The people were very friendly, one group of women spread a rug in the middle of them, and beckoned to me to come and sit on it, and then they gathered round and had a good look at me. I asked a man standing by, how many people there were in the village? But he said "In *the city* there are about 200!"

I was sorry to have to run away from them, but with the prospect of a 5 a.m. breakfast and a long march, I had to go to bed early!

*Thandiāni,
Abbottabad.*

Aug. 17, 1907. . . . There is practically nothing to say in the way of news. We eat, we sleep, we go for daily walks through endless forest paths, and to Matins each morning in a nice little wooden church, which would hold about 60, and belongs to the Peshawar Mission. There is a stiff climb of ten minutes, but on our way we see a range of mountains 23,000 feet high, in the Afghanistan direction, which are glorious.

But last week, from a spot a little way from this, I got a sight of Nangiparbat, 28,000 feet. The clouds that hang over the snows all day suddenly lifted, and there it was! A huge mass, barely visible

to the naked eye, but through glasses, just magnificent. I was so afraid I should have to leave without seeing it. . . . Your letters [from Switzerland] might almost have been written here, but that the impression to me is of things smaller and closer—and, more water! There is another difference, too, you go “to the hills” to speak a foreign language, we go to the hills to speak *our own*! and, I can tell you, that is no small part of the refreshment of the holiday to me.

. . . By the way, if you want an Aug. 26th, 1907. excellent picture of many sides of Indian life—in light reading—get Mrs. Croker’s “The Catpaw,” It is not overdrawn, might quite possibly happen, and the descriptions and character sketches are to the life, *e.g.*, the Rajah’s gilt state carriage, splendid horses and liveried men, while the harness was tied together with odd bits of string, and a bag of hay was slung underneath! Talking about books, I am very interested in Trotter’s Life of John Nicholson. . . . I expect to leave this on 30th, and spend the following Sunday with Agatha in Karnāl. . . . Tell Ei I am exclusively using her ink tabloids and they are excellent. It has been lovely having this bit of home so long with Emily and Sam. . . . *Munshi* calls me; we are each doing a little study with him in different languages—Sam in Persian, Emily in Punjabi, M.E.—in Urdu.

Writing on January 5th, 1908, Dr. Barton, referring to this holiday time, said :—

“ May and I had some deep talks in those days in Thandiani ; one thought which seemed to be very much in her mind was the subject of Pain, and, as I had also been thinking a good deal about it, we found it very interesting. From that we got on to the vicarious sufferings of Christ. The illustration of a man giving his own veins' blood to replenish an anæmic dying person, struck us both as very helpful in realizing part of our great sacrifice. . . . Another subject which often cropped up was psychic phenomena, and especially the subconscious mind. We looked at these matters in a broader way than people can generally do at home. There is something out here which is expanding, something in work midst Hindus and Mohammedans which takes one above the ordinary things of this world, which makes us realize that there are other worlds, and that this is just a training ground for the other life. . . . May was to me an ideal lady doctor, keen on the spiritual side, keen on the scientific, and yet keeping womanly all the time, no throwing aside of domestic ways as 'old fashioned,' but just as interested in everyday matters as she used to be in the old Raheny times. India had not dwarfed her, but had ripened her. So we must not be sorry she spent her last few years in India. . . . I do feel it was a time of preparation for the higher work for which she was needed.” . . .

S. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi.

. . . *Monday.* What a strange
 Sept. 2, 1907. thing the Present is ! Here I am driving
 about Delhi in the *tum-tum* as if I
 had never done anything else in my life.

I had better now work backwards, so as to keep you up to date.

The evening before I left Thandiāni we had a long talk about the coming Pan-Anglican Congress. Mrs. Creighton had sent a paper of questions, and we sat discussing them for two and a half hours, Mrs. Ferguson-Davie making notes as we went along in order to answer them. It was most interesting. The questions dealt with all kinds of subjects bearing on missions, training of candidates, different kinds of work, and Indian customs—had we learnt anything in dealing with them? Marriage of women missionaries, our views! Treatment of Indians by English, our observations? etc., etc.

Friday, 30th. My luggage left before 8 a.m. A glorious morning, and at 11 o'clock a large party of us started to walk three miles down the road. We halted under some extra-beautiful pines—Deodar cedars, I think—and had a delicious lunch. After a short rest came the sad part when I went down, and they went up—none of the decision of a railway carriage about it! It made one feel quite bad.

Then, for me, came two or three miles of very steep road, dropping pretty sheer down. I met Mrs. Lankester on her way up, and we sat and talked for half an hour, when my solitary march began again. At 5 o'clock I made myself a cup of tea, greatly to the interest of my hold-all coolie, who watched the things coming out of the basket as if I was a juggler, though he politely sat on the other side of a rock and pretended he wasn't looking!

As it turned out it was lucky I took this rest, for

the *gāri* which should have met me some way further on was not there, and I was now quite ready to complete my 16 miles into Abbottabad, where Miss Crux (of Rewari) met me and took me to her sister's house for dinner; we were to travel together the rest of the way, and at 8.30 the mail *tonga* called for us. It is not an ideally comfortable vehicle, but we were in it until 3 a.m., when we had gone over 45 miles of road; however, except for being very thirsty, I was happy enough. There was then an hour's wait for the train, and the second-class carriage into which we were put was, at various times during the day, crammed with people, including a three months' old English baby, all its paraphernalia, and five Indian women. I was travelling in that train from 4 a.m. till 9 p.m., a distance of 500 miles, and paid R.8 for my ticket! Arriving safely at Karnāl station, Sister Agatha, and Deborah the new hospital assistant, met me.

. . . We slept on the roof that night, and as I was dressing for church next morning at 6 o'clock, Deborah sent for me from a case close by. Luckily we induced the patient to come into hospital, and had a hard morning's work till 9 o'clock—she was very ill all day, but was on the road to recovery before I left on Monday. It was fortunate that I was there as Deborah is only just qualified, and of course, not up to much in the operation line. . . .

During our visit to Karnāl, in December, 1908, Miss King told me some details of this case.

The patient was a very nice Mohammedan girl, and a pupil of hers. When Dr. Hayes saw her, she found it was necessary to have an immediate operation in hospital, but her people made every objection. However, Dr. Hayes insisted, and when arguments failed to convince them, going to the head of the *charpoy*, she called to her nurse to take the foot, and without more ado, carried the patient, bed and all, into the hospital. It was the only means of saving her life, and she felt she could do it. The girl's people, Miss King added, were filled with gratitude afterwards, and the young woman is now strong and well.

CHAPTER X

Rewari Routine

*In the train to
Rewari.*

Sept. 5, 1907. . . . *Thursday.* No opportunity since of getting more added to this. I stayed in Delhi to help at two big operations yesterday, and then waited for the English Celebration this morning, as I cannot come in for the Community one next week, and dear knows when we'll have a *padre* at Rewari, being holiday time. . . . The country I'm going through is wonderfully green, but oh how painfully flat it looks after the glorious hills! Not a mound to be seen as far as the eye can reach! But there now, I mustn't grumble. Rewari *has* its hills, and they look nearly as big as "Sugar Loaf" does from home! . . .

They were all greatly taken up at Delhi with a "Missionary Alphabet," which took place in the Boys' School last Tuesday. Dr. Müller made almost all the clothes. You should have seen her

Chinamen, and the Esquimaux Bishop! India, of course, was avoided. I thought of the time when I was dressing the dear Raheny children for a similar show! . . . I had quite a hopeful letter waiting for me here from C. C. She may possibly come next autumn for a year's work, anyhow.

5 p.m. All the business letters, and accounts, have been gone over with Martha. She had quite a lot of work here in the City while I was away, and things are progressing nicely—fifty-six patients at dispensary to-day, which are quite as many as one cares for single-handed!

. . . The weather is wonderfully cool, only 88° in my room, and I was very lucky all the time at Thandiani. I had an excellent holiday, D.G. in that and everything else, and it is lovely now to look forward to the prospect of increasing coolness.

There is a cry the letters must go, and Martha has to give me over the patients now, for she returns to Delhi in the morning. Heaps of love.

Rewari.

Wednesday. . . . Samakor and
Sept. 11, 1907. and I are at present in the train, on
our way to a village case. . . .

We are now passing a wayside station where I spent most of last Sunday night. Oh, but that bench was hard! and I can imagine both harder *and* softer pillows than my leather bag made under

my head. However, I think I must have slept a good deal till 3 a.m., when my train appeared, for I had ample opportunity of seeing the comet, but somehow it wasn't visible! I managed, any way, to write some of my article for the October number of "Delhi Mission News" then.

A man came for me that Sunday afternoon at 3.50 to catch a train at 4.10. There was not time to get a nurse from hospital, so I took the rickshaw man with me, and should have been back for dinner. But when I had seen the patient, they begged me to go to another village not far off, and see a second woman. She turned out to be the one needing most attention, and I could not get away.

I had my little aluminium saucepan with me, in which I boiled bread and milk and managed to eat it with a biscuit for a spoon! the first half of it at the house, and the rest at the station. I can tell you I found it most sustaining!

