

A glimpse of India : being a collection of extracts from the letters Dr. Clara A. Swain, first medical missionary to India of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

Contributors

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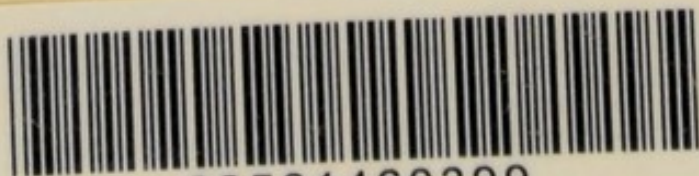
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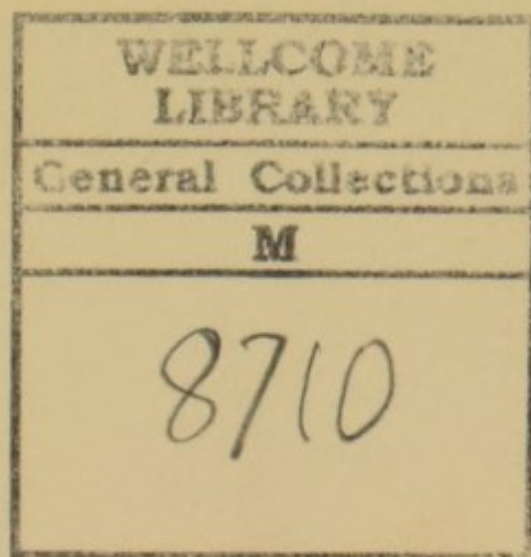
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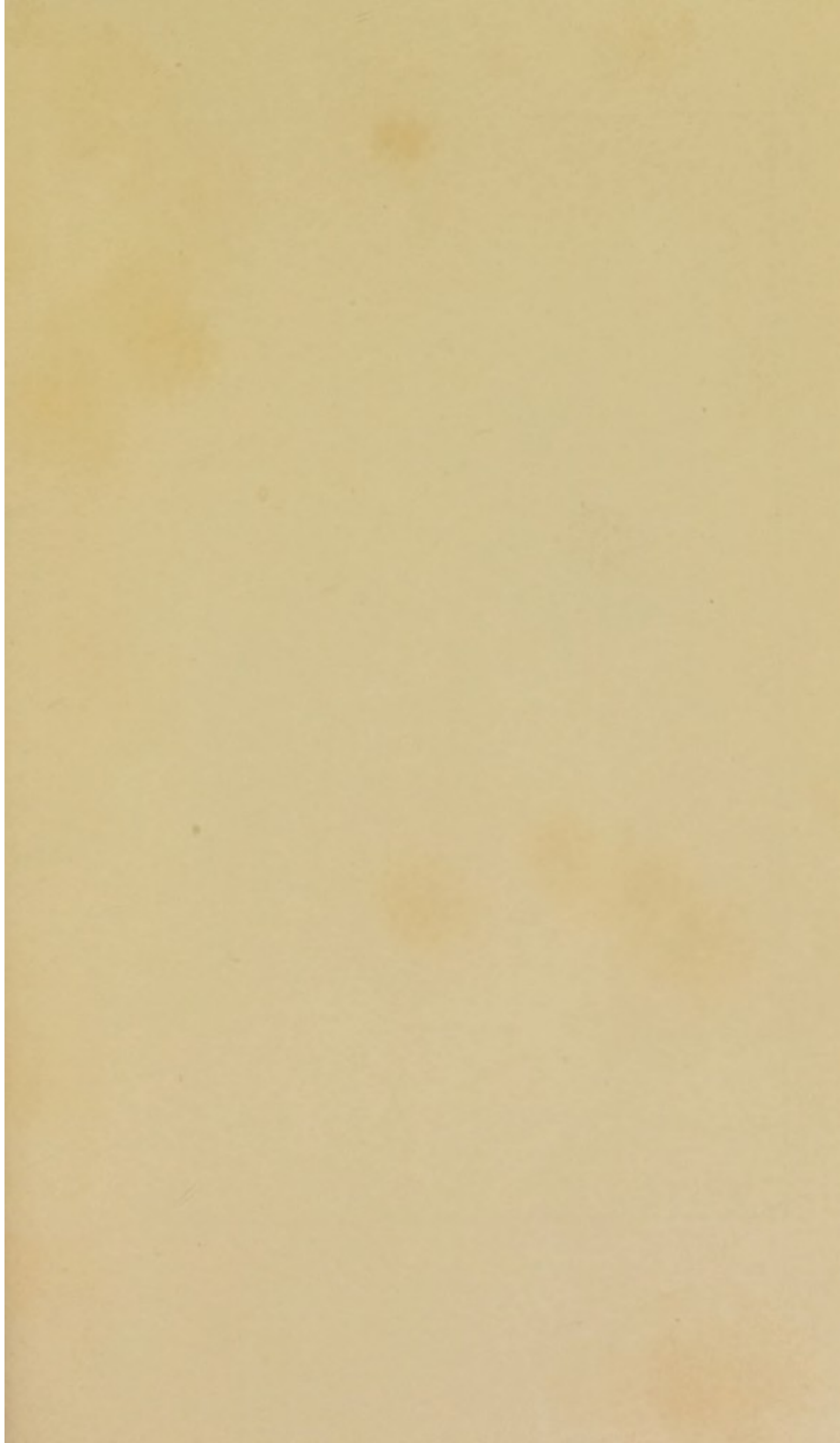
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A Glimpse of India









*C. A. Swain, M. D.,
1869.*



Miss I. Thoburn.

A Glimpse of India

Being a collection of Ex-
tracts from the Letters of

DR. CLARA A. SWAIN

*First Medical Missionary to India of the
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the
Methodist Episcopal Church in America*



NEW YORK
JAMES PUTT & COMPANY

MUMIX

1893



C. A. Webb, M.D.,



Miss L. Thoburn.

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Foreword

I*T was with extreme reluctance that the writer of these letters was persuaded to allow them to be made public.*

Her family and personal friends have carefully preserved them with the thought there might, at some time, be a call for their publication, and the author has yielded to the entreaties of her friends to let the general public have a share in the pleasure of those who have so delightedly enjoyed them in private circles.

A favorable opportunity has occurred for them to be reread, extracts made from the originals and arranged for publication.

It will readily be noticed that Dr. Swain was devoted to her work, not only as a profession, but as a means of carrying the Light and Life of the Gospel into the darkened homes of those to whom she ministered.

The contrast between the first and second part of her book is marked. In the one she found a people ready to accept physical aid and not wholly unacquainted with the customs of foreigners and the religious ideas of the missionaries already among them. In the other she was among a people who, with regard to Christianity, were as barren in mind as are the waste deserts of their native province.

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Foreword

It required courage to enter upon work of any kind amid such uncongenial surroundings and unsympathetic people but the need was great and there were strong indications that the Master had work for her to do among them. Who can doubt that this was God's own plan?

One may sow, another may water, but faith receives the assurance that God WILL give the increase.

C. L. R. H.

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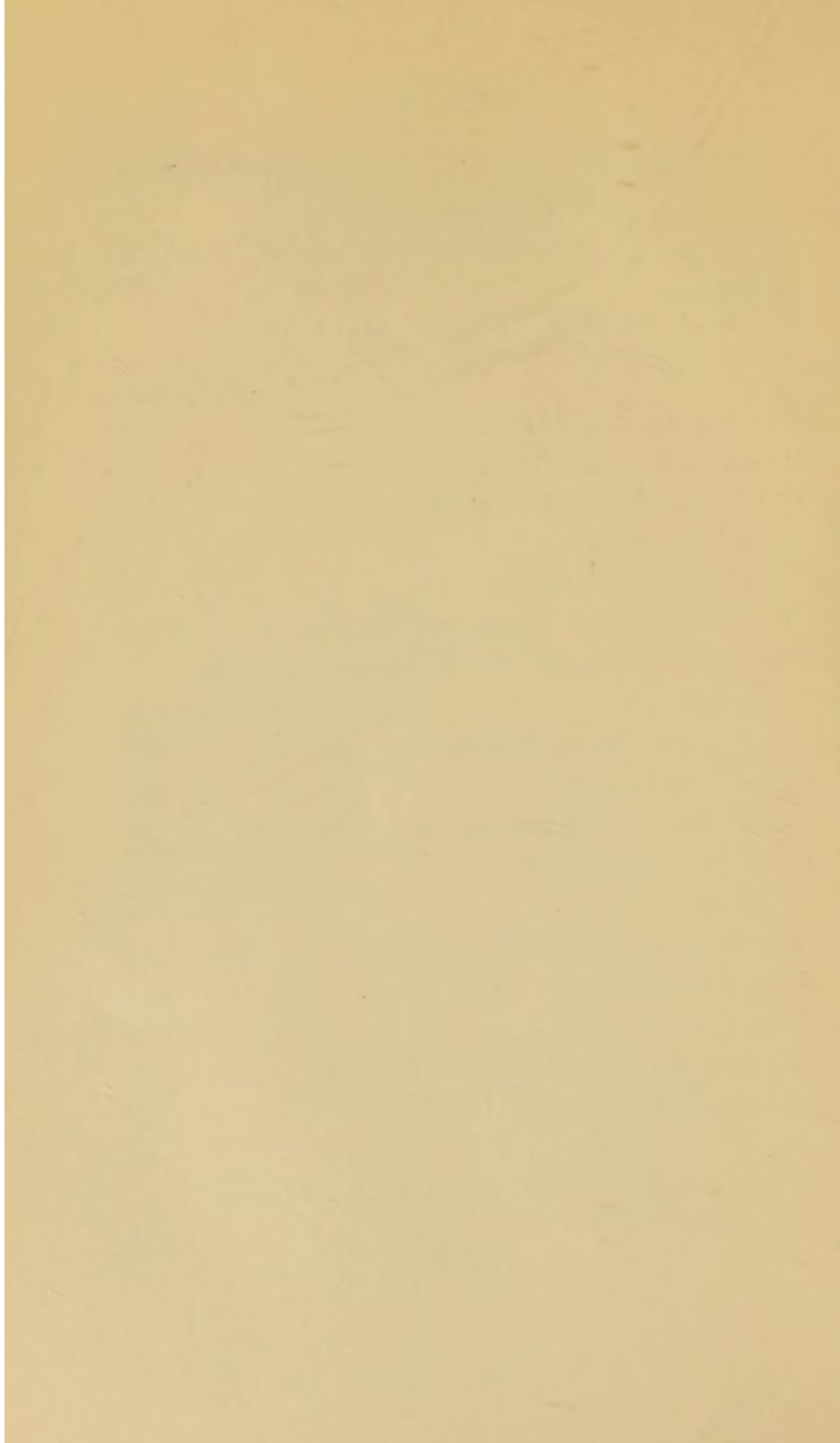
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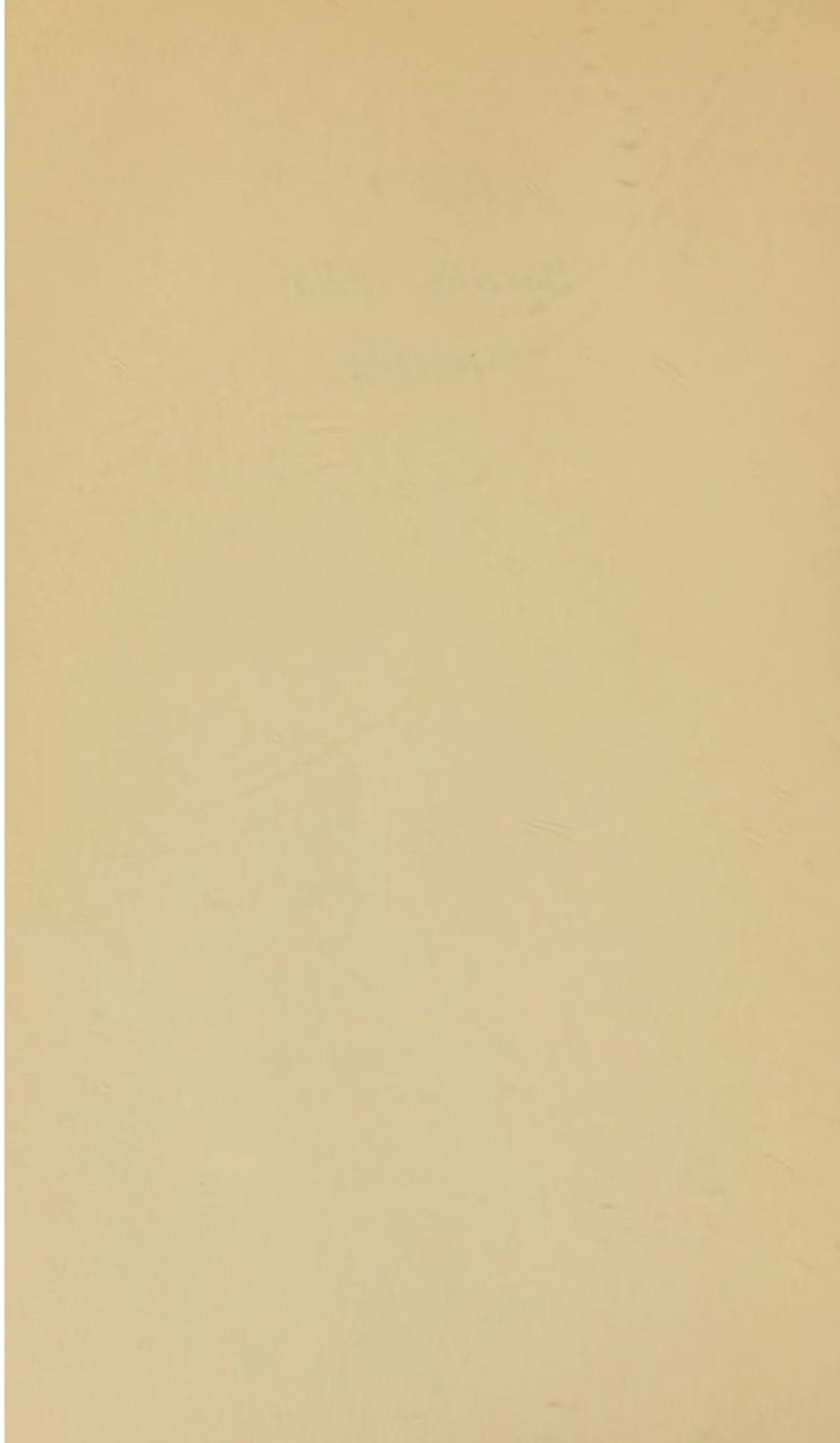
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Part I

Bareilly, India

1870-1885



I
Outward Journey

New York, Oct. 30, 1869.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I am very glad to report my safe arrival in New York after my much dreaded journey. I reached the city about noon and made my way to the mission rooms without difficulty, where I met Dr. Durbin and Dr. Harris, the missionary secretaries, who gave me a hearty welcome and offered me any assistance I might need in packing or other arrangements.

Dr. Terry took me to his home where I am to remain until we sail, and I found Mrs. Butler there waiting to receive me. She wished me to go to Passaic to spend the Sabbath with her but I excused myself as I preferred to go to Brooklyn; however, to my great annoyance the expressman failed to bring my trunk so I was disappointed about going to Mr. C——'s as I had intended. I considered the detention of my baggage providential when, at the breakfast-table this morning, Dr. Terry told me that a love-feast—the one hundred and third anniversary—was to be held to-day at the John Street Church, and I must not fail to go. I thought at first that my untidy

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condition would detain me, but I could not afford to lose so rare an opportunity so I decided to go, hoping that the exercises would be so interesting that no one would notice me.

Perhaps you will remember that the John Street Church was the first Methodist Episcopal Church in America. It was organized with five or six members and they struggled through many difficulties in trying to erect their building, but it was finally completed in 1766. It has been rebuilt once since that time. It is a plain, neat building, and is called "The Stranger's Church." Rev. Mr. Corbit is the pastor.

The love-feast was beyond description. I can only say that it was glorious. There were a great many old people present some of whom gave very clear and wonderful testimonies. They sang old Methodist hymns and shouted just as people used to when we were children. I was greatly blessed and profited and could not help thinking what a precious place to spend my last Sabbath in America—among these fathers and mothers in Israel, and in the church which is the mother of all the branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this great nation.

The president of Dickinson College addressed the people at the close of the love-feast. He is a man of culture and deep piety. His sermon was very appropriate for the occasion and seemed to come home to

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many who were greatly blessed and occasionally made the old church ring with their "Glory" and "Hallelujahs."

In the afternoon there was a reunion of all the former pastors of the church and the aged ministers of the city. It was interesting to listen to their experiences. There was one minister present ninety-five years old whose testimony for Christ was very encouraging for young Christians. It was a rare treat indeed and one which I do not expect to enjoy again in this world. I trust that I may be counted worthy to attend the great reunion in the better land, not only of ministers and people of our own Church but of those of all nations who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Monday morning.

Dr. Harris tells me that he has engaged our passage on the steamer *Nevada* which will sail Wednesday morning, November 3d, bound for Liverpool. I shall finish my packing to-day in order to have one day of rest before sailing. I have not yet seen Miss Thornburn, my travelling companion. She was expected on Saturday, and is, probably, at some hotel in the city or with friends.

I may not have time to write more than one letter Wednesday morning, and as I promised to write to Dr. Greene that letter will be for all of you.

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Liverpool, England, Nov. 17th.

Here I am, safely landed in Liverpool, as well and happy as can be expected after a twelve days' rocking and rolling on the ever-restless ocean. The weather was fine all the way and our gallant ship did its part nobly. Miss Thoburn and I had a pleasant state-room with two berths, and everything provided for our comfort.

We left New York at half-past two in the afternoon and after we had lost sight of the city we went down to our room to make all necessary arrangements, intending to go on deck again and stay until we were out of sight of land, but this pleasure was denied us. We had not been on deck long before we were glad to hurry back to our room and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. There is no sickness to be compared to seasickness. I will not try to describe it, experience only can make one understand and appreciate it in all its phases. The captain was disgusted with us. He said if the voyage were two or three days longer he should be tempted to throw us overboard; that he seldom had such a smooth and beautiful voyage and he did not see how any one could be seasick.

We were on deck every day but two, going up early in the morning with our pillows and blankets and staying all day. Our meals were brought up to

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us, and the captain was very kind and tried to tempt us with a variety of food.

We found some very pleasant people among the passengers, Rev. Dr. Smith and wife of Chicago, editor of the *Baptist Standard*; Dr. Reid and daughter of New York and Dr. Newton of Brooklyn, one of the physicians in charge of the Eye Infirmary. He and his wife were going to Europe on their wedding tour. I found that Mrs. Newton was educated at the seminary in Canandaigua and was acquainted with many of my old friends. We had a very pleasant time "talking about people," as Cousin Louis says. When we arrived in Liverpool these friends asked us to go to the hotel with them, which we were very glad to do as we found no one at the dock to meet us as we had expected.

We arrived on Sunday and the gentleman who had been requested to meet us did not receive the letter until Monday, so we were obliged to attend to our baggage ourselves. I had my two trunks and six boxes to look after and the thought of having them all opened and examined was not pleasant, but the custom-house officer accepted my statement as to the contents of my trunks, and after looking over my lists passed them without giving us much trouble.

We had not been long at the hotel when Mrs. Kelly, sister to Mrs. Butler of America, called and

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invited us to her home to remain until the time of our sailing, and we are now in her delightful home.

Seventeenth.

This morning we received information that no steamer on which we could obtain passage to Alexandria would leave here for, at least, ten days; so, as our stay in England will be thus prolonged, we have decided to go to London to-morrow and spend a few days in seeing the sights of that great metropolis.

London, Nov. 18th.

How little did we think one year ago that this date would find me in this great city. We arrived at half-past two this afternoon and found Dr. and Mrs. Smith, our steamer friends, pleasantly situated in a private boarding-house where they had also secured rooms for us. They invited us to share their sitting-room and order our dinner with theirs, and we already begin to feel quite at home.

Nineteenth.

We were delighted with our journey yesterday. The farming country is beautiful; the farms look like finely cultivated gardens bordered with well-kept hedges, and occasionally we caught a glimpse of a large house surrounded with trees and flowers, which looked like a home of wealth and comfort.

We began our sightseeing this morning, making

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our first visit to the Tower, where we spent two or three hours among the relics of the past. We were admitted to three of the towers, and were shown the place where Lady Jane Grey was executed. While there a company of Highlanders came near and played a mournful dirge upon their bagpipes—so weird that it was almost painful. The Jewel Tower and St. John's Chapel each had interest for us.

Leaving the Tower we drove to the Museum and spent the rest of the day there, where we saw so much to interest us that we were filled with regret that our time was so limited.

Twentieth.

To-day we visited the Houses of Parliament. The buildings are rich and massive and there was much to admire. You have, no doubt, read much better descriptions of the notable places in London than I can give you. This afternoon we have been to City Road Chapel where Mr. Wesley saw so many of those to whom he preached brought to Christ. Everything about the place is held sacred. The same pulpit is there which he used and it stands in the same place, but I believe it has been lowered a little.

Do you know that Dr. Goodfellow, a returned missionary who spoke at our farewell meeting, presented me with a frame made from the wood of this pulpit? Dr. Durbin's picture was to have been put

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in the frame but it was not finished, so it will be sent to me.

Standing by the graves of Wesley, Bunyan, Dr. Watts, Adam Clarke and others I felt like renewing my consecration and asking God to give me that love for His cause, that spirit of self-denial which caused Wesley to give up all that was dear to him for Christ's sake. How God blessed the labors of those earnest workers and gave them souls for their hire! And how much better the world is to-day because they lived and labored for the salvation of souls!

Twenty-second.

I have about come to the conclusion that it is quite impossible to go out sightseeing all day and try to write my journal-letter in the evening. I am so tired to-night that I can scarcely think.

We expected to attend Mr. Spurgeon's Church yesterday morning but hearing that he was quite ill at his home we went to Westminster Abbey where we listened to a fine sermon from Dean Stanley, and in the afternoon at St. James Hall we heard Newman Hall. His subject was Repentance, and he made a most earnest appeal to the unconverted and to those who had grown weary in the work for Christ. The evening found us at City Road Chapel where we also heard an excellent sermon.

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Twenty-third.

To-day we visited the Crystal Palace, a charming place made beautiful with plants and flowers surpassing in color and variety any collection I have ever seen. It would seem easy to be good in the midst of such surroundings. A few hours' stay among the tombs of England's kings, poets and historians, and a walk through the old cloisters where the monks used to walk and repeat their prayers, ended our sight-seeing. These cloisters are all that remain of the old Abbey. We returned to our rooms with grateful hearts for this unexpected and delightful visit to London.

Liverpool, Nov. 26th.

We returned to Liverpool Wednesday evening and are again guests in Mrs. Kelly's pleasant home. We have been down to see the steamer on which our passage is engaged and find that it is a small coal steamer with only one cabin for ladies, in which are four berths. Everything looks clean and comfortable. We have each purchased a steamer chair, rug and a few other things for our comfort on the voyage. We were told that the steamer would sail on Saturday and that it would take seventeen days to reach Alexandria. Only one lady besides ourselves has engaged passage. Mrs. Kelly and her family have made our visit so pleasant that it seems almost like leaving home again.

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Saturday, 27th.

Mrs. Kelly's son accompanied us to the steamer this morning. The officers are very kind and gentlemanly; there is no stewardess or doctor. A few gentlemen have come on board, among them a young clergyman of the Church of England, who is going to India to officiate as chaplain in an up-country station. He was accompanied by an elderly gentleman who seemed rather anxious about him and asked us to pay him some attention in a friendly way. The lady who was to share our cabin has given up her passage.

Mediterranean Sea, Dec. 10th.

This is the first time I have taken up my pen since we left Liverpool. Contrary to our expectations our steamer did not sail until Monday, the twenty-eighth, so we went on shore on Sunday and attended church.

We have had a rough voyage so far, but to-day the sea is more quiet and we are feeling better. In the Bay of Biscay the waves washed over the deck and broke the skylight in so that the water poured into our cabin and we were deluged. Fortunately the things that we had taken out of our trunks for daily use had been placed in the vacant berths, so they escaped a wetting, but whatever was on the floor was thoroughly soaked. Our small ship rolled and tumbled but proved victorious over the great waves. To-day

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we are gliding smoothly along and are really enjoying the sea. We caught a glimpse of the snowy tops of mountains on the Spanish coast, and on the seventh we passed Gibraltar, the "Lion of the Mediterranean."

Fifteenth.

We have seen such lovely sunsets of late. Miss Thoburn says they are worth our long journey, seeing them gives us such pleasure. Early this morning we steamed into the harbor of Malta, and as soon as the ladder was lowered over the side of the steamer men rushed up on deck to show their wares. There were various kinds of merchandise ; beautiful Maltese and Italian laces and the most exquisite jewelry.

We looked longingly toward the town and wondered if it would be safe for us to go on shore and presently the captain came up and assured us that we would have nothing to fear. He engaged a boat and helped us down the shaky ladder and wished us a pleasant time. We were met at the landing by an official guide who took us up a street which was all stairs with houses on each side. All the supplies for the people on these hilly streets are carried up by hand. The streets were full of beggars who caused us much annoyance until the guide drove them away. We visited St. John's Cathedral, the government buildings, the Armory and the palace gardens. Oleanders,

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poinsettias, and geraniums grow here very luxuriantly and are like small trees. The making of lace and jewelry are the chief industries.

Alexandria, Nov. 21st.

We left Malta on the evening of the fifteenth and arrived here early this morning. As we have some hours to spare we are going for a drive through the city.

. . . One of our steamer friends invited us to drive, and we went quite a distance to see Pompey's Pillar and the Obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle, so the time has passed quite pleasantly while we are waiting for the train for Suez.

Steamer Krishna, Red Sea, Dec. 25th.

While you are, I trust, sweetly sleeping we are floating down the Red Sea beneath a scorching sun, fanned by Arabian breezes.

I cannot realize that this hot day is Christmas. It seems too hot for the Fourth of July even.

We left Alexandria on the twenty-first and crossed the country by rail to Suez. You will see on the map the part of the country of Egypt through which we passed. We crossed three of the branches of the Nile. The soil is very fertile and well cultivated though the farming is done in a very crude and ancient

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style. We saw men plowing with a long stick for a plow and a cow and a camel yoked together. The people are very poor and miserable, living in little huts of stone or mud. We are told that they raise large crops but they are obliged to pay such heavy taxes that it keeps them very poor. We saw large cotton and wheat fields, and palm and orange groves loaded with ripe fruit which looked very tempting. We arrived at Suez at seven o'clock in the evening and were immediately surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, all anxious to get hold of our luggage. The gentlemen in our company were obliged to attend to their own business and we stood among this crowd for nearly an hour trying to hinder them from taking our parcels.

One of the gentlemen came to our relief as soon as he could adjust his own affairs and took us to an English hotel where we met two young ladies who were sent out as missionaries to India by the United Presbyterian Board. There were four of them who left New York the Saturday before we sailed, two of whom were appointed to Egypt. These ladies had just come from Cairo in company with Rev. Mr. Ewing who lives there. He was the first American gentleman we had met since leaving England and we soon made his acquaintance and were proud to introduce him to the English gentlemen of our

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company. Mr. E—— seemed pleased to see us and regretted that we could not visit Cairo. We Americans had supper by ourselves and after supper Mr. E—— proposed that we charter a boat and go down the Suez canal which opens into the bay about two miles from the city. It was nearly nine o'clock when we started. The evening was delightful and so light that we could almost see to read. Mr. E—— and our English friends discussed the question whether the canal would be a success or not, and the former gentleman was very sure it would be while the others shook their heads doubtfully.

We saw some of the machinery which had been used in digging the canal. It is very quiet along the shores now; the houses which had been occupied by workmen are vacant and everything is at a standstill. The company has used all its money and nothing can be done until another appropriation is made. It is a grand work and has already given employment to hundreds of poor natives.

I believe that the building of railroads and canals and manufacturing establishments will do much to aid civilization. The country is overflowing with people who are lazy and indolent and who will lie or steal to get a mere subsistence, while some would work if they could get employment and were encouraged and taught. I cannot help thinking that good practical

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business men who can teach these people would be most successful.

To us the great want in Egypt seemed to be something for the people to do, and we thought the same in Malta.

We reached the canal and after sailing down it a short distance pronounced it a success and all joined in three cheers. I wish I could describe to you the beauty of the scene as we sat in our boat just at the entrance to the canal. The water was calm and as smooth as glass, not a wave or ripple except what was caused by the slight motion of our boat. At our right we could see in the distance the lofty barren mountains and the valley where, it is said, the children of Israel camped before crossing the Red Sea. The sight of the mountains suggested many thoughts and reminded us of their historical relation. After seeing something of the country and the customs of the people we could imagine, in a slight degree, the appearance of such a multitude in their camp, and we fancied we could see the women with their kneading troughs and cooking utensils upon their shoulders. The women still carry the burdens. We see them in the fields watching the cattle and the herds of sheep. It was two o'clock when we returned to the hotel.

Mr. E—— left for Cairo in the morning and we came on board the steamer *Krishna*. Here we found

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Mr. Ballentine and wife, the cousin of Miss D—— whom she told me about just before I left home. Mr. B—— goes to Bombay to engage in the cotton trade and his wife is anxious to take up missionary work. They are both young and very pleasant and companionable. There is also a missionary and his family returning to India from Scotland. He is employed by the American Board and has been in India eighteen years. He gives us many words of encouragement.

I cannot tell you how glad we are to meet so many good people. Our company numbers eight and we have one end of the table to ourselves which is very desirable. The rest of the passengers are English, most of them officers and their wives. We have had the Christmas service read and no doubt we shall have a sumptuous dinner.

It is so warm I must put this away for the present.

II

Arrival in India

Bareilly, India, Jan. 25, 1870.

MY DEAR SISTER :

When I laid my letter aside on Christmas Day I did not think that so many weeks would pass before I should be able to write again.

The latter part of our voyage was very rough and I was too sick to write, and I had five sick ones to look after besides myself as there was no stewardess or ship doctor. I cannot bear to think of the sea, it treated me so badly.

We were met at Bombay by Rev. Mr. Bowen, a missionary who took us to lunch and arranged for our journey up-country. We were detained at Nagpur over a week waiting for our trunks. Mr. Thoburn, who met us there, was obliged to leave us in order to reach Bareilly in time for the conference. Our trunks came at last and we left Nagpur on the evening of the 17th of January in one of those delightful "*dāk gāris*" which Mr. Coffin describes so perfectly in his book "*A New Way Around the World.*" We appreciated his experience more fully when one of the horses lay down in the road and the men tried for an hour to get

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it up ; when they succeeded they left us alone in the conveyance while they went back three miles for another pair of horses. All around us in the jungles we could see fires built by the natives to keep tigers away from their huts.

We made ourselves as comfortable as possible with blankets and shawls, closed the doors of the conveyance and lay down for a nap, weary and I fear a little discouraged, but sleep came to our relief and when we awakened the men had returned with fresh horses and were hard at work trying to make them go. We reached the Government Rest-House at Jubalpore toward night the next day just in time to miss the train. Fearing this might happen Mr. Thoburn had made arrangements with a European family to entertain us and we were cordially welcomed in their home. As there was no train we could take until the next day, we had time to rest and visit the city.

Many of the wealthy business men live on the main street. The houses are gorgeous, some of them two stories high, painted with a great variety of colors and ornamented with pictures of idols and temples and queer-looking animals. The merchants and grain-sellers do all their business out on the verandas in front of their buildings ; they keep their goods piled up on the veranda and sit by them waiting for customers.

Arrival in India

We passed several shops where men were making ornaments for the nose, ears, ankles and toes. They would hardly be called jewelry as they are made of various materials, some of silver, some of lead and some of a very thin material of different colors which looked like glass. The leaden rings for the ankles were very heavy; it would be hard for some of us to raise our feet with such a weight attached to them. In addition to these anklets the women wear an ornament on the big toe which looks as if it might be painful.

We saw men beating brass and making it into plates and drinking vessels, and others making brown earthen vessels to hold water. Their methods of manufacture are very simple as well as their way of living.

We travelled by rail to Cawnpore which is one hundred and eighty miles from Bareilly. Here we left the cars and took a *dāk gāri* again but I am happy to say that the horses were more civilized and seemed to know their duty, and two or three men could make them start.

But we had great difficulty in getting anything to eat for there was only one Rest-house on this route and it was almost impossible to make the men understand what we wanted; however, by pointing and making various signs we succeeded in getting some tea and the bread used by the natives.

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It was six o'clock in the morning and we had a hard day's travel before us and we wanted some food to take with us but did not succeed in getting any so we were obliged to fast until we reached Bareilly.

When we arrived at the river Ganges we left the *gāri* and were carried across the river in small *doolies* carried on men's shoulders. The bridge of boats seemed rather unstable but we were taken safely over and were not sorry to find *gāris* ready for us. We saw men and women bathing in this, their sacred river, and met many more on their way to it. Many things that we saw on our way up-country touched our hearts and led us to pray earnestly that God would make us useful to this people in teaching them of the true God and how to lead better lives.

We reached Bareilly about five o'clock in the morning, January 20th, and were warmly welcomed by the missionaries by whom we were to be entertained and after a refreshing bath, a few hours rest and a comfortable meal we were ready to meet those who had been anxious for our arrival. The annual conference was in session and all the missionaries of our Church in India were in Bareilly with their families and we were soon introduced to them by our hostess. The women shook hands with us and kissed us and all seemed to talk at once.

As soon as I could get a hearing I asked if there

Arrival in India

were any letters and five were brought to me. Life seems different to me already and I appreciate more than ever everything that is good and noble. The words of love and good wishes and the many assurances in my letters that I am faithfully remembered in prayer are a great comfort to me, and now that I have been brought in safety to India where I am to work for the Master I feel the need of the prayers of my friends more than ever. As I begin to realize what is before me and the expectations of the people concerning my work my faith and courage almost fail me.

January 26, 1870.

Conference is over and nearly all of the missionaries have left for their respective stations, all seeming eager to get back to their work.

Sunday could hardly be called a day of rest. At eight o'clock in the morning occurred the conference love-feast. All the services were held in the Orphanage schoolroom which is used as a chapel, and at this early hour the room was full. The testimonies were given in English and in Hindustani, some of the missionaries appearing to use the latter as fluently as the natives themselves. Though we could not understand what was said in the native tongue the happy faces of the Christians who spoke and of the orphan girls who testified of Christ's love for them and His

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saving power, gave ample evidence that they understood the spirit of Christianity. The singing was all in Hindustani and the hymns were certainly sung with spirit. A hymn-book was handed to me but though I knew the tune the words of the hymn were beyond me. Occasionally there would be short, earnest prayers and a few verses of a hymn would be sung to a native tune in a most enthusiastic manner. Truly it was a blessed beginning of the sacred day.

Eleven o'clock was the hour for the Hindustani preaching service and the chapel was crowded. Bishop Kingsley preached in English, his words being interpreted by one of the missionaries. We could understand every word of this simple but excellent sermon. Then followed the communion service, and after that the native Sunday-school. The opening exercises were conducted in the chapel, then the classes retired to the small rooms, coming together again at the closing hour. There was a special service in the afternoon for the older girls of the Orphanage which I did not attend as I wanted to rest a little before the evening service. This was an English service and besides the missionaries quite a number of the English residents of Bareilly were present, notice having been sent around the station that Bishop Kingsley would preach. Weariness was forgotten as we listened to the forceful, eloquent sermon, uplifting in its simplicity, convincing in its

Arrival in India

earnestness. I could have listened for a much longer time.

A light supper was served at six-thirty and then occurred the social missionary service of prayer and praise, just a family of our Father's children talking together of His loving dealings with them and of the sweetness of His presence and His care over them through the year just past. I did not wonder that it was hard to close such a meeting though the hour was late.

Conference week is the only time in the year when the missionaries are likely to meet one another. Some live in isolated stations where there are few or no Europeans, and even if there are European residents the missionaries are so occupied with their own work that there is not much time for social life, so these annual gatherings are precious privileges in more senses than one.

We enjoyed the conference sessions very much. We were formally introduced at the Monday morning session and as the bishop gave us the hand of welcome the conference rose to greet us. We were asked if we would say a few words but we did not detain the conference long with our speeches.

The missionary ladies met every afternoon to talk over their work and to estimate for the work of the coming year, and these meetings were preceded by a

A Glimpse of India

delightful prayer service which was, indeed, a time of refreshing.

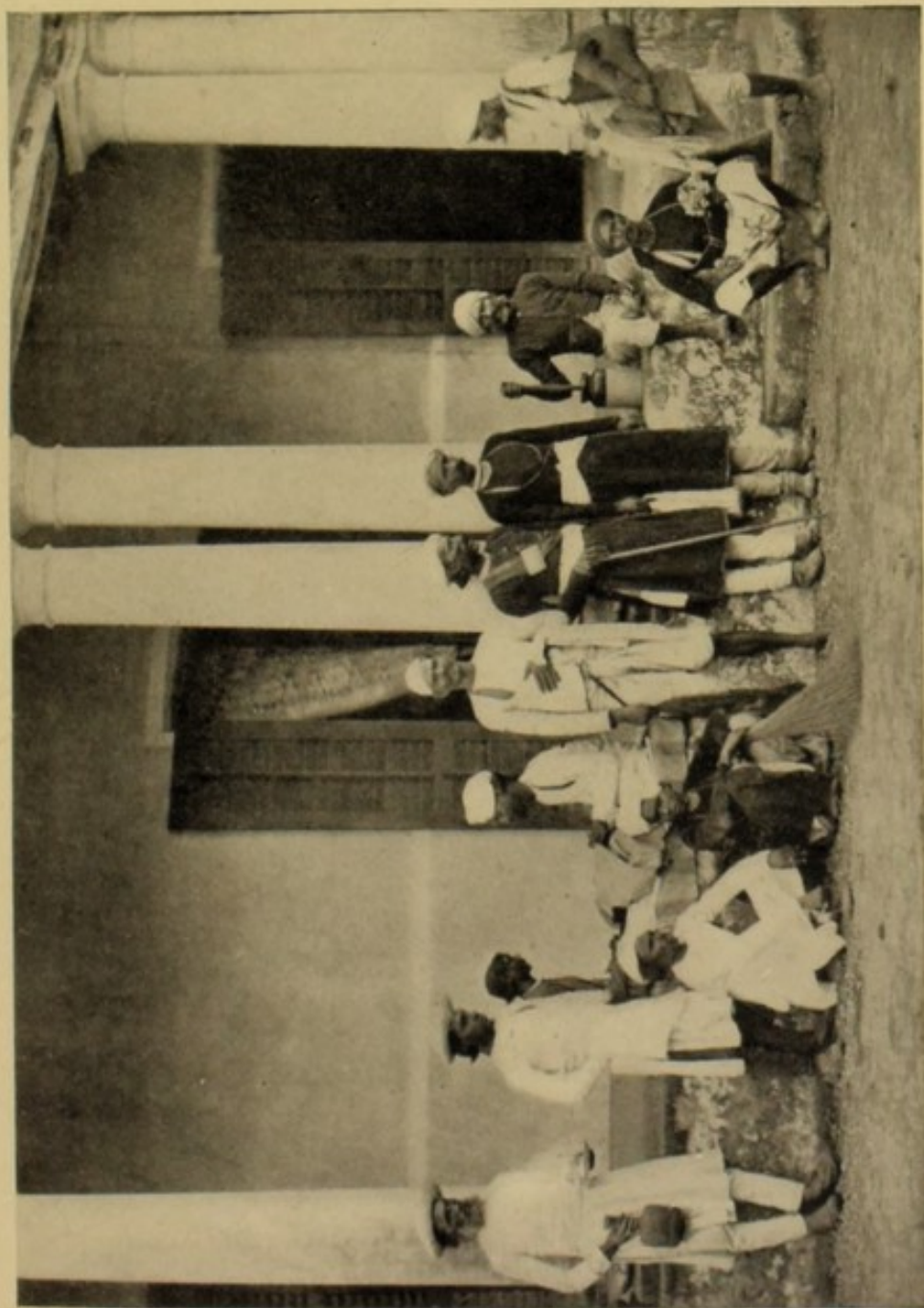
The conference adjourned on Tuesday and Miss Thoburn and I received our appointments, Miss Thoburn to educational work in Lucknow and I to medical work in Bareilly. It would have been pleasant for us to be in one station but the needs of the work had to be considered.

My medical work really began the day of my arrival. When I came out of my room in the morning I found a company of native Christian women and girls eagerly awaiting the appearance of the "Doctor Miss Sahiba," and with the aid of a good missionary sister I was able to understand their words of welcome and find out what I could do to help them. As I had no medicines with me I procured a few simple remedies for their ailments from Mrs. Thomas who has quite a little dispensary for she has been obliged to care for the sick in the mission compounds and the Christian village as well as the girls in the Orphanage. I had fourteen patients that first day.

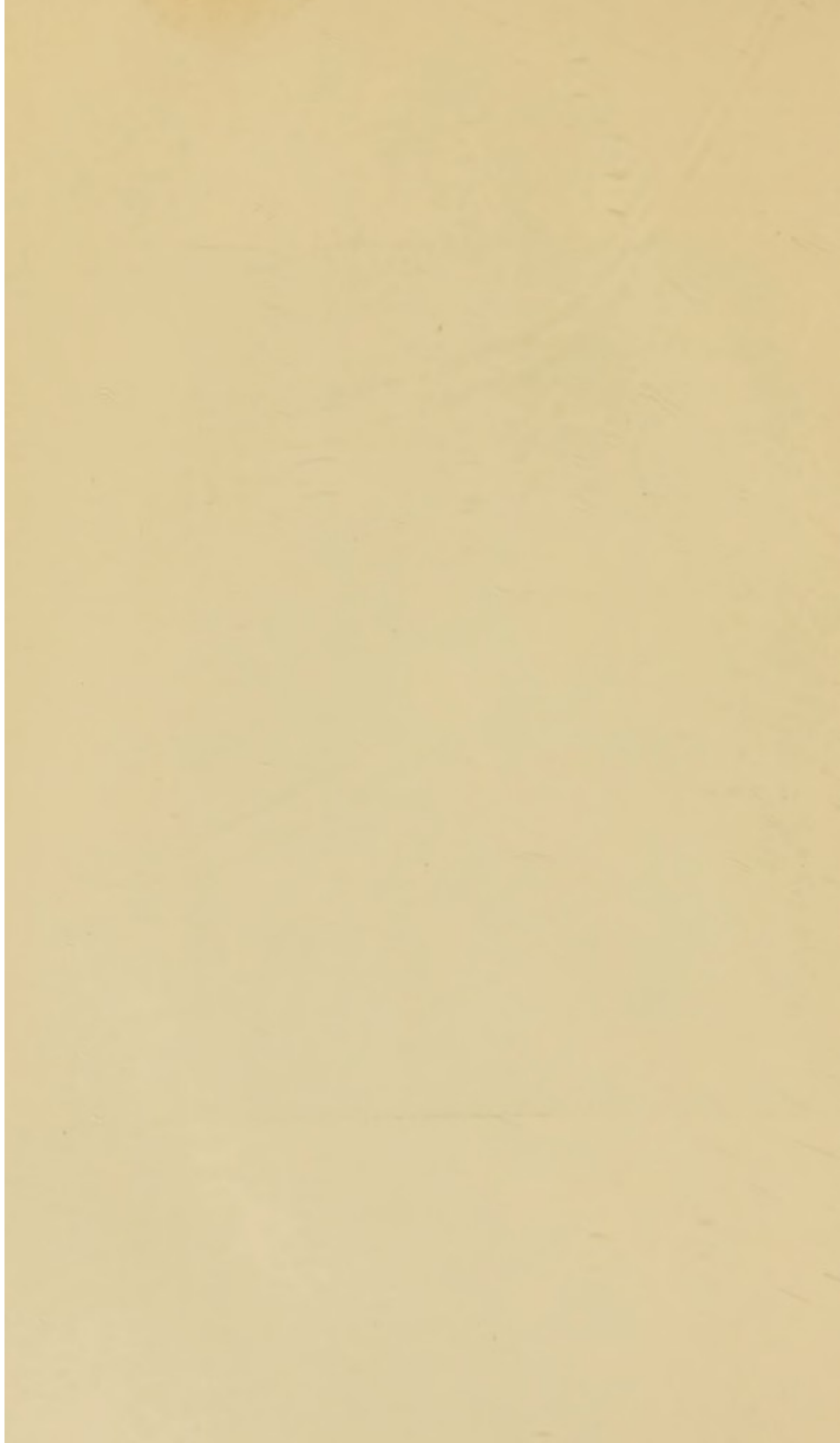
February 5th.

MY DEAR M——

This is my third Sabbath in Bareilly. The first Sabbath Bishop Kingsley, who was here for the conference, ordained six native preachers. The serv-



Household Servants.



Arrival in India

ice was very impressive. We were told that some of these men were obliged to give up their wives and children and all their friends when they became Christians, as then they break their caste, and it frequently happens that a woman will turn against her husband or son when they change their religion.

Last Sabbath we had services in Hindustani; most of the congregation were natives and they all sat on the floor in the chapel and listened with great attention. The Sunday-school exercises lasted until noon and there was preaching at four o'clock. This is the regular order of exercises through the year.

I have just returned from Sunday-school and am glad to say that I have a class. A few of the older girls in the Orphanage understand English and Mrs. Thomas has given them to me to be taught. I understand scarcely a word of the church services, so this Sunday class is quite a boon to me.

I cannot say that I am disappointed in India. I find it much as I expected, except that the country is more beautiful. I have a pleasant home here and find things very comfortable. Mrs. T—— says that a number of girls are ready for my medical class and I am anxious to begin with them but may be obliged to wait some time yet for my boxes of books and charts. It takes a long time to get things up from Bombay.

A Glimpse of India

I can scarcely realize that the ground is covered with snow at home while it is so warm and delightful here. The peach trees are in bloom and so are the strawberry-vines and the mango trees. Just now we have guavas, oranges, limes and a fruit called pumelo, which resembles an orange and looks like a pumpkin growing on a tree. This is the season for vegetables and we are having peas, string beans, lettuce, cabbage and beets. Rice is much used here and we have it cooked in a variety of appetizing ways. The mutton is good and we have beef, fowls, and fish occasionally. Mr. T—— keeps cows so we have milk for our tea and coffee, and the cook makes a fresh pat of butter every morning. The cows in India give very little milk ; some people keep goats and buffaloes ; the latter give much more milk than cows and their milk is rich in butter.

The two mission houses and grounds are very pretty and pleasant. The houses are one story high built chiefly of sun-dried brick, plastered over and whitewashed and have tiled roofs. They have wide verandas which add to the beauty and comfort of the house. Very little wood is used in building. The floors are brick and are covered with coarse matting over which are cotton floor-cloths stamped in neat patterns. There is a fireplace in my room and on the mantelpiece stands my favorite vase filled

Arrival in India

with beautiful roses and sweet jasmine. The gardener brings me fresh flowers every other morning.

Tuesday, 7th.

It is near sunset and as I look out through my open door I see dark-faced men dressed in white and different colors going home from their daily work, some on foot and some in small conveyances drawn by a pony or a more pretentious one drawn by a pair of trotting bullocks. The wealthier natives are usually carried in palanquins or in *doolies* on men's shoulders. There is a great variety of vehicles, all strange to a foreign eye. Elephants are used considerably for riding and camels for carrying burdens. We see them passing every day.

Quite a number of native gentlemen have called to pay their respects, as they say. Some of them have told me that they appreciate my having left my native land and all my friends to come here to care for their women who can never see a physician of the other sex. I have had several invitations to visit some of their houses. One day I was asked to see a sick person in the home of one of the richest natives in the city, and when I came away the gentleman of the house handed me a gold piece worth eight dollars.

The news had quickly spread abroad that a lady doctor had come from America to treat the sick and

A Glimpse of India

that she would visit them in their homes, or any sick ones might come to the mission house where they would receive attention and get medicine free of charge, and men, women and children came, with ailments real and ailments fancied, coughs and fevers being the chief troubles.

When I go to the city Mrs. Thomas or a native Christian woman who understands English accompanies me to act as interpreter. One of my first visits was to the house of a Hindu gentleman who had been among the first to call and pay his respects to me. His family consisted of a wife and one child, a boy six years old, the pride of his parents and the joy of the household. The servants were always ready to do what he asked and his every wish was gratified.

We were cordially received and after the usual ceremony of offering *pān* or betel-leaf and various sweetmeats, which etiquette required us to taste, I turned my attention to my patient, whose illness proved to be the result of a long-standing disease which, in due time, would yield to proper medical and hygienic treatment. She seemed quite happy at the thought of being well again some time, and both she and her husband assured me that my directions in regard to diet and the taking of the medicine regularly should be carefully observed.

I was much interested in the appearance of this

Arrival in India

native lady. She was shy and modest, richly dressed and seemed quite intelligent. She had always lived in seclusion, knowing almost nothing of life outside her own home. She asked many questions about our dress, our customs and our religious faith. Her husband has an office under government and is much more liberal in his views than are most Brahmans. He is teaching his wife to read, and said he would like her to learn needlework if we could send some one to teach her, which we will gladly do.

You may like a description of this native house. On entering we passed through a small apartment used as a stable for the horse and cows, and through a doorway which led from this into a square open court, on two sides of which were open verandas with sleeping rooms back of them. One of these verandas, with its apartments, seemed to be occupied by the servants, and the other served as the sitting and dining-room of the family. A thick cotton rug lay on the floor and there were two small mats, three chairs, and a small table. The gentleman received us and asked us to be seated and he then brought his wife and introduced her, telling her to shake hands with us, and bringing forward a chair motioned to her to be seated. It is, I believe, unusual for a native woman to sit on a chair in the presence of her husband, this honor being accorded only to the mother of sons; in this

A Glimpse of India

case it showed the happy relation existing between husband and wife, for the woman sat with uncovered face and showed no embarrassment even in the company of strangers.

We have visited other znanas, and are invariably offered *pān*, which I must describe to you. A betel leaf—which is pungent in itself—is washed and on it is laid a little tobacco, a morsel of lime, some broken bits of the betel or areca nut, some cardamoms and one or two other aromatic spices, and then the leaf is folded over into a three-cornered shape and fastened together with a small thorn. It makes quite a mouthful. *Pān* is used by all classes of natives and by all ages as a digestive after meals. The chewing of it gives a very unpleasant red color to the mouth and lips, but that does not detract from the pleasure enjoyed by the user. It is always offered to visitors, and we accept it, but take it away with us and find a way to dispose of it.

III

A Favorable Introduction

February 18, 1870.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I enjoy my visits to the Orphanage, and am never happier than when surrounded by the little brown faces. I enclose the picture of a little orphan who has lately come, and is waiting for some one to adopt her. She is a bright little thing and is beginning to learn to adapt herself to school life. This famine has brought in a great many homeless waifs. The expense of supporting a girl in the Orphanage is thirty dollars (\$30) a year, and she remains here until she is capable of becoming a teacher or Bible reader or she marries. The girls are taught to work and make themselves useful as well as to study. Much attention is given to Bible study and it is pleasant to see what interest even the little ones take in it and how quickly they memorize. I think if some of our good people at home could see these little destitute ones it would not be long before they would all be adopted by patrons in America.

The children gather around me and kiss my hand

A Glimpse of India

and get hold of my dress as if they feared that I would leave them. They are very loving and affectionate.

Every morning a little company of them, in charge of a teacher or an older girl, come to my room for medicine, some with sore eyes, some with a touch of fever or a cold, some with a cough or sore throat. All these little ailments are attended to, but the little ones are in no hurry to leave, and they frequently have something to tell which amuses and interests me.

February 20th.

My boxes containing my library, medicines, charts and skeleton have arrived. They were six weeks coming from Bombay by train and by ox-cart. It seems like a fresh breeze from home to see and open them. My trunk, which a gentleman mistook for his, was sent off to some place in the Punjab, but it has been returned to Bareilly, so I have now all my belongings and shall soon begin my class work.

There are fourteen girls in the Orphanage whom Mrs. Thomas has taken great pains to teach both in English and Hindustani with a view to their studying medicine should the mission succeed in securing some one from America to instruct them. There are three married women who were taught in the Orphanage who wish to join the class, so I shall have seventeen pupils.

A Favorable Introduction

Twenty-fifth.

I have had a number of patients from the city and a few from the Christian village across the way this morning, and I was asked to go over to the village to see a woman who was not able to come to the bungalow. I found her lying upon her cot—a string bed—without either mat or sheet under her. On the mud floor beneath the bed were some coals and hot ashes to keep her warm. Not a bad idea for such a chilly morning, especially when one is suffering from a malarial chill.

It is interesting to see how these people make the best of their limited means and yet are comparatively comfortable. A string bed, a drinking vessel, a large brass plate, an iron plate on which they bake their unleavened cakes and a vessel in which they cook their rice or vegetables often comprise the whole of their earthly possessions. You can see how much less trouble it is to them to move from one place to another than for us. They bundle their goods together, put them on the bed, and a man or woman carries the load off on his or her head while the family follow on behind. I often meet such a procession when I am on my way to the city.

I am learning a little every day of the language and customs of the people and the more I learn and mingle with them the more I see of the difficulties I have to cope with.

A Glimpse of India

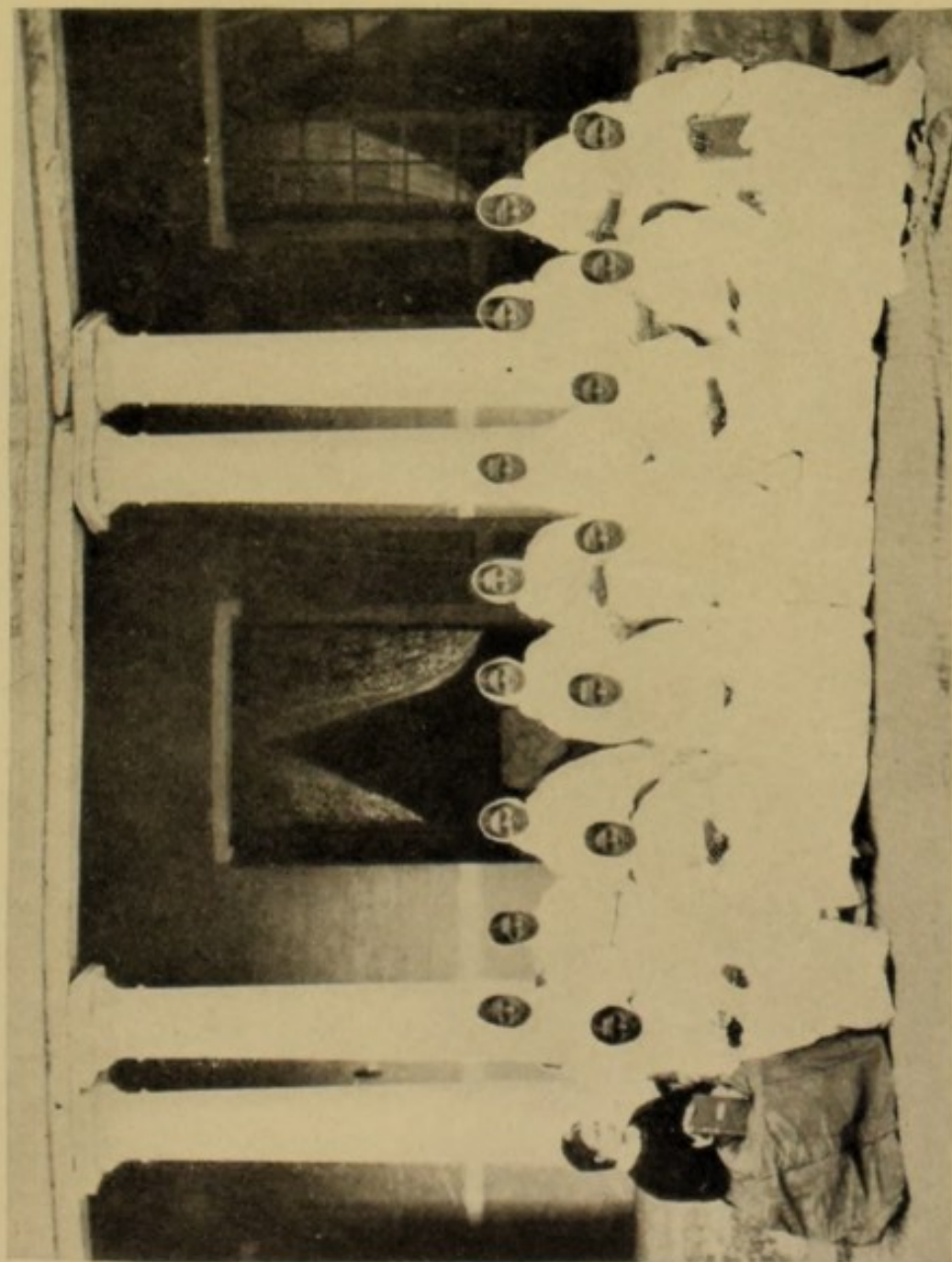
March 6th.

On the first of this month I began my medical class with fourteen girls from the Orphanage and three married women. Two or three of the girls understand English very well so that one interprets for me as I give the lessons in my own language. At present we take anatomy, physiology and materia medica. We meet every morning at six o'clock in one of the class-rooms of the Orphanage school building and spend from one to two hours on the lesson. The skeleton which, you remember, astonished the Liverpool custom-house officer so much when he opened the box, hangs near me. One of the girls when she first saw the skeleton, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Sahiba, how will this woman rise in the resurrection with her flesh in America and her bones in India?" I leave you to answer this question in your next letter.

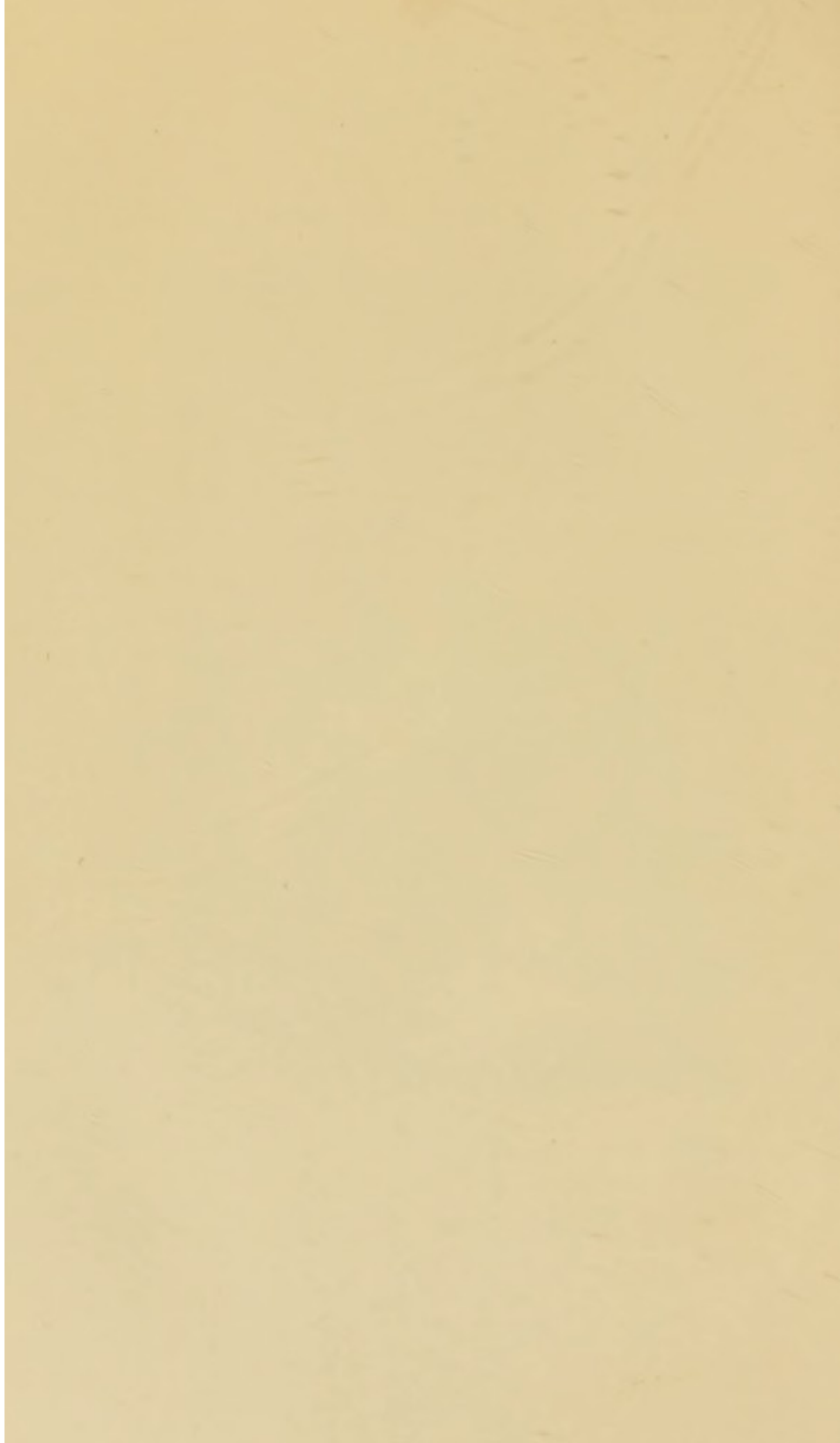
Two of the class are appointed each week to look after the sick girls in the Orphanage and to accompany me when I go to the city and to the Christian village. Some of them are very capable and will, I trust, in time make very clever doctors; others will make good nurses and more careful mothers for having the knowledge gained here.

Tenth.

Just in front of the mission bungalow is a pretty little summer-house, in shape like the Temple of



Medical Class, 1870.



A Favorable Introduction

Jupiter in Rome, but of more perishable material, covered with trailing vines. We take our early breakfast—a cup of tea and slice of toast—here every morning before going to our work. This is a necessity as we have a late breakfast after the morning work is over.

It was cool and pleasant this morning and after teaching my class and attending to the patients who had come to the bungalow I drove to the city to visit some patients in their homes. Mrs. Thomas and one of my class girls went with me. After driving quite a distance through the main bazar we turned into a narrow crooked street and came to the house where my patient lives. It is not to be wondered at that there should be sickness in such unsanitary surroundings! The woman is very ill and I fear will not recover. She is young and has one child, a boy about three years old. Her willingness to submit to treatment and take the medicines prescribed for her makes her case a more hopeful one than many that come under my care. Although a “shut-in” she appears to be more intelligent than many of her class.

Our next visit was to a high-caste Hindu family consisting of a man and his wife and five married sons. The mother is a chronic invalid. I fancy she has enough to do in trying to keep her five daughters-in-law in submission for they all seem to have ideas of

A Glimpse of India

their own. Each of them has her separate apartments and cooks for herself and husband. There are no children in either of these young families.

We have made several visits to this house and the mother has taken quite a fancy to me, so much so that her sympathies are really touched because I have no husband. To-day she asked me if I would marry a Hindu gentleman, and said if I would she would find a husband for me. She says that I am not bad-looking and she cannot see why I did not marry in my own country. My answer was not a satisfactory one to her and she continued to wonder.

Some of the young women are learning to read and to sing our hymns, but the mother is not willing that we should teach anything that would disturb their faith or hers. She is a very bigoted Hindu, and her rule is paramount in the home; notwithstanding her severity she has some admirable qualities and her sons show her much respect.

On our way home we were called into a house to see a young Mohammedan woman who had been growing deaf gradually for some time. On questioning her I found that she had a very severe attack of ear-ache about a year ago and that she had, at that time, applied some medicine on cotton to both ears. Examination of the ears showed a little ball of cotton encrusted with wax against the drum of each ear so

A Favorable Introduction

that sound was perfectly obstructed. These were soon removed and a more grateful woman it would be difficult to find. She insisted on our taking *pān* and sweetmeats, this being all she could offer as she is a poor woman.

We reached home quite ready for our eleven o'clock breakfast.

A great sorrow has come to us. Mr. and Mrs. Scott and their two little girls were camping out in the district when Elma, the eldest, about four years old, was taken suddenly ill with diphtheria. They brought her in to Bareilly at once and everything possible was done to relieve her but medicines seemed to have no effect and she passed away after a few hours.

Her death is a great grief to the parents and to us all. Little Allie is scarcely old enough to realize her loss only as she misses her playmate. This is the first one among my patients whom I have not been able to benefit.

April 18th.

Since I wrote you last Bareilly has been honored with a visit from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Provinces, Sir William Muir who, with Lady Muir, was on his way to Naini Tal, which is the seat of government for these provinces during the hot season. The governor held a *darbar* or reception

A Glimpse of India

for the native chiefs of the Rohilkund district and Lady Muir invited Mrs. Thomas and me to be present and sit with her on the dais, thinking that it would be a fine opportunity for me to be made known to the élite of the district, as all the government officials, native as well as European, were present.

It was a pretty sight to look upon. The fine-looking Mohammedan and Hindu gentlemen were attired in gold embroidered robes of satin or velvet, royal purple, bright blue, green and even scarlet making a brilliant display, while the delicate colors of their turbans added a touch of daintiness to the costumes.

Each was presented in turn to the governor who made a pleasant remark as he received their salutation, and then followed his official address, in the course of which he said that the women of Bareilly and the adjoining towns in their time of need would now have the advantage of a physician who could enter their homes which up to this time had been closed to the medical profession of the other sex ; then turning toward me he mentioned my name and said that he hoped that when the women and children in the families of the gentlemen now before him needed medical attention they would not fail to call in the lady doctor.

The Nawab of Rampore—a Mohammedan—had come to Bareilly to meet the lieutenant-governor.

A Favorable Introduction

He arrived in a golden carriage drawn by fine horses, with outriders, followed by a retinue of horsemen, state officials and servants, the whole making a brilliant royal procession.

The next day Sir William visited the native college and addressed the students, and we were also invited to attend on this occasion. The address was in Hindustani, and I did not understand it only as Mrs. Thomas occasionally interpreted a sentence to me. In the afternoon Sir William and the Nawab of Rampore with his staff, visited the Girls' Orphanage. The Nawab seemed pleased with what he saw and heard, especially with the intelligent replies of the medical class as I questioned them on the bones and muscles of the human body. He said he did not know that girls could learn so much.

When he returned to his tent he sent a thousand rupees as a present for the Orphanage.

Lady Muir called on us at the bungalow and invited Mrs. Thomas and me to accompany her to the city to visit a widowed Rani. The Rani told us that she had just returned from a pilgrimage to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus. She is very devout in her way. She treated us with much respect and as we were leaving a large brass tray of gold and silver coin was presented to us, which offering we were expected simply to touch as we made our salam.

A Glimpse of India

On the floor near by where we sat were trays of fresh fruit, peaches, figs, melons and other fruits and at evening these were sent to our bungalow as a mark of respect.

We afterward visited the house of a wealthy Mohammedan gentleman where we found two hundred and fifty women and children, fifty of whom belonged to his household ; the rest were pupils of the Mohammedan schools of the city who had been gathered here to be examined by Lady Muir. We heard some of them read and Lady Muir questioned them a little and then distributed some gifts, and gave them a nice little talk. Both Sir William and Lady Muir are so thoroughly good and just toward all classes that their words are considered almost sacred. It will be a great help to my work among native families to have been introduced by them in this way.

I must not omit to say that these schools in the city were all organized by this Mohammedan gentleman, who is deputy commissioner of the Bareilly District.

Twenty-first.

The heat is intense and we can only go out morning and evening unless really obliged to. This has been my lot a few times of late. I have had a serious case which has caused me great anxiety for several days. The patient is the wife of our Bengali

A Favorable Introduction

preacher, who also teaches in the mission school. She is only eighteen years of age—one of the loveliest women I have ever met. The day after the birth of her child she was taken with fever which continued for five days and seemed beyond control. I worked over her faithfully and to-day she is more comfortable and I think she will recover. I dare not leave her to a native nurse so I take the whole care of her myself, except such little attention as her husband can give while I am visiting other patients.

Calls for medical attention increase in number daily and nearly every day I go to the city both morning and evening. I visit regularly in fifteen different zananas. It is a trial to me not to be able to talk with the women instead of speaking through an interpreter. I suppose, in a way, this first year will be my hardest year in India. I have to study the diseases peculiar to the climate and country and their treatment, keeping in mind the mode of life of the people, which is not always favorable to the recovery of a patient.

IV

First Hot Season

Bareilly, April 25, 1870.

MY DEAR SISTER :

The hot season began about the first of this month and is now well upon us. The hot winds blow from about ten o'clock in the forenoon till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and it is very unpleasant to be out of doors during this time, but with the arrangements we have for cooling the house the wind proves a wonderful help. Fragrant grass mats are fitted into the open doors on the side from which the wind comes, and these are kept wet, so that the wind blowing through them cools the atmosphere and seems like a fresh mountain breeze, and with the *punkhas* or fans swinging over us from the ceiling we are made quite comfortable.

All our work is done in the early morning, of course, and after breakfast we slip on our dressing-gowns and rest for an hour, then write letters and I take this time to prepare my lesson for the medical class which I organized soon after my boxes arrived.

Even these hot days are not quite long enough for all that I plan to accomplish; interruptions come frequently, for the native people do not mind the heat

First Hot Season

as we do, and they think of something they wish to consult us about or some one is taken sick suddenly and our quiet is broken in upon.

Yesterday a woman was led into my room by her *Ayah* ; she had ophthalmia and both her eyes were so badly swollen that she could not open them. After two hours' treatment I sent her home rejoicing, both eyes open and the pain nearly gone.

This is the month for cholera, smallpox, ophthalmia and other eye troubles occasioned by dust and the heat and glare, and I have many patients to attend to. In the evening I go to the city when needed, or take a drive with Mrs. Thomas through cantonments and out into the country. These drives are very refreshing and just what we need after being shut in for so many hours. In America we would prefer a brisk walk but in this climate one cannot walk far without getting very tired. My walking is done in the early morning as I go among the sick in the compound and the Christian village.

A number of patients came to the bungalow this morning, and it was very late before I got through with them all and with my class, which takes nearly two hours as I teach the lesson through an interpreter.

The doubt entertained by some whether native women would come to the mission house for medical aid is entirely removed. They seem glad to come ;

A Glimpse of India

not only those of the poorer and middle classes but some from the most respectable and high caste families have come to us.

We greatly need a hospital and I scarcely know how to get along without one. If our work continues to increase we could care for many more if we had a suitable place for patients to remain with us, and it would also save much of our time and strength. Hospitals, especially for women and children, are much needed in India, and if properly conducted might do much for their social and religious improvement as well as for the relief of their physical suffering. In talking with a native gentleman a few days ago, he remarked, "Such homes for the sick are just what we need. Native ladies would not hesitate to go to a hospital superintended by a lady physician, and I am anxious that the first one should be in Bareilly." Was not this encouraging?

May 8th.

We have just received the sad and startling news of Bishop Kingsley's death at Beirut of heart trouble. The date of his death was not mentioned but it was, probably, more than six weeks ago. Dr. Bannister was with him. So much news of this kind has come to us of late that we ask ourselves, Who next? Bishop Kingsley's wise and gentle administration at the Conference, and his strong and earnest sympathy

First Hot Season

and valuable counsel endeared him to the missionaries, and his sudden translation has cast a gloom over us all. His great interest in our work led the missionaries to expect much from his report at home of the needs of the mission. But God's ways are higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts.

July 20th.

The rainy season began about a month ago. The first few showers were very refreshing after so many weeks of intense heat. The scorched brown lawns are now a beautiful green and all nature seems to have sprung suddenly into new life. I have never seen it rain as it does here; it comes in torrents. One day as I was coming home from the city I was caught in a rain-storm and the carriage box was soon filled with water and I found myself in an impromptu foot-bath, shoes and stockings as well. It was a warm day, still my wetting resulted in an attack of rheumatism which laid me aside for a time.

The rain comes down heavily for a few hours then the sun shines and it is hot and steamy, just the kind of weather which makes one feel that even a grasshopper is a burden. The rainy season lasts until the end of September, which is considered the most unhealthy month of the season because of decaying vegetation creating malaria.

A Glimpse of India

Bareilly is noted for malarial fever. The side streets in the city and many of the native houses are so unsanitary that it is a marvel that any escape fever. Many Europeans, especially the families of government officials, spend the hot and rainy seasons in the mountains. The station looks quite forlorn, so many houses are closed and so few people are out for a drive in the evening.

My work goes on as usual. As my practice increases I find my room in the mission house quite too small and inconvenient for the morning clinics, and the homes of the poor where I am called to attend the sick are so utterly destitute of comforts of any kind that what little I can do for them seems of very little use. I long for a clean, comfortable place near me to offer them. Our need of a hospital grows each day more urgent, but where can we purchase suitable grounds on which to build, and will the Society furnish the necessary means, are questions to be considered.

October 28th.

MY DEAR DR. GREENE :

I must write you a few words this morning to tell you how much I enjoy your letters. Whenever you want to do a real missionary work just write me a good long letter. I never knew the value of letters until I came to India.

First Hot Season

We are seeing good results from our visits in the znanas. A Bengali woman who has been a patient of mine for some time asked us to bring her a Bible in her own language, and she is so much interested in reading it that she says she does not like to do anything else. The last time we went to see her she whispered to Mrs. Thomas, "I like that book so much, and I want you to explain it to me and tell me more about your religion." We expect her and her sister-in-law—a widow—to visit us this evening. She sent me word that they would come in a closed carriage at nine o'clock. I shall send all the men servants away from the house, as these are *purdah* women, and must not be seen outside of their home. We hope and trust that these women are truly seeking the Truth.

Another patient said to us: "I wish there was only one religion in India, then we could all eat together without breaking our caste." The women often give us food and sweetmeats, but they would not eat a morsel of their own food with us nor allow us to touch one of their dishes or drinking vessels.

The Bengali woman who asked for a Bible is intelligent and if she becomes a Christian she will be capable of doing something for others, but there are many who do not quickly comprehend our teaching, and others are indifferent.

A Glimpse of India

If you were to look into my room you would see the tiniest baby on my lounge, which I have had here for a week. It was so feeble and puny that I had no hope for its life. The mother was very ill and had no nourishment for it, and we have kept it alive by giving a few drops of milk at a time and now it really seems that it will live. I promised the mother that I would adopt the baby if she did not get well, but both she and the baby are now in a hopeful condition.

I need not tell you how much I want to see you and how many times I wish for you when I return from my sick patients. How it would cheer me to find you in my room waiting to hear the result of my visits and give me some advice. I cannot tell you how hard it is to practice medicine here alone.

December 26, 1870.

MY DEAR SISTER :

As the year draws to a close I am interested in looking back over the months of service for the Master, and I feel grateful to God for what has been accomplished. While many have been relieved from suffering we have the hope that some among our patients have become thoughtful about their eternal interests.

I find that in this my first year in India I have visited seventy different families in the city and adjacent villages, with two hundred and fifty visits in the homes

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of my patients, besides prescribing for twelve hundred and twenty-five patients at the mission house. In many of the families we have read the Bible and other religious books and have conversed freely with the women, some of whom are learning to read.

It has been impossible to give regular instruction in all the zananas where we have been asked to teach as our number of helpers is so limited, so we have followed the plan of reading a portion of Scripture and explaining it in the presence of the family of each patient as we had time and opportunity. In this way we have succeeded in interesting the women and opening the way for friendly talk, and inducing some to learn to read and think for themselves.

Bareilly, Jan. 8, 1871.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Your letter of June 8th reached me after a three months' journey and the one dated August 28th has come to-day quite unexpectedly as this is not home mail day. Home letters are very welcome no matter how often they come.

I am trying to arrange my work so that I can go to Lucknow to attend the Annual Conference on the twelfth of this month.

We are having delightful weather. The roses and other flowers are in full bloom and the orange and lemon-trees are laden with ripe fruit.

A Glimpse of India

I have been to the English Church this evening and heard an excellent sermon. When I get hungry for a sermon I go there, for our services are all in Hindustani and I do not yet understand that language. Bareilly is a military station with several regiments quartered here, and there are also many civilians so the chaplain usually has a good congregation.

The Rev. William Taylor is now in Lucknow. You have heard of his marvellous success in Australia and Ceylon. He is holding meetings in Lucknow which are well attended by the natives. He preaches through an interpreter, and has such a simple way of explaining the Scriptures that the people seem to have little difficulty in comprehending his meaning. There have been several conversions.

Mr. Taylor intends to remain in India two years preaching in the different stations, so we shall have him here in Bareilly some time.

Christmas was a very enjoyable day. We did not have snow for a sleigh-ride but there was keen sharp air and plenty of dust. There was a morning service and then came the festivities. I had a number of presents from my patients, chiefly trays containing nuts, oranges, raisins, pomegranates, native sweetmeats and trays with boxes of white grapes. The natives do not, of course, observe the day, but they understand that it is a holiday with us. Our servants expect presents

First Hot Season

from us as much as do children in America and it is the custom among Europeans in this country to give those who serve them new garments or money to use as they like.

There was a Christmas tree in the Orphanage schoolroom the evening before and at eleven o'clock Christmas morning we had Hindustani service for the native Christians and Christmas cards and little books were given to the Sunday-school children.

January 20th.