Those patients are both doing well, which is a mercy.

. . . *Thursday.* Yesterday's Sept. 12, 1907. expedition was a sorry one—to the same village where I went that hottest of hot days just before my holiday (July 10th). That time I went in an ox *gāri* to the house, this time the only form of conveyance I could see when I got out of the train was a camel—lots of them—but though I had often wished for the opportunity of riding one, I did not relish making my *début* on

it at mid-day! Then an *ekka* was discovered, with the horse careering at the rate of a hunt amongst trees, and a man trying to catch it, which was only accomplished when it got itself entangled in the branches!

More string was added to the harness, and the weight of four people had a wonderful effect in quieting the animal's spirits. Off we went. An *ekka* drawn by a horse is much quicker than an ox *gāri*, but it is truly a bone shaker!

The man who came to fetch me had walked a good fifteen miles in to Rewari that day, so just fancy him running along by the side of us now, as there was not room to give him a seat.

The patient was pulseless when we arrived, and died while I was there.

It appears one section of her people had wanted to send for us sooner, but the other did not want us to come at all, and now, at the climax, when all was over, they took to fighting one another.

Knowing the condition, I had been unwilling to go, it was only when they paid my fees before starting that I consented.

Those death wails are perfectly awful.

.
I have received, since I came back, two parcels from England for the hospital, such nice sensible things, two operation overalls I have quite lost my heart to! By the way, if the school children or others would like to send little things to the nurses

or patients for Christmas, pincushions with pins, sewing cases, with reels, scissors, &c., or little ornaments for their rooms, they would be most acceptable. M.C. sent me this week the £2 from the College grant.* We have a Hindustani work-party here on Tuesdays for Hospital work, i.e., mending or making whatever is necessary. It will keep them going for some time marking "R.H." (Rewari Hospital) on all the new articles. . . . I wish you could see the attitude of my *pankah* coolie just now lying on the floor of the verandah pulling the rope with his foot! It is a position so conducive to sleep that it is not surprising that frequent calls of "*kencho*" (pull) are necessary from me.

Rewari.

Thursday. Mail day and
Sept. 26, 1907. nearly mail hour! I have started a
munshi again this week, which has
much diminished and broken up my writing time; this is chiefly for Hindi, which I have been very anxious to begin. I'm afraid I am dreadfully behindhand with the language altogether, and I have come to be ashamed of asking the nurses a word for the third or fourth time, and then calling them over the coals for forgetting an order I've given them!
. . . . We had quite an honour on Saturday, it was Mr. Allnutt's birthday—St. Matthew's Day—

*The missionary association of Alexandra College, Dublin, gives a grant to all its former members who are in the Mission Field,

and he was here for dinner. He came down to take the services for us next day, and it was very nice to have Hilda Gould for the week end, too. While we were at dinner most of the congregation assembled outside, and sang, "Now thank we all our God," so it sounded quite festive.

Have I made it plain that I am to stay on here at Rewari now? It is much more satisfactory than changing about, but the prospects of help are not very brilliant, and no promise of reinforcements from home. The only hope of keeping this place open for the winter is, if Dr. Müller is sufficiently rested after her time in Kashmir to attempt Delhi with only two Indian hospital assistants, and so spare me for this, and that is not a hope to carry us through next summer, for we could not face holidays with only three doctors. If we even knew that someone was coming the following autumn, we might get temporary help, but if not, there would be no use trying to hold on, and this place, in its infancy—though I think the most hopeful of all—must be closed. The fees here, even now, more than pay my salary. The work is full of interest, and so promising. Can no one come?

Published in the "Delhi Mission News":—

MEDICAL WORK AT REWARI.

BY MISS HAYES, M.B.

"On my way back from my holiday just now, I had the joy of seeing our two beautiful new hospitals fast growing up at Delhi and Karnāl. Though very simply built, they have been



Rewari Hospital.



Courtyard in Rewari Hospital.
(Sundar as Bible Woman).

so carefully and skilfully planned by Dr. Müller, that we fully expect they will leave us nothing to be desired as to working utility !

“At Rewari, where the Medical work is in its babyhood, the contrast is remarkable. Here is a native Indian house, Indian helpers, Indian everything except myself—and being Irish, I’m perhaps the nearest thing possible !

“An Indian house has its advantages, at all events to the Indian mind, which we want to upset as little as possible in such matters ; but the want of ventilation is trying—windows for outside air in our big ward being conspicuous by their absence, except for some holes near the ceiling.

“The hospital has two courtyards—a very distinctive feature of an Indian house. One of these with its surrounding apartments form the in-patient department. In the other, many an interesting group of out-patients gathers morning after morning.

“One can generally spot the village woman at a glance—tall, erect, well-built—carriage trained by carrying her pitcher poised on her head from the well—often a handsome face and keen searching eyes and a great deal of natural charm. Perhaps six companions may come with one patient, and these thoroughly enjoy taking the opportunity of seeing all they can. I believe they often invent diseases for themselves so as to get some more individual attention ! They know that you know they are hoaxing, but the great thing is for them to get to know and trust the doctor Miss Sahib so that they will come to her when really ill—and, of course, they expect her to cure their friend ! the heartrending part is when the friend is incurable, *e.g.*, hopelessly blind or far gone in cancer, consumption, etc., and one can do practically nothing for her.

“The Bible-woman sits in in a corner of the courtyard with her bundle of Scripture pictures, which interest the women while waiting to see the doctor, and give an opportunity of telling them the good news. New pictures are always welcome, but they want to be simple and yet well-drawn, for one forgets

that it requires a certain amount of education to be able to *see* a picture, and if the subject is not thoroughly evident, these people look on it as just so much *paper!* You see they often have no original to compare it to, for a *purdahnishin* knows but her own four walls.

“The Bible-woman’s task is not easy. I think few people in England realise how she needs our help and prayers, and how important her work is. One hopes that the National Missionary Society may stir up Indians to realise that they must themselves be missionaries ; but very often now the post of Bible-woman is simply a means of earning a livelihood just as a schoolmistress-ship is at home, and all schoolmistresses are not missionaries (of course, I use missionary here in its broad sense) ; would that they were ! Well, in addition to this, the Bible-woman has often, day after day, to talk to women who do not care to hear—and all teachers know how dispiriting that is—while she should always be on the look-out for the one in the group who is listening and waiting for the message, and whose one opportunity of hearing it may be this visit to the hospital from her village—ten—twenty—thirty miles away in the jungle. For seldom a day passes that patients do not come thus far—sometimes from even fifty miles away.

“Here are two instances of those who have ‘heard’ within the last two months. They are both now at S. Mary’s Home preparing for baptism.

“Buli is a widow and of some standing, and a lady of property in her village ! She has been coming to hospital off and on for the last couple of years. When this spring she determined to come out and confess her faith in Christ, of course there was a great hubbub in her village—though I’m glad to say it has not prevented other patients from coming ; in fact they use her as a kind of introduction—‘I’m from Buli’s village.’ There was a lawsuit over her land which is still pending. Owing to bad sight she cannot be taught to read, but is a very practical person, and knows so much about cows

that I think Miss Braddon has visions of running a profitable dairy farm with her help!

“The other is Annie, also of good caste—a Rajput, a child of twelve, but old for her years—a bundle of rags and filth dropped by neighbours at the hospital last April. Her father and mother died of plague in one day. She had not been able to walk for over a year, and when I saw her leg—a mass of tuberculosis—I knew that its amputation was her only chance. It was wonderful to see how she took the matter at once into her own hands and decided on operation, and it was with just the same straightforwardness of character that she listened to and took in the Bible stories, and determined like Ruth that our God should be her God. In July, when her only relation, a half-brother, turned up to claim her, she begged hard to stay, and the brother, apparently thinking that a one-legged little girl was of small value in the marriage market, gave her over to us without ado. She is getting so fat and strong now, that I hope we may be able to get her a wooden leg; but even if on crutches all her life, I think she will be able to make good use of both hands and head. She has just been admitted to the Catechumenate. May this little ‘daughter of a king,’ as the name of her tribe implies, learn to be fitly clothed in the raiment of a daughter of the Great King!

“These are hopeful cases—but they are exceptional, and it must be remembered that our work is most often in breaking down prejudice—preparing the way—for what may not come in this generation. I could give many personal incidents of these cases which are often most interesting, where, though the women themselves are never likely to become Christians, yet they learn something, however imperfectly, of what Christianity is, and are less likely to oppose it in their children. Wasn’t it Mrs. Bishop who said that the greatest hindrance to Christianity in India was the Indian mothers? It is our part to try and remove that hindrance. Here one shudders to think in what a light Christianity may be practically displayed in everyday life by oneself and Indian fellow-Christians in

hospital. We do want the home people to do their part of the work well in pleading that we may be true to our calling.

"I am afraid there is not space now to say much of our village work—besides, not having yet been a winter in Rewari, I have done very little of it, but you should have seen how we were received in villages where the people knew Mrs. Ferguson-Davie.