Our Conference in Lucknow on the eighth was a season of much interest. Miss Thoburn and I had not met during the year and we were glad to be together again. We had a good visit, and, of course, had an "experience meeting," telling each other of our trials and troubles just as you and I used to do. We had some pleasant things to rehearse as well. Rev. Mr. Taylor was at the Conference and gave several very inspiring sermons.

Mrs. Messmore writes me that the work begun by him in Lucknow continues. The conversion of a leader of the Brahmo Somaj has created great excitement among his people. He is an educated man and has great influence among his sect. Six months ago he secured the closing of all the zanas in Lucknow against the missionaries and now he is the first to

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open his own to them. The work is chiefly among Eurasians, many of whom are educated and speak both English and Hindustani which is a great advantage as they do not have to wait to learn the language before they can take up Christian work.

February 22d.

Mr. Taylor has spent a week with us and held meetings in the Orphanage and the Christian village. Several girls in the Orphanage were converted and many members of the native church were greatly blessed under his preaching. He also had meetings in the home of an Eurasian gentleman who, with his whole family, was converted. Mr. Taylor is a second St. Paul. He says he fully believes in the Pauline method of doing the Lord's work, going from house to house and gathering the family together and talking to them about *Jesus*, not Christianity, Methodism or any other *ism* but just telling them what they must do to be saved. I could not help thinking as I heard him preach and explain the Scriptures what a glorious thing it is to be taught of the Spirit and to be a child of God. His two years in India will, no doubt, result in the salvation of many souls.

March 17th.

My work in the city increases in interest. I notice quite a desire for improvement, many more of the

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women being anxious to learn to read and sew and some earnestly inquiring about our religion and asking me to explain it to them.

We had a very interesting visit yesterday in one of the zananas where there was a young married woman, a girl about ten years old, and two quite old women. The young woman had been ill for some time and two weeks ago she sent for me; we have become quite well acquainted by this time and I ventured to ask her about her idols and manner of worship, then I told them about the God we worship. It was good to see how interested the two old women were as my companion explained the way of salvation. One of them said, "You speak good words, just what I have been longing to hear."

They seemed quite disappointed when I said to them that I should be away for a short time, but I told them that Mrs. Sheahy who was with me would come to see them and would bring books to read to them and would tell them more about our religion. Nearly every day we have some interesting visits. Mrs. Sheahy who now accompanies me in my visits to the city is a European woman who was born and educated in India and she understands the language and customs of the natives; she is an earnest Christian and a true missionary at heart, so my work is much more satisfactory to me since she has been with me.

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April 30th.

It is the custom here for native gentlemen to call on foreigners to pay their respects and I have had a number of such callers. They do not allow their wives to come to see us for they live in seclusion, but when we go to their houses the gentleman receives us and does the honors. At first the woman sits on a mat in a corner while her husband is with us; she keeps her face covered and seems more like a shy kitten than a human being, but after a few visits she loses some of her shyness and when we are alone sits on a chair or stool and uncovers her face and talks freely with us.

I take special pains to tell the husbands about our customs, and that I think it a great pity that they keep their wives and daughters in such ignorance, always shut up in their houses and never allowed to see the beauties of nature. I can see a change in the feelings of some of these men, and have persuaded two of them whose wives have been my patients to allow their wives to visit me. The poor things were very uneasy, everything was so new to them and they were so much afraid that some man would make his appearance. The husbands walked the veranda all the while the women were within lest some one should come or get a glimpse of the women through the blinds, though they were tightly closed.

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The women went from one room to another and asked questions like little children about everything they saw. We took great pains to show them our needlework and to explain the pictures and books to them. It is quite an accomplishment to be able to entertain native ladies nicely. Some of them are very simple-hearted and lovely and one feels like taking them to one's heart as one would a little child. While they have the stature of an adult they really seem like children.

June 10th.

You will be glad to know that I have an arrangement which makes my work a little easier because I can have some of my cases which need special supervision near me.

There is a small house in the compound which was built some years ago for the native pastor but which has not been occupied of late, and Mr. Thomas has had it put in good order and has placed it at my disposal to use for patients who are brought to me from out-stations. There are three rooms in it which will serve our purpose nicely, and who should come this morning to occupy the first room but "Abraham and Sarah!" Abraham is a converted Jew—a merchant who on one of his trips from Damascus heard the Gospel preached in India and accepted Christianity. Sarah, his wife, is the daughter of a native minister

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who was formerly a Hindu idolater. She is ill with fever and her husband will remain here with her until she recovers. She is a bright young woman and has a fairly good education and is doing good work as a Bible woman in the village where they live, twelve miles from Bareilly.

I have had several new patients at the mission house this morning, some of them interesting cases. This is a busy time with us all, and every moment of my time seems occupied.

V

A Visit to the Hills

Almora, September 9th.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I left Bareilly on the 10th of August for Almora and was nearly a week in getting here although the distance is only ninety-six miles. I came to help care for one of our missionaries who came to the mountains in search of health. For a time he seemed to improve but about the last of July he began to fail and he begged Mrs. Thomas with whom he was boarding to send for me thinking that I might help him.

I took one of my servants with me about thirty miles then sent him back with my conveyance and trusted myself completely to the natives, travelling all night in a *doli* carried by four men at a time, changing the men every eight miles. It took three horses and thirty-five men to carry me sixty miles. We were thirty-one hours getting to the foot of the mountains. There I found fresh men sent down from Naini Tal by the missionaries with a letter directing me how to proceed on my journey. I reached Naini Tal all right

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and received a hearty welcome from some of our missionary ladies who are spending the season there.

Naini Tal is 8,500 feet above sea level ; it derives its name from the goddess of the lake—Naini—and is a favorite summer resort. The scenery is fine. The trees are covered with ferns and mosses of every shade of green. It is said that there are one hundred and twenty varieties of ferns growing in the station. I was detained two days by the heavy rain but was at last able to move on, this time in quite another style of conveyance. It resembles a chair with a canopy and has a pole on each side with a sort of harness at each end which goes across the shoulders of the men who carry it. Four men carry it at a time, and besides these carriers I had a man to carry my trunk on his back, another with my roll of bedding on his head, and a third carrying a satchel, while a servant whom Mrs. Thomas had sent to escort me walked beside my conveyance.

I could not help laughing as I looked at my caravan though it was no laughing matter to set off in this way for a journey of twenty-four miles through the mountains. Some of the ladies thought it very brave of me to start off alone but I had no particular fear as I knew that other ladies had taken the journey alone with perfect safety.

The first day we marched twelve miles and reached

A Visit to the Hills

the Government Rest-House just at evening. It is a lone bungalow standing on a hill with a dozen native huts near it. The men had arrived before me and had made a fire in one of the rooms and spread my bedding out to dry, and presently the cook came in with a roasted chicken and hot potatoes, so with the lunch which one of the ladies had given me I fared sumptuously.

I tried to shake off all fear and enjoy the mountain scenery around me but I could not forget how powerless I was with not a white person within miles and not even a Christian native near me so far as I knew. After dismissing the servants for the night I committed myself to the tender Shepherd who watches His flock by day and by night and lay down, not to sleep but to think. Such a feeling of desolation I never before experienced. The first dawn of the morning was heartily welcomed and I was not long in making myself ready for another day's journey. At seven o'clock we started on our way travelling through such beautiful mountain scenery that my delight quite overcame my fear.

We did not meet with any adventures, except that a cow which had travelled some distance just ahead of us fell over the precipice and went rolling and tumbling down until she reached the bottom. We were some distance from her when she fell and supposed she would be killed but to our surprise she got upon

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her feet and looked up at us most wistfully. The men were greatly pleased and said much in her praise. They consider the cow a sacred animal and pay her great respect.

We reached the second rest-house at noon and found that two of Mrs. Thomas' servants had been sent to meet me with a lunch. They said that fresh men would meet me at different points and that if we hurried we could reach Almora before night, so after a short rest we again set out.

I found Mr. Elliot prostrated and too far gone to need much medical assistance. He lived only two weeks after I came. He was a young man of considerable talent and was beloved by all the missionaries. Two years ago he came out to India for his health and was so much benefited by the sea voyage that when he reached Calcutta he was, to all appearance, well. In Lucknow he met our missionaries and became interested in the work and joined the mission, doing good service until the beginning of the hot season when he began to lose his appetite and grew weak every day. Later he was out in a heavy rain and took cold which settled on his lungs and ended in quick consumption. He is buried in a quiet little cemetery near the mission houses.

Almora is entirely surrounded by mountains, not a spot of level ground in sight only as it has been made

A Visit to the Hills

so. Most of the mountains are treeless and are terraced from summit to base. These narrow terraces are cultivated and wheat, rice and other grains and some vegetables are grown. The mountains look like great walled staircases with here and there a little hut nestling upon them.

We get a fine view of the Snowy Range from here which looks near but is a hundred or more miles away. I wish I could give you a description that would cause you to see them. Imagine, if you can, a dozen or more mountains of silver reaching nearly to the heavens, piercing the gold and crimson clouds of an Eastern sky, and glistening in the rays of the sun; some are cone-shaped and some pyramidal in shape. The Hindus bow down and worship them when they come in sight of them, and indeed I do not wonder at it. The first good view I had of them my admiration amounted almost to worship.

The hill people are much stronger and more active than the people of the plains, and they live more comfortably. Their houses are built of stone and many have little gardens which gives them a homelike appearance. The women do not live in seclusion. The state of society in India is such that *zanana* life seems preferable for respectable native women. It is really not safe for them to go out alone.

The London Mission occupies Almora as a mis-

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sion station. Their missionary, the Rev. Mr. Budden, has been here thirty years. He has a small native church, a boys' school and a "Leper Asylum," and his eldest daughter has an orphanage for girls, a number of whom are children of lepers. Many of them are bright children but they bear the marks of the disease.

From the doorway where I am writing I see men and women coming to the little temple below us to worship. It is the temple of the god Siva, the Destroyer. The poor creatures seem very earnest in their devotions. I will enclose a silver fern which I picked from the walls of this ancient temple.

We have had many pleasant rambles over these mountains, have been to the top of Simtola, Haridunga and Kala Mitti. This last name means "black earth," and Haridunga means "the diamond mountain." We had a search for diamonds there and on Simtola and found some fine specimens of clear crystal quartz but are not so sure about the diamonds.

We leave here on the twelfth for Naini Tal on our way to the plains. There are five of us and we shall need sixty men to carry us and our luggage. We will march five miles and then camp for the night. We are anticipating a pleasant journey, travelling slowly and gathering ferns and flowers and picnicking

A Visit to the Hills

by the way. We have each a large book made of blotting-paper for pressing our ferns.

I feel anxious to get back to Bareilly for I did not expect to be away more than three weeks. My girls write me that they are doing well and everything goes on nicely. They visit my patients with my interpreter, who is a woman sixty years of age, and she takes great care of them.

Bareilly, Sept. 20th.

Home again in Bareilly and busy as usual. As our work increases our needs increase also, and I feel that I must have a hospital and dispensary. The most convenient and suitable place adjoins our mission premises and is owned by the Nawab of Rampore, a Mohammedan prince, but it will hardly be possible to purchase this property as, I am told, a Mohammedan ruler never sells landed property that belongs to his inheritance.

Mr. Drummond, the Commissioner of Bareilly, is much interested in our medical work and has been looking around to see if a suitable place is available and has finally suggested that we make a personal request to the Nawab respecting this property which adjoins ours.

Mr. Drummond has learned that the prime minister of the Nawab will soon come to Bareilly on business

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and he says he will speak to him about the property and find out from him if he thinks we might present a request for the purchase of the property. If we could secure one acre of this land it would meet our need.

Twenty-seventh.

We are informed to-day through the prime minister that the Nawab invites us to visit his city and that he will arrange for our journey to Rampore if we will notify him what day we would like to come. This looks favorable, for the Nawab knows our object in wishing to see him.

October 8th.

On the morning of October 3d our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, myself, and a native Christian gentleman, a convert from Mohammedanism, who understands royal etiquette, set out on this important business, having previously notified the prime minister of our intention. He had made all arrangements for us. A fine carriage, with coachman, two grooms and outriders and twenty-four horses were supposed to be necessary to convey us into the domains of Eastern royalty. The horses were changed every six miles, four doing duty at once, and as we approached the city three cavalrymen met us to escort us to our stopping-place which was a house just outside the city kept by the Nawab for European visitors and travel-

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lers. Breakfast was awaiting us and servants stood ready to give any needed assistance.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker of our mission had come from Moradabad to meet us, arriving some time before we did. Our breakfast consisted of twenty-four different dishes to which we did ample justice, our long drive having given us good appetites. Our surroundings, the expression of our hopes and fears, and above all, our faith and confidence in Him who has assured us that He will withhold no good thing from those who trust in Him made the hour at table one long to be remembered. After breakfast we knelt in prayer, asking our Father who had opened our way thus far to still be our Leader, and not only grant what seemed so necessary for our work but to remember this earthly prince and his people who were at that hour engaged in the worship of their own faith.

When the Nawab received news of our arrival he sent a messenger to say that he would not be able to see us that day as he was specially engaged in his prayers. For our entertainment he sent two music-boxes, and some trained athletes who performed some wonderful feats. Then came a play, a burlesque on English officials, which not only showed their power of imitation but their keen appreciation of the foibles and defects of others.

After dinner two carriages were sent to take us for

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an evening drive to a country palace where the Nawab spends a part of his time during the hot months. Just in front of the palace is a beautiful tank of clear, fresh water. This to me, with the fine trees and beautiful garden was more attractive than the palace itself.

The next morning early the carriages were sent for us and we were driven to several palaces and gardens before reaching the royal palace. As we entered the gates five royal elephants, gaily caparisoned, saluted by lifting their trunks and touching their foreheads. We were escorted into the presence of the Nawab, who arose and greeted us cordially and assigning us seats entered into friendly conversation. After a few minutes the prime minister advanced to His Highness and spoke in a low tone and he signified his assent to the words, upon which the prime minister turned to Mr. Thomas, saying that the Nawab would listen to his request.

Mr. Thomas said that he wished to procure, on some terms, a portion of the estate belonging to His Highness which adjoined our mission premises in Bareilly, for the purpose of establishing a hospital for women and children. Before he had time to finish his speech the Nawab said, "Take it, take it. I give it with pleasure for such a purpose."

We were unprepared for so generous a gift—forty

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acres and a house—and were not a little surprised at the Nawab's immediate and hearty reception of our request, and we accepted the gift with gratitude not to this prince alone, but to the King of the Universe, who, we believe, put it into his heart to give it to us.

Our interview with the Nawab was a short one. Soon after the matter of business was over he arose, bowed to us, and left the room. The prime minister showed us some of the apartments of the palace, which were beautifully and tastefully furnished and arranged, but to our regret we were not invited into the women's apartments.

December 22d.

You can, perhaps, imagine the joy and gratitude of our missionaries when they heard of the generous gift of the Nawab, *forty* acres when we had hardly dared hope to be able to purchase *one*. Some of the native gentlemen of the city were very much pleased, too, and promised assistance, so I resolved to circulate a paper stating our plans and asking for contributions, and I shall be able to report to Conference that I have seven hundred rupees subscribed from native people.

The house on the estate is old but well built and needed some repairs to make it suitable to live in. The Nawab expected us to use this for a hospital, but the style is unsuitable for native ladies with their ideas of seclusion, so we have decided to use it as a

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home for single missionary ladies and their assistants and to build a hospital more on the plan of a native house. Our repairs are nearly completed and we hope to take possession of our new home soon.

January 22, 1872.

My report of the work of the year past and the good news of the success of our undertaking in the matter of the hospital encouraged the ladies of our Conference to estimate for the amount necessary to begin our buildings, feeling sure that the Society in America would respond to our request for the money. The Building Committee sanctioned the plan which I laid before them—a plan which, with the assistance of a native architect, I had worked out as suitable for the use intended. Materials for the dispensary are being negotiated for, and we shall begin to build as soon as possible. It will contain six rooms—a clinic room where patients will be received and prescribed for, an operating room back of it, an office in the right wing, a room on the opposite wing designed for a lecture room when I have another medical class, and two small bath rooms. This plan seems to me quite complete and suitable for the purpose for which it is designed.

VI

Busy Days

Bareilly, India, March 3, 1872.

MY DEAR DR. GREENE :

I am writing in our new house, "The King's Palace," as Dr. Butler calls it. Miss Sparkes and I moved in on the 1st of January and were nicely settled before Conference, which was held this year at Moradabad.

Mrs. H——, one of our missionaries, came here on the 15th of January from Budaon, and her baby, a nice plump boy, arrived on the thirtieth of the same month. The dear little baby was baptized in our drawing-room this evening. The missionaries living here in the station, and a few native Christians were present and it was a deeply interesting occasion. After the baptism we had tea together, then Mr. Judd gave a short exhortation and prayed for each one of us and for the great work in which we are engaged. Mr. Judd and his wife take the charge of the Orphanage this year and Miss Sparkes conducts the educational department.

The Lord was with us at the Conference. All the missionaries seemed thirsting for a deeper experience

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and many were blessed and returned to their work with greater love for it and for the salvation of souls. We are having good meetings here and a few have professed conversion.

I have received such a good letter from a Bengali gentleman whose home is in Bareilly. He went to Calcutta on sick leave for a few weeks and left his family in my care during his absence. He had twice come to us in great distress of mind and asked us to pray for him, but he was not willing to acknowledge Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world. Just before he went away he called and asked me for a history of the Christian Church. He said he would take with him the Bible that I had previously given him and would read it daily. He writes that he is now reconciled to God, that the society of Brahmans and Hindus and his conversations brought him no relief and he turned to the Word of God.

His wife has been convinced of the truth for many months. I carried her husband's letter to her and explained it and asked her if she was willing to follow her husband. The tears filled her eyes as she said, "I do not like to leave my mother, I am her only child." Turning to the mother, who is a widow, I asked, "Are you not willing to become a Christian, too, and all walk together? You believe that your idol-worship will save you, but the religion of Christ will

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certainly be sufficient for you." She has been a very devout Hindu, fasting, worshipping, and denying herself as is required of widows. Her remarkable faith and earnestness have led me to respect and admire her, and I have often felt that both she and her daughter would make excellent Christians. The mother waited a moment, then said, "If Christianity is good for my daughter and her husband it is good for me and where they go, I will go." The women have promised to come to us to-day for instruction.

How this pays for coming to India! It is better than the world or friends can give.

March 5th.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I spend two to three hours every day with my class which I intend to present for examination as fourth grade doctors. I hope to keep them, or some of them, at least, after they graduate, as I feel that they should have some experience of hospital practice before they go out to take up work by themselves.

A theological school for native students is to be opened here the 1st of April and several of my girls will marry native preachers who will come here to study, so I shall still have them under my supervision.

We expect to have an artist here this month and I will have a picture taken of our house and grounds.

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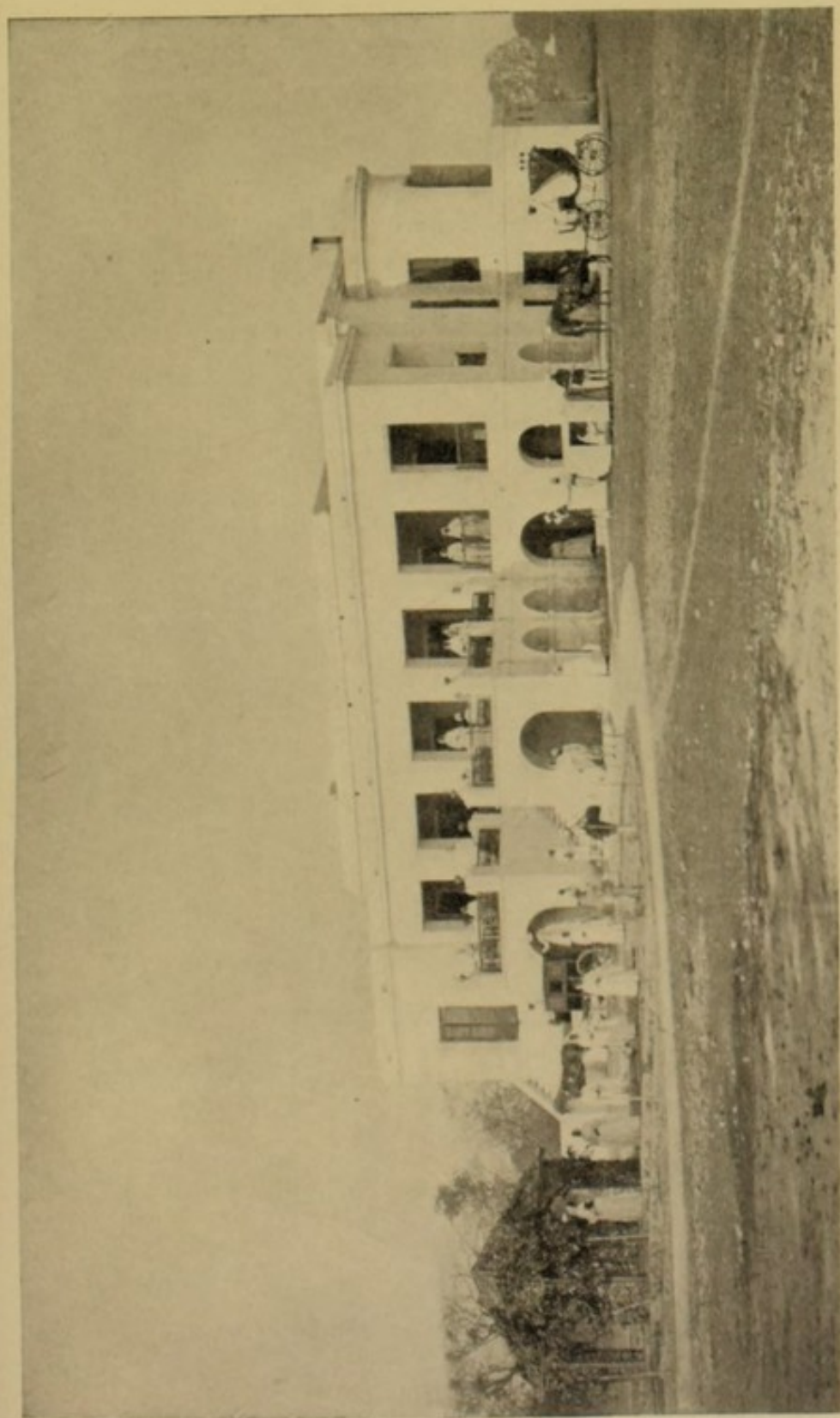
As you cannot come here I will send you a copy. I must not forget to tell you that I met Miss Thoburn at Conference in January and had a good visit with her. She is one of the choice spirits.

May 6th.

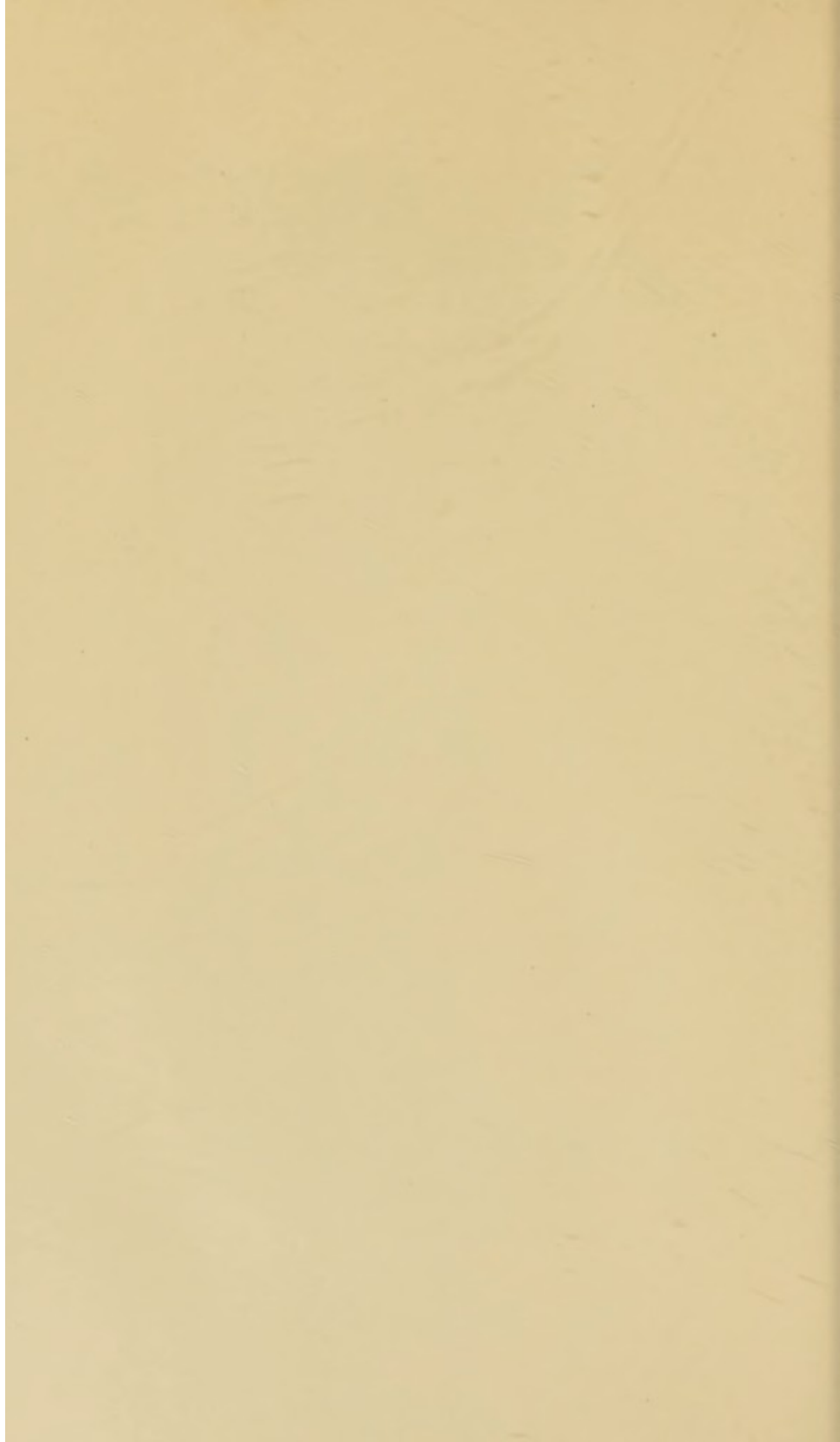
Thirteen of my medical class passed their final examination on the 10th of April in the presence of two civil surgeons of the station and Rev. Dr. Johnson of our mission. They were granted certificates for practice in all ordinary diseases. Eleven of them have since married and left the Orphanage. One has gone to Moradabad to practice medicine and one to Almora where her husband has charge of the commissariat department in the leper colony ; five of them remain here as their husbands are students in the theological school.

Rebecca, one of Dr. Humphrey's medical class who came to me at the close of the rainy season last year, is now my assistant in the dispensary.

I enclose photos of my home and of my class. I am sure you will like the house ; it is a real Oriental house such as the *Rajabs* and *Nawabs* live in but quite unlike the houses of natives in general which are generally enclosed by high walls. The people standing in front of the house and on the veranda are the members of my class, and the servants of the household. If you look very closely you will see the old



Nawab of Rampore's Gift.



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water-carrier with his great leather bag. All the water that we use is brought in this goatskin bag. How would you like to drink water from it? I was quite disgusted at first but do not stop to think about it now.

Miss Sparkes and I occupy the upper part of the house and at present I am using one of the rooms as a dispensary. Some of our native helpers live in the basement rooms which are very comfortable.

Now that our dispensary building is actually under way I feel quite content to put up with inconveniences for I have the assurance of better things in the future. The Rev. Mr. Judd is overseeing the workmen and as he is a good manager the work is going on well. There is quite a little army of men, women and children, all very busy, in their own estimation, though I can see from my window that now and then some of them linger over their loads or sit down behind a pile of boards to take a whiff from the *buqqa*. They call their *buqqa*-smoking taking a drink from the pipe.

June 10, 1872.

MY DEAR M—— :

Do you realize that I am on my third year in India? How quickly the time has passed!

The weather has been very hot for six weeks past, hotter than I have known it since I have been here.

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We shall welcome the rainy season and are looking longingly for it. The rains usually begin about the middle of June, but are sometimes delayed.

My patients sometimes send me food and sweetmeats such as they like themselves, and a native lady has just sent me a jar of mangoes pickled in mustard oil, some mango preserves and a variety of food and sweets. Another native friend lately sent me a milch buffalo, which are very common here, the milk used the same as cow's milk. I already had a cow which had been sent me by an old patient, and I had also bought one so we have quite a dairy. The cream is churned in a bottle and worked over with a spoon and we get very good butter.

We continue our social visits at the homes of many of our former patients who, though not needing medical aid, are still anxious to see us occasionally. These visits are always pleasant to us and we trust are profitable to them. They ask many questions about our mode of living and we listen to their talk about their family affairs, then we read to them from the Bible or some religious book and sing and explain the hymns. They listen attentively, though we are sometimes inclined to feel impatient at their slowness in receiving the truth. But when we stop to think how deeply enshrouded their minds are in darkness and superstition we are led to work and pray more earnestly for

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their salvation, asking our Father that in His own good time many of these people may be brought into His marvellous light and be witnesses for Him.

December 22d.

Miss Sparkes and I give the Christmas dinner this year. You know that there are three missionary families here, the Scotts, the Judds and ourselves, and it has been the custom to have the Christmas dinner together and to have it as *homelike* as possible.

One of my native patients has sent me two fine turkeys and a Mohammedan friend has sent three chickens for our *Bara Din* (Great Day) as they call our Christmas. In addition to our poultry there will be for our dinner, peas, lettuce, cauliflower and other vegetables from our garden, and plenty of delicious golden oranges; our trees are loaded with them.

The garden is at its best or approaching it. There are three men at work in it all the time. The *Māli* or head gardener gets two dollars and a half, and the other two one dollar and seventy-five cents each a month. Of course they take fruit and vegetables for their own use and probably some to sell but we cannot help that. There were some fine fruit trees on the estate and we are getting custard apples, and guavas, too, this season.

This is a most delightful country to live in after one gets used to it. For six months after the rainy

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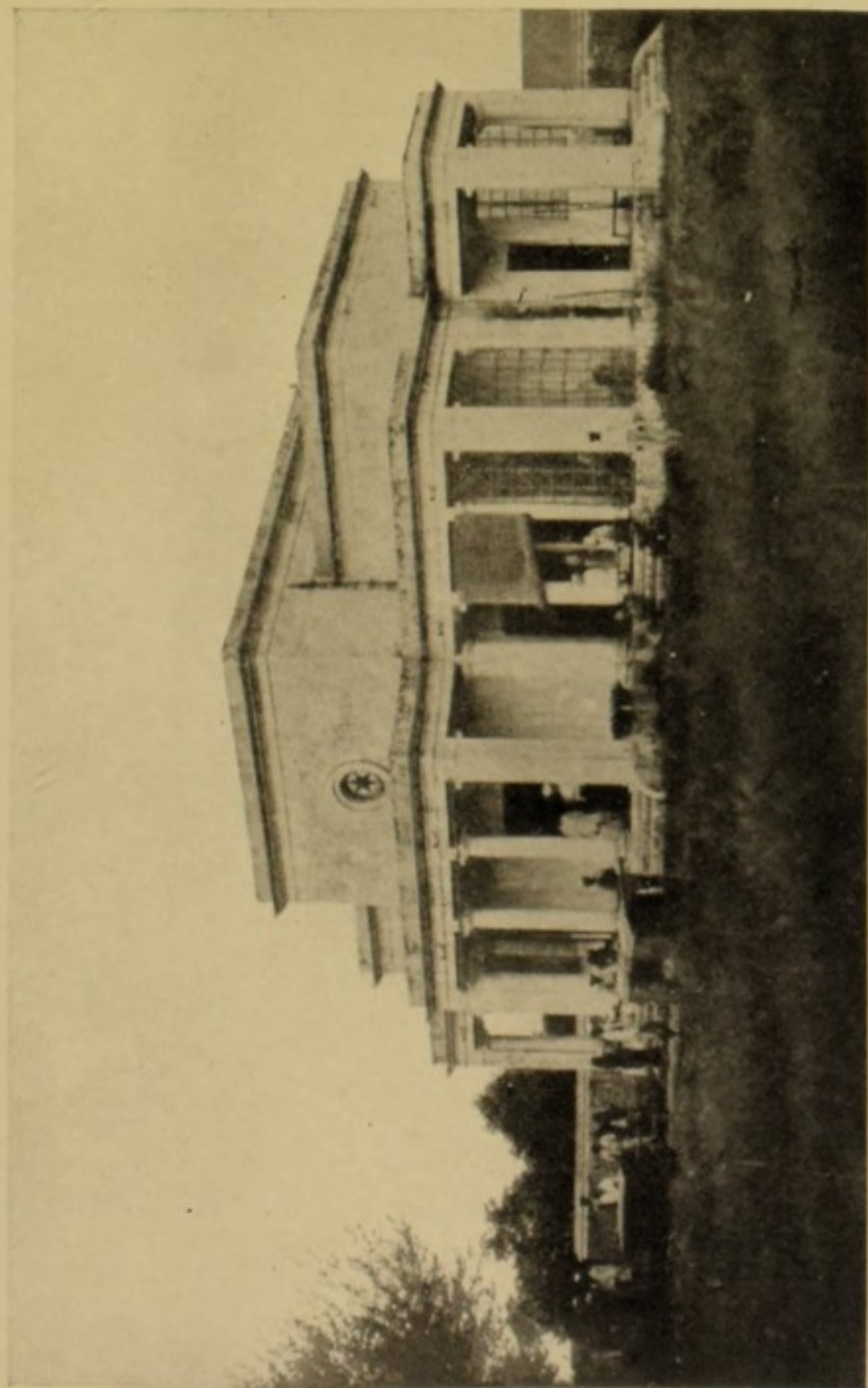
season is over the weather is all that could be desired. We are just beginning to have a fire in the grate in the drawing-room as the evenings are chilly, but it is warm enough without fires during the day, and the sunshine is so brilliant that it is positively painful to the eyes.

My dispensary building is going up gradually. Mr. Judd has made over the whole business to me and I enjoy directing about the work. The building will be convenient and a real blessing, I am sure. Three native ladies are anxious to come to me as patients as soon as there is a place ready for them. The hospital buildings will be begun soon after Conference, which will meet here in Bareilly on the sixteenth of next month. We shall entertain all the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and two missionary families besides, if they would rather be in our house than to live in tents. We all look forward to the Conference with great pleasure; it is usually the only time during the year that we meet the missionaries from other stations.

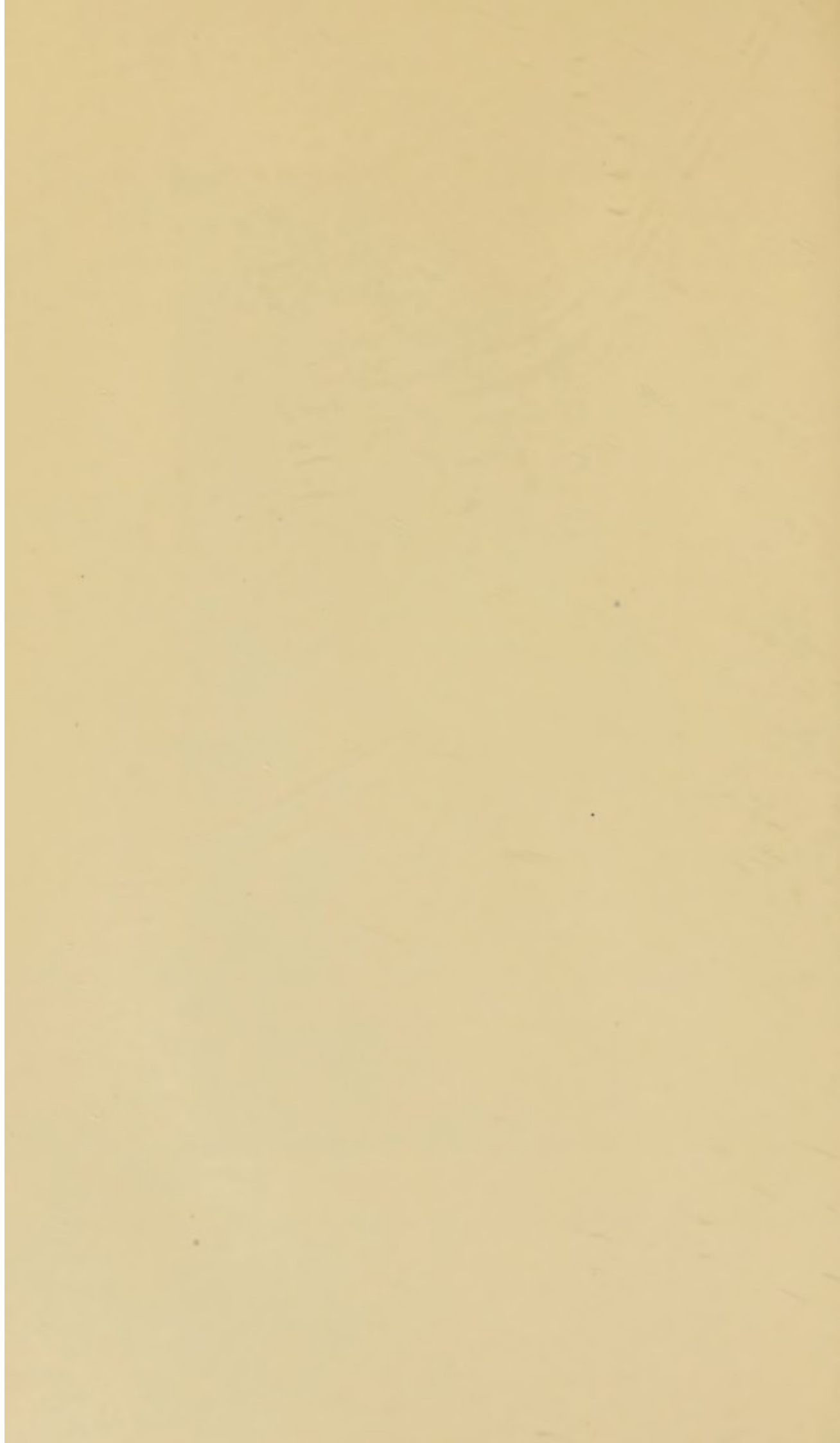
June 8, 1873.

MY DEAR SISTER :

The dispensary building was completed early last month and formally opened on the tenth of the month. The friends who have visited it are much



The Dispensary.



Busy Days

pleased with the arrangements and congratulate me on having so desirable a place to receive patients.