"One great advantage of this place is that we are entirely without competition—there being no other attempt at medical work amongst women in this great village centre—and yet our medical work here is in a very uncertain state. The S.P.G. has been obliged to withdraw its grant, and the Delhi Mission is at least one doctor short. Still we medical people believe so firmly in the soundness of the work here—which I can vouch is carried on on the most strictly economical lines!—that we mean to hold on as long as we possibly can, hoping for relief on both hands and trusting that Mrs. Ferguson-Davies' splendid pioneer work may be allowed to grow and bear fruit."

Rewari.

. . . Early in the week I had an
 Oct. 3, 1907. operation in a private house, which is a big business, especially as the people were an hour and half late in bringing the *gāri* to fetch us, a mere trifle to the Indian mind!

The friends had cleared out and washed a wonderfully good room, with good light, but the house is at the furthest end of the city, and not easy to reach in an ox-cart; however, after to-day I won't have to go very often, I hope.

There is one man, a relation of the patient, who speaks very fair English, and appears for that purpose whenever I am there. On the morning of

the operation, after it was all over, I had to sit and be interrogated by all the men of the household. This is a matter of course, and always happens. At the beginning of the proceedings this man said to me: "Stop, just wait a minute until I call my forefather!" but he quickly corrected himself to "grandfather." Then they set to work in a business-like way to try and make a contract with me; I was to get "plenty" if she recovered, but nothing at all if she died! The reason was pretty plain; they wanted to save the husband expense, in case he had to buy another wife. One can often see them balancing the chance of that cost, in addition to the present fee!

Apropos of fees, last month was so good that I have not had to draw anything from the Mission for expenses, salaries, &c. . . . I get to the Hospital these mornings before 8 o'clock, have prayers at once, with a hymn, and some explanation of the lesson; but the operating-room has to do duty as a chapel!

We had a noisy dispensary to-day—the yelling of the babies was exceptionally powerful. At one time there were five of them at it at once, and you would not wonder if you saw them, the poor little souls. One wretched child had an abscess over the crown of its head, the whole so thickly coated with cow dung that I could not attempt to do anything until that could at least be softened.

Another had a series of unopened boils all

round its neck, forming a kind of necklace—but enough!

I am very short of nurses just now. Kesār has gone to Delhi to be betrothed, the intended bridegroom came down here last week to see her. They held their interview—lasting about $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes!—in my office. She will be married at once when the banns are called.

Rewari.

Oct. 9, 1907. *Wednesday evening.* . . . Judging by the last few days it does not look as if I should have much time for writing to-morrow (mail day), so I start now in the train, even if it is shaky.

I am returning from a visit to my patient twelve miles away. Indeed, each day lately has brought a fresh private patient. I have four of them on hands at present, and getting round in an ox *gāri* is not the quickest way imaginable.

One poor girl has had neuritis in her leg; another, acute rheumatic fever, and as neither of these is cured by the first dose of medicine—as they expect!—they are not very satisfactory patients.

All day Saturday I was ready to wire for Dr. Scott to help me at a big operation on Sunday, but at dark that evening the people came to tell me they had decided to let the woman die instead, so I have heard nothing of them since. . . .

After church on Sunday Samakor and I jogged round in the ox *gāri* seeing people, and then,

when breakfast was over and I was wondering if I might take a holiday from Hospital, a note came to me from the manager of the Nawab's native State at Patandi, an Indian gentleman, asking me to catch the 10.30 train and come to see his wife. There was just time to send flying off to hospital for Samakor and the necessary things. At the end of our half-hour's journey, I found a very nice carriage and pair at the station, very different from the *ekka* that carried me over that same road three weeks ago! . . . Well, I spent there a pleasant quiet Sunday, such a charming family of children and so well brought up—Christians of the third generation. Mr. Chandu Lāl took me for a drive round the State in the afternoon. I saw the Nawab's Palace; he is a very sorry kind of Prince, opium eater, drunkard, &c., but a nonentity.

My duties were all happily over by 1 a.m., and then I went to bed on the verandah, which was practically on the road side, where I stayed till 7.30. I was back in Rewari at 10 o'clock, snatched some breakfast at the Bungalow, and on to hospital. Fortunately not many patients waiting for me at the Dispensary. . . .

I must tell you about a very superior little Mohammadan patient of mine. Her mother is an Arabian, and she is of quite a different type from the people here. She allows me to go and talk to her, and she is very friendly. Miss L. and I were invited to dine there last Monday evening.

I might write pages describing the surroundings, dinner, &c. The hostess was arrayed in a bright green silk skirt, with a broad band of red round the hem, her *chadar* being apricot-coloured silk-gauze, beautifully embroidered. She was covered with jewels like the pictures of Pharaoh's daughter! Her husband's people were there, but *they* were quite Cinderellas as regards dress.

Only three sat at the table, the hostess and ourselves—the rest of the party served, including the mother-in-law, which was most unusual.

The dinner began with chicken pilão (very good), then a course of sweet pilão, which I didn't like—both are largely rice, cooked in *ghi*. These were followed by a small whole chicken, stuffed with with sweetmeats, and the carving consisted in tearing it asunder, starting at the middle of the back! Next came chicken curry, and various other preparations, all ending up with a Huntley and Palmer's cake!

The conversation during the meal would have amused you. We discussed the newest inventions—motor cars, wireless telegraphy, &c.—and it seems that gramophones can now be used to recite the Koran at prayer time, though they did not allow that it would take the place of their own private prayers. I told them the "farmyard story" quite successfully, though "gobble 'em up" did not lend itself to translation into Urdu, nor did "I'll be blowed if I do!!" . . .

Thank you for the books you sent me. I do not

know "The Angel of Pain"—novels are a nice brain-rest, even though there is not much time to read them. But I like them to be good and pure, and English or Irish, also for things not to go very wrong!! that is, I mean, as a rest when I'm tired!

*S. Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi,*

. . . [Anniversary of the day
Oct, 19th, 1907. she sailed for India]. I don't want
this day to completely pass (it is
striking 10 p.m. as I write) without telling you that
I am "looking back" along with you. I know we
have each been doing so to-day! . . .

Martha came down to Rewari yesterday morning to help me at an operation, and then as she could stay for the week end, the brilliant thought struck me that I could go to Delhi in the evening, and so here I am till Monday.

Dr. Müller is not yet back from her holiday, so A.C.S. and I are alone, and of course have both been busy medically, as the hospital is *very* full. . . .

In the train on the way back.

. . . *Monday.* I caught the 5
Oct. 21st, 1907. o'clock train, but stayed till then so as
to help A.C.S. at a big operation.
Miss Sorabji was there with us, too. Dispensary
took up all the morning, so we arranged to have it at
2 o'clock, and did not leave the theatre till 4. Then

after changing clothes and having tea, I was in my carriage at 4.40, and it did not seem a rush!

But I want to give the history of my time on Friday, 18th, (for you are up-to-date after my arrival in Delhi that evening).

Well, we had a tremendous day—nearly fifty in dispensary, and when Martha arrived at 11 o'clock she found me in the midst of my third operation and the fourth applicant (a poor wee mite of 16 days old) was waiting, and adding to the general hubbub in the operating room by yelling for all it was worth!

Martha went at once to the impatient crowd outside, where I joined her as soon as possible.

When they were all finished and gone, I had my *tiffin*, during which she and I discussed the features of the operation for which she had come to help me. The meal over, we had to set to and prepare for it, clearing the theatre after the morning's work, &c. Then the patient took so much chloroform and so long to go to sleep, that when we thought we might surely begin work, we found she was winking at us! (a habit she has!!) and we had to begin all over again.

I forgot to say the first event at hospital that morning was receiving a woman who was carried in, having been kicked by a camel. She required special attention from time to time, as she thought all day she was dying, but the injury was chiefly shock and indignity!

It was late when we got back to the Bungalow, almost 4 o'clock, and at 5 p.m. a carriage came to take me to see a private patient, and that visit over, I took it round to the hospital; as they were all doing very nicely, I went, as you know, by the evening train to Delhi. . . .

Pencil has failed now as well as pen, but the next station is Rewari!

Thursday. While in Delhi it was decided that if nothing serious turned up here at the time, I should go back there on the 30th for the Quiet Day, and then on to Cawnpore for the Retreat. It will be very nice to spend All Saints' Day thus, and I will be very much with you. . . .

I am very low indeed as to our prospects of help. No one seems ready to offer. I rack my brains and have written many letters; one can simply go on living from day to day. If all goes on well, as at present, and Dr. M. is able for the work single-handed at St. Stephen's, I hope things may last till April—without reinforcements they cannot go past May.

Train en route to Delhi.

Tuesday. I began this
Oct. 29, 1907. in 3rd Class carriage, but Mr. P., the station-master, was so distressed at my being there, I had to yield to his invitation and change to 1st! Within their own jurisdiction they can do this.

There is a very extensive "pass" system in India,

Railway people nearly always travel free. I am now with the wife of the assistant station-master, quite a nice woman who wants to talk plenty—not easy in a train. She has her daughter-in-law with her, a dear little girl with such a fair skin—they are both high-class Mohammedans.