The dispensary opens for work at six o'clock every morning except Sunday, and some mornings we have as many as sixty patients. We have cards on which the prescriptions are written and numbered and these cards are printed in three different characters, Hindi, Persian and Roman-Urdu, and on the back of each is a text of Scripture so that every new patient receives with her prescription a portion of the Word of Life. She may not be able to read it but possibly some one of her family can read it for her. This is one of the very simple methods of circulating the Word of God in the families of those who come to us, and by His blessing it may be the means of bringing some one into the truth. A passage of Scripture on a card given to a patient is often the subject of our morning lesson for all who come and are willing to listen a while until their prescriptions are ready for them.

Two of my medical class are valuable assistants in the dispensary, Emma, who married one of the students in the theological school, and Jane Paul, so with my faithful Rebecca at the head everything goes smoothly.

The hospital buildings will probably be completed this year. Much care has been taken in the arrangement of them that the taste and convenience of native

Arrival in India

ladies may be suited and their seclusion, according to their custom, be ensured. Our plan was to build just what we needed and no more and we have followed native ideas as far as possible, so that patients may feel perfectly at home and be enabled to carry on their plan of cooking and living the same as in their own houses. The plan is much like that of an Eastern *Sarai* or inn only with more of a view to home comfort. A piece of ground two hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and seventy-five is enclosed by a wall eight feet high; at the front of this stands the dispensary buildings. The front entrance is from the general compound and the back veranda opens into the hospital grounds, thus making the dispensary a part of the general plan. At the right of the dispensary within the enclosure is a row of dormitories one story high, extending nearly the whole length of the wall, and across the end, opposite the dispensary is another row, more commodious, designed for patients requiring larger rooms. Dormitories will be built on the other side of the enclosure when needed. A front veranda extends the whole length of the dormitories, and another at the back will serve as kitchens as there are partitions arranged so that the occupants of each room can cook their food outside their living room. The rooms are twelve by fourteen feet. In the centre of the enclosure is a fine large well where each

Busy Days

modern Rebecca who comes to us can draw water for herself, with her own bucket and rope as is the custom of people of caste in India. The grounds are tastefully laid out and in due time will be beautified with some of India's lovely roses, flowers and shrubbery.

December 23, 1873.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Perhaps I told you that, at the beginning of the year, I had employed two native Christian women as Bible women and teachers. They have each taught regularly in nine different families visiting them three times a week and teaching them to read, sew and knit. It is not always an easy matter to persuade a Hindu woman to learn to read; they say that their religious books forbid it, teaching them that some great calamity will come upon them if they learn to read. We tried to persuade one of my patients after her recovery to allow us to teach her to read, but she was unwilling, saying, "When I was quite young I began to learn to read and after a few days my brother died. Our priest and all our friends said that it was because I was learning to read, so I stopped and have never dared to begin again." We told her of several Hindu families where the women are reading and no harm came to them, but she still hesitated though she begged us to continue our visits and to "come very often." I told

A Glimpse of India

her that would not be possible as we wished to go to those who wish to learn and improve themselves ; that we come to this country to do her people good and that I want, as far as I can when not attending the sick, to teach them about our religion which is a religion of love. I told her that one of our teachers would come to her three times a week if she wished to learn and that Mrs. Sheahy and I would come to see her as often as we could. She thought a moment and said she would see about it.

A few days later as I was passing her house on my way to a patient I called in to see her and was warmly welcomed. She said she was intending to send for us that very day, as she was in great trouble and wanted me to do something for her. She had been crying and was very sad. When I asked her about her trouble she said, "I am ashamed to tell you that my husband is making arrangements to take another wife. I thought if you knew about it you could go to the magistrate and ask him to forbid my husband to take another wife, for we are very poor."

I explained that I could not do that, but I promised to talk with her husband and ask him to wait a while before bringing another woman into the home, and I said, "If you will consent to learn we will come often to see you and bring you books to read, and you will learn to keep your house more tidy ; when your

Busy Days

husband finds that you know something and can talk with him when he comes home about what you have learned I am sure he will be pleased and perhaps he will care more for you and will give up taking another wife."

With more spirit than I had ever seen her manifest she exclaimed, "I will learn. When will you send Eliza to teach me?" She nevermore needed urging but was always ready with her book and quite astonished us by her quickness in learning to read and in her efforts to improve the appearance of her house. Her husband also became quite interested and assisted her in having the walls of the house and court white-washed and the floor laid with brick. He gave up the idea of taking another wife and seems quite content with his present family.

Mrs. Sheahy has had the supervision of the Bible women during the year and every month she visits each family under instruction and directs the Bible women in regard to their teaching and their course of reading among the women. She also holds meetings with the women on the Sabbath and finds some interested hearers. And so the work goes on.

VII

General Work

Bareilly, Jan. 29, 1874.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I have three of my medical class with me as Bible women this year, Nellie Bain, who married William Peters, Libbie Husk, now Libbie Joel, and Harriet Richardson, the wife of Joshua Soule. The courtship of the latter was unique. Mr. Soule informed Miss Sparkes, who has charge of the Orphanage, that he wanted an educated wife but he did not want a dark woman. It happened that a few of the older girls were together in the compound and Miss Sparkes indicated to him one or two whose marriage arrangement had not been made, but none of them seemed attractive to him. Just then Harriet came across the compound and joined the group. "There," exclaimed Soule, "that is the girl that I will marry." Miss Sparkes told him the girl's name and her attainments which was quite satisfactory to the suitor, and he left after being told that he could come in the afternoon for his answer. Harriet was informed that Mr. Soule wished to marry her and she consented to meet him and that afternoon the two were introduced to

General Work

each other in Miss Sparkes' office and an engagement was effected.

As the husbands of these three young women are students in the theological school they will probably remain with me for a year or two and I shall be able to give them needed help in their medical work and arrange for them a course of instruction in books calculated to give them more enlarged views and ideas in regard to their work and influence among their hearers.

Another of my girls, Jane Paul, was lately married to the son of one of our oldest preachers, William Plomer. Jane's husband is a clerk in a government office and is an active Christian, and Jane is assisting in the medical work in Moradabad where they now live.

Sarah Mead, too, married and is now Sarah Odell ; she has been appointed medical Bible woman in Pauri where her husband is the native doctor. They have a small dispensary and Sarah is using her medical knowledge to advantage. Almira Blake, who was the first girl received into the Bareilly Orphanage, was appointed to the Orphanage in Pauri, and as matron will have just the work her heart delights in, the care of little ones.

In one of my letters I told you of a woman who consented to learn to read in order to make herself

A Glimpse of India

more agreeable to her husband who was planning to take a second wife. She has improved very much in her reading and is now studying the Old Testament in Hindu. She reads a chapter over several times and when the Bible woman visits her she asks her to explain anything that she does not understand. She said to me one day, "Before I began to learn I used to go from house to house to hear my neighbors talk and tell stories, and see their jewels, but now I have no time for that. I hurry to get my work done, and if any of the neighbors come in to talk and tell stories I feel impatient for them to go. The stories in my book are better than any they can tell."

At our request she invites the women and children of the neighborhood once a week to her house and we have a meeting with them. She and her daughter had learned to sing many of our hymns and to repeat the Lord's Prayer in Hindustani and they are quite a help in these little gatherings.

Her home shows the change in her mental condition. Formerly it was very untidy, deplorably so, but now everything is clean and in order and it is a pleasure to visit her. Her husband is an educated man, but he had never thought his wife capable of anything beyond cooking and attending to his wants, but now that he sees the improvement in her he seems quite proud and fond of her.

General Work

June 10th.

MY DEAR M——:

You have been so much interested in my work and my plans for the hospital that I am sure you will rejoice with me over its completion. It was ready for occupancy on the 1st of January, and it was with glad hearts that we received our first indoor patients, some of whom had been waiting for us to let them know that we could accommodate them. Soon we had many of our rooms occupied by Hindus, Mohammedans and native Christians, all having their own separate apartments. It would amuse you to look in upon us. A patient seldom comes alone to the hospital. A poor woman brings her children and sometimes her mother-in-law or a widowed sister who may be living with her. It would be considered a disgrace for a high-caste woman to come alone so her husband accompanies her, and oftentimes they bring not only their family and several servants, but a yoke of oxen, a horse and conveyance, a goat, their food and cooking utensils and their furniture. We are not always particular to limit the number of persons who accompany the patient, providing there is room, and that they are willing to abide by our rules, for we hope to do them good in a social and friendly way. They are no expense to us in the way of food, for their caste would not allow them to take food from our hands.

A Glimpse of India

The benefit of a *zanana* dispensary and hospital is readily apparent. Women who would suffer in silence rather than have a native doctor called to them, even though he did not look upon their face, are glad to come to be treated by a lady doctor. A motley collection of conveyances may be seen in front of the dispensary almost any morning. Bullock carts in which a whole family has come ; *ekkas* or pony carts, carefully covered with a cotton covering ; a more pretentious *rath* with beautiful white oxen, from some one of the better homes of the city ; a palanquin or two, and the little *dolies*, which are simple string cots so small that it is a puzzle to imagine how a woman can sit in it though, truth to tell, I have seen not only a woman emerge from one but two or three children besides. There are other women who come on foot, sometimes leading a very old or perhaps a blind person. Such a contrast the most of these people are to our neatly-clad, white-robed Christian women and the Orphanage girls in their gingham skirts and white *chādars*. The Hindu and Mohammedan women wear the *chādars* or mantle, too. Perhaps I have told you that it is a sheet worn over the head and thrown up over one shoulder. The women pull it closely over the face and are very particular not to expose their features to the gaze of men. A bride on going to her husband's home does not un-

General Work

cover her face before her mother-in-law until she is told to do so.

At first we find it a little difficult to persuade the women to let us examine them, even to get at their pulse or to see their tongue, but this reluctance soon wears off, and some of the women now in the hospital have lost a good deal of their shyness and meet us freely. It is so also in the *zananas* that we visit; old and young sit down together and listen to the teaching and ask questions, apparently without constraint.

We still have a great many calls to patients in the city and adjacent villages, and my medical Bible women have many opportunities to practice what they have learned. They appreciate this, as it is giving them excellent preparation for the work which will come to them when they go with their husbands to their appointed fields of labor.

People in moderate circumstances sometimes offer me a fee for each visit,—a dollar or half a dollar—but many are not really able to give money; they would, I think, if their means would allow. It is sometimes pathetic to see how desirous they are to show their gratitude, sometimes offering a few native sweets on a leaf, probably costing less than a cent, sometimes a few oranges or guavas which really cost them next to nothing. A few times I have received an adequate

A Glimpse of India

fee for one visit but nothing for subsequent visits, though the patient may require medical services for weeks, the husband evidently thinking that one gold *mohur*, equal to eight dollars, ought to bring his wife back to health. All fees received are used to buy medicines and defray expenses for medical work.

Natives are very fond of their money and do not part with it easily, but I have heard that native princes have given large sums for a surgical operation or when a favorite member of the household has recovered from an illness.

The *Hakims* or native doctors are shrewd enough to get pay for their services. A hakim will agree to cure a patient for a certain sum; if he is a little doubtful as to the result he requires payment in advance, but if the patient does not recover he will not refund the money; of course his reputation suffers somewhat, for the injured family are eloquent in proclaiming their wrongs.

September 11th.

I have a visit of several days in Lucknow every month lately. Miss Monelle, M. D., who was appointed to Lucknow, received a call to Hyderabad, which she accepted, and as there was no one to carry on the medical work which she had begun I was requested to take the supervision, so I go to the *zananas* and visit the sick and prescribe for those who are

General Work

brought to me at the mission house. I find many who need my services and am glad to do what I can for them. One of my medical students lives in Lucknow and she looks after my patients in my absence. How my heart rejoices over these young women who are taking up this work! Nearly all of my class are active workers, combining their medical knowledge with their Christian work among the homes of the people they visit.

Susan Hamilton, one of the class, has written of her experience in the first place she went to after her marriage. She was a good student, quick to learn and so thorough that she would never leave any point until she thoroughly understood it. Overflowing with good nature, she was one to make her way anywhere, and we were interested to know what her experience of life would be.

Her husband was appointed to Khera Bajhera and Susan began at once to visit in the *zananas* where work had already been opened, and she found her medical knowledge and skill a great help in opening other homes. A great many came to her, also, and she had many opportunities to give physical relief and spiritual comfort. But poor Susan had her trial. A leading Hindu, who had been loyal to the government during the mutiny, received many favors from individuals as well as the government and this aroused a

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feeling of jealousy and he had many enemies among the people of the place, so when he fell ill he distrusted every one and would take no medicine, fearing that the native doctor might be bribed to give him poison. Charms and enchantments failed and in despair of saving his life his friends sent to Susan for medicine. She sent him a dose of quinine, but it was too late to help him and he died. Of course the enemies of the mission took advantage of this to cry out that the Christian woman had poisoned him, and they succeeded in turning the poor widow against Susan, who had been quite a favorite with her, and so bitter were her feelings that she ordered the girls' school which her husband had supported, and which Susan visited, closed against her, so that for a time the work was stopped. The widow's rancor subsided after a time and the school was opened, and the native pastor's wife gained an entrance to the home but she declined to see Susan, saying that she had not been careful to give the proper medicine. This was discouraging for the unoffending woman, but she is hopeful that the way will yet open for successful work.

December 29th.

Looking back over the year's work I find that I have fifty new families on my list, some of whom had never been visited by a Christian woman. There

General Work

were some among them who were willing to be taught and my four Bible women and Mrs. Sheahy have had a busy year. The work is among all castes, rich and poor. Sometimes the young women meet with great opposition from their mothers-in-law who fear the result of Christian teaching, but the Bible women usually succeed in overcoming all prejudice and retain their pupils. In some instances the older women who opposed the introduction of new ideas into the home become the most interested listeners to the reading and exposition of the Scriptures.

We have held meetings on the Sabbath in the home of one of our pupils for all in the neighborhood who were willing to come and have sometimes had a good audience. They were generally respectful and attentive during the Bible reading and prayer, but occasionally some old woman would steal quietly away while we were praying, fearing that if she listened she might in some way be made a Christian against her will.

A few of the families pay for the books which we furnish them and also pay a small sum toward the teacher's salary. We require all who are able to pay for their books for then they are taken care of.

There is not much variety in our work from year to year, as you see, yet after all we do see some improvement and are encouraged to believe that some of

A Glimpse of India

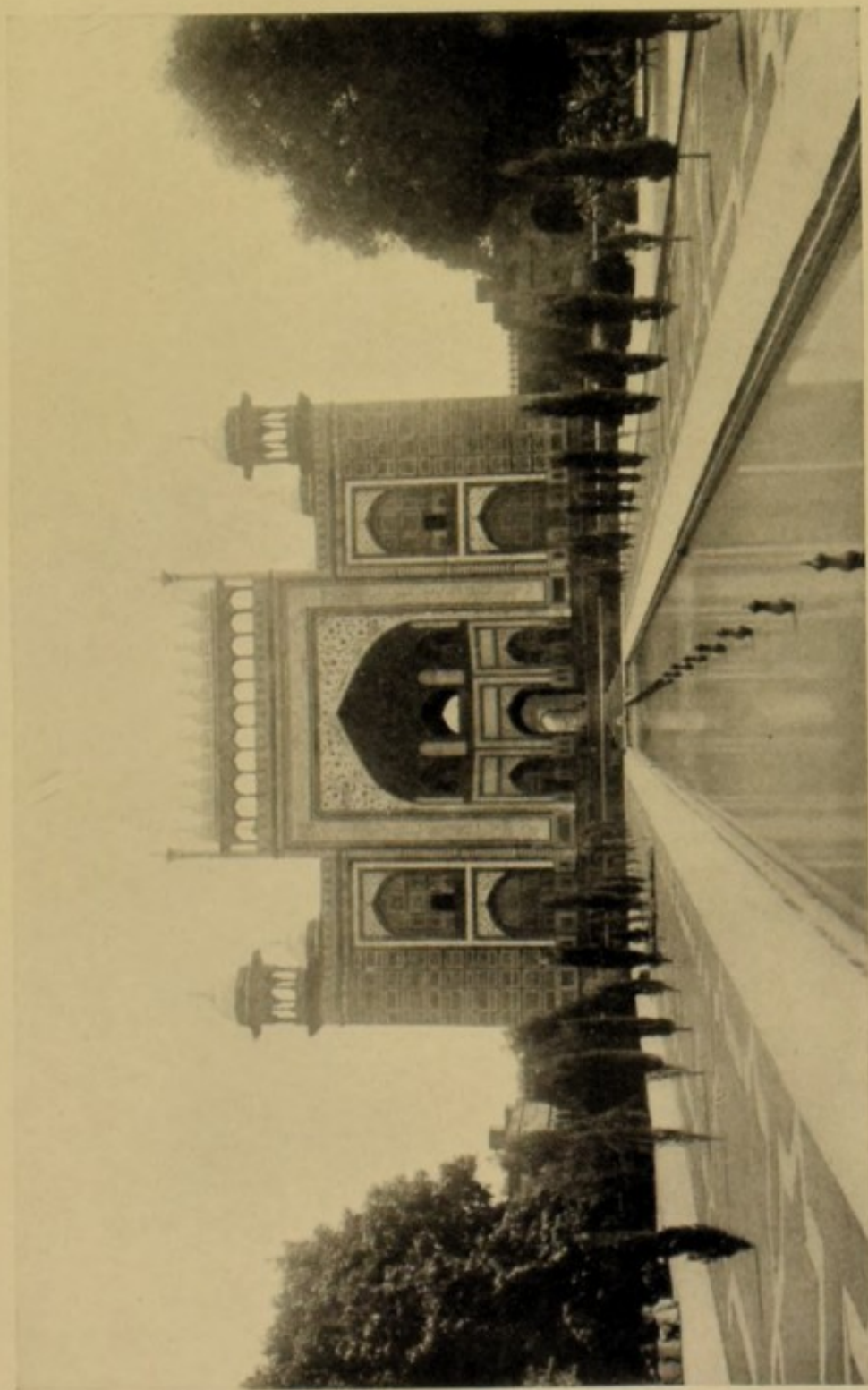
the good seed sown *is* taking root. We cannot wonder that the work is slow when we reflect that for two thousand years and more this people has been following in the footsteps of their ancestors without improvement either in art or science. It is a matter of rejoicing that some men are becoming enlightened enough to really *wish* to have their households taught, though certainly the most of them would prefer to have the religious part of the teaching left out. But that, of course, cannot be.

February 10, 1875.

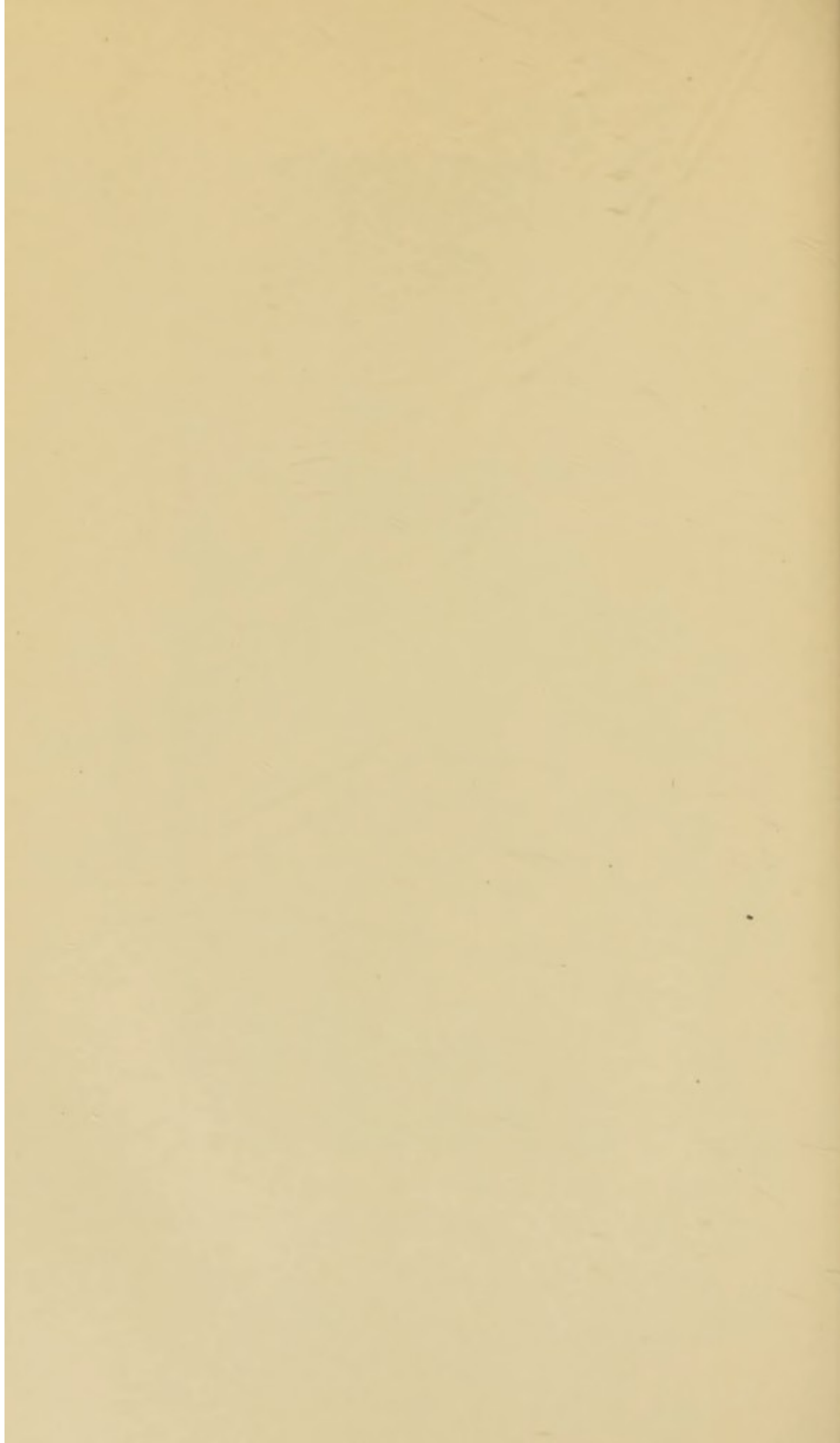
MY DEAR M——:

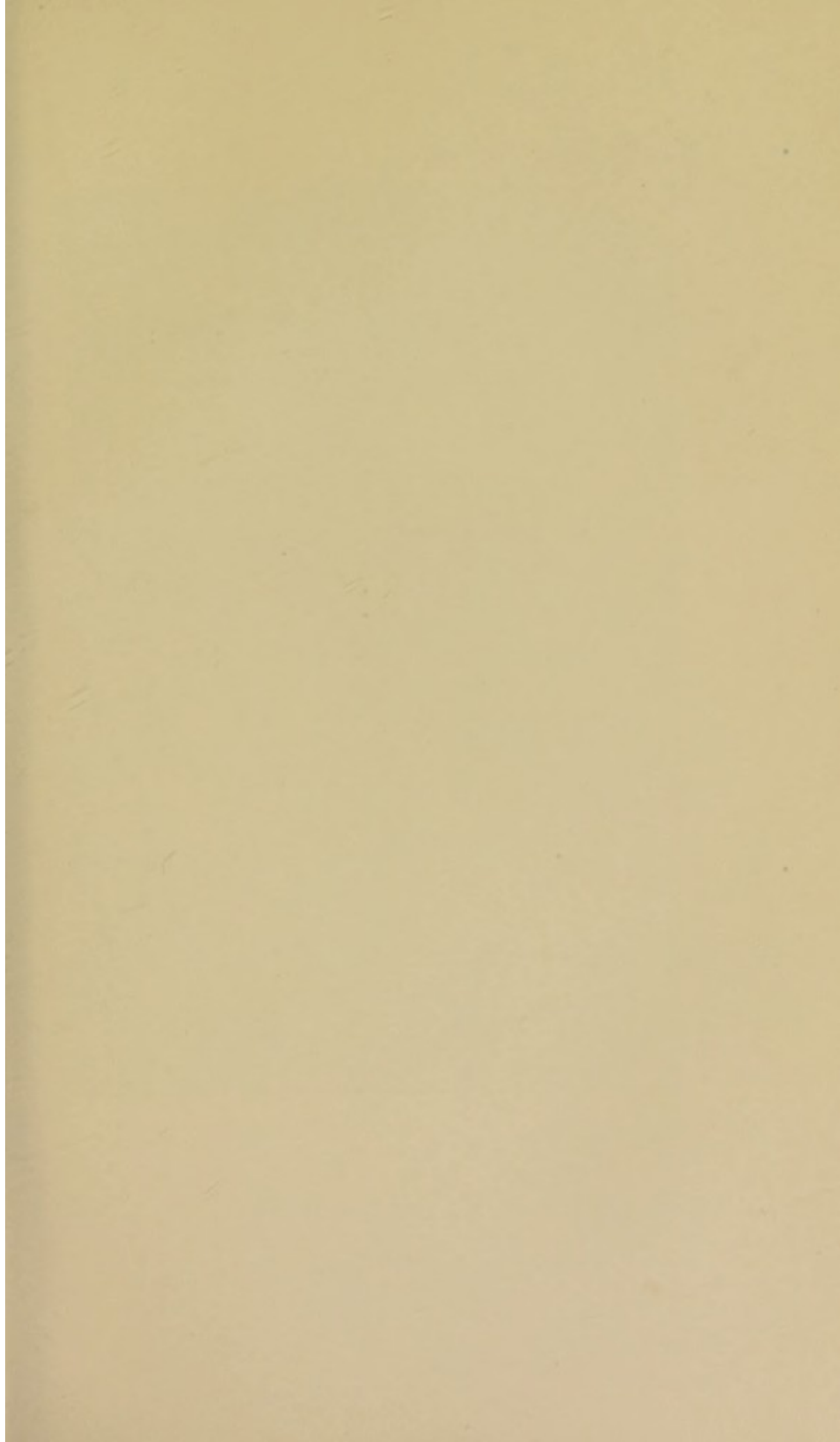
Since receiving your letter I have visited the famous Taj Mahal in Agra. Dr. and Mrs. Humphrey spent a few weeks with us here in Bareilly before leaving for America and as they were intending to visit Agra on their way to Bombay they urged me to accompany them which I was very glad to do.

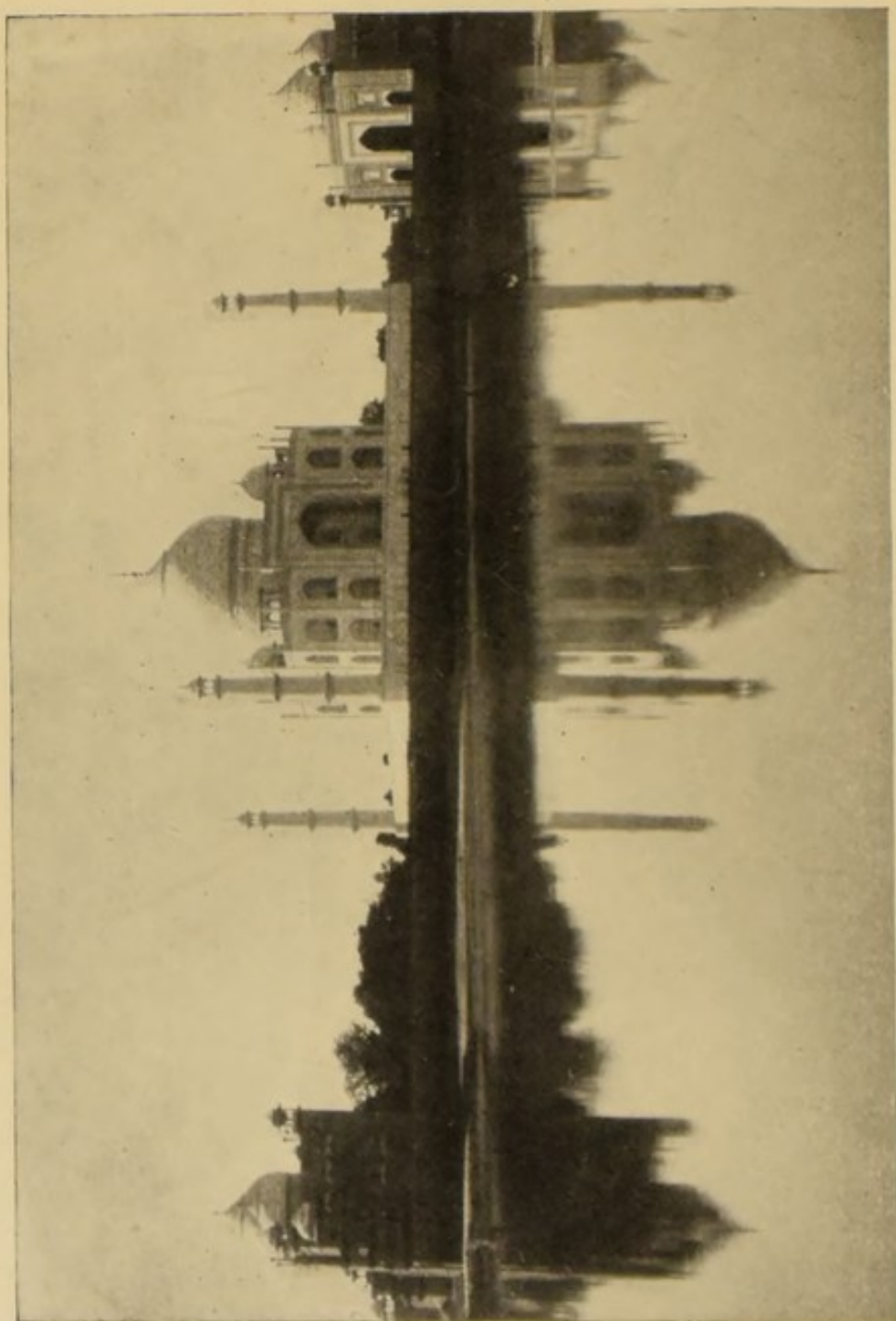
We arrived in Agra in the early morning and after a rest and breakfast at a hotel went directly to the Taj. The gateway at the entrance to the grounds is a beautiful structure but we were anxious to see the "Dream in Marble" as it has been called, and what a beautiful sight greeted us as we passed through the gateway! We stood entranced for several minutes. Opposite the entrance was the Taj, a pure white mar-



Taj Mahal Gateway.







The Taj Mahal, from the River.

General Work

ble tomb inlaid with mosaics of different colored marbles. You have probably read a description of this lovely tomb built by Shah Jahan for his beloved wife's last resting-place. It is said that the building covers an acre of ground and that twenty-two thousand men were twenty years in building it. The cost was twenty millions of dollars. I cannot vouch for the truth of this but it is the current statement here, and does not seem impossible as one notes the fine and delicate carvings of the marble screens, the exquisite bas-reliefs and other sculptured designs which must have required years of careful workmanship to accomplish. We tested the echo by singing one line of the Doxology at a time waiting for the whispering return of what seemed like sweet voices from unseen ones hovering over us in the great dome.

This beautiful structure stands in a garden of thirteen acres on the banks of the River Jamna. The garden itself is a beautiful sight with its fine trees, luxuriant shrubbery, flowers of every hue and roses of every variety and color. There are marble walks and fountains in which the lovely pink lotus grows, and though the fountain jets were not in action the placid waters added beauty to the scene.

One cannot wonder that this quiet spot was a favorite resort of the beautiful queen and that she often came here from her royal home in Delhi; it was for

A Glimpse of India

this reason, probably, that Shah Jahan built here the tomb which embodies her dying request, "Build for me a monument whose beauty shall command the admiration of the world."

The next day Dr. and Mrs. Humphrey resumed their journey to Bombay and I returned to Bareilly rejoicing that my eyes had beheld this "perfection of beauty."

The day in Agra amid new scenes and with change of thought was refreshing and I returned to take up my work with renewed zeal and courage. We have had a very interesting Bible reading with the dispensary patients this morning; some of them were unusually attentive. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth Light." How this encourages us to pray that the Word given so faithfully by our dispensary Bible woman may find a place in the heart of some hungry soul. How it would comfort these poor women if they could only believe that God is a loving Father ready to help them at all times instead of always having the fear that they may do something to displease their deities and incur their wrath.

God has said that His Word shall not return unto Him void, so we may hope that the good seed of the Word which has been sown this morning may spring up and bring forth fruit in His good time. These people come to us with the utmost confidence believ-

General Work

ing that our medicines will cure their ailments whatever they may be or of how long standing, and while we endeavor to heal their bodies we are trying just as earnestly to minister to their souls.

VIII

As M—— Saw It

Bareilly, Feb. 12, 1875.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Our Conference last month was, as usual, a season of spiritual refreshing as well as of pleasant social intercourse. You can imagine how delightful these annual gatherings must be for those of our missionaries who are in isolated stations where they hardly see people of their own color half a dozen times through the year. Constant intercourse with the natives must have more or less of a depressing effect no matter how much one may be interested in her work, and these days of social and religious intercourse are the source of pleasant anticipation for weeks before we come together and of renewed interest in the work as different phases of it are discussed by different missionaries.

I find something of this same feeling among some of the higher class of women who come to the dispensary. They get tired of the seclusion of their homes and are glad of any pretext to come out among others if their friends do not absolutely forbid it. Their

motive is not, like that of the missionaries, a desire for spiritual refreshment, but a longing for a change of some kind to relieve the monotony of their lives, and these visits to the dispensary certainly give them food for thought and they carry away with them ideas which may develop into broader views of life.

A few days ago a bright little woman came to the dispensary closely concealed in her covered conveyance, and after receiving her medicine anxiously inquired which road led to the railroad station. This was rather startling and we asked why she wished to know. She laughingly replied, "It will be a long time, perhaps, before my husband will let me come out again, and I am determined to see the railway carriages and the engines and things that the English people talk about. I will bribe my servants and my husband will never know about it."

One of my Bengali patients in the hospital said to me before she left, "May I not come here and stay a while every year, even if I am not sick? I like to walk out in the garden and go to your bungalow. I am not afraid to go out here, but if I should walk out at home my neighbors and friends would think badly of me. I do not care to see fine houses or anything that man has made. I love the trees and flowers and the pretty green fields." I afterward visited this native lady in her home and found everything clean and

A Glimpse of India

orderly. There were pots of rare geraniums in the courtyard which she cherished equally with her jewels.

While she was with me her husband came to see her and spent two or three days with her in her rooms in the hospital. He belongs to the Brahmo Somaj—an organization among the Hindus who have given up idol-worship and profess to worship God only, but they do not believe in Christ or in a spiritual change. We talked with him about his religious views. He said he loved to pray; his idea seemed to be that one should spend as much time in prayer as could be spared from daily business. While here he used to arise early in the morning and drive out to a mango grove some distance away and spend some time in prayer. He said he got an inspiration from his surroundings and he could better fix his mind on God when alone under the trees or out in the open field. Others of his faith have given a similar testimony.

Bareilly, March 17, 1875.

MY DEAR M——:

Your letter asking me to give you some account of my daily life and work is at hand and I will ask you to imagine that you are with me for a day, accompanying me on my visits here and in the city. We will first visit the hospital patients. In the first room at the right as we enter we find a Mohammedan

woman who has been here for some weeks. Ask her a few questions. She will tell you that she has been very ill, but *Allah* (God) has heard her prayers and now she is almost well enough to go to her home. In the next room is a poor woman from a village brought in from the country in a very low condition. She is a native Christian and, as you see, too ill to be much benefited by medicine, but we are glad to have her here where we can give her nourishing food and the care she needs to make her comfortable. Our next patient is a young Eurasian girl who has been deceived by the brother of the woman with whom she lived. Her mistress brought her here to await her confinement and has come several times to see her, and seems very kind to her. Although this woman is a leper she goes about where she will and seems to get some enjoyment out of life.

Here are two Hindu women in this next room. They have come from the country. One of them is a very bright young woman—a widow—who has come with her sister-in-law to remain while she is under treatment; it will appear more respectable to their Hindu friends to have her here as companion than for her sister to remain in a strange place alone. This woman's fingers on both hands are covered with jewels, which is remarkable for a Hindu widow, but they may have been put on for the occasion. You will be

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pleased to see this next patient who is a lovely native Christian woman from Cawnpore, the daughter of a native minister. She is a well educated woman, and, as you see, has charming manners, but she is very delicate. We hope the change will do her as much good as medicine.

Now we will visit the European ward. In one room is a woman from Burma, in the next one from Naini Tal—such a distance apart have they lived, and here they meet on the same errand, the pursuit of health. The next room is occupied by a lady from Allahabad, the wife of a civil engineer. She spends some time with her husband on his district work and, though she enjoys camp life, she has found it necessary to come here for rest and light treatment.

And now I must take you in to see Mrs. Sheahy, who has been a valuable assistant to me for so long. It was a trial to me as well as to her when her eyesight began to fail and she was obliged to give up her work, but she is a true Christian and has borne her affliction patiently. I have had her eyes treated by a surgeon from the Bengal Infantry, and he has just performed a most successful operation, removing a cataract from one of her eyes. He watches her case carefully and feels sure that she will quite recover her sight. It is pleasant to see how he appreciates our hospital and grounds. He says it is quite a relief to come here

where everything is so clean and orderly, and the compound so beautiful with its shrubbery and lovely flowers.

But now we must go into the dispensary. You see we have this clinic room and here back of it is the operating room; this is the office and the room corresponding to it in the opposite wing is the lecture room, then there are the two bath-rooms.