In course of conversation she was *very* anxious to know what my sister did, was she married? Well, then, what *does* she do? Most difficult to describe in terms of the unknown—did much work—taught children—helped to spread the Kingdom, &c.! At Patandi Mrs. C.'s sister got in, and now my Mohammedan friend is very keen learning from her how to knit a golf jersey!

. . . . It has been rather a rush getting off. On Saturday Miss L. got a bad attack of lumbago, and was quite disabled; so that morning, what with doctoring and nursing and doing all the *dhobi* [laundry] departments my hands were full. The assortment of dusters in an Indian household you would not believe—plate dusters, kitchen dusters, water, milk, glass, lamp, table, sitting-room, bedroom, then each servant has his own—water man, sweeper man, rickshaw man, *khansaman* [cook], &c., &c. Altogether the *jharan* (duster) is a very important item in an Indian housekeeper's work! Also, being Saturday, there was a choir practice, and, what is much worse, choosing hymns!

We changed to winter hours on Monday, which suits me much better, for the patients are coming

very late now as it is quite cold in the morning. I am afraid I will have to give up sleeping on the roof, which has been so delightful. . . .

Rewari.

Monday. The sun has
Nov. 4, 1907. not yet gone down, and here I am, having done my day's work, unpacked, and been to Evensong, and yet I strolled the roof of St. Catherine's Hospital, Cawnpore, with K. G. for fully half an hour after sunset last night. We have arranged provisionally (*very*) to go together to Kashmir the last week in May!

The Quiet Day in Delhi was conducted by Mr. King, his first address, or, rather, introduction, was given at Compline on Tuesday evening. The subject for the day (Wednesday) was "The Vision of God." 1. How given. 2. Its growth. 3. Its perfection. "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision"—"degree of vision that dwells in a man is the measure of that man"—"They shall see His Face."

After dinner that evening we started for Cawnpore, and the Retreat began with Evensong on Thursday, Mr. King taking it also. His addresses were very full; he did not give them any single title, but "The life of the soul" would, perhaps, be it; on Ps. lxiii., cxxx. xl., ii., The Magnificat (union with Christ) and Te Deum (Perfect union in God). . . . ,

Wednesday. Miss Müller has been here to-day. She and Deborah came down to help me at an operation; she was in very good heart, and we had a lot of talk. She had not been down here since I came.

We have no one in hospital but Brahmins, two very nice women, and their companions, who come to cook their food and feed them, as, of course they would not eat anything we touched. The Hospital is being whitewashed, and they are desperately slow over the job, but I had to admit these two, and one is the big operation case for which Miss Müller came down.

But I must tell you of what happened on Monday, the day they both came in, and when both had to have operations under chloroform, the hospital staff at the time consisting of three, viz., the Bible-woman, the compounder, and one nurse! I got Samakor, however, who is out at a private case, to come and help; the sweeper-woman's services were also necessary, and even then each one wanted three hands!

Well, when the abscess was opened it was so appalling that it bowled over the *Mihtrani* [sweeper-woman] and she had to depart at once. One would think, in that respect, *she* was used to everything under the sun! A little time longer, and we beheld the anæsthetist gradually falling insensible over the patient's head. Fortunately her part of the proceedings was over, so Sundar, holding on to



Mrs. Ferguson-Davie.

Dr. Müller

Dr. Scott.

Dr. Hayes.

Group of Doctors at Laying Foundation Stone of S. Stephen's
Hospital.

the patient with one hand, lowered the fainting woman to the floor with the other, where she remained until the operation was over!

I hope by next week to have the full staff in working order, the holidays will be all over then. There is a Christian widow girl named Ellen arriving from Simla, of whom they all seem to think very highly, and she is said to be very keen on learning nursing. All her relations are Mohammedans; I don't quite know her history yet. I hope she will turn out well, as she seems to be what we want, and then our staff should be:—

Sundar : Biblewoman and matron.

Samakor : head nurse.

Lois, Hashmi, Ellen : under nurses.

Polly John : compounder.

Papers from Chhota Nagpur have come this week *re* laying the foundation-stone of Hazaribagh Hospital (St. Columba's); it is grand to know it is an accomplished fact. Just this time last year I was there. . . .

Now, I must go out and not write any more. The days are getting so short it is quite dark by six o'clock, which, of course, sounds like summer to you at the end of November! and, indeed, our weather now is like perfect summer at home. Heaps of love goes with the sun from east to west every day.

Mission Bungalow, Rewari.

. . . Another week with a letter-
 Nov. 20, 1907. less Sunday. Ugh! The mails are
 coming later now. . . . No word
 yet of doctors coming. Is there any chance of help?
 . . . I am trying hard to get up an English
 choir practice, and have been flying round all after-
 noon to try and get them to come here to-morrow
 for a cup of tea first at 5 o'clock and then practice.

I got home earlier than usual from Hospital
 yesterday, so spent two hours overhauling a little old
 American organ which is lying here. It has really
 quite a sweet tone and is in tune, but the bellows
 are so leaky that playing a hymn is nearly as good
 exercise as a hard set of tennis! We have the
 Hindustani practice every Saturday. Egbert, a
 former member of the Delhi choir, is English
 master in the High School, and sings tenor very
 nicely. It is cheering to hear a part, but at a
 practice lately the trebles were so weak that at the
 third verse I found *all* were singing tenor! . . .

I would like to take up the "Mother's Union"
 here, as it is just a thing I might do. The members
 would be largely the teachers from our Hindu and
 Mohammedan Schools. Have you anything to
 suggest in the way of a course for them?

. . . Do send me "Quits" or any other
 game that would come in handy for having socials
 for Station Railway people in the winter. . . .
 Oh dear me, we are requested to have our reports

reach England by January 20th, which means a fair rush after Christmas, for it is almost impossible to do them before it. . . . Have been thinking of G. H.'s wedding to-day, hope all went well.

Train from Delhi

en route Rewari.

. . . 10 p.m. I came into Delhi
 Nov. 27, 1907. by the 7.30 last evening to help Dr.
 M. at an operation, and am now on my
 way back and due Rewari half an hour after mid-
 night. . . . I have had a very full day; the
 morning was spent in the theatre, of course, and a
 great deal was crammed into the afternoon. There
 was necessary shopping to be done first, and then
 Dr. M. and I went to see the new Hospital. I
 hadn't been there for three months, and they are
 now plastering the rooms, and the whole place is
 simply delightful. . . .

Before I was up this morning, Uddiya, the dear!
 came to my little room to see me. I wish I could
 tell you half of her conversation, but even if I was
 able to do so, I couldn't *act* it as she did, though it is
 funny how one gets into the way, too, of talking
 with one's hands, it belongs to the language!

She was partly making tender inquiries as to the
 welfare of Sundar, who is a great friend of hers, and
 giving messages for her, *e.g.* :—"She sometimes gets
 tired and wants to leave her work; but tell her to
 go straight on, that just the one thing necessary in

life—to go straight on; tell her to be sure and speak to the people from her heart, the people who come to the dispensary and that she teaches.

“ She gets tired and wants to give up, but I say, What are we here for? God has given us each two loaves, one for ourselves, the other to give away, and some day He will say: ‘ And do you mean to say you eat them *both* yourself?’ Oh! tell Sundar she must speak from her heart.”

And all this was so absolutely unaffected, so straight from her *own* heart, and as natural as if she was telling her patients whether they were to take their powders in hot water or cold—a point they are most particular about! Uddiya is going now to Lahore for part of her holiday. I hope later on she will come to me to Rewari. . . .

I can tell you now about Ellen, the girl from Simla. She has a most interesting history, and turns out to be one of Miss La Touche’s converts—as a little child she went to her school for Mohammedan children. When 10 years old her mother died, and she ran away from home to Miss La Touche, with whom she stayed some time.

Finally she declared in the police-courts her determination to be a Christian, and was baptized, after which her people gave her over. She lived at a *padre*’s house in Simla (still going to school from it) till she was 16, and then married a servant of one of the judges. Her husband only lived seven years, and since his death—a year ago—she has been

living with her Mohammedan relations, but from their house going regularly to church. It seems rather a remarkable thing that she should be able to do this, and still be on good terms, though they caused one delay after another when she made up her mind to come here and train as nurse, probably in the hope she would give up the idea. She is such a nice-looking, nice-spoken woman. She brought a step-daughter of 12 with her, who is on her way to the High School at Agra. . . .

I have been so delighted with Dr. Paterson Smyth's "Sunday School Notes," and also in finding that "How we got our Bible" is now to be had in Persian Urdu!

CHAPTER XI

Finishing the Work

*Mission Bungalow,
Rewari.*

Dec. 4, 1907. You will want to know my plans for Christmas. Of course we won't go to Delhi, but spend it here. There will be a *khānā* (feast) at the hospital, when some non-Christians are among the invited guests. I hope also to have a long-promised picnic for the nurses if it can be managed. . . One evening last week, just after I posted my home letter, I went down to hospital and found about twelve Mohammedan women paying a call on Sundar! Such nice bodies as they were. They venture out in the evening because darkness then "forms their *purdah*." I had heard that these visits took place sometimes, but had never managed to hit off the hour before.