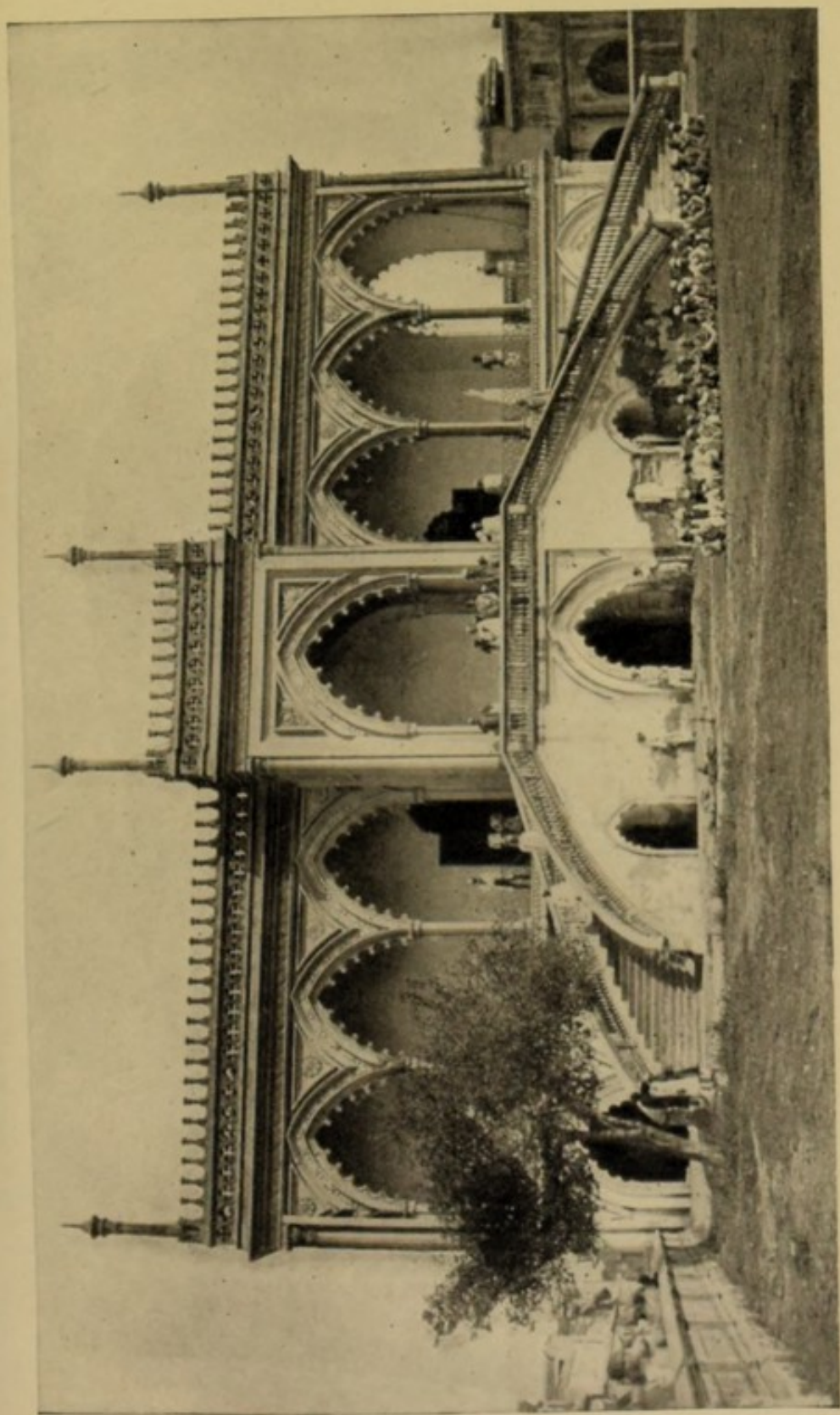
We have quite a crowd of people here this morning; most of them are from the city, but a few, I see, are village people. Do you notice how patiently they wait, and how attentive they are to the reading of the Word by the dispensary Bible woman who is so faithfully trying to interest them? Some of their questions show that they are really trying to comprehend what they hear. Some of them enjoy the hymns and prayer.

I have told you before of Rebecca. Her training under Dr. Humphrey has fitted her to be of great service here. She will prescribe for the more simple cases and the more serious ones will wait to be examined and prescribed for on my return from the city. These people are never in a hurry. They always have time for all they want to do while we Americans worry because we have not time to accomplish all that we want to do in a day.

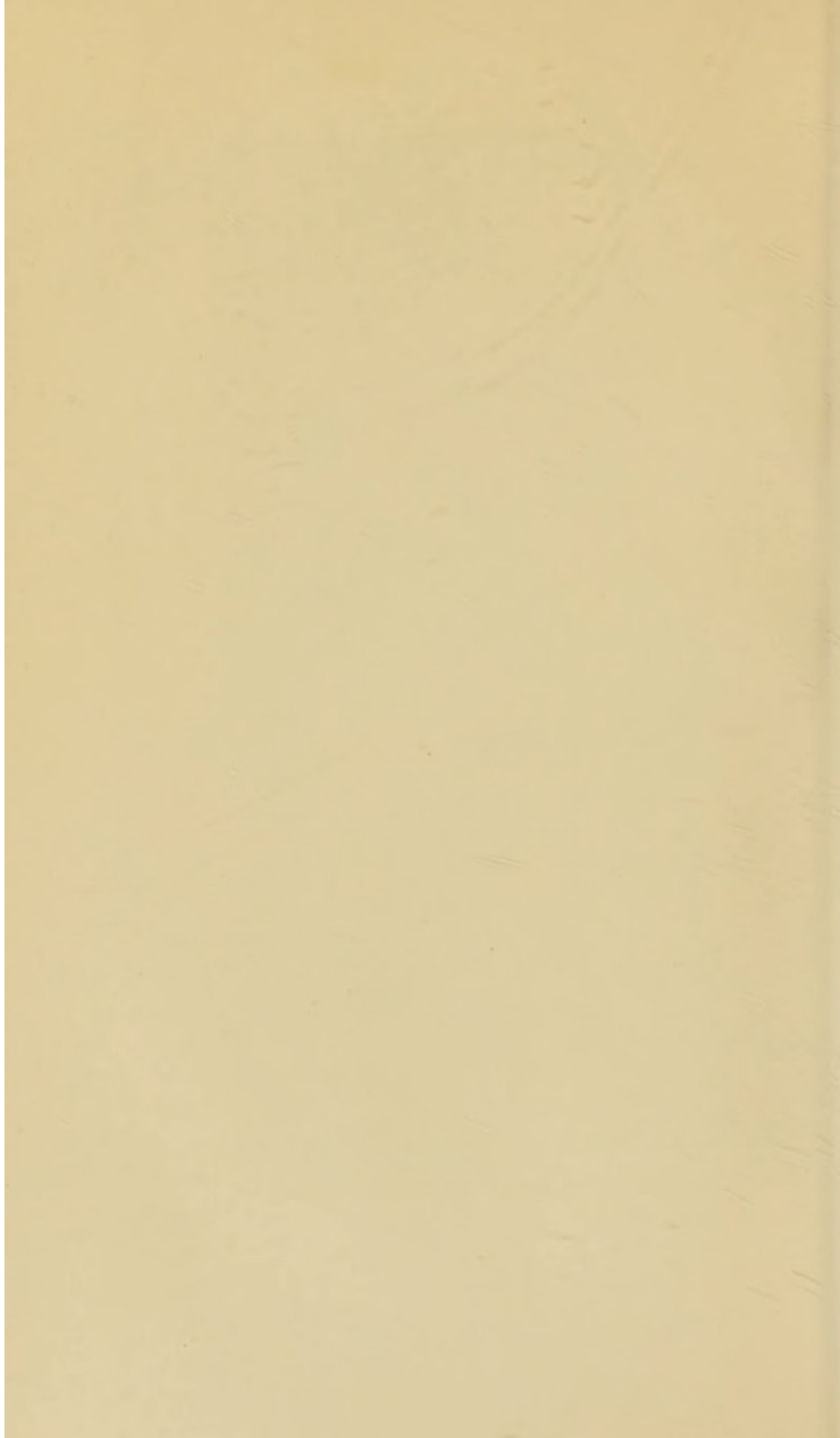
But our carriage is at the door and we will con-

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tinue our morning's work. The half mile drive through the bazar will interest you for it is a phase of life that is quite unique. Here you see truly "all sorts and conditions of men," and conveyances of every description. We pass through this large gateway and turn to the right through this lane which is hardly wide enough for our carriage. Our first call is on a Mohammedan woman who comes to the dispensary when she is able, but now she is too ill to come. They are poor people but they seem to make an effort to make the best of what they have, and the house is more tidy and comfortable than many of the places we visit. As a rule the Mohammedans are not as neat as the Hindus. This woman's husband is a mechanic earning four or five *anas* a day, equal to eight or ten cents of our money. Let us see what we can do for this poor woman. "Have you taken the medicine as I directed?" I ask. "Yes, Miss Sahiba," she replies, "I took the powders as you told me, and I ate the papers too." We must not let her see us smile though you are inclined to do so, I see. "I am glad you took the powders, but it is not necessary for you to eat the papers. How about the fever?" I ask. "My fever came on as usual, but not so strong," was her answer. So I will leave more powders with the injunction to throw away the papers they are wrapped in.



Barcilly Library at Entrance to the Bazar.



Across the street is another of my patients, the wife of a wealthy Hindu banker. This woman has been ill for several months with an incurable disease from which she cannot recover. She is resigned to her fate but begs that I will visit her often, "as," she says, "it is a comfort to talk with some one who knows how I suffer." Her husband is very kind to her although she has never had any children and he has taken a second wife, but his first wife is the one he loves. You can see that she is of a more refined nature than the other who just now passed through the room.

Now I must take you into another part of the city, a region where low-caste people reside. My patient here is a boy who is recovering from smallpox. I was not called to attend him until he began to recover, then I found his case to be a serious one. I fear he will never be strong enough to wait upon himself, even. It hardly seems possible that human beings can exist in such a place as this, so many people crowded into so small a space, yet this is common in the cities and is often the case in the villages, also.

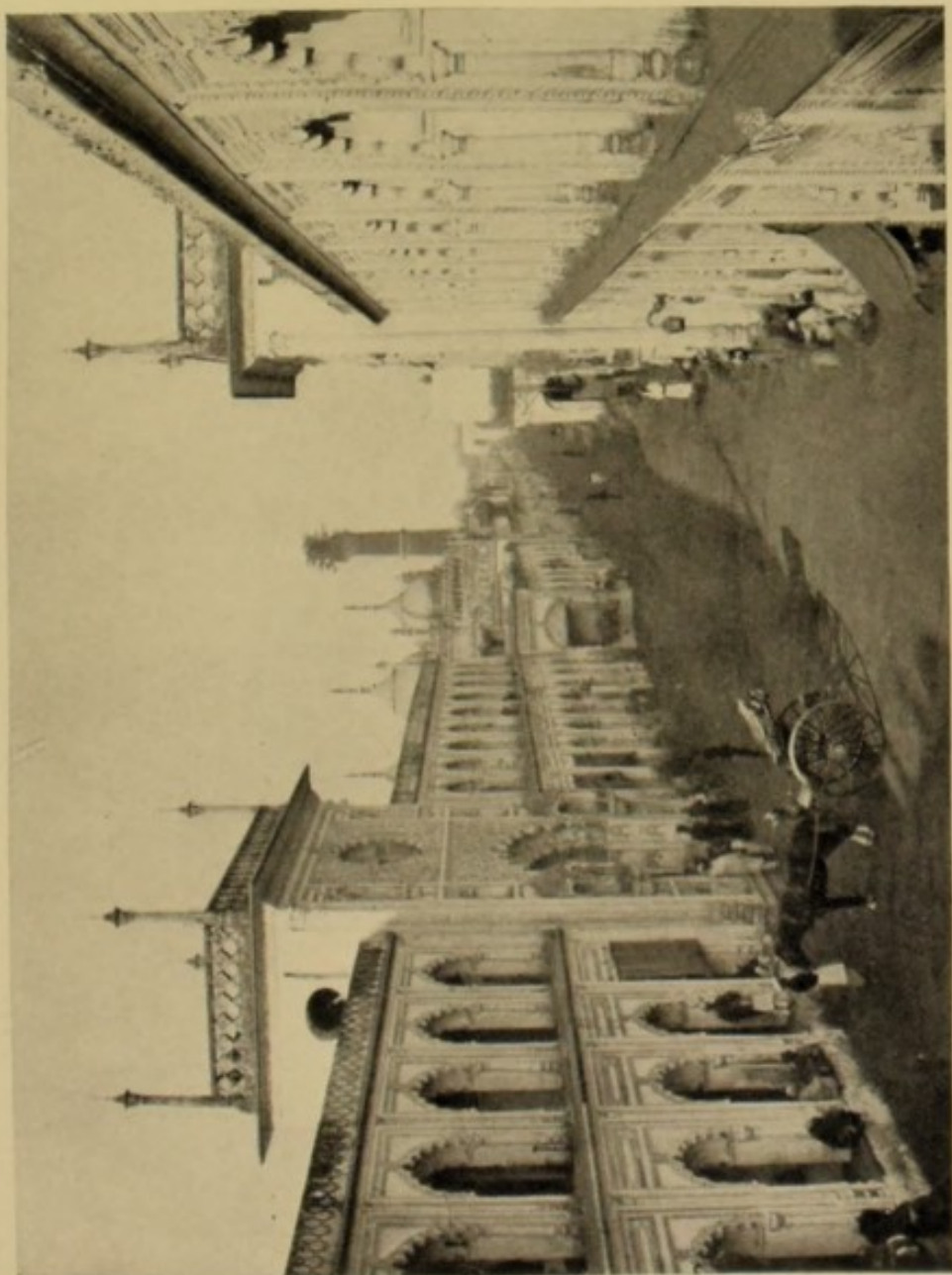
One of my Bible women visits several families in this *mohalla* or ward and a number of people come together to hear her give the Bible lesson. Some of the women and girls are learning to read. The medicine case is useful in opening the way for the Gospel; the neighborhood gets interested and when we suggest

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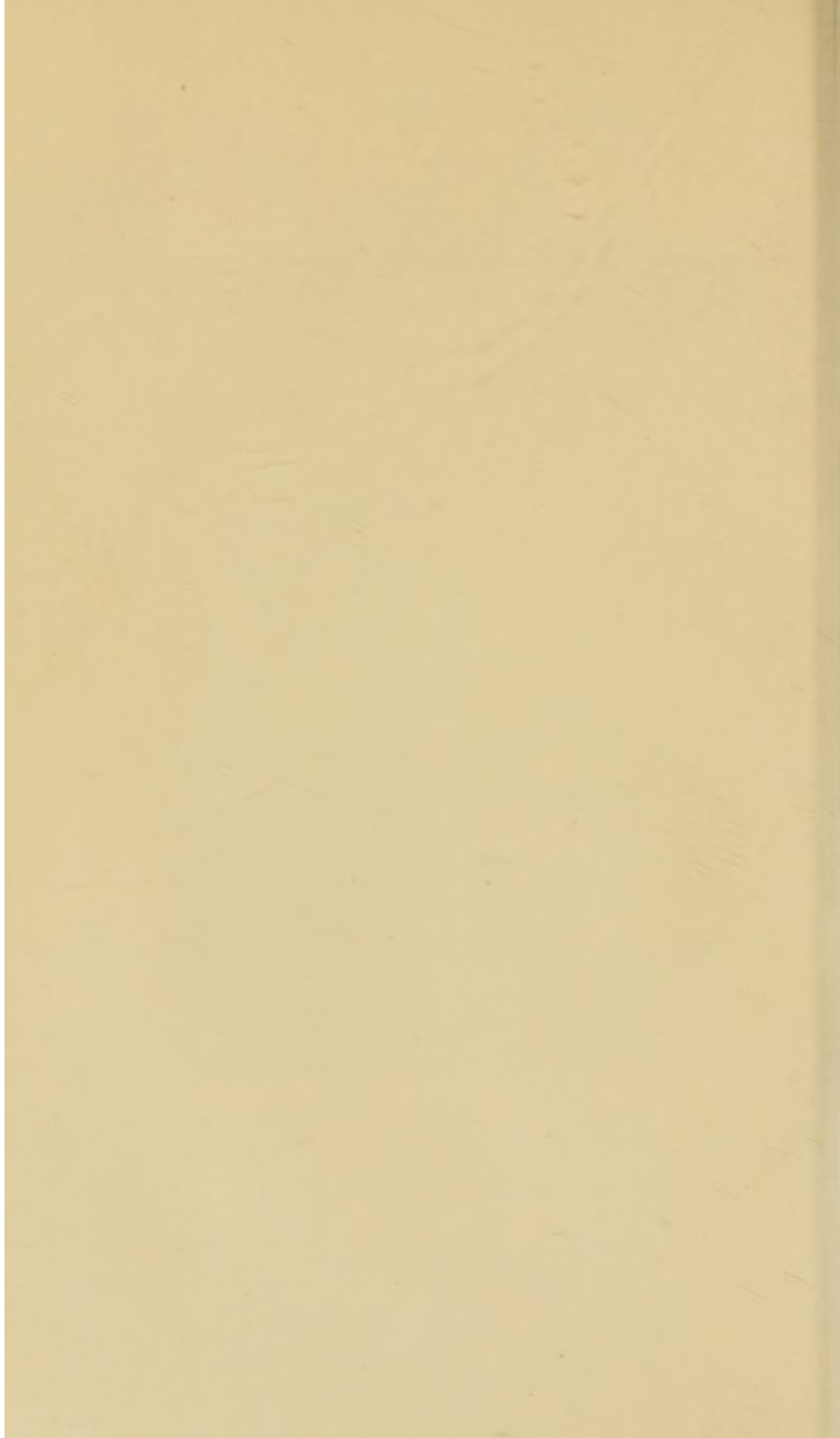
that the children be taught there is frequently a ready assent, then where we have the girls the mothers are almost sure to come in, and this leads to an invitation to their homes.

We will walk back to the entrance to the lane where we left the carriage and I will stop to see a little Mohammedan girl who has been very ill with typhoid fever. She is a mere skeleton but she is determined to live. I fancy that she is well married and that may be the reason that her people are so anxious for her recovery. She needs better care and better air than she can get here but the family are not willing to bring her to the hospital.

There is another case near by that I must look after. This is a young married woman who is seriously ill, but I trust she will recover for the sake of her child who is such a treasure to both mother and father. A son is always warmly welcomed in a Hindu family, and this is the first born. The little woman is well-inclined and has a desire for improvement, but she belongs to a caste that is not considered respectable and she can never associate with any one of higher caste than her own unless she becomes a Christian. I love to tell these people that God loves them just as much as He does a Brahman and their souls are precious in His sight; that He needs them and has a place for them in His service.



The Main Bazar, Bareilly.



As M—— Saw It

One more visit we must make before we turn homeward. There are several in this family suffering from an epidemic and I will take a look at each of them and perhaps change the medicine, but we must not stop to answer the many questions that they will surely ask on seeing a stranger. All are doing well I am glad to see, and now for home and breakfast. It is half-past ten o'clock.

A busy forenoon, do you say? Yes, but not out of the ordinary, and there are dispensary patients yet to be attended to after our breakfast, you know. They will have enjoyed a comfortable rest in our absence.

September 27th.

MY DEAR SISTER :

You would be amused over some of the arrivals this morning. A woman came to the hospital with the evident intention of remaining some time as she was accompanied by her husband, three children, a widowed sister and twelve servants. There was an ox-cart with their furniture and they had brought food—cooked and uncooked—to last some time, and there were the three conveyances in which the family came. The woman needed treatment and of course we were glad to have her here, and I could appreciate her wish to have her children with her, but I asked her why her husband came. She made several excuses; she would

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be afraid to stay here without him ; their friends would give her a bad name if she were separated from him ; it would not be respectable for her to remain in a strange place without him ; and so he stays.

The poorer classes seldom come to stay without bringing some member of their families with them, and it sometimes happens that the number of the attendants or companions is greater than the number of patients in the hospital. By putting up some temporary arrangements each family lives quite separate and their seclusion is assured. We are glad to have the opportunity to give them all some new ideas and they seem to appreciate our sanitary system, and some really take pride in keeping their rooms clean and orderly. For nearly three months we have had families of Christians, Hindus, Bengalis and Mohammedans staying in the hospital and often the women from each family would be present in our prayer-meetings. We did not require them to come but always invited them and the Hindu women seemed to enjoy the meeting. The Mohammedan women always appeared to be afraid lest we should make Christians of them against their will.

December 29th.

Another year nearly gone ! As I look back over the twelve months of service I think I can truly say that it has been my best year in India, although I have

at times been so physically unfit for work. The dispensary work is very absorbing both of time and strength but it has nevertheless been very satisfactory. We have had more high-caste patients than heretofore, probably because we are better known in the city, so that they have less reluctance in coming to us. We have had abundant opportunities to do good both to the bodies and souls of the people and we have reason to believe that our efforts have not been entirely vain. Of course some neither comprehend nor seem to care for the truth presented, while others really seem deeply interested and really anxious to learn something of our religion. We have had six high-caste women in the hospital, also, during the year, shy and modest and gentle-mannered the most of them, and very appreciative of our care and attention.

When Mrs. Sheahy was laid aside from work I was fortunate in securing the services of a very capable young woman to oversee my Bible women and go with them to examine their work in the schools and zananas. She says she finds the women are generally attentive and take an interest in what is being taught them. Those who can read the Urdu or Hindi character are reading the Bible in those languages and others are being taught to read and write and also to do some kinds of needlework. There are about forty houses which are visited twice every week.

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I have been interested to notice that we have treated nineteen hundred and twenty-nine patients this year and have given out just a few less than five thousand prescriptions. There have been more paying patients than in any former year, the fees amounting to five hundred and sixty-six dollars, a sum which materially helps out our medical work.

February 5, 1876.

Although my five years of service had expired I did not feel at liberty at our Conference session to ask leave for a change to America even though convinced that I really need a rest. There is much anxiety as well as responsibility connected with medical work resulting in weariness of body and mind, and it was with a feeling of relief that I heard that the Society is sending out a medical lady who will probably reach here early in March. This makes it possible for me to take the much needed rest and change and I have decided, by the strongly emphasized advice of the surgeon who has sometimes given his assistance in some of my cases, to leave for America as soon as I can make it convenient to do so. Mr. and Mrs. Cherington with their little one will sail about the 1st of March and I shall be glad to go in their company. You will probably hear from me again before I reach America.

IX

Second Journey to India

Liverpool, England, Oct. 10, 1879.

MY DEAR H——:

There were so many things to attend to during the last few weeks before leaving home that I did not find time to write to you so I take this opportunity while waiting for a steamer to let you know that I am well and glad to be on my way back to India.

I left Castile on the 25th of September and sailed from New York two days later on the steamer *Celtic* arriving in Liverpool on the seventh of this month. The weather was fine and the voyage delightful. I am travelling alone as our Society is not sending out missionaries this year, but I find some friendly people among strangers and get along nicely.

The agents of our mission board attend to my luggage and engage my passage so I have only to go to the steamer when it is ready to sail. One of our missionaries will meet me at Bombay and attend to getting me through the custom-house and I shall be well taken care of there.

Our steamer sails to-morrow. If we have a prosperous voyage we shall be nearing the Suez Canal by the time this reaches you.

I know you are disappointed that I decided to return

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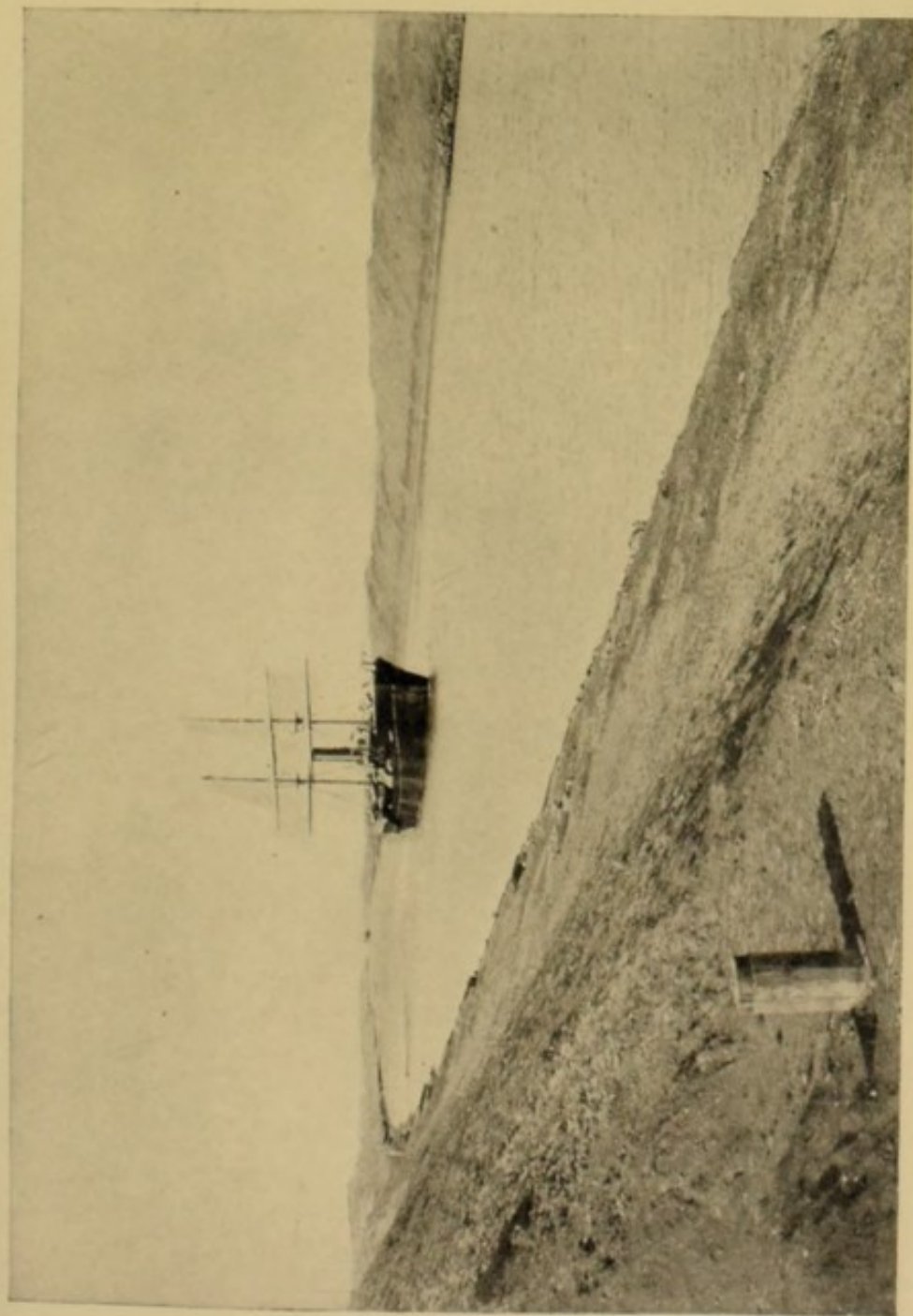
to India, but knowing so well the need of workers among the poor and destitute women of India I cannot but feel that my work is among them while I have strength to work anywhere, and I would much rather go back and die on the field than stay at home from a selfish motive. My greatest trial in leaving home is the separation from you all.

Bombay, November 8th.

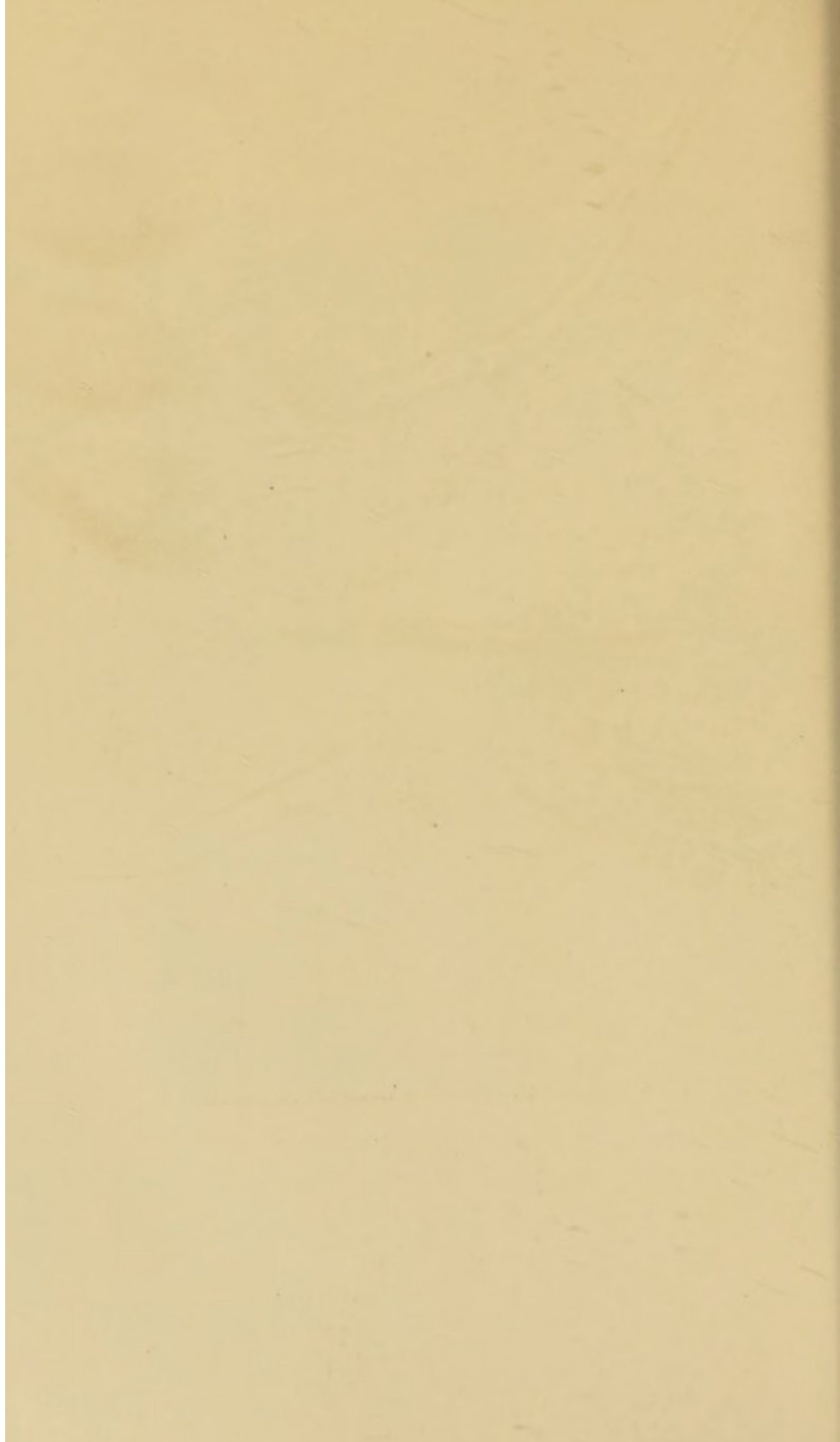
I am sure that you will rejoice with me that I have reached India safely in spite of the winds and waves and the many dangers of the sea. After we left Malta we had one very stormy day, the waves washing over the main deck and the great ship rocking like a cradle. No one can appreciate the "rocking in the cradle of the deep" who has not experienced it.

We reached Port Said at the entrance of the Suez Canal the fourth day from Malta and the twelfth from Liverpool. The canal is ninety miles long and we were two days passing through as we could sail only six miles an hour and always stopped at the "sidings" from sunset until daylight. One beautiful moonlight night we anchored in the lake not far from the spot where the children of Israel crossed, *it is said*.

We arrived at Suez Sunday morning and who should come on board but the colored evangelist, Amanda Smith, of Philadelphia, and Miss Drake, of Boston, sent out by Dr. Cullis. I had never seen



The Suez Canal.



Second Journey to India

her but had met Amanda Smith at the depot in Canandaigua, so I went to them at once and introduced myself and for the rest of the way found them most delightful companions. Our eleven days' sail from Suez to Bombay was very pleasant as the sea was calm the most of the way, but it was *very* hot in the Red Sea.

Lucknow, November 17th.

I intended to finish this letter while in Bombay and send it by the first home mail but the days were too short for all that I had to do. I was there five days staying with one of our missionaries. There were meetings every morning and calls during the day, and two days I had to go to the custom-house as my luggage was not all brought off the steamer at once. We arrived in Bombay on the 6th of November, just thirty-nine days after leaving New York, but four days and a half of that time were spent in Liverpool. On the eleventh I started for Cawnpore alone, arriving there on the afternoon of the thirteenth. Dr. Waugh and Mr. Messmore met me at the railway station and after spending two days with the Waughs I came here on Saturday to have a little visit with Miss Thoburn before going on to Bareilly.

Miss Thoburn sent a telegram of welcome to me at Bombay and met me on my arrival here and I am sitting with her in her room enjoying myself and

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happy in the thought that I can rest here until next Thursday. I found several letters of welcome awaiting me from the good friends in Bareilly. Mrs. Thomas wrote that she would come to Lucknow to accompany me to Bareilly, not because I "cannot be trusted to travel alone (!)" but because she wants to have the first visit with me, she says, so we expect her this evening.

I have met several of my old Lucknow patients and all seem glad to see me. A native woman who has been associated with Miss Thoburn since we came to India ten years ago came in this morning to give me a word of welcome. She did not speak but embraced me and passed into the next room. After a while Miss Thoburn went into the room and found the woman crying and asked what was the matter. "Oh, Miss Sahiba," she replied, "do you not see how Miss Swain has changed? If you go to America I am afraid you will come back looking as she does." The great cry is, "How thin you have grown!" I never dreamed that there were so many people interested in the amount of flesh that covers my bones. I tell them that I am the same; it is only the house I live in that has grown smaller and taken on a look of age and dilapidation, but the tenant within is stronger and wiser and better fitted to work among them than when the outside had a better and stronger appearance.

Second Journey to India

I can never tell any one how good it seems to me to get back here ; I feel now that I can never leave India again. I have such a *home* feeling, and such a love for the people fills my soul that I cannot refrain from saying, This is my country, the land to which my Father has called me, these are my people, these simple-hearted people living in their mud huts, with clothing hardly sufficient to cover their nakedness, with the spark of immortality imparted to them by the Divine Being buried so deep under their wickedness and idolatry, I must, I *must* help them !

December 17th.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Since my return to Bareilly I begin to realize the weariness of my long journey. I am staying with Miss Sparkes who, with her assistants, occupies a bungalow across the road from the Orphanage.

Mrs. McGrew has charge of the medical work and she and her husband are living in my old home, as it was necessary that she should be near the hospital.

I have nothing to do these few days before Conference but just rest and I feel the need of it, I assure you.

I appreciate the beautiful winter weather we have in this part of India, such days of sunshine and such a cool and refreshing atmosphere. I am sure the patients

A Glimpse of India

in the Castile Sanitarium would not need to be urged to "sit out" after meals if the climate there were like this.

I am longing for the time to come when I shall be settled in work again. I do not know where I may be appointed by the Conference; Miss Thoburn hopes it may be Lucknow but I think I can do better work in Bareilly, and it would be my choice to return to my old home and work. I have only to wait a few days longer to know the decision of the Conference, which will meet on January 7th.

Cawnpore, Jan. 8, 1880.

We left Bareilly on the sixth, the missionaries from Budaon having come in the night before to accompany us. At Shahjahanpore Dr. and Mrs. Johnson joined us and at Lucknow Mr. and Mrs. Badley and other missionaries were added to our company. We had one of the intermediate railway carriages to ourselves and we had quite a social time, enlivening the hours with singing and recitations. Other missionaries had arrived at Cawnpore before us.

Conference opened yesterday morning with most of the missionaries present and in the afternoon the Woman's Missionary Society convened in the parsonage drawing-room with seventeen lady missionaries and a few visitors present. After singing a hymn

Second Journey to India

Mrs. Amanda Smith led the devotions. Then the officers for the ensuing year were elected, and the hours for the daily meetings fixed. Each of the ladies present reported the amount of missionary money raised by the native auxiliary of her station; the largest amount given by any one auxiliary was eighteen rupees and the total amount from the nine auxiliaries was eighty-four rupees.

Each auxiliary has the privilege of deciding for what purpose their money shall be used and I noticed that one auxiliary had assumed, in part, the support of a teacher for a low-caste school in their own city. Another devoted a part of the money to the purchase of books and Scripture texts for the city Sunday-schools. A portion of the Bareilly money provided conveyances for the Bible women who have Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings among native Christians in different parts of the city.

An Estimating Committee of six ladies was appointed to consider what amount of money would be needed for the work of the ensuing year, and when this is settled the estimates will be presented to the Finance Committee of the men's Conference which will pass upon them and return them to the ladies; then the corresponding secretary will forward them to the secretary of the General Executive Committee in America. Great care is taken in preparing these

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estimates, each lady having previously considered what amount will be needed for her current work and any new work which she proposes to open. A Committee on Special Business was appointed, also, which will report to-day.

Ninth.

After the devotional exercises this afternoon the time was occupied by the discussion of the report of the Special Committee, which related chiefly to the arrangement of a revised course of study for Bible women, their salary, and the time they should give to their work; there were also suggestions regarding the assistants; and several of the ladies then gave a report of their work for the year. These reports will be continued until each station has been heard from.

Fourteenth.

Our Conference closed on the twelfth and the most of the missionaries left as soon as possible after receiving their appointments. Every day was filled with business, discussions of plans of work, and of further expansion; and every evening after dinner we had an hour or more of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. Amanda Smith gave a fresh inspiration by her most excellent talks, her singing and her soul-uplifting prayers.

I received my appointment to Bareilly and Mr. and Mrs. McGrew go to Cawnpore. As soon as our house

Second Journey to India

is vacated Miss Sparkes and I will move back into our old home and I will take up my work again. As you are so much interested in mission work and the meetings of your Society at home I thought you would be interested in these details of our work here.

It was quite a pleasure to meet Amanda Smith again, and you will be interested to know that Miss Drake, who was our travelling companion, has married W. B. Osborne, an American missionary who came to India to take up English work. He met us at the steamer and gave all needed assistance.

Bareilly, April 6th.

. . . I took over the hospital from Mrs. McGrew as soon as I returned from Conference, leaving opportunity for her to make the preparations for moving to Cawnpore. During my absence from India, Bareilly for nearly two years had the services of Dr. Green, who arrived from America soon after I left in 1876, and after her marriage to Mr. Cheney and departure for Naini Tal, Mrs. McGrew, who was in charge of the medical work in Moradabad, came here and has had two busy years in hospital and city work.

It has not been an easy matter to find time to write since my return. After getting settled in our home I had some needed repairs to attend to, and there was a

A Glimpse of India

great increase of patients because of the terrible fever scourge following the famine. Rebecca, my faithful assistant of other days; Miss Yerbury, a young English lady who was at one time a patient of mine, and is now studying with me; and Loraine and Matilda, two of Mrs. McGrew's medical students, have all been overcrowded with dispensary work, filling prescriptions for those who come and to send to those who are not able to come, so that to them the days are more busy than ever, while my calls to the city are continuous, and I am frequently called to out-stations. It has all been a great tax on my strength and just now I am suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, which it seems impossible to conquer.

I am advised to go to the hills for a time and am making preparations to leave my work and take a short rest.

Bareilly, Oct. 3, 1880.

MY DEAR DR. GREENE:

The hot weather came on so early that my strength was soon exhausted, especially as an obstinate attack of neuralgia could not be overcome, so I was obliged to flee to the hills for change and rest. I soon recruited in the delightful climate of Naini Tal and almost felt that I might go back to my work on the plains, though it would hardly have been wise to

Second Journey to India

go from the altitude of Naini Tal to the heated plains, and I was strongly advised to remain until the end of the rainy season. There is plenty of work for willing hearts wherever one may be, and I soon began to have calls to attend the sick in their homes and to look after the native Christians around us, so I could feel that while enjoying the fine climate and regaining health I was at the same time making myself useful to others.