They and the nurses were all round the little fire in the "kitchen" having a jolly time, and eating the food they had brought with them. One was a grateful patient, another an out-patient, who has since then come into hospital, but the rest were

strangers to me. After exchange of *salaams* and smiling civilities, a *chārpoy* was set for me in Sundar's courtyard, and my *khānā* (food) brought to me there, while they sat on mats on the floor. I wish I could properly picture the scene for you; the faint glimmer of one lantern at a distance, and nothing but the starry heavens above, the circle of upturned faces round me, for they expected a *samjhāo* (little sermon), and listened so intently while I spoke that "you could hear a pin drop."

Then we had a lot of talk, and of course they finished up with "We call Him Prophet, you call Him Son of God, that's the only difference." But still, is it not a very desirable thing that they should want to come socially like that, and be so anxious to hear all one has to tell them? Our hospital cook is their protégée, as they got her for us, and Masihan, who is the leading spirit among them, looks upon us hospital folk as her special property! Speaking of Masihan, the day after this incident, I saw her in Hospital "reading her beads" (as all the Mohammedans do). It does not in the least interfere with conversation, so I asked her what was the good of it? "Who knows?" she said. "It is God's order." . . .

I have had a fierce cold in my head for nearly a week. Am thankful to say it is gone to-day, but I feel like wet blotting-paper! Yesterday I groaned at the sight of every patient coming into the dispensary. I am afraid my temper was anything but

sweet! In addition, I have been bothered with my cycle; the poor front tyre, through no fault of its own, has had a very bad time with thorns. I have had it off four times since yesterday, and it is still flat, though I can find no leak! . . .

Do you remember the big operation case (internal cancer) that I had early in November when Dr. Müller came down to help me? Well, the patient is going out to-morrow, very pleased and happy. She looks beaming, and has given a donation of three rupees. She has been an excellent patient, though not a very intellectual person. . .

The whitewashing at the hospital seems as if it would never end, and besides that, the four big rooms in our bungalow are now in the workmen's hands to have the walls coloured. All the furniture of my bedroom is in the passage room, which makes it resemble a second-hand store! What with my own clothes, boxes, trunks, hospital blankets, medicine bottles, books, postcards in various stages of development, my bicycle in process of mending, C.I. Gazettes, Punches, &c., &c., you can understand it's not easy to get writing and business done!

You remember a sketch I have of Auntie's from the Yorkshire Moors, a red-roofed farmhouse in trees, with a hill behind it? It is standing on the drawing room table, and is regularly found upside down after dusting. What the bearer actually thinks it is is not certain, but it is quite clear that he believes the chimneys are *legs*. We have tried to point out to

him that it is a house, but to no effect; he never saw a house like that, nor a hill! . . .

All loving wishes for Christmas. That it may be the very best yet.

Mission Bungalow,

Rewari.

Wednesday. . . . I ran into Delhi
Dec. 11, 1907. on Monday evening for one night.

Next day Dr. Müller and I went again to the new hospital and decided finally on the colours for the wards. They are mostly either two very good shades of green, or buff with chocolate dado. The colour will be washable distemper. . .

Ani is to be baptized on Christmas Eve. If possible I must be present, though it will mean not getting back here till it is striking Christmas Day! However, I have got into the way of sleeping most of the time in the train. So I do not lose much. . . It has become very cold now in the early part of the day, and there are numbers of people with coughs and severe colds, such as I had last week. To see the poor creatures coming to dispensary with only muslin *chadars* over their bare skin makes me shiver, and one wants to give them warm clothes all round, for what is the good of medicine and cough bottles in this state of things, it is not much better than their firm belief that dropping something into the eye twice a week will cure cataract! I am going to operate for cataract to-morrow morning on a young woman, and I have

just assured her mother that I *will* "drop medicine" into her eye, but that she will have to lie *very* still after the dropping is done. How does the morality of this come in? Is it good for the nurses to witness? The *whole* truth I couldn't tell them; she and her mother would clear out bag and baggage to-night if they knew there was anything further to do, and it would be so sad, for the poor thing is only 30 years of age. . . .

I have been trying to get a decent photo of Sundar in her courtyard, surrounded by the patients she is teaching, while they are waiting for me. I send it, though I fear it is not much of a success. My consulting-room is the part in shadow at the back. You can imagine how quiet I am when the people are shouting *bhajans* there with her; and opening off this sanctum of mine, on the other side, is the room where dressings, &c., are done, and there, I can assure you, the noise is not less, for a yelling baby is seldom absent from it! . . .

Thursday. When I arrived at hospital this morning I was told that the cataract patient and her mother had been kicking up a row all night, and were determined to go away and not submit to any further treatment, so I had to keep on coaxing and deluding the wretched old mother until the patient actually *saw* the instrument in my hand, and it was too late then to protest against operation!! . . .

Heaps of love to all, and best wishes for 1908.

Why should not that year bring you to [see me in] India ?

In the train again.

Wednesday. . . . I am on my way
Dec. 18, 1907. to Delhi to attend a branch meeting
(South Punjab) of the "Women's
Medical Association, India," and return by the mail
to-night. . . .

I have had a good deal of interesting conversation just now with a Mohammedan girl who is in the carriage with me. She turns out to be a pupil of Mariam Milton, one of the Indian Biblewomen who live in our Compound and do zenana work. She is a most intelligent girl, though rather muddled in her ideas. "Suppose all the Mussulmans in India were Christians. What then?" "Who would give us our **khānā pinā*"? (food and drink). I am afraid her mind runs chiefly on the *khānā pānā* side. She says her husband's mother is a European who ran away with a Mohammedan cook, and became herself a Mohammedan. . . .

We had rather a rush yesterday. Some men arrived at hospital to take us to a village 10 miles away, and there was a hurry to get through dispensary and be in time to catch the train, and, worse luck, just as I thought all was done, two

*An idea is prevalent among some Mohammedans that if anyone become a Christian the Missionary Societies would support them (arising from the circumstance of such support often being necessary in case of the very poor, or of Hindus becoming outcaste).

women and a child arrived on a camel from an outlying village and had to be given special attention. However, that was satisfactorily accomplished, and on my way to the station I was able to get some lunch at home, and also have the *tiffin* basket prepared and wraps put up, in case we had to stay out all night. We expected a drive of four miles in an ox cart or on a camel after we left the train; but when we got to the end of our railway journey we were met on the platform by another contingent from the village announcing, in loud voices, that the baby was born. So our fellow travellers were relieved of all curiosity respecting our mission!!

As it happened a goods train was in the station waiting to go back to Rewari. So we hopped into an empty coal truck and returned! It was all in such a hurry, that we were well on our way back when I remembered that I had particularly wanted to visit a village close to the station, from which a lot of patients came. I am always doing these idiotic things! Of course this whole expedition meant a great waste of time and energy, but such a case is disappointing in other respects, for the next time there is any necessity to send for us, they will wait until the poor patient is dying, and, as has often happened, when we arrive it is too late to do anything. . . .

Rewari.

Thursday 19th. Well, to tell you of my doings yesterday in Delhi. I had a very refreshing happy

day, and quite a good meeting of the Women's Medical Association. We have arranged to meet again in March, discuss cases, &c. . . . Martha lent me her cycle, so I was able to get about hither and thither, and had of course shopping to do in Chandni Chauk. . . . I came in for a lecture at St. Stephen's Club by Mr. Purton on "Reminiscences of Bishop Westcott" [the Cambridge Mission to Delhi was founded by Bishop Westcott]. It brought one back so visibly to the early nineties. I would like to have added some things, *e.g.*, your favourite story of his talks with the students on Friday evenings in the dim light of a single candle! or the flight of the pigeons from the Castle windows proclaiming the close of the coal strike to the waiting crowds outside the gates. I had to go before the lecture was quite over, but it was a delightful evening of Durham memories. . . . Archdeacon Lefroy and his sister from Perth (Australia) were in Delhi and left for Lahore that night. . . . I dined at St. Stephen's Home with Mem Sahib, then back to Hospital 9 p.m., went over the drug list with Miss Müller, gathered up my belongings and caught the 9.30 train, landing in this house ten minutes after midnight, to find my bath water—wonderful to relate—still piping hot in my bathroom. I have been sleeping indoors the last few nights on account of my cold, as it is just perishing in the mornings and evenings. I am thankful to say we are back in our own rooms, and

our things quite straight, which is a very great blessing. . . .

I did not get back to lunch to-day till nearly 3 o'clock, after a long morning in hospital. Two cataract operations and two under chloroform. Last week's cataract patient has done very well, so this morning I operated on her other eye. A few days ago I showed her her six-months'-old baby for the first time! She is now very anxious to get home to see her other children. The second cataract case I had was that of an old woman. She was brought to hospital the other evening by a jolly old Brahmin friend, who was herself operated on just before I went to Cawnpore. The two had come on foot from a village fully twenty miles away, and having deposited her, the old lady toddled off to fetch two more. This friend, fortunately, was operable, and has been so far successful. It is to be hoped that the other two, when they arrive, will be equally satisfactory. . . .

There was a late mail this week; it brought a present from Aunt M. I will write to her after Christmas. Thanks much for Miss MacSorley's Irish Church History. I am delighted to get it, though I haven't got beyond the pictures yet. The other night I had a long talk with the nurses *re* early Church history. I found an English penny hidden away in my coat pocket, so we started with the picture of Britannia and the waves! . . . This must go to post; fancy, by next mail, Christmas

Day will be over! . . . We were quite excited at Delhi on Wednesday over the chance of a new doctor coming from home. We *must* get one! Heaps of love.

Rewari,

St. Stephen's Day, 1907.

. . . Here is my first quiet half-hour, or prospect of one, since last mail day any way. There has been a whirl for some days, like the rest of the world, I suppose, before Christmas; but now that I have time to think, I'll "get home" for a while—grand. Do you know I must be there in some real way, for heading a letter just now I actually wrote "Raheny" as my address!

I have had such wonderful variety in my Indian Christmases. I wonder whatever the next will be!

This was an excellent Hindustani one at 10 p.m. at the Chandu Lāl's. But how did that come about? I will give you the events of the day in order:—

12.30 a.m. I got back from Delhi [where she had gone Christmas Eve for the baptism of "Ani"] with Lois—one of the nurses—and made her up a bed in my dressing-room for the rest of the night.

6.45. *Chhota hazri.*

7.45. Went to Mrs. Munroe, whom I have had in bed this last week, seeing her twice daily.

8 a.m. Full Urdu Matins lasting two hours. During sermon slipped out again to Mrs. M. as she was alone. While getting some breakfast, bell rang for the

10.30 English service. I was obliged to write a couple of letters, so was late for playing the Venite, and after practising the choir, I was so vexed. The wretched organ-blower took a holiday and left me to blow; then (nightmare sort of thing) I gave Mr. Munroe a Hundustani number to an English hymn, so of course it was wrong! Miserable want of method the whole thing. It amuses me mightily when people in their letters talk of my planning my work! though I make violent efforts to do so.

When I got back to the bungalow I found the husband of one of my patients waiting for me. She is the one who appears in the *dhoolie* photo. He had brought a great present of fruit and vegetables in a little cart about twice the size of a wheelbarrow. There was uncooked rice, oranges, almonds, sultanas, sweets, all sorts of vegetables, *and* five rupees "for myself!!" I asked, "Are not all these things in the cart for the hospital?" "Oh, no, there was another for them."

His wife "Dhammi" is such a nice woman. She comes to the dispensary constantly to see me, beaming all over, and is so grateful for everthing.

Next item on programme was opening your parcels which arrived by first post Christmas Eve—so in excellent time—and extracting the nurses' things [gifts from Raheny children], putting them in the donors' rows on my bed to see that they got fairly distributed—such quantities! I tried to give from

each child to each nurse, but it became too complicated; the children should each get a letter of thanks—next mail.

This done, I started off to hospital to see that all was in tow for the evening entertainment and the patients all right, which they were, and fortunately no villagers had straggled in to be operated on! A nurse had to be “criminated,” which was the only sad part, but that was got over by evening.

In odd moments I tried to think how I could make a fool of myself as “Father Christmas,” &c.; made a pounce into a bag and found—my gown and hood! Mrs. W. helped me to make a white wig and beard, which really did grandly under my college cap!

4.30. There was Hindustani Evensong and baby baptism, then we adjourned to hospital. Quantities of the wee native lamps were all over the place—I think we got 100 for 1d.

We had quite a nice set of patients, who entered into the spirit of the thing, also all the poorer Christian women and children.

I had Samakor, my head nurse, back with us, by request, for Christmas Day. The Monday before, I had sent her to the Chandu Lāl's to nurse their children in measles, and it was cheering to me to see the good spirit in which she went, considering her brother was coming that very day from Karnāl to spend his holidays here; hard lines for her, but I had no one else to send.

Well, just as I had got my beard on, Samakor

announced that three men from Pataudi had arrived to fetch me to the Chandu Lāl's, as the eldest child was very ill. It meant being at the station in three-quarters of an hour, but there was just time to distribute the things. After that it did not really matter my not being there. Sundar managed everything very well, and Miss Lawrence stayed on until the people were going away. She, poor thing, had the worst of it, having to spend her evening and take her dinner quite alone after preparations, though, fortunately, we had arranged not to have much of a feast ourselves, knowing our time would be uncertain returning from hospital.

I stuck a miscellaneous bundle of unopened letters into my bag and read some in the train, including E.E.B.'s and a beautiful one from Mrs. G.A.L. When I arrived the boy was better, but had been running a very high temperature—over 106°—all day, in spite of which he was really not very ill, but of course they were frightened. I am thankful to say he was normal this morning. I slept very comfortably, though in my clothes, and did not get up till 8 o'clock, having another read of my letters in bed! The 9.30 train brought me back here again. I caught another cold last Sunday, but it is quite mild now: I feared it was going to be severe on Tuesday night. Rewari must be a healthy place; I was not a morsel tired last night, with all the work. In odd times through the day, I couldn't help thinking, fancy perhaps E. will be here with me next Christmas!

Letters have been simply pouring in. I must try and count them; I hope none have gone astray. I don't think they are nearly all opened yet. Tell T.L. I liked hers so much; and such lots of presents, too, every available spot in my room seems to be filled with letters, or cards, or presents—mostly the latter—lovely things. It is emphatically a year of “cloths,” but they are all quite different and for various purposes, so I am well set up in that line!

. . . I was doubtful whether to go up to Delhi on Christmas Eve for the baptisms, but was delighted that I did. The candidates behaved *very* nicely. I stood sponsor for Ani. She was not immersed, as we did not think she could get down the steps of the font without falling. All baptised from S. Mary's Home are called Mariam, plus some other name; Ani kept her own as Annie, and I rather wanted her to be Ruth—partly from association with our Raheny African child—so she has the three. In the Home they volunteer now to say that she is “a dear,” and though not very smart at reading, &c., she is very intelligent and quick at taking things in.

. . . The day before this expedition—Monday—I got back from hospital for *tiffin* at 2.40 after “laying out” a poor Christian woman who had died suddenly of phthisis there in the morning. Then came two practises (for Christmas) in the afternoon, the Urdu one 4 o'clock in the church, the English one here an hour later, when five people turned up. One hymn on this little organ means exercise!

. . . Now, at end of year, come Reports—hot and strong, of all kinds—Government, Missionary, Cambridge, all in a heap, but, Christmas being well over, one can go at them at once. Before getting our monthly grant from Municipality it has to be certified that all books are kept up to date. . . .

There, I mustn't go on talking any more. I've got nine cloths spread out on my bed to be thanked for, and one bundle of more than forty letters. There is another bundle somewhere too, and such lovely letters. M. M. sent me in hers a photo of the Church (you never told me of the notice board at the gate!). Tell Mrs. C. I was so glad to hear from her. . . . People's wishes have been well realised, for it has been a very happy Christmas. Heaps of love to all.—From your ever loving daughter,—MAY.

We are indebted to the kindness of Miss Kelsall, Z.B.M. Missionary, for the following account of the days spent in Rewari, from the evening of the 28th to 31st December inclusive.

From other friends we learned that my daughter had a long mornings' work in hospital on Saturday 28th, and that when leaving to hurry home for a belated *tiffin*, as she got on her cycle at the hospital gate she was stopped by two men, who came to fetch her to a case in the City. It turned out to be a most trying one, and it was with difficulty the patient

could be made to swallow medicine or food. This was the first of several later cases of pneumonic plague in Rewari.

In the afternoon of this day she took the usual choir practice, and in the evening there was a necessary visit again to the hospital.

Miss Kelsall writes :—

*Girls' High School,
Girgaum,
Bombay.*

Jan. 9, 1908. . . . As I was a visitor to Rewari and saw so much of your dear daughter during the last two or three days of her health, I have been asked to write to you. . . . I was in Delhi on Christmas Eve and present at the baptisms there. Miss Hayes stood by the Font and was the one to lead Ani, the child from her hospital, up the steps. One does feel so thankful now that she had that joy just at the last. . . . I arrived in Rewari on Saturday evening, 28th. Miss H. had had a very busy time at Christmas, but she seemed to have quite recovered from the fatigue. After dinner we three sat round the drawing-room fire. It seemed to me as cold as England, after two years in South India. We were making muslin bags—120 of them—to be filled with native sweets for a Christmas tree that Miss Lawrence was to have for her school children on Monday.

Next day, Sunday, we all went to Celebration and Matins, and Miss H. played and led the singing. . . . Miss Lawrence had such a bad cold that after *tiffin* the doctor sent her to bed, so for the rest of the day she and I were *tete-à-tete*.