But our pleasant summer in Naini Tal ended in sudden and terrible disaster. Miss Sparkes had come up to the sanitarium for a rest and we went out together to make a few calls, but the rain soon drove us home. This was on the 16th of September and it rained so hard that I thought no one would come in so I busied myself with packing some things that I had bought for the hospital and had the baskets placed in the dining-room ready to be carried down the hill, for I had engaged conveyances for Amanda Smith and myself for the twenty-first. I put some extra garments that would not be needed into my trunk and then settled myself for the night. It rained hard all night and all the next day, the storm increasing in violence every hour, it seemed to us. I went to bed but awoke about one o'clock feeling troubled and wondering if there was danger; the uneasiness increased and a little later I got up and lighted my lamp

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and looked about but saw nothing wrong, so leaving the lamp lighted I went back to bed. A few minutes later the window in my room burst open with a terrible crash letting in a rush of water and shale. My dressing-table was near the window and was thrown over and it and the lamp buried under the shale. I was alone in the room and got out as quickly as I could and groped my way to the door opening into the sitting-room but found that the jar from the crash and the rush of shale had closed it so tightly that I had great difficulty in opening it. I finally succeeded and got the front door open and went to the next suite of rooms where I found Mrs. Mudge trying to rescue her children's clothes from the rushing stream. She had but one lamp so I went to the next room where Miss Layton and Miss Sparkes were trying to rescue some of their things, and found that they could not help me as they had but one small lamp. Mrs. Thomas was able to give me a lamp and I went back to my rooms. The water was running out of the front door like a small river and some of my things were floating on the stream. I caught what I could and pressed in to see what I could rescue. All my toilet arrangements were in the shale and under water. Fortunately I had put my watch in its case on the mantelpiece near the head of my bed so that was safe.

Second Journey to India

I lost a number of valuables in the way of instruments, my two batteries, a box of medicines, and my nice medicine case that I bought in Boston, but this was only the beginning of troubles. The men assisted us down the hill to the mission house where the Bucks were living and Mrs. Buck provided us with some dry garments, but just as we began to feel a little comfortable the men who had been working hard to save Mr. Buck's house came in and said we must pack up things there as quickly as possible as the water was gaining on them so rapidly that there was no hope, so we all set to work pulling up the carpets and packing Mr. Buck's library and other valuable things, until about one o'clock when the water began to pour into the house and we saw we should have to leave everything and fly. Mr. Thomas said we must leave at once or the road would soon be gone and our escape cut off, so we hurried down the hill to our mission chapel where we found a number of native Christians and our servants who had taken shelter there as their houses were falling. We sat in the veranda wondering what we would do if the water came there, for the chapel was not far below the mission house. I said to Mrs. Thomas, "I think the assembly rooms over there near the lake will be as safe as any place if the water comes here. We can go down there." Just then I looked up toward the hill

A Glimpse of India

back of the sanitarium and noticed the trees shaking and in an instant down came the hill, demolishing a large hotel, a large department store which stood below it, and the assembly rooms which a moment before had seemed to us a place of safety. Not a trace of either building could be seen two minutes after the catastrophe. Two hundred natives and fifty Europeans were buried beneath the ruined buildings and not far from a million dollars' worth of property destroyed. The mission property, consisting of three houses, a church and schoolhouse, a large building occupied by native Christians, and a number of servants' houses, was in what was considered about the finest locality in Naini Tal, but to-day it is in a ruinous condition. The hill above it is cracked and it is feared that another hard rain will bring it down.

When it seemed no longer safe for us to remain at the chapel, and we saw people rushing in all directions to find a place of safety, word came to us that we must leave immediately and we all started together down the road which was so cut up into deep gorges that we were often deep in water, but we finally reached the outlet of the lake but were prevented from going further as the bridge was in danger of being swept away any minute, so we sought shelter in a house near the European hospital. It was not a very desirable place for they were bringing into the yard

Second Journey to India

and hospital the dead and wounded who had been rescued from the ruins; however we remained there over night and in the morning, Sir Henry Ramsay, the Commissioner of the district, sent us word that we could have a cottage of his on the other side of the lake, where we would be quite safe. We gladly took possession and soon got our native Christians over and began to send back for our things, and in due time we were able to set up housekeeping, but in a very primitive style.

The roads were so bad that there was no hope of our leaving for Bareilly on the twenty-first as we had planned but we were so filled with gratitude over our escape from the peril that had threatened us, that we were not inclined to murmur over the derangement of our plans.

I came down to Bareilly last Thursday, glad to get back to the plains where there are no hills to fall. But we found here a disastrous flood. The river Ganges had risen and swept away thousands of people and whole villages were destroyed, and the railroad was so washed out that it will be weeks before trains can be run over it.

Poor India has been visited with one calamity after another. Famine and the fever scourge carried off thousands, then came cholera and now this flood. God has a purpose in it all but the people are slow to

A Glimpse of India

learn. So far as we know not a native Christian has been lost in the flood.

It is a time of general thanksgiving with those of us who have been so wonderfully delivered from death.

Mr. Thomas remained in Naini Tal to see what could be done about the mission buildings, getting the mud and shale cleared out and saving as much of the materials as possible, and he reports that the houses are still standing. There is such a panic among the people who own property there and those who have lost all that they possessed, but their grief is as nothing compared to those whose families were lost in the terrible landslip.

December 30, 1880.

MY DEAR SISTER :

You have read the account of the "Landslip" in the letter which I sent to Dr. Greene, and I am sure you will be glad to know that, notwithstanding all the exposure, I have not lost one day from my work since my return to Bareilly. We have from fifty to eighty patients every day in the dispensary besides the many patients that I attend in their homes. My good assistants do all they can to help me though, of course, the care and responsibility come upon me; but I have learned to do the best I can and leave the result with a higher Power, and not spend any strength in carrying my own burdens or worrying over things

Second Journey to India

that I cannot make better. I believe we cannot do this and honor God in our work as it is our privilege to do.

We have treated nearly twice as many patients at the dispensary this year than any former year, and the visits to the out-stations and neighboring villages have been more frequent. Some of these have been most interesting to us as we have had the opportunity to tell the story of the Lord Jesus to some who have heard it from our lips for the first time.

During my absence in the hot weather Rebecca took charge of the entire work, to the satisfaction of all; some weeks she was called to see patients in the city nearly every day. The two medical students have done good service in compounding medicines and looking after the sick in the Orphanage and hospital, and Miss Yerbury, besides her work in the hospital and dispensary, has given the morning Bible lessons to the patients while they were waiting for their prescriptions. I have been looking over the list of hospital patients and find we have had twelve Christian women, thirty-one girls from the Orphanage, nine girls from the Lucknow and Budaon schools and two little Christian boys, besides a number of Mohammedan and Hindu women and ten Europeans.

There were six deaths among our city patients, five of them from cholera, but our hearts have been cheered

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by seeing some seemingly hopeless cases restored to health and strength.

I have received six hundred and forty-nine dollars in fees, and have given out eleven thousand, eight hundred and forty prescriptions, the number of patients treated being just nine less than six thousand.

X

Visitors From America

Bareilly, Feb. 13, 1881.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Our Conference met this year in Bareilly and we had with us several Americans, who added interest to our meetings. It is always pleasant to have a bishop from America at our Conferences and Bishop Merrill was as warmly welcomed as were other bishops who had come to us in former years.

Besides Bishop Merrill there were the "Round-the-World Evangelists," Reverend Mr. Inskip, Mr. McDonald and Mr. Wood with their wives, and two new missionaries of the Woman's Society. The ladies of the Inskip party attended our Ladies' Society, helped in the devotional meetings, and gave us words of cheer which were much appreciated. On invitation Bishop Merrill conducted the devotions at one of our afternoon meetings and made a fine address for which the ladies gave him hearty thanks.

I have had a delightful family all winter and some very nice Hindustani patients staying in the hospital. Several of my English patients are quite well now and

A Glimpse of India

have gone to their homes and others will go this month. Native patients are beginning to come in again from out-stations. I am expecting a Bengali woman to-day from Shahjahanpore. She is the wife of the station-master, to whom I was called last week to examine her case and I had great difficulty in persuading her to come to the hospital. To a Hindu woman who has never left her secluded home or ever looked outside her own premises the distance between the two cities appeared very great and it seemed a dreadful thing to her to come so far away from her home and friends.

I am sending you a report of the mission work in the charge of the ladies of our society ; in it you will see my medical report and will notice that my fees amounted to nearly my yearly salary. My health is as good as ever it was and I find myself just as well able to work. I think I travel six miles a day, on an average, for I have so much running about and so many separate buildings to look after ; and then if any one outside our grounds is sick that means extra work. There is nothing like having plenty to do in India. I am sure we should all die if we had no definite aim in life.

Bishop Merrill was astonished to see the vastness of our mission work ; he had no idea that we had such a Christian community, so many churches, schools and

Visitors From America

Sunday-schools. He was surprised to see how well versed the children are in the Scriptures and says he thinks them far ahead of the children in America. His presence added much to the interest of the Conference meetings; he is such a solid and wise man and sees things so correctly.

You will find quite a full account of our meetings in the *Indian Witness* which I am sending you. I will send it every week if it will interest you. It may perhaps answer in place of a letter sometimes.

December 15th.

We have had some interesting and intelligent women among our dispensary patients of late and our hearts have been gladdened many times as we have observed the interested faces as they have listened to the morning lesson. In no former year have I received so many sincere expressions of gratitude from native patients, especially some who were unable to give any pecuniary compensation for their treatment but have, nevertheless, managed to bring some little gift after their recovery. One poor woman to-day brought an offering of oranges, almonds and raisins—a few of each—saying she was poor but she wanted to give something in return for the benefit she had received. Another patient who lives in a village not far from Naini Tal brought twelve ears of green corn

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and a bottle of honey. He said his was a small gift but he wanted to offer something, as his life had been saved, he believed, by the medicine sent him. These simple gifts indicate a spirit of gratitude and appreciation which is very encouraging to us who work for them.

I have just had an interesting case of a high-caste Hindu woman who has been fasting for eight months because of the death of the head of the family, one of the leading men of his caste and a man of considerable wealth. Since his death all the women of his family, including distant relatives, have taken food once in twenty-four hours only. While they have been fasting themselves they have been feeding the poor daily as a work of merit for the dead. When on my way at evening to see my patient I have noticed on both sides of the road leading to the house quite a company of poor people receiving food from the household servants.

The woman I was called to treat had been to the Ganges to bathe and perform some ceremonies and had taken cold and I found her seriously ill. She begged me to give her something to cause her death, saying she was not afraid to die but she could not endure such pain. I asked her if she would take liquid medicines. "Oh, no," she replied. "Will you take powders?" I asked, and again she answered,

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“No.” “How can I give you medicine then?” I asked. “I will take medicine that can be applied externally,” was her answer. “But that will not be sufficient,” I said. “You are very ill and if you will not take either medicine or food, I do not see that I can do much for you.”

Her son, who was standing by, said, “Do come to see her again, your presence will be some help to her;” so the next morning I went again and found her still suffering. An old man, a relative of the family, sat by her, and he said to me, “I think she will take dry medicines this morning if you can truthfully say there is neither wine nor beef in them.” I replied, “I have treated Hindu women in Bareilly for several years and I assure you that I have never put either beef or wine in the dry medicines I have given them.” Their confidence began to increase and I at once prepared a powder and asked her to take it before me, which she did and from that hour she never refused to take any medicine which I wished to give her, but on no account could she take food as the time of her fast had not expired. I attended her for ten days during which time she did not take more than a pint of milk. I have never witnessed such self-denial as exists among Hindu women of high caste. This woman seems to have led a very pure and holy life, according to her religion.

A Glimpse of India

Bareilly, Jan. 25, 1882.

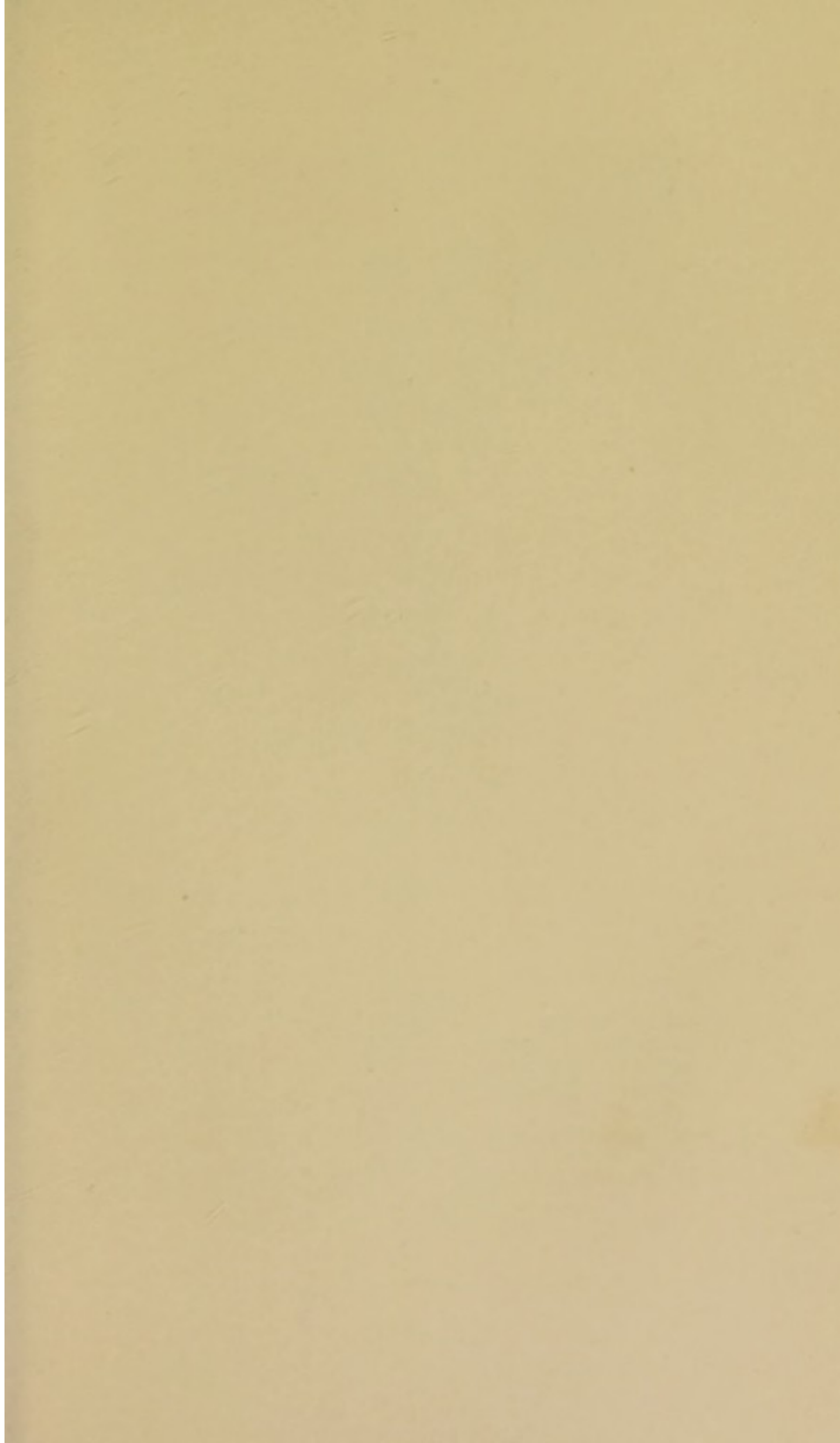
MY DEAR M——:

. . . There is a great deal of cholera in the city and we have been obliged to stop the work of the Bible women and teachers for a time. My own work goes on and will increase if the epidemic breaks out among the native Christians; there has been but one case among them so far.

To-day a woman was brought to the dispensary who is just recovering from smallpox. I have been exposed to it many times since I have been in India but have never had any symptoms of it.

I am living in our house again this winter. You remember that I lived in the hospital last cold season and went to Naini Tal in the hot weather. The house has been whitewashed inside and out and with new mattings and floor cloths we are very clean and nice. Miss Kelly has charge of the zanana work in the city and she and her assistant are living with me, and I have one assistant and one student so we are a family of five.

In addition to my medical work I have been building and repairing all winter and at times have had fifty and sixty persons at work, masons, carpenters, plasterers and coolies. The masons receive twelve and a half cents a day and the coolies three and a half cents, the others get six cents a day. My house





The House Remodelled and Repaired.

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servant calls all the men, women and children together when the day's work is done and writes down the number of each class of workers and on Saturday he gives me the account for the week, receives the money from me and pays each one according to his or her earnings. The last payment was nine dollars and a quarter for a week's work. You would be surprised to see how many persons it took to earn that amount in a week. I go out every morning to direct the work and in the evening take a look to see what has been accomplished.

A missionary ought to understand all trades, have engineering ability, be a good financier and accountant, and ready for anything, for we have a little of all sorts of work to do. One of our missionaries came in the other day and seeing the work that was going on, said, "If you had been a man, you would have made a general." "No, indeed," I said, "I would have been an engineer." I am having a new well dug and when that is done I hope to have a little rest from brick and mortar.

June 24th.

Rebecca, who has been so many years with me in the dispensary, left just as the hot season began and I was left alone with a helper who knew almost nothing about caring for the sick, but Mrs. Parker has just sent her native doctor, Shuluk,—who was also trained

A Glimpse of India

by Dr. Humphrey—to assist me and I am quite relieved.

The rains have begun and everything looks fresh and green and beautiful. No place is more lovely than India in the rainy season; that is my opinion, others may not think so. The mangoes are just in their glory, so ripe and delicious. I bought a hundred this morning for fifty cents. I wish you could help me eat them. Peaches, too, are abundant and are very fine this year.

We have had some profitable meetings in the hospital; nearly every patient who was able came in and all listened with great attention to the lessons. One old Hindu woman reads the Bible and finds great comfort in believing its words and when she tells me what it means to her I feel that she has come into the light.

Just now there is a very interesting woman here, who says that when about fourteen years of age she was sold to a Mohammedan who has several wives. She has been ill for some time but could not get treatment where she was living. One day a religious devotee came to the place and told her that there was a lady doctor in Bareilly who could cure her, so she got ready and has come seven hundred miles with the hope of regaining her health. She has been trained as a dancing girl and wears the dress peculiar to that

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class. The skirt of her dress has one hundred gores and is thirty yards wide. When she whirls in the dance the skirt stands straight out, yet some of the folds fall about her limbs. She seems inclined to lead a different life, but thinks it would be difficult as she has been taught to feel that her present life is the one ordered for her. I trust that while she is with us she will learn that there is a better life for her.

I wonder if I have ever told you of my leper patient. It is the custom for a crowd of beggars to go to the bungalows occupied by Europeans to beg for pice and every Sunday morning we find them in front of the house waiting for the servant to appear to supply them. Among them is an old man who has been coming for about five years. He is a leper whose nose, ears, fingers and toes have disappeared because of this terrible disease. He is a hideous object but his very helplessness appeals to our sympathies and we are glad to bandage his sores and give him what help we can for his special need, at the same time giving him a word of comfort and pointing him to One who is able to cleanse the leper. He ought not to be allowed to go about among people, but there is no law to hinder or restrain such people from going where they will. There are mission asylums in the hills for lepers if they will go. One of my

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medical class developed leprosy and was sent to the mission asylum in Almorah where she has been well cared for and she is glad to be doing something for others who are more helpless than she is.

A few mornings ago a woman came bringing her sick child, the only surviving one of seven. The Bible woman spoke words of comfort to her telling her of Jesus who when upon earth took little children in His arms and blessed them, and that now He is near to heal the sick and comfort the broken-hearted. She assured her that the six little ones that she had consigned to the "sacred river" were safe with Him, and she would see them again if she would believe in Him and trust in Him for salvation. We prescribed for the little one, praying that the dear Father would spare this one, and that the good seed sown in the mother's heart might spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life.

Many people believe that these people have little natural affection, but some touching instances of their care and love for each other have come to our notice both among low and high castes. A Hindu who has a wife and four children called me to visit his wife who was very ill. He is employed in one of the government schools, receiving ten dollars a month and when I visited the house he offered me a dollar as a fee, which I declined to accept as his means are

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so limited. "I give it gladly," he said; "my wife's life is more to me than money."

Another man, with an income of three dollars a month, offered me one dollar for my visit, which, of course, I refused to take, but when his wife's improvement was assured he felt like giving all that he had and insisted on my taking two dollars and a half, leaving them only fifty cents for their food. I might tell you of similar instances which have occurred in my practice, showing that a heathen man is capable of loving and caring for his kindred.

December 18th.

Four of our hospital patients have died this year. One of them, a village woman who was converted to Christianity three years ago and baptized by our native pastor, the Rev. Joel Janvier, was with us for two months, and during the time bore her sufferings with great patience and resignation, and in her last hours gave evidence that for her to die was gain, for she was departing to be with Jesus.

Last June, Mary Angelo, a Christian widow, came to me asking if she could have a room in the hospital for a time as she had no home. I was very glad to give her a room on condition that she would read and talk with the sick in the hospital every day in their rooms, and she did this very acceptably. Later I

A Glimpse of India

gave her a place in the dispensary as compounder and she has learned the work so quickly and is doing so well that I am now paying her four rupees a month, and expect to have her as a regular student next year.

The girls of the medical class taught by Dr. Dease have given good service in putting up prescriptions in the morning clinics.

The second Decennial Conference is to meet in Calcutta on the twenty-eighth of this month and many of our missionaries are planning to attend it. This is a conference of missionaries of all denominations in India; the first one was held in Allahabad, in 1872, with one hundred and thirty-six members present, representing nineteen missionary societies, but it is expected that the number will be much larger this year.

I shall try to tell you a little about it in my next letter.

XI

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

Bareilly, Feb. 17, 1883.

MY DEAR M——:

On the 25th of December our party of missionaries from the North India Conference started for Calcutta to attend the Decennial Conference. By special arrangement the railway company allowed members of the Conference to travel in second-class carriages at intermediate class fares, and the carriages put at our disposal consisted of two compartments with sliding doors between and five sleeping berths in each. The two upper berths were put up in the daytime and the doors opened between the compartments giving us a good-sized room, so that we could have prayers together every day and make visits to each other in the different carriages. There were eight married missionaries with their wives, ten missionaries without their wives, nine single ladies, besides Bishop Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Reed, and Mrs. Lore, who with her daughter, had come out to India to spend a year with her missionary daughter, Mrs. McGrew.

The other Methodist Conferences, too, were well represented.

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The Conference opened on Thursday morning, the twenty-eighth, the Hon. Sir Henry Ramsay as president giving an address of welcome in a most comprehensive speech, which contained allusions to the different departments of mission work.

A prayer-meeting was held every morning at half-past seven o'clock, continuing an hour, and on Sunday, the thirty-first, there was a united communion service. Every day there were papers, speeches and discussions on various topics, participated in by missionaries of the different missions, and the morning session of the fourth day was given to the ladies for the presentation of their special work. There were four papers read; one of them by Miss Thoburn, on *The Education of Native Christian Girls*; following the papers were short speeches by several ladies on their own line of work. Mrs. McGrew made a neat little speech on medical work, in which she referred to me as the pioneer woman medical missionary in India, and said that one of my medical students has been carrying on in her old station a medical work larger than she herself had in hand. She also mentioned one of them who had given valuable assistance during the cholera epidemic in Bareilly, to whose obedience, practical insight and general efficiency the civil surgeon gave unqualified testimony.

Dr. Thoburn spoke several times very effectively

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

on Preaching to the Heathen, Development of Native Agency, Development of Spiritual Life and Enthusiasm in the Churches of India, all of which are subjects in which he is deeply interested.

Bishop Foster was an interested listener, but did not speak, and Dr. Reid, the senior missionary secretary of our Board in America, spoke only at the public missionary meeting, but they afterward expressed their pleasure in having the privilege of seeing such a body of devoted missionaries and hearing what had been accomplished in the past and what was being planned for the future.

After so many days of intense and high intellectual enjoyment it was natural that the physical nature should demand relaxation, and our Calcutta friends arranged to give us opportunity to see some of the sights of the capital city of India.

One delightful day was spent at Barrackpore, twelve miles from Calcutta. We went in boats, finding it very hot on the river, and immediately on landing made our way to the great banian tree, the largest in India, covering a great space of ground with its offshoots which form perfect arches and galleries. It is said that sixteen thousand people can sit beneath its shade to dine. It is very old but continues to throw out roots from its numerous branches. The roots are carefully cared for, each being placed in a hollow bam-

A Glimpse of India

boo as it shoots downward to the ground upon which a little mound of earth is built up to receive it, when it begins to grow rapidly until it forms a straight trunk which in turn sends branches from which other roots shoot downward. This process may go on for centuries if care is taken. We made our coffee and partook of our late breakfast under this tree, feeling that nature's dining-room was a most delightful one.

But this gigantic tree was not the only attraction in the gardens; there are beautiful lawns and shrubs, palms, and an endless variety of plants; roses in great profusion, heliotrope and other sweet plants, fountains playing in marble basins, and a great variety of richly colored crotons. I brought home some small croton plants and have them growing in pots in the veranda.

After the seven days of the Conference and two days of sightseeing the most of us were ready to return to our work.

I have not mentioned that Dr. Thoburn's church in Dharmtola Street was selected for the Conference as the most commodious, central and suitable place in Calcutta. Arrangements for our entertainment among the Methodist families of the city had been made previous to our arrival and we made some most delightful acquaintances and fast friends among them.

This year there were twenty-seven different missionary societies represented by four hundred and seventy-

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

five members. Among them were three veterans, the Rev. Mr. Bennett of the Baptist Mission, who came out to India in 1829, Rev. George Bowen of our Methodist Mission, and Dr. Murray Mitchell of the Free Church of Scotland, who read a farewell in verse of his own composing, and Dr. Newton who came to India only five years later than Mr. Bennett. Each of these veterans made speeches which brought tears to many eyes, and, I am sure, inspired the younger missionaries present to renewed interest in the work of evangelizing this dark land.

February 22d.

MY DEAR SISTER :

We had such a good Conference at Lucknow this year. It opened on the 11th of January with Bishop Foster of America presiding. Dr. and Mrs. Reid from New York were present and Mrs. Lore who has spent more than a year in India. She and Mrs. Reid added much to the interest of the meetings of the Ladies' Society, and they, in turn, were much interested in our business sessions. Bishop Foster and Dr. Reid were invited to address us on Monday which they did much to our edification.

Several of our missionaries go home this year,—Mr. and Mrs. Parker who, you remember, were home thirteen years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Badley, Mrs. Hoskins with her little Willie, and Mrs. McGrew with

A Glimpse of India

her three children, her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Lore. Mrs. Hoskins goes to be for a time with her two boys whom she left in America over five years ago. Mrs. Johnson will probably go in this company and they will have with them Mrs. Anandabai Joshi, a cousin to Pundita Ramabai. Mrs. Joshi goes to America to study medicine.

Bishop Foster and Dr. and Mrs. Reid are visiting our most important mission stations and are much pleased with what they see of the work. We have enjoyed their visit here very much. The bishop was greatly touched and affected by the sight of so many half-clad and poorly-fed people as he sees everywhere. He says he does not see how we can get used to it; he thinks our sympathies must be constantly wrought up by the conditions around us. I do not know what he would think if he could go with me into some of the houses in the city.

There is great need of more missionaries in this part of India. Every day the way is opening for more schools, more zanana visiting, more of all kinds of mission work. Nearly every one in our mission is really overworked. We are training some good helpers from among the Anglo-Indian population who will be able to relieve us in some parts of our work in the future. The third young woman has come to-day to join our medical work.

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

You will remember that I mentioned in some of my earlier letters a Miss Jore, who was a teacher in the Orphanage. She was with us seven years, living a part of the time in our family. Two years ago she married and went to Simla to live and last June she came to me as a patient. She died here before I went to Calcutta. I called three physicians for consultation and they declared it a very critical case and there was no hope for her recovery. When I told her this she said, "It is all right. I have trusted the Lord for many years and I can still trust Him," and she passed away perfectly resigned to the Lord's will.

We are having the coldest weather that was ever known in Bareilly, so people say. There has been very heavy snow on the mountains; in Naini Tal the snow is five feet deep. From our veranda we can see the snowy mountain tops quite plainly on a clear day.

March 15th.

We have just been through the process of house-cleaning and shall be nice and clean for about two weeks; at the end of that time spider-webs, dust, and insects innumerable will accumulate, and the doors, windows and curtains will be so soiled that a stranger might wonder if there were a housekeeper on the premises. I take a glance into all the rooms occasionally to see if the bearer does his work properly, and

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when things get too bad we turn everything out and have another cleaning day. We all go out to our work early in the morning and come back to breakfast at eleven o'clock; by that time we are too tired to care very much how things look. Our drawing-room is usually beautified with flowers which makes it look fresh and pretty, and the gardener generally has flowers for the dining-table, and we have some lovely ferns on the veranda.

October 1st.

The Dasahra meetings begin on the seventh of this month and we are all planning to attend. The Rev. Dr. Phillips will have charge of the meetings. You may have met him when he has been in America on furlough. He is a grand Christian man, beloved by all who know him. The Phillips family are among the oldest of the missionary families, and Dr. Phillips and his sisters are of the second generation.

We expect that Dr. and Mrs. Butler will be at the meetings. What a pleasure it will be to them to visit their old mission field and see the wonderful progress that has been made since they left India fifteen years ago.

December 28th.

During the last six months it has been our lot to care often for the dying and to point the bereaved to Him who is able to make sorrow a blessing. We

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

have had some changes in our corps of workers, one leaving to engage in other work, and another coming to take her place, also a young woman to join Dr. Dease's class in the dispensary and give what help she can wherever needed. Many of our patients have come from villages twenty and thirty miles distant. We are always glad to give them something to think about as well as to prescribe for their physical ailments. During the year we have had opportunity to give the Gospel to thousands, some of whom have listened gladly. Only He who knows all hearts can tell the results of the year's work.

In some instances we have visited in their own homes those who have been patients in the hospital and spoken words of comfort to them. One of these visits we can never forget. A little boy of two years, who had been a patient of mine since he was a few months old, was brought to the hospital one morning and after a few hours he died. He was the last of five children and the grief of his parents was terrible. No language can describe the hopeless lamentations of his mother or the look of desolation on her face; we tried to comfort her but our efforts were vain. After she had gone to her home I went to see her, taking with me one who knew the woman and her sad history. When we sat down she began to talk about her boy, and we said, "Let us tell you where

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he is now," and we began to talk about heaven and its inhabitants, where her little ones are now safe. A look of intense eagerness came into her face and she said, "How do you know this? What proof have you that this is true?" We replied, "God has told us and we will read about it from the book He has given." Then she said, "Let me call my mother-in-law that she may hear also." So the mother and father and grandmother and some of the neighbors listened eagerly while we read and talked to them of the place where their treasures had been gathered. The description of the New Jerusalem caught their attention. The twelve gates, each gate one single pearl! it seemed incredible. They thought of the large gates in their own city and wondered how there could be a pearl large enough to be one gate, and then twelve of such gates! Natives are very fond of pearls and this description pleased them.

It was worth the journey to India to witness that poor mother's interest in what we read and the comfort which we could give her. We are praying earnestly that the light which has begun to dawn in her heart may grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Bareilly, Jan. 18, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I have just returned from our Conference at Cawnpore, and have come back disappointed that I

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

could not get Miss Hyde to help me in my work here this year. We need two doctors here in Bareilly ; the work has become so large and there are so many outside calls that it is really beyond one person's ability to care for it properly. But I shall have to work alone for another year.

It was a great pleasure to have Dr. and Mrs. Butler with us at Conference. We all enjoyed Dr. Butler's sermons very much, also Mrs. Butler's presence in our woman's meetings.

We are having a very cold winter, so cold that the flowers do not blossom as usual. Everything has been touched with frost ; even our vegetable garden does not yield us the usual supply for our table. The days are much like late autumn days in America just before the snow comes, but they are very bright and clear. There has been no rain since early in September and our vegetables and flowers have to be well watered to make them grow at all.

I suppose you have had this beautiful evening glow in America. We read of its being seen in all parts of the world. Some nights it is very red and the sky is so clear that the effect of the glow is beautiful.

February 13th.

Last month I came very near being killed. I was called out in the country, about one hundred miles

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away, to visit the family of a Nawab and went part of the way by train and then across country for thirty miles in a native conveyance. I got out there very well but coming back I rode an elephant. One of the men of the family was celebrating the marriage of his son and had invited five thousand guests, so every conveyance was in use for the marriage procession, and the best they could do for me was to give me an elephant. My native assistant and I mounted the elephant and just as we were passing out of the yard the driver said we must lower our heads or we would get hurt. The yard was enclosed by a high wall and had a gate fifteen feet high with a beam across the top. I thought my head was as low as I could get it but the beam caught me under the chin and at the side of my head. My assistant screamed and the driver backed the elephant at once thus saving my head, but it was black and sore for some days. One of the governors of North India was killed in this way.

December 29th.

Many times during the past year when very poor and suffering women and children have been brought to us we have rejoiced that we have so comfortable a place in which to receive them. I am quite sure if those who twelve years ago gave so liberally toward the building of the hospital were to see how much

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

comfort it has brought to hundreds of women who in their own homes have known only hardship and privation, they would realize that their investment has yielded a valuable dividend.

At present the patients in the hospital are of the most needy class ; one is a beggar whose only home is a little hut on the shore of the Ganges ; others, from villages, whose chief characteristics are poverty and disease ; and others are some of the most wretched poor of our own city. Sufficient food to satisfy their hunger would in itself be a luxury, but when to this is added clean rooms, comfortable beds, and kindly ministrations it must seem to them as if they had entered into a new world.

My Ganges beggar and her husband were professional beggars. The man died and since his death the woman, who is blind, has been going on her rounds led by a boy apparently eight years of age. One morning she appeared before me with twin babies in her arms, saying she had come to give me her babies. I saw that she was blind and examined her eyes, then I said, " If I take your babies you must stay and nurse them for me. I will treat your eyes and give you your food for taking care of them for me." I asked her if she would give me the other boy. " Oh, no," she said, " he has to lead me about." " But if I cure your eyes you will not need him to lead

A Glimpse of India

you," I answered. She consented to be treated and I gave her a room in the hospital. At first she would disappear for a few days to visit her old friends by the river, but she became more contented to stay as time went on and now the sight of one eye is partially restored. I told her of the Boys' Orphanage at Shah-jahanpore and of the Widows' Home there where she could care for her baby boys till they were old enough to go into the Orphanage and she consented to go there, so we are arranging to send her soon.

There have been four deaths in the hospital this year. Rebecca Gowan, who had served so faithfully in the dispensary for ten years, came back to us very ill, but we hoped, by change from the hills and good care, she might regain her health. But it was too late, and after suffering patiently for three months she passed away quietly, trusting in Him whom she had loved and served nearly all her life. In her death the mission has lost an exemplary Christian and a faithful worker.

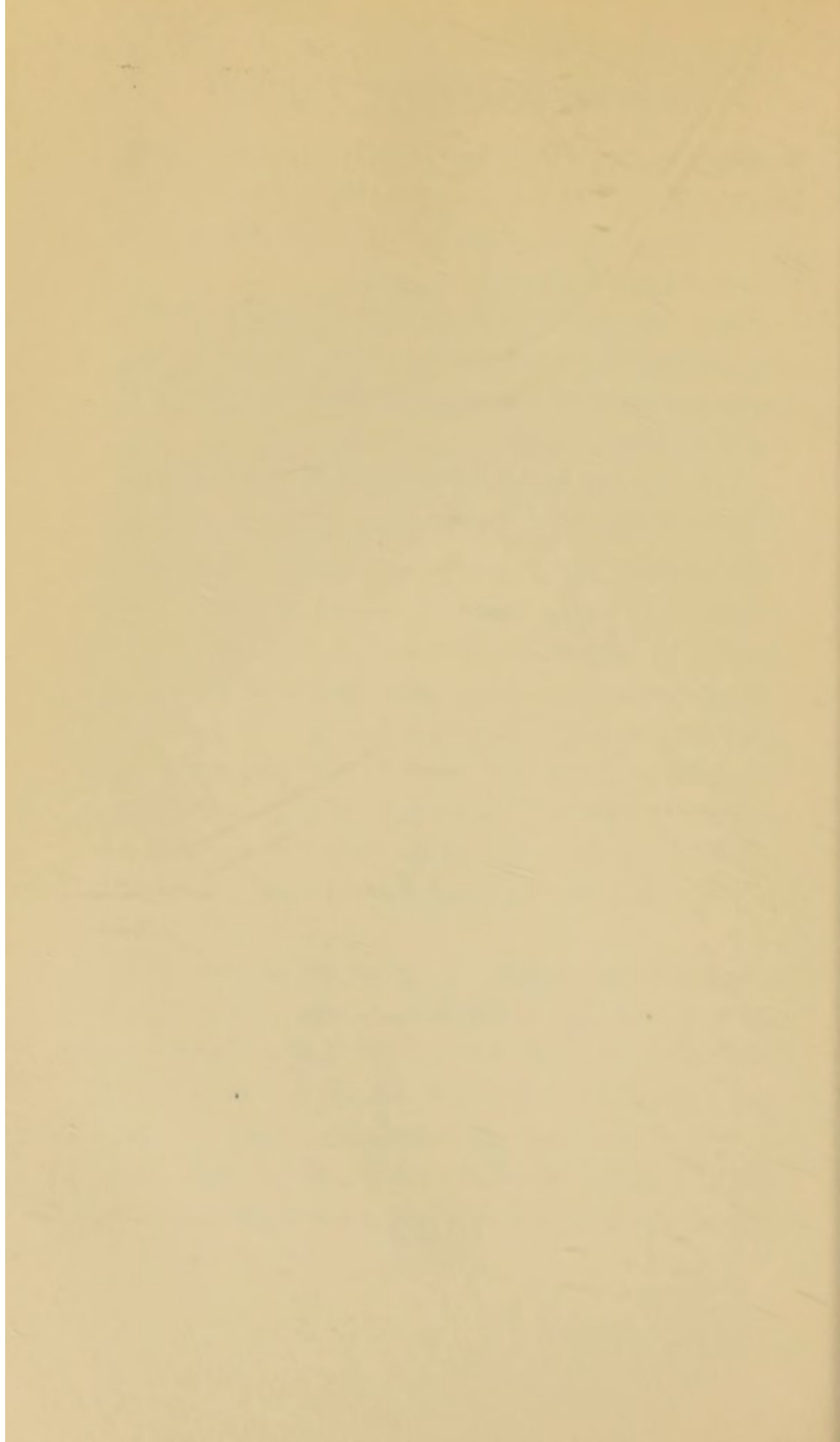
We are just beginning to build a little church at Aonla, twenty miles from Bareilly, with the one hundred dollars which our cousin, Mrs. Day, and her Sunday-school class have sent me. Dr. Dease and I went out there to purchase the land and he has arranged to have the church built of unbaked brick, with windows and two doors, and a grass mat for the

Decennial Conference at Calcutta

people to sit on. It will cost perhaps fifty dollars more besides the price of the land, but this is already promised, if needed, and the building will meet the need of the congregation for a long time.

There has been a good number of converts in this place during the past year and it seems necessary to organize a church and send a native pastor to teach them and keep them together.

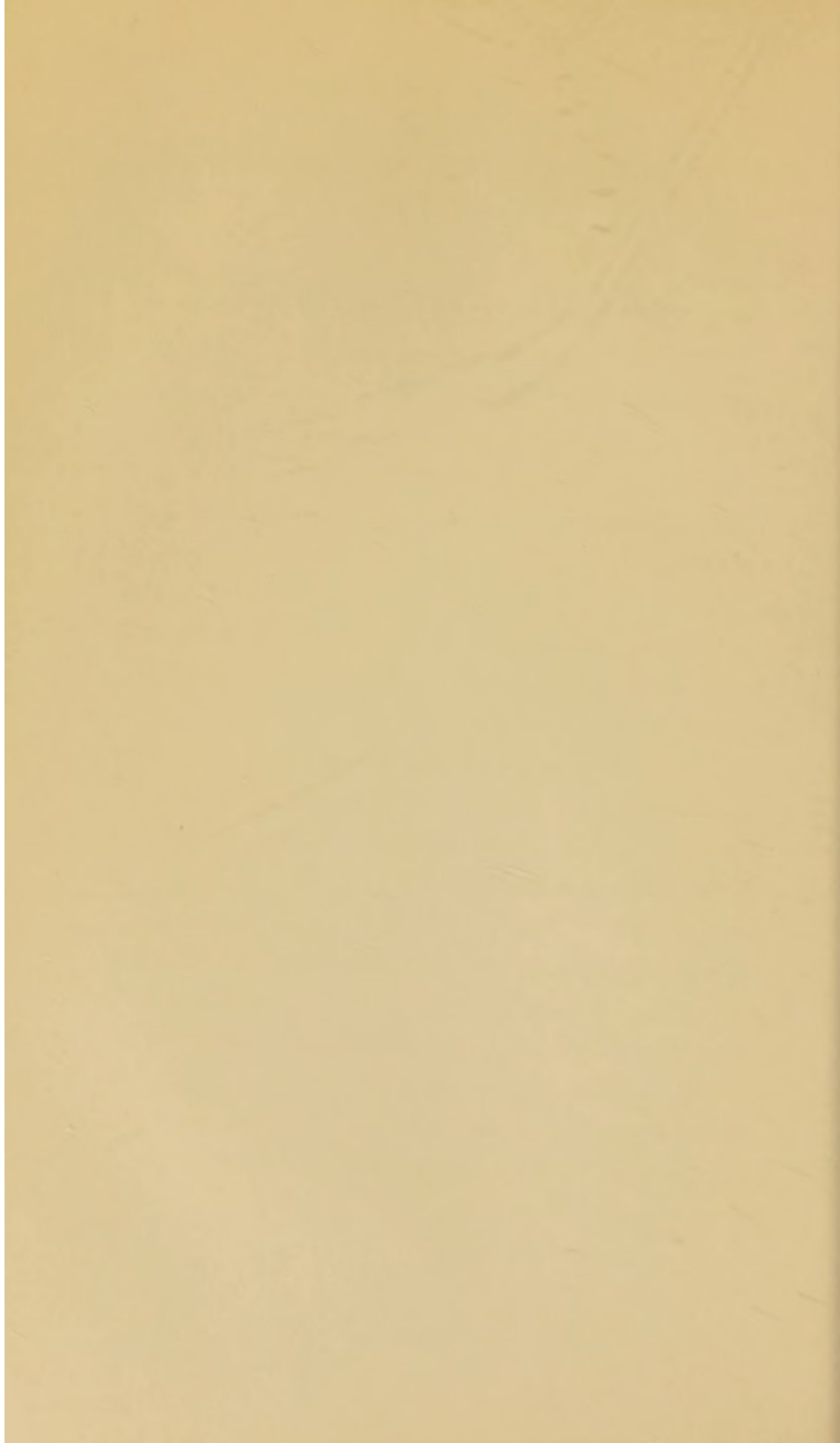
. . . I can hardly realize that I have been so long in India as this date indicates.



Part II

Khetri, Rajputana

1885-1896



XII

Call to Rajputana

Khetri, Rajputana, May 8, 1885.

MY DEAR M—— :

Last February a native gentleman, secretary to the Rajah of Khetri, Rajputana, called on me in Bareilly and asked me if I would go to Khetri to visit the wife of the Rajah if I should be sent for officially. He said he had visited two lady physicians before coming to me and had learned of their ability and success and was taking his report to the Rajah. He could not tell who would be chosen.

I did not suppose that I should ever hear from him again ; however I told him that if I should be sent for I could arrange my work so that I could spend a month with the Rani as was desired.

About the first of March I received a telegram from the secretary asking me to be ready to leave for Khetri in ten days. I arranged my work as I had promised and on the ninth day the secretary arrived to escort me. He wished me to take an English nurse, my cook and any other servants necessary to my comfort, saying that I was not to regard the expense, so I thought I was justified in taking a native Christian

A Glimpse of India

teacher, and a young lady friend as companion, for the secretary told me that there were no Europeans nearer than the railway station, seventy-two miles away. There were seven in our company beside the escort.

When we reached the end of our railway journey we found very elaborate arrangements for our transport across the country. There was a camel chariot drawn by four camels, two palanquins carried by seventeen men each, two riding horses, and a few miles out from Khetri we were joined by two huge elephants. There was also a unique conveyance called a *rath* drawn by two beautiful white oxen ; this was for the native women. There were more than one hundred men servants sent for our service.

I need not tell you that this was a very novel and enjoyable journey though it was slow and rather wearisome, for with all our different conveyances and the changing from one to another there was not much bodily comfort. Our chariot had not easy, pliable springs like a home carriage ; the elephant shook us up and down and when we were in the palanquins we were swung as in a hammock and fearfully shaken. The first twenty miles in chariot and palanquins were quite long enough to make us hail with pleasure our camp, where we found a tent ready for us, and a most enjoyable breakfast prepared by my cook who, with the other servants, had gone on in advance. We

Call to Rajputana

rested through the day and about four o'clock started on the next stage of our journey, arriving in the early morning at Koth, a large Mohammedan city in the Khetri state, where the Rajah had a rest-house.

Before we resumed our journey in the afternoon we mounted one of the elephants and rode through the city. The elephant was told to kneel and a ladder was placed against his side for us to mount. When we were seated in the howdah the elephant raised himself on his front legs and we held on tightly to the sides of our little carriage while with a mighty heave the animal gained an upright position. The *mahout* or driver sat on the elephant's neck and guided him with his feet and an occasional endearing word.

It soon became known that one of the ladies was a doctor and when we returned to the house we found quite a number of people who had come to make their salams and ask for medicine.

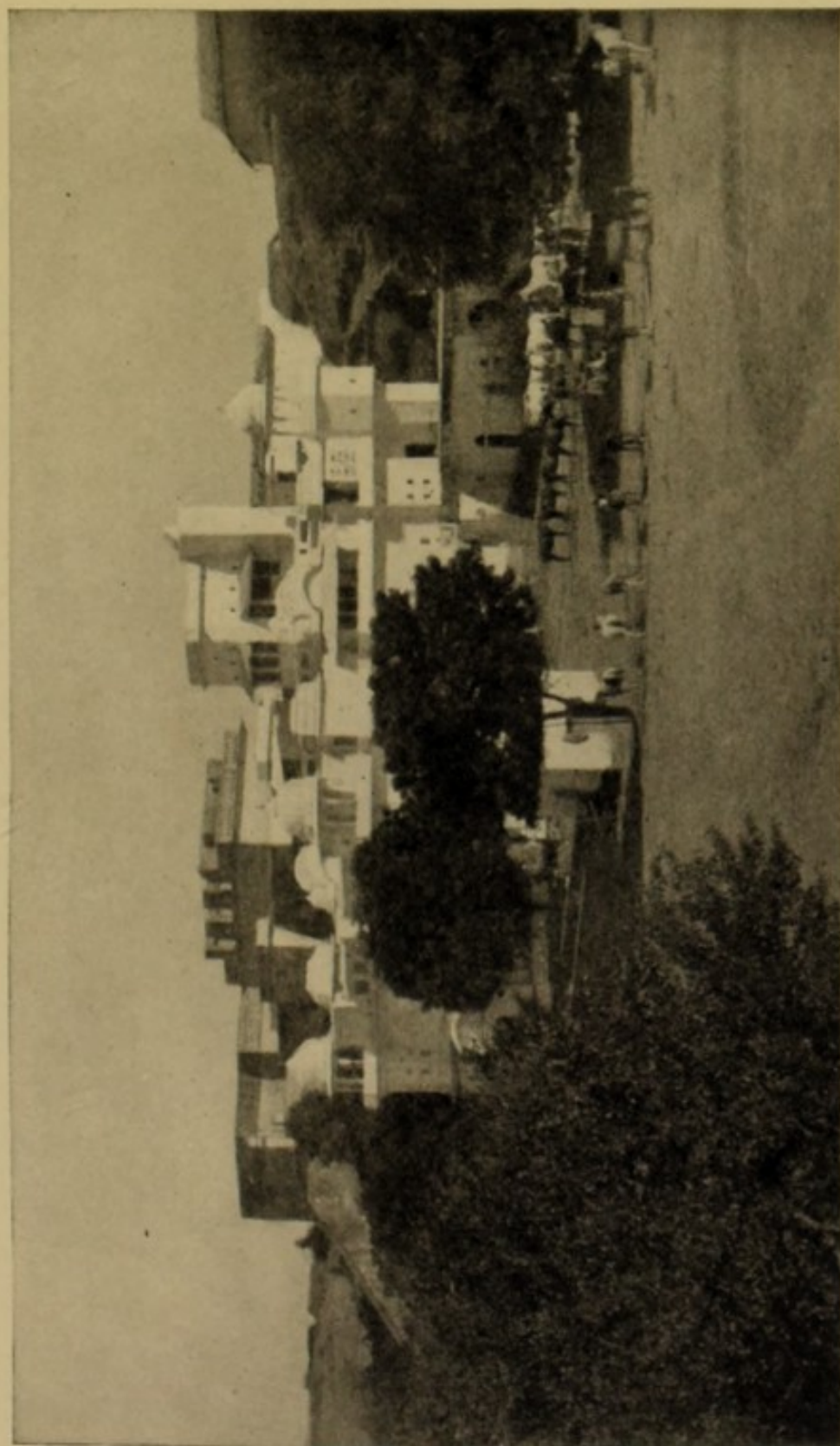
It was quite three o'clock when we started for Khetri, the longest stage of our journey. It was as tiresome to the men as to us and my cook fell asleep on his horse and slipped off without awaking. After a while it was noticed that his horse was riderless and one of the men went back and found him asleep in the sand. We ladies several times during the forty miles changed from palanquin to chariot and to elephant to rest our weary limbs, but like all

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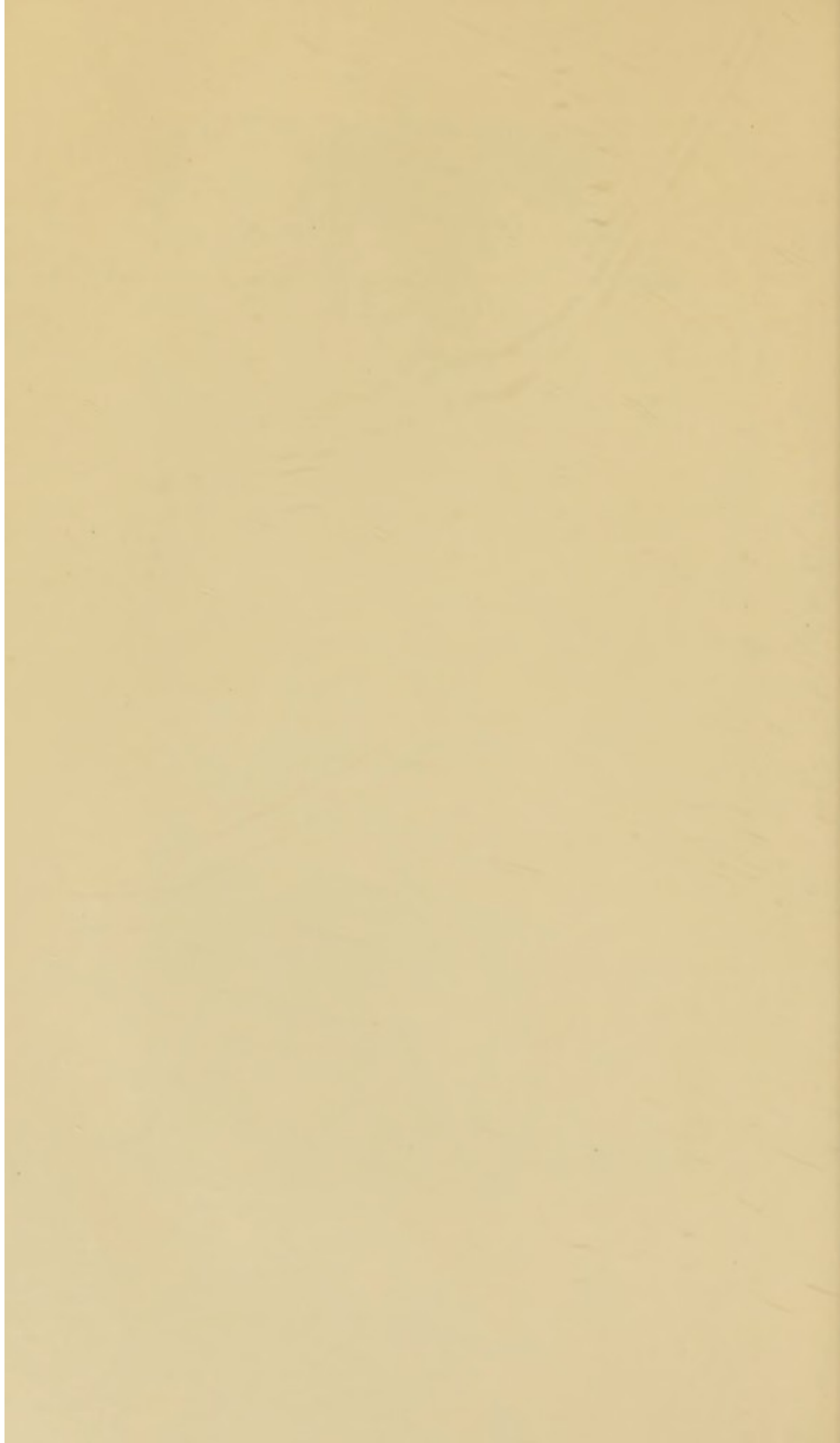
things our journey had an end and in due time we were housed in a tent in Khetri, and we remained in tents until the 20th of April.

We were told on our arrival that the Rajah and Rani had gone to a place three miles distant for a change, so we felt secure of a few hours rest before being obliged to meet them. They returned before noon and a messenger was sent to us with their salams and a request that we would come to them at four o'clock. We went at the appointed time and were received by the Rajah in his palace. After a short conversation he showed us his library, and then conducted us to the Rani's palace and presented us to her in a simple and courteous manner. The Rani rose and extended her hand to receive us, with her face uncovered. She led me to a chair beside her with the other two ladies next me, while the Rajah seated himself at her left and talked to her and to us in a very pleasant manner. Fourteen of the court women stood just behind the Rani, seven on each side, ready for her service. They were very handsomely dressed.

After a little time the sister of the Rajah came in and going to the Rani bowed to her and was then presented to us, and the Rajah immediately took his leave, leaving us to enjoy the society of the ladies unrestrained. As this was a formal call we did not re-



The Khetri Palace.



Call to Rajputana

main long but took our leave after I had made an appointment to visit the Rani professionally the next morning.

After I had been here about two weeks and the Rani showed signs of improvement the Rajah proposed that I remain as physician to the women of the palace. This was most unexpected and required much thought and prayer before I could decide to leave my work in Bareilly and the missionary society which had cared for me for so many years; but each day as I became more acquainted with the people and saw the grand opening for missionary work, a field comprising so many thousands of people with no missionary or religious teacher in this part of the country, I began to see the hand of the Lord in bringing me here and the more I prayed the more I saw the Lord in it all, and I accepted the proposition on condition that the young lady who had accompanied me as companion be allowed to remain with me, and that we both be allowed to work among the people as Christian women.

The Rajah make no objection to this, so I have engaged to remain here two years, after which I will be at liberty to go to America if I wish. Both the Rajah and Rani are very kind and say that they would like me to remain permanently, though they will not urge me to stay longer than the two years for which

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I have engaged to remain. They say that my name will always remain on the palace register and they will regard me as their own as long as I live. I would not have accepted the situation for the salary only, for I have enjoyed my work in the mission, but there is a great opportunity for missionary work here without expense to the Society in America, and it seems to be an opening of which some Christian should take advantage, so, as I have been called here, I see no reason why I should not be the one to start a work here.

I have had very good success in my practice since I came and I find it very pleasant. I like living out among the natives. They are very kind and friendly and we visit among them freely. I believe this is the best way if we hope to reach them and win their confidence.

As soon as I could conveniently do so I spoke to the Rajah asking permission to open a school for girls, and he not only gave full consent but said he would use his influence to induce his people to send their daughters to us, so we have now eighteen bright little girls coming to us every morning. The Rajah gives them a pound of wheat flour every morning to encourage their attendance, this being equal to what they would earn as a day's wages. He also gave to each a new skirt and head covering, so that they could

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come to school in clean clothes, and he promised to give an extra pound of flour every Saturday to those who are not once absent through the week.

Miss Pannell, my companion, teaches the girls, and the Rani has engaged her to teach her and some of the court women.

We find the Rajah and Rani most interesting people, noble and generous, and so kind and considerate that we can hardly realize that they are not Christians. If we might only be the means of bringing them to Christ how glad I should be! Will you not join us in prayer for their conversion? All things are possible with God. I am sure that there is some one here to be saved by our coming. The Rajah and his secretary are the only English-speaking persons here beside ourselves.

We brought a good number of religious books, portions of Scripture and hymn-books, all in the Hindi language, and these we distribute as we have opportunity. I suppose there are more than thirty persons here who are already singing our hymns for we have taught them to all who are willing to learn. Some of the hymns are very popular and the singing women of the palace sing them to the Rani every evening. The Rani says our hymns are purer than theirs and she likes them much better. Think what a change this is, for some of their hymns are so vile that we

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would not listen to them. Now Christian hymns reach every woman in the palace. We find that we can sing religion to these people when we cannot preach it openly. I do pray that we may see some fruit from our labor here and that we may be very faithful in improving every opportunity to present Christ.

A house is being repaired for us and we hope to move into it soon as it is getting to be too hot to remain in tents much longer.

It is a native house without a window in it and we shall probably not enjoy it very much but it will be arranged so that we can endure it for a while, until the new house which the state will build for us later will be ready for occupancy.

The place is a pleasant one. It is situated in the valley and surrounded on all sides by low hills. On one of the highest of these are a fort and palace in which the seven wives of the late Rajah live. He died at the age of twenty-seven years leaving nine widows, all, I believe, childless.

The present Rajah is an adopted son and was educated for the position which he now fills. He has but one wife. The Rani is a very bright and beautiful woman about twenty-two years of age. I have not met so charming a native lady since I have been in India. The Rajah is well educated and the people seem to respect and like him as a ruler.

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I enjoy my work here. I have opened a dispensary for the women and children of the city and surrounding villages, but have not had many patients coming there yet, as the people seem afraid of us; not having been accustomed to meet white people they lack confidence in us, and seem to fear to take anything from a Christian's hand.

We are the only Christians in this native state, but there seems to be a number of good Hindus here who practice self-denial and pray often to their gods, believing that by long prayers and bathing and abstaining from meat they are working out their own salvation.

I quite enjoy spending an hour with the Rani. She is very good and sincere, and she talks so much like a Christian that I sometimes think she is not far from the Kingdom. She sits at her prayers for two or three hours every day, besides attending to all the bathing and ceremonial purifications that her religion enjoins upon her.

June 10th.

I returned to Bareilly on the 25th of April and remained there just a month settling my affairs and making over my work to my successor. It was not an easy matter to leave my home and all my interests in Bareilly. I did not quite realize what it would be

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when I accepted this situation, but now that it is all over and I am back in Khetri I feel quite at home, and watch with new interest the opening and development of the work.

The people here are Rajputs and are different from the people of Northern India in their language, habits, and food. Their temples, too, are quite different.

We have a very good house but—think of it! All this hot weather we have been without doors, except the one at our bedroom; all the other entrances are covered with straw mats which can be rolled up. We are having doors made and they will soon be hung. The birds, squirrels, and lizards have full liberty all through the house, but we do not mind them unless they make too much noise or get into our food.

July 28, 1885.

I hope you are less anxious about me now that negotiations—apparently satisfactory—have been concluded between England and Russia. I do not think we should be in immediate danger even if there should be war. India is much better protected—has more English soldiers, military stores, and railways, than before the mutiny, and the natives are more loyal to the government than at that time.

Fancy my learning to ride an elephant, yes, and a camel, too. I took my first ride on the camel ten

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days ago and rode with ease about four miles. The camel driver sat in front and I sat behind him on a side-saddle tied on the back hump of the camel. The camel kneels down for the person to mount and alight, and the motion then is something dreadful. You are thrown back when the animal unfolds his fore legs and thrown forward when he raises himself on his hind legs. I can ride on the elephant with almost as much ease as in a carriage, so you see I shall be quite ready for a speedy flight if war should come.

I called last evening on the families of the prime minister and his brother, the former prime minister. One of them has a wife and four children, the other has two wives, who are sisters, but there are no children. Both families are wealthy. The women were weighted down with jewels ; they know no other life than the seclusion of their homes, sitting on their cots, chewing *pān*, admiring their jewels, and being waited on by their servants.

We asked if the little girls might attend our school and the ladies said they could not allow them to come with the children we have but they would like them to be taught if we could come to them.

The eighteen little girls in our school are learning to knit and are interested in their work as well as in their lessons.

The Rani has a lesson regularly every day—often

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for two or three hours. She can write an English letter in a very good hand, and read short sentences in English. She says her life is much happier because of our being here ; she has longed for a *friend*. Her court women are all in the position of servants to her.

July 10, 1885.

MY DEAR M—— :

I have had a visit from the Rajah's secretary who came with a request that I would celebrate my birthday—which occurs on the eighteenth of this month—in the American fashion. He said that the Rani and several of the ladies from the palace would like to come for a little visit, and that some of the native gentlemen would like to come and pay their respects.

It is the custom here to make a birthday anniversary a high day ; visits are paid and valuable presents sent. I am told that the Rani is having a very beautiful gold chain or necklace made for me and she wishes to come and put it on my neck herself.

I told the secretary that I was not accustomed to wear anything of the kind and I would prefer that the Rani would not do it, but he said that it will give the Rani great pleasure to present it to me and I must not refuse, so I suppose I must accept it and wear it sometimes when I go to the palace. I am trying to think

Call to Rajputana

what I can do to please the women on the great occasion. I might follow a German custom and have a bran pyramid with the proper number of wax tapers.

August 4th.

My birthday party was a success, I think, for all seemed to enjoy it. Our sitting-room up-stairs has white walls pannelled in blue, and the white lace curtains at the doors were looped with blue ribbons. A thin white floor-cloth was spread over the blue and orange striped carpet showing the colors through, giving quite a pretty effect.

I borrowed a white marble stand from the Rajah's secretary and wreathed it with myrtle and on it was placed my birthday cake—which I made myself—heavily coated with white frosting.

About four o'clock the Rajah and his suite came to call. The prime minister and principal men came up-stairs with the Rajah and the others remained below. The Rajah offered congratulations and said it was a happy circumstance that my fiftieth birthday should occur in Khetri and he hoped that I would see many more with them. Other complimentary speeches were made, the prime minister referring to my successful work among them.

A little time elapsed after the gentlemen retired before the Rani arrived accompanied by the chief

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officials of the state, who remained below, while the Rani and her women came up-stairs. The Rani made a pretty little speech of congratulation and said how happy she was to have me with her and what a benefit to the women and children of the state was my presence and my medical knowledge. "You are to me in the place of a mother," she said with a charming smile. She commented on the delicate appearance of our "white room," which she said gave her pleasure.

Miss Pannell and I made an effort at general conversation to include the women and I distributed *pān* among them—a point of native etiquette which we are careful to observe. That for the Rani was wrapped in gold leaf and for the others in silver leaf.

This visit lasted about half an hour, and when the Rani rose to leave she fastened a beautiful necklace about my neck, then all made their salams and retired.

The state band played outside all through both visits.

After all this ceremony was over Miss Pannell and I sat down to enjoy a quiet cup of tea and a slice of the cake which had graced the party, and so ended my fiftieth birthday, the most unique of all my birthdays, for had not royalty shed lustre upon it?

Have I ever told you that we are living in a tomb?

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It has been repaired and remodelled sufficiently to make it a habitable house. The person for whom it was built was cremated and his ashes were carried to the Ganges and sprinkled upon its waters. We never think about its being a tomb unless some one mentions it to us. It stands in a garden and is quite artistic with its arches and pillars—prettily carved—supporting the domed roof. It is built of stone and has a stone floor. Formerly there were no partitions but it has been divided so as to make two small side rooms one of which we use as a pantry and the other for a store-room for trunks and clothing. The rest of the space we have converted into three rooms by hanging curtains in the arches. The walls are frescoed, each room being done in a different tint. The dome is blue—the sky tint—and shades down into a rosy flush to meet the white walls which look as delicate as porcelain. It is really a very pretty place and we very much enjoy our cozy home.

September 15th.

Early this morning I went up to the palace to see the Rani and found her getting ready for her worship. When I saw all that had to be done before she was ready to say her prayers I could not help wondering how many of our people would pray if they had to go through such a process.

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The maid whose duty it is to prepare everything had washed the room in which the water was heated as well as the one in which the Rani bathes—which must always be done just before her prayer time. The Rani put on a clean yellow silk *sari*, letting loose her hair which flowed over her shoulders. She looked very pretty and the very image of simplicity. When quite ready she enters a large brass cabinet in which are placed all the articles required in her worship, and there she sits, without having taken any food, until three o'clock in the afternoon, saying her prayers over and over and bathing in wine a little image of Krishna. About a teaspoonful of wine is poured over the image, which is about two inches in height, and then she drinks this wine.

The Rani had previously told me about this worship and said that it was not the same that she was taught in her mother's home. When she was married and came to Khetri to live a Pundit was sent to teach her the form of worship observed here. She said that she did not like it, that it seemed foolish to her and she did not get any comfort from it, only that she was obeying what she was taught to do. She said that she wrote to her mother, describing the worship, and she wrote back telling her that she must stop it at once, as they were teaching her to drink.

I am trying to persuade her to take a glass of milk

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before she goes to her prayers as she is not strong enough to go without food so long every day, and I do not see how she can be benefited by the treatment unless she keeps up her strength.

The Rani has some fine dresses and elegant jewels, which she showed us the other day. One of her state dresses is a wonderful production. It is a delicate yellow in color and of very thin material, but the skirt is so heavy that I could hardly lift it from the floor. It is cut in small gores and is seventy yards wide, trimmed around the bottom with silver lace a quarter of a yard in width. A jacket of the thinnest gauze material with a veil of the same completes this lovely costume, and with it she wears pearls on her head, neck, and arms. She is small and has a bright, pretty face with large black eyes, and is very refined in her manner.

No one sits in her presence until she invites them to do so, and no one goes into her apartments without having received permission to enter. I do not know when we shall learn all the "ins and outs" of native court etiquette; we have made several mistakes, I am sure, but the Rani overlooks them.

December 5th.

Last month we had a very pleasant visit to Jeypore. The Rajah was obliged to go to meet the Viceroy, and

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as he intended to take the Rani with him he invited us to accompany her. We were delighted with the prospect of this novel journey of a hundred miles across country with such a procession as we knew there would be, for the royal people in India never travel without a host of followers. There were three hundred soldiers, a brass band, and one thousand men. It took one hundred men to carry the flagstaff, which was in one piece, unjointed. There was a palanquin for the Rani, one for her sister-in-law, who is spending a year with her, one for the little princess and one for me. There were seventy-five men to carry the palanquins. Then there was an elephant for the Rajah, one for the princess and her attendants, and one for Miss Pannell and me when we wanted to change from the palkis. There were over two hundred camels, some for riding and others for carrying the luggage and for the servants. The tents with their furnishings were carried on seventeen ox-carts. To complete the cavalcade there were two hundred horses, and ten native conveyances covered with white cloth and drawn by fine-looking white oxen for the women attendants of the Rani, and for the twelve schoolgirls we were taking with us.

Six camels drew the three gun-carriages on which were guns to fire a salute as we entered the towns on our way. I must not forget the treasury cart,

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which carried the money for our expensive journey.

Perhaps you can imagine something of the appearance of such a procession.

The men were all dressed in Oriental costume, the long upper garment and *pajamas* or drawers, and a sash of red cloth. Their turbans were red, yellow, pink or green; such a variety of color made our procession look quite gay among the green fields through which we passed. We marched from twelve to thirty miles a day and were five days making the journey. We stopped at night and the camels were unloaded, tents put up, beds made, and our food cooked and eaten, and after a refreshing sleep were always ready for the next day's journey. We enjoyed it all very much, and happily no serious accident occurred. Now and then an unruly camel would run away and throw off his load. A few chairs were broken and my cook grieved over his quilt which had been torn by a biting camel.

It was amusing to hear the remarks made by the men who were sitting outside our tents talking over the adventures of the day. Some of them had very funny experiences. Natives enjoy a joke or anything funny more than we do, if that is possible.

I could almost write a book about this journey and our stay in Jeypore where we remained a full month.

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The reception of the Viceroy was grand. If I had time I would write you all about it, but even then you would get but a faint idea of the affair. The floral decorations and the illuminations were beautiful.

We had a fine large house not far from the palace where the Rani stayed. We had taken with us everything that we would need for housekeeping so that we were very comfortable. The Rajah gave us a carriage and pair for our own use and we improved the time in sightseeing, for there is a great deal to see in Jeypore. The city is about one hundred and fifty years old and is called one of the finest native cities in India, with its palaces and fine public buildings and its beautiful gardens. The public garden has a large collection of rare and beautiful trees and plants, and there is quite a Zoo connected with it.

At ten o'clock on Friday morning—the twentieth—I called, by appointment, on Her Excellency, Lady Dufferin at the Residency, where the Viceroy and party are being entertained. The very cordial reception I received relieved me from all embarrassment and we had a delightful chat for nearly an hour about medical work. She was especially interested in some of my experiences in this department. Her idea is to “form a National Association with a Central Committee and a Central Fund, with branches all over India managed locally to promote female medical

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tuition and medical relief, and the establishment of hospitals for women all over the country, and to raise subscriptions for this object."

Khetri, Feb. 22, 1886.

MY DEAR MISS G——:

I wish you were here to-day to see my cozy little home and to sit down with us in our little drawing-room over a jar of coals to have an old-fashioned visit this evening.

I have two women with me this winter, one for the dispensary and one for the school. Both are very pleasant and companionable. We have fine times these lovely days going out into the country on excursions, and occasionally we go out with the Rajah's party on a hunting trip. It gives a little variety to our rather monotonous life, and the young women enjoy it exceedingly. I do not dislike it myself, for comfortable arrangements are made for us and we have a good elephant to ride. We keep at a distance from the shooting party and are only onlookers.

A few days ago we went out tiger-shooting. We could not ride all the way on the elephant, nor even on the horses up the steep mountainside. When we arrived at the place where the tiger was supposed to be the Rajah placed the men at certain distances and gave us seats a little way behind himself with men

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on each side of us who were ordered to fire if the tiger came in our direction. Then about one hundred men surrounded the place and made a great uproar with drums and horns, screaming loudly, and presently a huge tiger sprang out from under the bushes in the ravine and started up the hill opposite us. When it was in just the position for a good shot the Rajah fired and the animal turned its course toward the gun and came in our direction. The men all fired and continued to do so until the poor tiger was so wounded that it was glad to lie down and play dead for a while. When he began to show signs of life again a few more shots ended his existence. It took fifty men to bring the huge beast home to Khetri.

This shooting affair occurred only about four miles from our house. As soon as the tiger was dead the Rajah sent a messenger on horse to tell the Rani that it had been killed and would be brought in to Khetri at once for her to see.

The New Year finds us pleasantly situated, with the satisfaction of feeling that the time we have spent here has not been without good results. Our acquaintance among the high-caste families has greatly increased and is to us a gain in influence among all classes.

I hope you have seen the letter I wrote to M—— about our visit to Jeypore. We took twelve of our

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schoolgirls with us and they had lessons regularly every day. Seeing their pleasure in the trip quite added to our enjoyment. Miss Pannell took them all to the public gardens one day and they were much interested in the strange animals and birds they saw in the Zoo. Although monkeys are common enough where the girls reside those in the Zoo were particularly interesting to them, there being several varieties from other countries. The antics of these sagacious animals caused many a hearty laugh.

The girls enjoyed wandering through the lovely garden but they did not touch a flower much as they admired them.

On our way to and from Jeypore I found opportunities to give medicine and advice in the villages that we passed. In one I gave a little book to a man, but on our way back he brought it back to me saying that he was afraid to keep it.

Last week the Rajah came to examine the school and he expressed himself much pleased with the progress the girls are making. Some of them are very bright and read quite fluently. They are themselves very proud of their attainments.

They like to take a peep into our rooms. One day Miss Pannell was using the sewing-machine and a little girl who was looking on said, "Oh, Miss Sahiba, what a wonderful thing! You must worship anything

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that does such wonderful work." Miss Pannell said, "No indeed, we worship the One who gives the brains and the skill to make the many wonderful things that are in the world. We should worship only the One Great God."

April 10th.

We have had a little patient here for two days, a little girl who was stolen from her home by a wicked woman, who took the child's jewels off her and threw her into a well. Fortunately the water was only about two feet deep and the poor little thing crawled into a crevice on the side of the well and so escaped being killed by the stones which were thrown in after her. She was in the well all night and being afraid to answer the woman when she called to her she was supposed to be dead. In the morning two of the Rani's servants went to the well to bathe and as they let down their brass vessel to draw up water the little girl caught hold of it and called out, "Take me out of the well!" They drew her out and brought her to me.

I did not find her badly injured—only a few flesh wounds, and her nerves shaken from fear and from being so long in the water. She kept in bed for several days, refusing to get on her feet, but finally began to rally from the shock and to-day is almost well.

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The Rani has been very kind to the child. She arranged to have her taken to the palace yesterday and gave her the worth of her jewels in money and two suits of clothes. The little girl is the daughter of a poor widow who lives in the city. The wicked woman who stole her has been put in jail.

April 12th.

News came to-day of the death of one of the wives of the late Rajah. She was the foster-mother of the present Rajah, the only mother he ever knew, as he was given into her care in his infancy. This Rani had gone on a visit to her relatives, was taken suddenly ill and died before news of her illness reached Khetri. The Rajah started at once to perform the ceremonies due from a son, and carried her ashes to sprinkle upon the waters of the sacred Ganges.

Immediately after the news of the Rani's decease reached the palace it was communicated to the head men of the towns and villages of the state that all the heads of families might shave their heads, which is the sign of mourning among the Hindus. At the same time an invitation was given to the feast in honor of the deceased Rani on the twelfth day after her death. At the appointed time about five thousand men and boys arrived and when all were assembled they were seated in rows of fifties on the ground with a broad passage between the rows for the servers of

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the feast to pass. On such occasions the feast consists of a sweet made of crude sugar, ghee or clarified butter, and some kind of grain formed into balls, and each individual receives three of these balls, the three weighing a little less than two pounds. A number of men were appointed to distribute these from baskets, handing three balls to each individual until all were served. This was an interesting sight to me; everything was done so quietly and so systematically, and in two hours it was all over and the people were ready to return to their homes.

A number of the relatives and friends of the late Rani had been invited to come in and mourn and condole with the family and every day these village women gathered in the library adjoining the Rani's apartments where they sat on the floor for hours weeping and wailing and speaking of the good works and the kindness of the departed Rani.

One day the Rani asked me to speak to the women and tell them how wrong it is for them to destroy the girl babies that are born to them, when they feel that there are more girls in the family than they want or can afford to marry off. Quite a crowd of women were assembled and the Rani quieted them and asked them to listen to what I had to say. I spoke through an interpreter, as they would hardly understand my Hindustani, and they listened very attentively and oc-

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casionally remarked to each other about something that was said. I told them of the great sin in God's sight of taking the life of a little one that He had given them to take care of for Him, and this seemed to give some of them a new idea. Poor things ! they had never thought of it as *sin* for it had become a custom among their people. The expense attending a marriage is a source of great evil and where there are several girls in one household to be married the family is, in many cases, ruined financially.

The Rani has told me that in the case of very poor families in the state the Rajah gives a certain amount toward defraying the marriage expenses hoping that this terrible custom of girl-infanticide may be done away with. Of course the marriage of a poor girl would not be very expensive as the arrangements would be simple and not much expected in the way of dowry. The natives say, "A girl takes, but a boy brings."

XIII

A Summer Resort

Mount Abu, April 12, 1887.

DEAR M——:

We have been away from Khetri since last September, spending some months in Agra, and returning to Jeypore, where the Rajah had some business to attend to on the 15th of February and on the 26th of March we left for Abu Road where I received your letter.

The Rajah came on with his camp a week before we did as we were to come by rail. He engaged three private carriages for us, and a luggage van and truck for our belongings. Our carriages were separated from the train and left at a distance from the railway station and we went into them at night, the women being carefully shielded from sight so that none of the servants saw their faces.

The Rani was carried to her carriage door in a small covered conveyance borne by her men servants and a red cloth was so arranged that she could step from the conveyance into the carriage where Miss Pannell stood to receive her.

The windows and blinds were closed but as soon

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as the train was well started and at a distance from the station all were thrown open and the Rani enjoyed a full view of the fields on each side bathed in the lovely moonlight, and they were kept open in the day also when the train was in motion. We had strict orders to close the windows at the first signal of approach to a station and the orders were obeyed.