First of all she took me down to see her hospital, and when the necessary "dressings" were done, she asked me to come into the ward while she had prayers. We had two chairs, but the nurses sat on beds or on the floor. She gave an address.

I only wished I could have followed it, but I know so little Urdu. However, she told me afterwards that it was about the "great Gift" of Christmas. Every now and then she turned chiefly to one particular Mohammedan woman, the mother of a little boy who had nearly died of pneumonia but was recovering, and asked her questions, and got the Bible-woman to expand what she was saying. They had two hymns, one a native *bhajan*, the other "There's a Friend for little children." I remember the sound of her voice as she gave out the latter, Tin, (3) che, (6) panch, (5) and then seeing the nurses smile to each other, she turned to me and said, "I feel very much ashamed of myself at having to give out a hymn like that, but I *can't* master the Urdu high numbers."

After this little service we went thoroughly through the hospital. You know it is just a Indian house built round two courtyards, and is full of queer native shelves and cupboards. She was specially keen on my seeing a native rupee-hole, so while one of the nurses struck matches she and I took off our hats and, crawling on the floor, put our heads into a recess in the wall under a shelf, and then, by stretching out my arm, I could put my hand into the "well" in which they used to store their rupees! . . . In the wards there were two patients about whom she talked a good deal, and seemed so pleased, professionally, at their progress. One was the little boy with pneumonia, and the other a woman who had double cataract and on whom she had operated. This woman had been totally blind for more than a year, and had a six-months-old baby whom she had never seen. She had come into hospital on condition that Dr. H. should only "drop things into her eye." Telling me her history, Dr. H. said, "I promised her that I would 'drop things,' but not that I would do nothing else!" She operated on one eye, and the first thing the woman *saw* was the instrument in the doctor's hand. I asked her if the patient after that objected to the operation on the second eye? and she said "Oh, no. I think she would have agreed to my cutting off her head if I had thought it advisable!" Then we

went to this woman's bedside, and, standing there, Miss H. touched my buttons, a cross I wear, and other things, asking her each time "What is this?" to prove to me how well she could see now.

The joy of both doctor and patient was delightful and most moving even then, and *now* I love to think how God had let her, even from a medical point of view, see such fruits of her labours. She described to me the delight of the woman when her baby was brought, and she *saw* it for the first time.

These people came from the villages, but Miss H. said that gradually the people in Rewari city itself were coming in greater numbers and learning to trust her. . . . On our way home she chiefly talked to me about the financial part—that so far her fees for private out-patients had kept things going, in spite of having no grant from C.W.W., but that, of course, it was a very hand-to-mouth and precarious way of supporting hospitals.

The next day—Monday—Miss H. went off to hospital, promising to return in time for the Christmas tree at 1 o'clock, and Miss L. and I spent the morning preparing it, and arranging the prizes for the school children. A good many of these were small metal cashboxes, and it seems that Miss H. had pretended to be envious of the recipients of these, so, on a high bough of the tree, I hung one to which Miss L. had attached a label in Hindustani: "Dr. Hayes, 1st prize, for treating the sick with medicine."

Then the children came, all very gorgeously dressed, and marched round the tree—three schools, two Hindu and one Moslem. Miss H. cut the presents off the branches while Miss L. distributed. Presently I said, "You have left one or two things high up still." "Yes, I know," said the Dr; "I'm coming to them soon." By and by Miss L. became afraid that after all, our little joke wouldn't come off, so she got on to a chair to take down that particular box, whereupon Miss H. ran round, quite unconscious of what it was, and said she would cut it off now, which she did, and read out the inscription, amidst much laughter from us and some of her nurses

who had come to the party ; then she made her laughing bows and *salaams* of thanks to Miss L. !

Tuesday morning Miss H. went off as usual to hospital, and in the afternoon came with us to a *khana* [feast] for all the native Christians at the Munroe's. We could not stay long at this party, for we were leaving by 7.30 train for Delhi, and before dinner Miss H. had to ride again to hospital to give final directions. I asked her how the hospital was going to get on for two days alone? She laughed, and said she had told the nurses to do the "dressings," which they often did, even when she was there, and had given out drugs to the compounder to dispense, "drugs which can't do anybody harm!" Then they were to wire to Delhi if an urgent case turned up.

You know that she and Miss L. were going up for a "Community Day" on January 1st, and meant to return to Rewari that New Year's night, so you can imagine how casually, and without putting anything away, she left the house which she was not to see again.

The journey to Delhi is less than three hours, and we parted on the platform, she going direct to S. Stephen's Hospital, I on to Cawnpore, and I knew nothing more until my return to Delhi Saturday evening. . . . I do so want you to be able to feel that those last days at Rewari were all brightness, there was not the least trace of illness or breaking down about her. As Dr. Muller said to me, it has been more like death through an accident than through an illness, and every moment up to the last, just consecrated to her work. None of us can doubt that "all the trumpets sounded for her at the other side." . .

Yours, &c.,

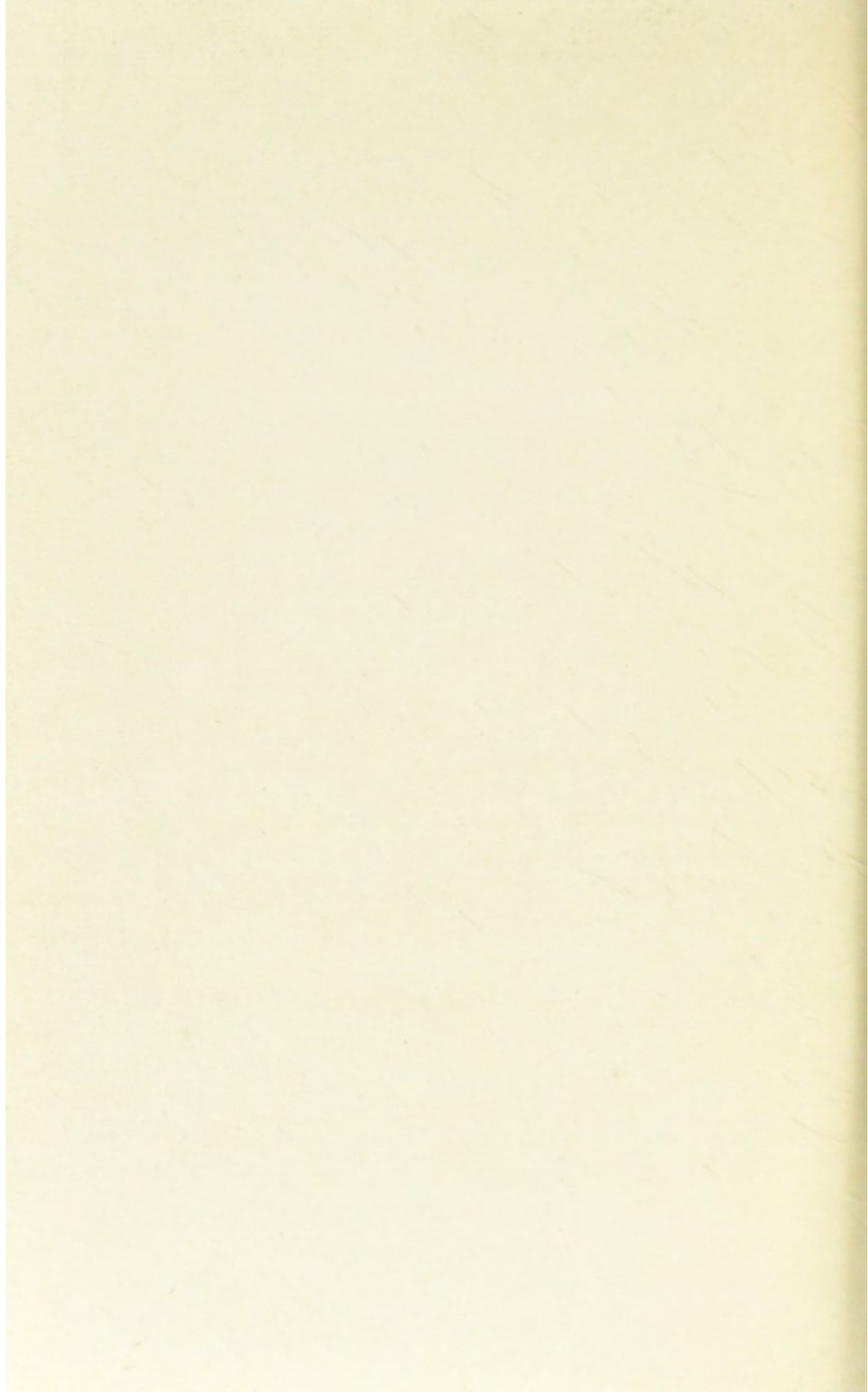
NINA KELSALL.

Letter to Rev. E. C. Hayes from Hon.
Beatrice Macnaghten :—



Marie Elizabeth Hayes.

copy



S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi,

Feb. 11th, 1908.

As I am staying here for a day or two on my way to my sister in Peshawar, I felt I must write you a few lines. I have heard so much from all here of the loss both the Community and the Mission have suffered in the calling away of your sister, that I am beginning to realise a little what it must be to you and them.

But when one hears how everyone speaks of her spiritual influence, one knows the time spent here was not spent in vain.

The nursing Sister was telling me it was quite extraordinary the confidence the patients had in her; and the work she did in the out-station, where she spent the last seven months, was wonderful. It was a lonely place, with many difficulties and very little help of any kind. Her great desire was that all should feel, as she did, the unity of Indians and English; the difficulty of realising that, all (I have met) agree is one of the great hindrances to Mission work; but your sister from the first insisted both by word and act that all were one in Christ.

They tell me she loved the Community, and on one occasion when she had only a few hours to spare from her out-station, she wired to them to have their monthly celebration at 6.30, so that she could be present. She arrived at Delhi after 10 o'clock the night before, and had to leave immediately after the celebration, but she said she felt she must have the fellowship. Forgive me if I have been writing details you already know, but I heard so much before I ever knew she was your sister, that I must tell you how full all hearts here are of her, and what an influence she has left behind.—Yours, &c.,

B. M. MACNAGHTEN.

S. Stephen's Hospital,

Delhi,

New Year's Day, 1908. . . . Must first explain address. Did I tell you it was proposed to have a

social Community reunion within the octave of S. Stephen's Day. So this day was selected, and here we all are. It began with Urdu Celebration 8 o'clock. There was a very nice congregation, the church nearly full. Four clergy administered, and there had never been so many of the Community together in S. Stephen's before. Even the two from Simla came in! There was a long Matins, which hospital people did not stay for. Breakfast was at S. Stephen's Home before 11 o'clock, *tiffin* and tea picnic at Metcalfe House given by Mr. Kelley, and a dinner party at S. Stephen's Home (given by Mem Sahib) at 8 o'clock.

Sad to relate I am not there, but very comfortably in bed! I've had a slight pain in my side all day, which did not in the least interfere with my appetite or exertion, except that I felt a wee bit tired, and later on some "pains in my bones," so I conscientiously took my temperature before dressing for dinner, and as it was 102° I went to bed with a mustard blister instead, which has made me feel quite comfortable and happy. This is the first attempt at a temperature I have had since Easter, 1906, and here I am in my own room and the same bed, which Martha has vacated for me, and everybody to look after me. Martha is delighted to go off to Rewari in the morning with Miss Lawrence, and she knows everything, so I have only to give her my keys.

There have been a lot of feverish "flu" colds

going about. I don't know how I have escaped, but I have told you absolutely everything.

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Of course if there is anything seriously wrong you will have heard long before you get this. . . I have no headache at all, but am sleepy now, so good night. Heaps of love to all from—MAY.

A fortnight before this letter reached her home, early in the morning of Saturday, January 4th, a wire from Delhi said: "Marie severe pneumonia." Scant preparation for the one which followed it four hours later: "Asleep in Christ."

POSTSCRIPT

OUR first Community Social Day was fixed for 1st January, 1908. On 31st December the Out-station workers came in and festivities began with dinner at St. Stephen's Home. May could not get in in time for that, but arrived at the Hospital just after we returned, looking bright as usual, and with lots to tell of her work, and to ask about ours. She spoke of a specially bad case, which she suspected to be pneumonic plague, though there had been no other cases in Rewari as far as she knew. The patient had bitten her finger as she was ministering to her ; a tiny speck was all that could be seen, but she spoke of it that night.

The next morning we all drove to the early celebration at St. Stephen's, and on the way home she and I spoke with sorrow of the absence of our Indian nurses. She suggested that services of preparation might help them to realize their duty and honour.

After our breakfast she borrowed a bicycle and rode off to S. Stephen's Home for a second breakfast, in order to see those who were there ; and that morning took a party to inspect the new S. Stephen's Hospital, then in building.

Nobody could have guessed from her bright way of explaining everything that she was not feeling well. She was so keen, knowing all about it, having helped Dr. Müller last year a good deal in the planning ; she always

spoke of one of the rooms in the Doctor's Bungalow as "My room."

The big Community Picnic was at Metcalfe House, a beautiful ruin on the bank of the Jamna, full of Mutiny memories. When we S. Stephen's Hospital people got there (rather late, for we had had a very busy morning) May was sitting on the ground amongst her friends, making a collar. Some of us chaffed her for working on such an occasion; but it took us some time to get the work put away! That was so like her! She was one of the liveliest at lunch, and gave herself up afterwards to seeing those she knew least—again, so like her! We who knew her best and longed to have a chat had very little chance.

During the afternoon she spoke of a pain in her side. She drove home in one of the hospital *gārts*, and was made take her temperature (in spite of her being "all right") and to let that decide whether she should go to the break-up dinner at S. Stephen's Home. It was 102°. Neither of us was allowed to stay with her, or sleep in her room that night; she was so emphatic, one simply *couldn't*. She gave in to have Chauki, our faithful *ayah*, just outside her door, and during the night called to her for an extra blanket.

Next morning there was no doubt about its being pneumonia and from that day on she was very ill and pneumonic plague was feared; but she held her own, and we were so thankful to have her with us at Delhi, where doctors and nurses were at hand. Every possible care and attention was given. Dr. Müller called in Dr. Sorabji and recalled Dr. Scott from Karnāl. But, in spite of all, she got suddenly worse on Saturday morning, and nothing we could do was of avail.

Mr. Allnutt said the Commendatory Prayers. When he had finished—when she had passed away—one found the room was full. Not only her English sisters were there, but her Indian ones, too, had stolen in; and all were kneeling in deep anguish and great wonder. We agreed afterwards there was much of triumph in her death. So few days away from her work: so brave: so like herself: so much we should choose for ourselves if we could.

We did everything ourselves afterwards. The simple "*arthi*"—not a made coffin, but a plank of wood for the body to rest on, and a bamboo cradle covered with white calico above—was covered with roses; and very early on the Sunday morning, with the stars shining above, and the noisy Chandni Chauk quiet and still, we took her body to S. Stephen's Church, where we had Christ's death in remembrance. Such a strange procession it was! The Indian nurses on either side of the hand bier; the "*arthi*" covered with the pall, we had made for our Sister, Miss Purton—white with a large red cross; in front our Christian boy servant and the *Brahmin Chaprassi*! What purifications he had to undergo we never knew. No one would have dreamt of asking him to help; he did it naturally—a high tribute to May, and so much what she would have wished. None of us will forget that Service. Her cousin, Miss Barton, arrived during it.

Indian men acted as bearers from the Church to the cemetery, among whom, at his own request, was Professor Rudra, Head of S. Stephen's College. The way to the Indian Christian Cemetery is long, and partly through the bazaar. The procession, consisting of the Cambridge Brothers in Delhi, the choir, many of the congregation, Miss Barton, Drs. Gibson and Dawson, from Cawnpore,

and the Community, was a striking sight—a great witness—to both Europeans and Indians who saw it. Six of the Community bore her from the gate to the grave ; and there we laid her amongst Indians—the people to whom she had been so drawn. I can never forget the lesson she passed on to me—the need of, in all possible ways, realising and living up to our unity with Indian Christians. I had been advocating the advantage of having English Celebrations rather than Hindustani. Her retort was, “You expect blessing on self-denial in other things, why not these ?”

Since that 5th January an Indian nurse has been laid close by, and a Community Sister, Agatha Allen, lies at her feet.

A great boulder of rough Ridge stone (on which is cut a very simple inscription), and a recumbent white marble Celtic Cross mark the grave. In Spring, close by is a glorious field of hollyhocks and mustard ; the pigeons coo their lullaby, and there is calmness and rest, though the crowded noisy bazaar is not far away.

One cannot—does not—stop there. She still lives, in the greater knowledge of His love ; and we are conscious of our oneness with her, and are strengthened to go forward with the active work, that the souls for whom Christ died may be won.

EVA ROSEVEARE.

M. E. H.

Delhi, Eve of the Epiphany, 1908.

Nay,—not beside her kindred lay her now ;
God's garden holds a fitter resting place,—
Here, among these her Indian friends, for whom
Her home and all she loved were left behind ;
So let her sleep until Christ comes again.
She followed in the footsteps of her Lord ;
His Spirit's quickening Presence lent such power
That from her hands healing of dread disease
Passed to the bodies of Christ's suffering poor.
Her loving touch restored to darkened eyes
Heaven's sunshine, and that sight to mother's heart
Yet dearer, of the children round her knee.
But greater than this transitory good
She brought her sisters medicine for the soul,
Showed them a Light which never shall grow dim,
Th' immortal glory of the Son of God.
Having forsaken all for Jesus's sake
She counted not her life a precious thing,
But gladly gave it, too, for those she loved
Far better even than that life itself,—
A love than which there is none greater found ;
Therefore to her the Saviour's word is sure,
When He createth new both heaven and earth,
All she forsook for Him an hundredfold
Will be again restored ;—and till that day
May His face shine on her in paradise.

E. L.

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