The Rani thinks it is delightful to ride in a railway train in the daytime when she can have all the windows open and see the lovely green fields and trees. It is the only time that she ever sees much of the outside world.

We left the train at Abu Road where we remained for a week in the house of a native prince which he placed at our disposal until suitable arrangements could be made for so large a party to come up the mountain. The palace women had each a queer little conveyance, carried by three men, to take them the fifteen miles up the mountain.

The Rani, Miss Pannell and I had each a palki with twelve men and our luggage was carried by coolies and camels. When we came to a spot where we could get water we stopped and our cook made tea and toast for us of which we ate seated in our palkis. I quite enjoy these simple ways of living. With the few dishes which we carry in our lunch baskets we can sit down anywhere and take our food,

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under a tree or by the roadside, it does not matter much.

We have been on this "sacred mountain" of the Hindus twelve days. You have read in the history of India of Mount Abu, its temples and sacred lake, which tradition says Krishna, one of the Hindu deities, dug with his fingers, thus making it a holy bathing place for his followers. The lake is one mile long and half a mile wide with several small islands in it on which are rocks and palms, making it look quite picturesque.

The famous Jain Temple is two miles from here. It is not known when it was built but it was repaired in 1209; it is said that it cost eighteen million rupees. It is white marble with fifty-two life-size statues of the goddess that the Hindus worship; the carvings on the ceilings and the pillars are quite wonderful and well worth travelling far to see. This is the most ancient of the several Jain temples here.

The climate is delightful. The pink and white rose hedges are in full bloom just now and there are also several varieties of geraniums, which make the place look like a bit of fairy-land.

Many years ago this mountain was the resort of devotees who wished to spend their life in seclusion and devote their time to the performance of religious ceremonies. They lived in caves and among the

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rocks and subsisted on berries, seeds, and wild fruits. Tigers and bears abounded then as now and occasionally one of these devotees would be devoured by them. A native man was to-day killed by a tiger about four miles from here.

We are living in a house owned by the Maharajah of Jodhpore. It is well furnished and the garden is pretty and bright with roses and many other flowers. The Rajah and Rani are in a house near us which belongs to the same Maharajah. On the fifteenth of the month his son, the young Prince of Jodhpore, will arrive and he will occupy a part of this house with his tutor, an English gentleman, and we will go to a hotel to board.

Abu is the sanitorium for the English soldiers of Rajputana, and there is a school here for the daughters of soldiers. The barracks make the place appear quite populous, and the church is well attended. The Agent General of Rajputana and many Europeans have their summer homes here.

Khetri, Feb. 10, 1888.

DEAR SISTER :

Your letter giving me an account of Hattie's condition has decided me to leave for America as soon as I can arrange to do so. It will take a little time to settle up my affairs and secure my passage but all will be done as soon as possible.

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The Rani is quite well and I feel that as far as she is concerned my work as a physician is accomplished. She is not at all happy at the thought of my leaving Khetri ; she says she thought I would stay with them the remainder of my life, still she says, "I know that your sister is nearer to you than I am, and that your heart is with her."

I have learned to love the Rani and her dear little daughter very much as well as some others here. Our stay in Khetri has, in many respects, been very pleasant.

The Rajah has kept his agreement with me to the letter. It is now three years, or will be on the ninth of next month, since I came here and I have become accustomed to my work and my surroundings. Our frequent trips to the country and distant villages have relieved the monotony of what would otherwise have been a lonely life and though there was much to enjoy in them there was usually a call of need for my services and I have been able to benefit many suffering ones.

I hope to secure a passage early in April.

Our little school has been a great pleasure to us both ; the girls are chiefly of the servant class, children of men under the Rajah's jurisdiction, and nearly all of them were betrothed when they came to us. They have been leaving, one by one, to go to their

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husbands' homes, but what they have learned here will not be easily forgotten. We are so thankful to have had nearly two years of seed-sowing in these young hearts. We cannot hope to make much impression on the adult population who are so grounded in their own religion that they have no desire to learn of anything better, but we *can* see that our three years here have won us the confidence of the people and opened the way for more effective work in the future.

Each of our pupils as she leaves is given a Gospel, a hymn-book and her school-books, together with pen and paper, and we tell them that we want them to write to us and let us know about their life in their new homes.

We are hopeful that each of them may be able to teach others something that she has learned and so become a light in her home and in the community where she lives.

Glasgow, Scotland, May 9, 1888.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I left Khetri March 10th and went direct to Agra, intending to have a little visit with friends there before rejoining the Rani in Jeypore where she was to meet me. Miss Knowles, who is to be my travelling companion to America, met me in Agra and as soon

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as my business there was over she accompanied me to Jeypore, where we spent ten days very pleasantly. The Rajah placed a carriage and pair at our disposal and we visited all places of interest, for Miss Knowles had not been there before.

One evening the Rani gave an entertainment to which we were invited. We found her sitting in state on a dais surrounded by her women ; she invited us to sit beside her and we had some pleasant conversation before the entertainment began. It was a *Nautch*, a dance by professional dancing girls, a favorite entertainment with natives.

The Rani was beautifully dressed and looked quite happy as she talked about her little girl, and her hope that I would come back to them.

The day before we were to leave the Rajah announced his intention to take the Rani to Bombay to see us off. He had engaged private carriages on the train, one for the Rani and one for Miss Knowles and me. I sat with the Rani several hours each day returning to Miss Knowles before evening and for our meals.

A house had been engaged in Bombay for the Rajah and Rani, and we went to our friends in the mission.

When we went to the steamer the Rajah got a carriage for the Rani who went to the dock but did not alight. Her carriage was covered with a red cover-

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ing and when we went to bid her good-bye at the carriage door the cover was partly drawn so that we could speak with her. The Rajah went on board with us and was shown over the steamer and was much interested in all that he saw. He said to me, "I shall go to England some time."

When we arrived in Liverpool the steamer on which we expected to sail for America was just going out of the harbor, so we were obliged to wait for another, and we took advantage of the delay and went to the Lakes, returning to Glasgow instead of Liverpool, as we found we could transfer and sail from this port. Boxes of curios and other things had been sent from India for the Queen's Jubilee, and though the great exhibition was over we were in time to see some of the things.

We expect to sail for New York the day after tomorrow.

(Letter from the Rani of Khetri.—Received in America.)

Agra, India, Dec. 11, 1888.

MY DEAR MISS SWAIN :

I have written two letters to you and the Huzur Sahib has also written to you but we have not yet received an answer. We will hope to hear from you soon. I am very anxious to hear from you about

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your health. Please let me know how you are. I hope the rest and change are doing you good and that you feel stronger. I trust that you will be able to return to India soon. We want you to come back to us and we will be glad if you will bring your sister with you so that you may have her company and not be alone. Khetri will not seem like home to me without you. I am feeling pretty well and shall be glad when my troubles are over.

It is very cold in Agra. Bai is getting to be a clever girl. She can read and write Hindi nicely and has written a letter to her father in Jeypore. She will write you a little letter in Hindi to enclose in this letter. She is learning the English alphabet and can print the letters nicely from a book.

With my love and salams, and Bai's love.

I remain,

Your loving Beti,

S. K.

Bai—princess.

Beti—daughter.

Brindisi, Italy, Nov. 30, 1889.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Just a month to-day since we left New York. We are waiting for our steamer which is due here to-morrow morning and will sail in the evening, reaching Bombay, probably, December 16th. The journey has

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been very pleasant so far though we have sometimes wearied of the long railway journeys.

In Liverpool we arranged to take Cook's Tourist Tickets, and after a few days' rest we went up to London and spent five days in sightseeing, visiting the Doré Gallery, of which I must tell you another time. From London we went to Paris, arriving just after the close of the Exposition, but we visited the Eiffel Tower and went up in the elevator. When we reached the second landing, 360 feet, I stepped out but the rest of the party went to the top. It is a magnificent structure.

After four days of enjoyment in Paris we went to Lucerne, in Switzerland, where we remained three days. We went by steamer to the foot of Mt. Rigi and up the mountain 5,500 feet by train. On the steamer we met Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith and her daughter who invited us to join them. The view from the top of the mountain was grand. The glaciers in the distance, the high peaks around us, and the soft, feathery clouds below us, with now and then a green mountain top on which were houses, made a lovely scene. It was warm and bright in the sunshine where we were but at Lucerne it was dark and cloudy ; the great cloud hung over the town and lake like an umbrella. Lucerne must be one of the loveliest spots on earth in the summer time.

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One evening and the next forenoon were all the time we had for Milan, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth, but we went to the Cathedral, and then started on to Venice, the city of canals and gondolas. Our stay there was delightful, but too short for all that we wished to see. When we had been to St. Mark's Square and Church, the Palace of the Doges, the glass works, and the lace factories, we congratulated ourselves that we had seen *some* of the wonders of the Old World. We passed over the Bridge of Sighs, but the door leading to the prison was walled up.

We three unprotected females arrived in Venice at night and fortunately found an official at the station who spoke English. He inquired what hotel we wanted, engaged a gondola for us and attended to our luggage and before we had time to realize our situation we were gliding softly through the Grand Canal to our hotel which we reached in about twenty-five minutes. The hotel people were so kind and *so glad to see us* that we felt at home at once. Every one seemed desirous to make our stay pleasant.

I must tell you a little more about the lace works. We saw the women making the lovely point lace sets which are so expensive in America and so much cheaper here at the factory. A number of women from the prison are employed in making lace, without

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remuneration, and as the factory belongs to the government naturally the lace can be sold much cheaper than if made by paid labor. There are many girls who are learning and these must work three years before they begin to earn anything. There are a few women who get six cents a day. The overseer said that most of the learners are girls from good families who do not need to work but are learning for their own pleasure. He showed us some pieces of lace one yard of which took one person six months to make.

The distance from Venice to Brindisi gave us twenty-four hours of travel. We saw the beautiful olive groves which line the shores of the Adriatic on the left. Brindisi looks like an ancient town and the people seem poor and ignorant. Their houses look very uncomfortable, but I notice that there seems to be plenty of wine and beer here as elsewhere in Italy. Our hotel is not a pleasant one; it is cold and not very clean and the food is wretched. The farming country around is beautiful and we have quite enjoyed our rides.

Bombay, India, Dec. 18, 1889.

We sailed from Brindisi on the second of this month and reached Bombay on the sixteenth. I am resting a few days at the mission house before start-

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ing on my journey up country. We had pleasant weather all the way except that a head wind impeded our progress somewhat and made it a little unpleasant to sit on the hurricane deck in the daytime. We travelled second class from Brindisi as the expense is much less, but the table fare was not the thing for me.

The first sight that met my eyes as we came up to the dock was two happy faces from Khetri, one my old and trusted servant, and the other a servant of the Rajah who had been sent to make arrangements for my journey.

I was very glad to see them and felt irresponsible at once. After receiving their salams and the good wishes of the Rajah and family with a letter of welcome, I left everything in their hands and drove with the other ladies to the mission house, glad enough to get where I could have good food and a bed that does not rock with the waves of the sea.

Miss Knowles left us yesterday to visit friends in Poona for a few days, then she goes to Calcutta. Miss Waugh left last night to join her parents in Allahabad. When I am ready to go up country I will go to Agra to spend Christmas with Miss Yerbury, and I hope to attend the North India Conference which will meet on the 2d of January.

XIV

Return to Khetri

Khetri, Jan. 3, 1890.

HERE I am at last in the house which was my home so long, tired and worn from my long journey, but I shall soon get rested and be all right again.

Miss Pannell, the young lady who was my companion when I first came here, was quite ready to come back to Khetri with me. We travelled alone with fifty native men who had been sent to escort us across the plains, and were out two nights in tents, travelling by day as it was safer for us with so small an escort.

I was so late in arriving in the country that the Rajah and Rani were obliged to return to their state, but they arranged for my journey so I had no trouble at all. It seems good to be back but I miss home friends and church privileges more than ever before.

I found my house in order for me, curtains up and carpets down and everything arranged as well as they know how.

We were warmly welcomed; the Rani seems very happy to have us back again, and we are delighted to see the sweet little girl baby who was born while I was in America.

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February 10th.

Yesterday was Sunday, and we had such a good time all by ourselves studying our Bible lesson. I have taken up Hannah Whitall Smith's method for this year and find it most interesting. I think that we shall gain as much Bible knowledge, if we continue on this line, as we would if we were to listen to a sermon every Sunday.

I have been a little lonely and homesick since the excitement of meeting old friends has passed away. We see a great work to be done here in Khetri but the soil is dry and hard; one needs a faith that will remove mountains to make an impression.

Yesterday we fasted and prayed for more spiritual life, and for four persons whom we very much wish may become Christians and work with us. Will you not join us in our prayers for these persons?

We are having delightfully warm days and the birds are singing merrily around our house, doing what they can to cheer us in our work. Our Polly says, "Thank you! Call the doctor, Polly is sick! Give me a kiss!" and then she whistles a quick waltz tune which she has learned, but she generally breaks down in the midst of it.

There are but few sick people to look after these days. The prevailing disease just at this time is smallpox and many children have died from it. The

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Hindus worship the goddess of smallpox and seldom use medicines for it. Occasionally a Mohammedan or a low-caste person comes for medicine for a child.

I vaccinated myself last Friday and my arm begins to sting and pain me. I fear I shall be quite upset by it.

February 24th.

. . . I miss the church services much more than I did when I was here before. We had ours yesterday which warmed our hearts. Miss Pannell read two of Moody's sermons from his book entitled "Heaven," while I listened and enjoyed them.

In the evening a Hindu gentleman called and was greatly interested in another reading from the same book. He said he would like to buy a copy for the truth was given so simply and plainly that he could understand it. He seemed affected by Moody's view of the life hereafter and his thought of this life as a schooling place for heaven.

On Friday I was called to see two wives of a high-caste Hindu. Poor women, they are sighing for children! There have been four childless wives in that family. Not to have children is considered a great calamity. The elder wife cried as she said, "If God would give us even a little girl we would all be quite happy." While I was in America these two women went on foot up to the snowy mountains; an

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old religious mendicant whom they consulted told them that if they would walk all the way to Badrinath, they would surely have children. They must sleep on the ground without shelter in order to attain their heart's desire. They suffered all this hardship but are yet disappointed.

February 26th.

Last evening we were invited to dine with the Rani at the palace; a Parsee woman from Bombay was among the guests. The Rani's apartments looked very light and pretty with the many brightly lighted lamps, and the little tables for each of us were well filled with all sorts of native food. All sat on the floor on mats or cushions but I was honored with a stool.

The Rani took occasion in the presence of all the guests and servants to pay me most elaborate compliments. She spoke of the time when I came to her and she was so ill, and after a time her dear little daughter was born to her, and now she was in perfect health. In real oriental praise she said, "The Miss Sahiba is so white that if she were in the most dense darkness her face would be a light." This custom is like ours of giving toasts after dinner.

We have had some excitement this month. A company of balloonists from America came here to

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give an exhibition and made a very successful parachute descent, coming down very gently about half a mile from the palace gardens from which they ascended. It was a pretty sight, and I think all the Hindus repeated the name of their gods, which expressed their prayer for the safe return of the men. The state gave them a thousand rupees and the Rani sent the young man who assisted a present of one hundred rupees with this message, "Try and get into some other business soon which will not endanger your life so much." She thought his mother and friends at home must feel very anxious about him.

After this exhibition there were sports in the garden. Three elephants ran a race, and one of them smoked a native pipe and took a prize. This was our elephant which we ride. She is very clever. She can carry a lantern, and she fans herself by holding the fan in her trunk. She dances and makes a salam to us.

March 2d.

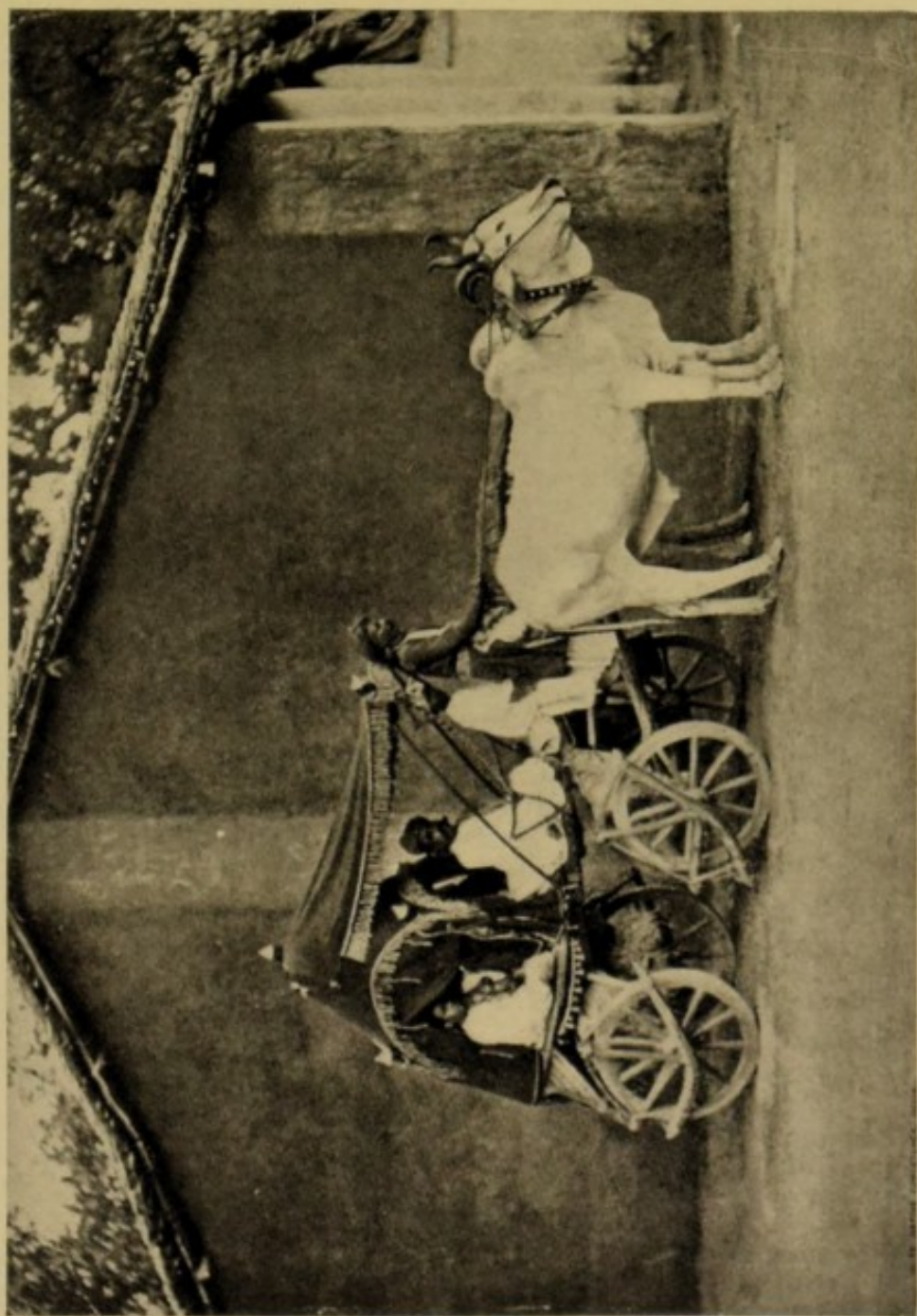
The Rani's little girl has been ill with a touch of bronchitis, and as soon as she was well enough we started for Awa, the home of the Rani's mother, about two hundred miles from Jeypore. I stopped in a rest-house near the railway station while the Rani and her suite went on into the country about eleven miles to her mother's place, which is a small native

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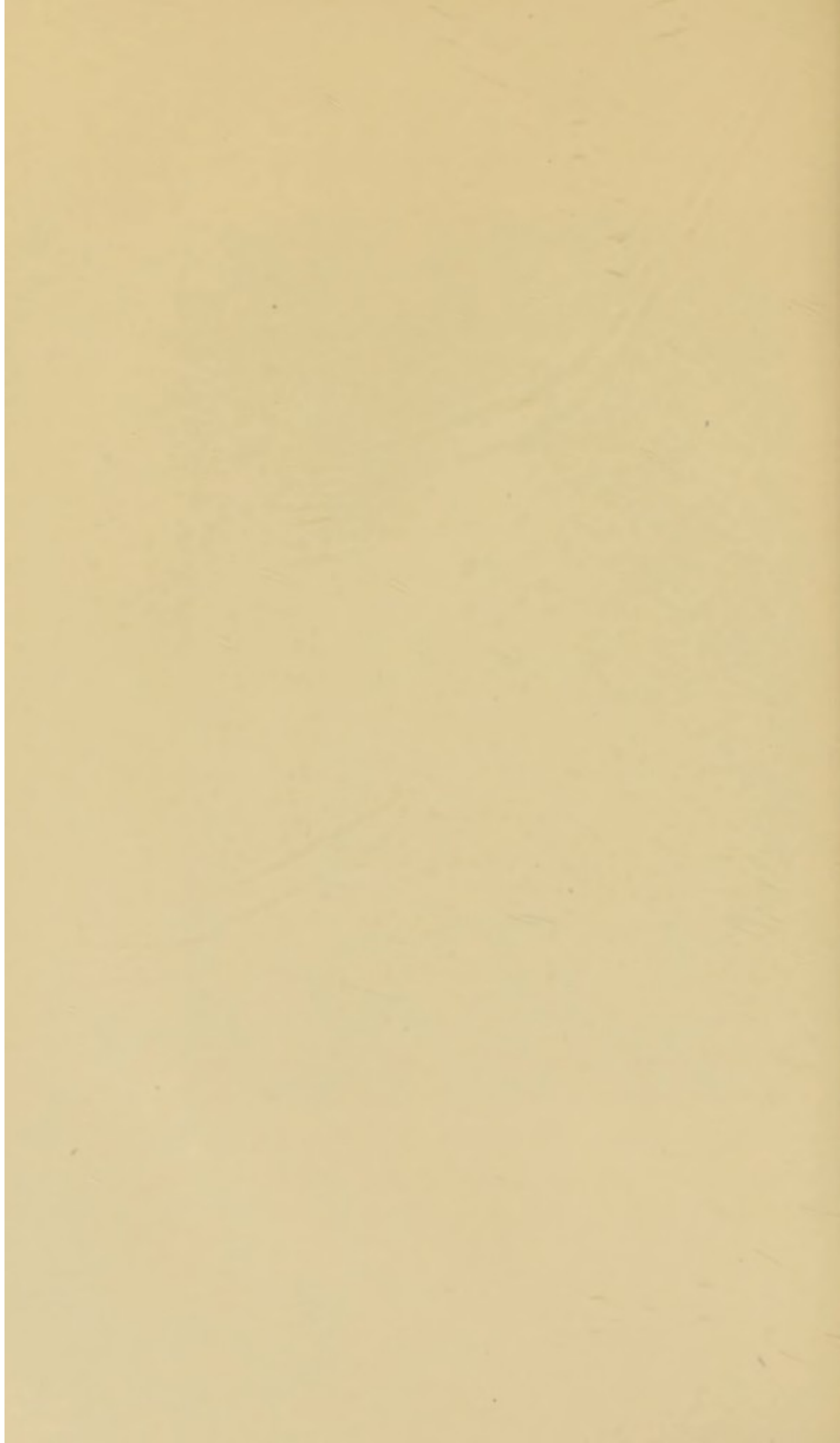
state yielding a yearly income of about two *lakhs* of rupees. The state was much larger at one time but through constant warfare with other states several villages and much land have been lost.

The third day after the Rani left me she sent for me to come out and spend one day and night at her mother's house, so a carriage and pair was sent for me with an ox-cart for my luggage. There was also a *Rath* for my women servants and a camel for the men. We had a pleasant ride and in due time reached the little city of Awa, consisting of a fort, a large Hindu temple, the palace and about three hundred houses built mostly of stone. We were taken to the fruit garden where we found tents pitched for me and my servants. Very soon everything was nicely arranged for housekeeping and comfort. My cook made a charcoal fire in the little furnace which we always carry with us and in a few minutes brought me a cup of tea, so refreshing after the ride in the heat and dust.

The next thing to be done was to send my salams to the Rani and her mother to let them know that I had arrived, and my messenger soon returned with the request that I would come to them in the evening. Food was sent from the palace to be cooked by my servant for my breakfast. A messenger came for me in the afternoon and I went to the palace where I



A Rath.



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found the Rani in full dress seated in the court with a crowd of women attending her. It was her brother's birthday and twenty-four guns were fired in his honor. He came to be introduced to me. The Rani's mother, her father's sister, her brother's two wives and other women were then introduced, and after this ceremony we all sat down and looked at each other. The brother said that it was very kind of me to pay them a visit, and the Rani's mother said, "You have become a mother to my daughter." I replied that in one way I had but that she was the true mother.

The young wives did not speak but looked at me with their hands over their mouths. They were richly dressed and sparkled with jewels and gold lace. Their husband excused himself to go and hold a reception for his gentlemen friends who had come with presents for him; some brought money, others fruit.

At eight o'clock my dinner was sent. The Rani asked if I would eat there where we were sitting, and when I told her that I did not like to eat before so many I was asked to go up three flights of stairs to a very pretty room where a little table was brought in and my tray of food was brought and placed upon it. I sat upon the floor, washed my hands and began to eat. A crowd of women came to see me use a knife and fork, for these necessities are as much a curiosity to them as some of their customs are to us.

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My dinner consisted of twelve or fifteen different dishes prepared by my cook. These people put so much red pepper in their food that I cannot eat it and for that reason I prefer to have my cook prepare my meals. Another large tray of food was sent up to me from their cook-house, for which I expressed my thanks and then it was taken away.

Soon after finishing my dinner I begged leave to withdraw to my tent promising to call the next morning before leaving. The next day I was up in good time, ordered my breakfast, and had my things packed for the cart and when everything was ready I drove up to the palace to bid the good people good-bye. They gave me hearty greeting, and trays of fruit were brought and placed before me, and the Rani's mother presented me with one hundred rupees in gold. I refused them at first but consented to take them when I found that they would be offended if I did not. This is a custom among wealthy natives.

March 16th.

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There has been a great deal of sickness here since January and of late influenza has made its appearance. I have had five cases this week. The patients suffer such extreme pain that it keeps me busy nursing them as well as giving them medicine. They

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live in small huts near us so I can go to them any time in the day when I am needed. I am glad the hot weather is so near at hand. The poor people have so few comforts in their homes that it is very hard for them when they are sick. I hope this influenza will pass away with the cold weather. I am having very good success with my cases; the only trouble is that when they are first taken the pain in the left lung is so very severe that for about three days I am obliged to keep up fomentations and then when the crisis comes there is great prostration. It is a difficult thing to tone up a patient with the poor food they have, and there are their Hindu restrictions about diet, no meat, no eggs, no animal food of any kind.

I am planning to go seven miles out into the country to-morrow to the place where the state is building an artificial lake or reservoir for irrigating the fields in that vicinity. There has been a great deal of sickness out there and I shall have a busy day. Many have died from pneumonia and influenza, but the trouble is less than it has been. Miss Pannell will go with me. Our cook will go out to-night with the things needed for our stay and will have our breakfast ready for us when we arrive. We shall go out on our elephant leaving here about five o'clock in the morning for our two hours' ride.

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April 3d.

Miss Pannell and a Parsee lady went with me to see the works at the reservoir and we spent the day there. Seventeen hundred people, men, women and children, are at work digging the earth and there are twelve hundred animals also for carrying the loads. It was a sight to see so many people at work digging and loading, and the children driving the animals with their sacks of dirt hanging on each side of the animal like saddle-bags.

The Rajah's secretary has built a pretty little house on the top of the hill near the works, and we stayed in it, and had our breakfast and afternoon tea, and at five o'clock we mounted the elephant and had a pleasant ride home, taking a different road from the one we took in the morning.

We found a number of sick people and I attended a good number of cases and tried to help all who seemed ailing in any way.

April 26th.

We have had a slight shower to-day which has cooled the air and made it very pleasant. This would have been a fine evening for a ride but the Rajah has taken our elephant with him and has gone to attend a wedding about thirty miles away. A little girl was married there three days ago, and her people being wealthy, they made a great wedding, inviting hundreds

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of people. The Rajah and his staff went, and for the wedding present they took one male elephant, several horses, and some jewels and money. When the Rajah's daughter is married these same people to whom these valuable presents have been given will be expected to give as much in value to him, so their wedding presents are simply an exchange. I believe that one hundred thousand rupees are to be expended on the wedding of this little girl.

May 22d.

It is really a blessing to us to have *ice* in this hot weather. The Rajah has a camel post to bring it from Rewari—seventy-two miles—and we have four pounds a day, enough to cool the drinking water and give us ice-cream twice a week.

Yesterday we had jugged wild hare for dinner. One of the Thakurs at the palace sends us one every week skinned and dressed ready for cooking. We have plenty of muskmelons and pineapples.

One hot evening last week we dined at the prime minister's. The Rajah and Rani were there and about one hundred women. We were all taken up on the housetop which is a flat roof with a high balustrade around it, so we were quite hidden from view; here and there were small openings in the wall through which we had a fine view of the city and the surrounding country.

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The gentlemen sat below in an open veranda and in the courtyard. There were about two hundred of them but only certain ones were invited to dine.

I was requested to send my cook to prepare the food for Miss Driver and myself but I preferred to have it cooked at home and sent there to us. We had a table by ourselves in one corner with our own women servants to wait on us. Our cook had made some ice-cream for us which was better than all the food on such a hot evening. The lady of the house sat with her other guests while we were taking our dinner.

About half an hour after dinner we begged to be allowed to leave, thinking that the others would rather eat their dinner without us. The Rani dined at twelve o'clock and came home at three o'clock in the morning. She must have been very tired for she was burdened with heavy jewels and sat in the midst of the women on a cushion to be gazed at. The Rani's baby made herself very attractive; whenever she caught a glimpse of me she called out "Nāni" which means "grandmother." Sometimes she wakes in the night and calls for *Nāni*. She is a dear little one and very clever.

May 25th.

I have had such pleasant news about one of our former schoolgirls. She was the oldest and brightest

among them but shy and modest ; when Miss Pannell was giving out the books the first morning of school she did not seem willing to take one but when the others had taken theirs she put out her hand slowly to receive one, and Miss Pannell saw that she was crying. A few days later when the girls had become a little accustomed to their white teacher Miss Pannell said to her, "Naraini, why did you cry when I offered you the book the other day?" "Oh, Miss Sahiba," she replied, "your hands are so white that I thought you might be a leper and I was afraid to touch it."

She was the daughter of one of the cooks at the palace and her marriage arrangement had been made with a house servant of a nobleman of another state, and when she had been about two years in our school her husband came to take her to his home. She had not been long in her new home before the nobleman's wife heard that she could read and sing and she sent for her to come to her. Naraini went and was asked to sing ; she sang one of our Hindi hymns which pleased the lady so much that she had her come often to read and sing to her. When she left school we gave her the books she had used and also a hymn-book, a Gospel and other books, among them "The Indian Pilgrim"—on the plan of "Pilgrim's Progress"—and "Religions Weighed," both of which have

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been very helpful in mission work all over India, and we are rejoiced to know that one, even, of our girls has such an opportunity to use the knowledge she gained with us to benefit others. "My Word . . . shall not return to Me void but it shall accomplish that which I please, saith the Lord."

XV
A New Companion

Khetri, May 27, 1890.

MY DEAR DR. GREENE :

I still feel that it was God's will for me that I should come back here ; it seems to me that my work for this people is not yet done. I have much to encourage me. The people are much more accessible than they were during my former stay among them ; they come to me in such a childlike way to be taught and to be cared for.

A Hindu pundit called on me one evening and before he left he asked me to repeat to him the blessing that we ask before eating, and when I had repeated it and explained why we use it he wrote it down and also wrote the little children's prayer " Now I lay me down to sleep." The next morning he came again and brought it for me to read in Hindi, saying that he had translated it and would teach it to his five-year-old daughter.

Several weeks ago I lent him Moody's book on " Heaven," which made a great impression on him ; he read it to some of his friends, and some parts of it he read to the Rajah. Every one who has heard it

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seems to be favorably impressed. A Parsee gentleman to whom I lent it said that he liked it so much that he now wanted to read the Life of Christ. He bought a Gospel of Matthew at a railway station and has read it with great interest. He brought it to me and I opened it and read a few verses from the last chapter and told him that this was our Lord's command to go to all nations and tell all people how they might be saved from sin, and that this is the reason why missionaries leave their homes and friends and go to other countries to teach the people of Christ and His love for the world. He asked me if it was a sin for a person to change his religion.

This man really seems to be a seeker after truth. I gave him a Bible and marked some passages for him to read. We are praying that he may find what his soul is hungering for. Will you not join us in prayer for him? I do long so much for some one among this people to accept Christ and become a worker among them. We feel that there are several who might come out if only one of them would have the courage to start.

My dear friend and companion, Miss Pannell, who has been with me all the while until the last two months, was obliged to return to Bareilly as her mother is not well. She will remain there until cold weather. A lady from the Church Missionary Society in Agra

A New Companion

is with me at present, whose coming was providential as otherwise I might have been alone all through the hot season. Miss Driver was a stranger to me but I find her a most desirable companion. She was very desirous to come to me to take treatment for rheumatism. She is a true missionary, improving every opportunity to speak to and teach the children and the people. She came to India from the Mildmay Deaconess Home in London where she had been a worker for several years. A good preparation for work in India!

The good Father remembers me in every way even before I ask.

The heat has been intense this week. On Monday the thermometer stood at 109° in the evening on the veranda and in the house it was 98° . The grass mats at the doors were kept wet and three large fans hung from the ceiling were kept in motion all the time. The next day the thermometer on the veranda registered 105° , but to-day it is cooler as it rained last night and there was a high wind.

This hot season I have things more comfortable than ever before. The Rajah has made arrangements for ice to come from Delhi for himself and us and he has camels out at eight different points from here to the Rewari railway station. Every nine miles a man is stationed with a fresh camel. This enables us to

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send to the station for bread and other things, so we now have more variety in food.

The Rajah and Rani seem very happy ; their baby is such a little treasure to them. Her father takes great care of her and enjoys her clever little ways. A servant brings her down to our house nearly every morning or evening when it is cool enough. The dear little pet likes to come to see her *Nāni*, as she calls me.

July 10th.

I have had a number of patients to-day—some very disagreeable cases from among the multitude of the unwashed—but it is better to have work even if it is not very pleasant.

I must tell you of an outing we took on the day the rains began. While I was in America the Rajah built a house about seven miles from Khetri on the top of a hill about fifteen hundred feet above the city. He thought it would be a cool resort for his family in the hot weather. He has several times suggested to us to go out and spend the day saying that we could stay there a while for a change if we found it cooler. We waited until we felt sure that the tiger and leopard that had been seen early in the season had disappeared and then decided to go out for a day. The Rajah had large fans put up in the room and grass mats hung at the doors, and sent out everything that he thought we

A New Companion

would need, and gave us his secretary and two men on horses as an escort, and twelve men, six for each palki. We also had our elephant, but she could not go all the way as she was too tall to pass under the low branches of the trees on each side of the road.

Our cook made arrangements for our meals and started on ahead in order to have our breakfast ready by the time we arrived. We rose at three o'clock, had our bedding rolled up and started the coolies off with their baskets and bundles, and at five o'clock we mounted the elephant and set off with a train of men. We had not gone far when suddenly a dark cloud appeared and a dust storm broke upon us. We descended from the elephant as quickly as possible and got into our palkis and closed the doors. When the wind quieted a little we told the men to go on, but we had not gone more than a mile when down came the rain and we and all our things were thoroughly soaked, so we turned our faces homeward. By the time that we reached Khetri it was bright and clear again and we began to wonder what we should do for breakfast as the cooking utensils and the food were all on the way to the country house.

After considering the matter we concluded to try again so the men were called and we started in our palkis. We enjoyed winding around the mountain paths. The scenery is exceedingly pretty and seemed

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new to me although I have been over this narrow road several times. Most of the way there is a steep precipice on one side, and there are only two places where conveyances can pass each other. We reached the house about ten o'clock with fine appetites and the cook soon appeared with a breakfast of a savory dish of mangoes and onions with rice. After breakfast we inspected the house and courtyard and the surroundings.

The men had placed our cots under the fan in the large room, and we donned our dressing-gowns and lay down for a sleep but sleep would not come. We had brought Frances Willard's "Glimpses of Fifty Years," so we read a little of her spicy life to break the monotony, for we were in the most lonely place one could imagine; not a human being near except our company; we even had to send two miles for drinking water. You will not wonder that we concluded that we would rather stay in Khetri in the heat.

We dined at five o'clock, packed our things and sent them home, and started on our return journey at six; we had covered three miles of the road and were just entering the valley road when a terrible storm of wind and rain came upon us. Our men could not stand with the palkis so they set them down and guarded them on the lower side to keep them from blowing over. The water came down the hill in tor-

rents. There appeared to be two streams, one from the hills on the right and one coming down the road in front of us, and they rushed along with such force that it seemed as if we must be swept away. The secretary's horse had become frightened at the lightning and he had to dismount. He ordered the coolies to take up the palkis and go on but they refused, declaring that they could not carry them against the stream. As it was the only thing to do I told the men that I would fee them well if they took us home safely, and this put new strength into them; they took up the palkis but it was almost impossible to get up the hill, the water came down with such force. We had only one lantern for the whole procession so we had to keep close together and pick our way. The men were very careful, and with thankful hearts we passed the dangerous places in safety. I was reminded of the landslide in Naini Tal when we had to wade through the water on the roads and were carried across the mountain streams on our servants' backs.

We reached home about nine in the evening and I gave out tea for all the men and coal for a fire to dry their clothes, and they were made happy with a gift of ten cents each. They seemed to think that the rain had served them a good turn.

We felt a little rheumatism for the next few days but neither of us was really ill.

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All this made a change in our life but I do not care to have the same occur again while the rainy season lasts. Seventeen feet of water came into the new reservoir of which I wrote you.

To-day I have been giving a lesson in cooking to the prime minister's cook. The man brought all the materials and I told him how to put them together. The minister is ill and I have been treating him for about four months. He has improved so much that I am hopeful of his full recovery. Nearly all of the Hindus here show me great kindness; even those who at first were opposed to my coming here. I think it was just the thing for me to come back here for a while.

A Brahman widow has just come in and sat down on the floor behind me; she is saying over prayers on her beads and will continue her occupation until I finish my letter.

And here come the Rani's little ones with all their servants, so there will be no more quiet for me. The children are both lovely. Dear baby is such a treasure.

October 16th.

I wonder if I have told you of our meetings here. I began a Sunday morning service in August. Two Parsee gentlemen with their wives and children and a Hindu gentleman formed our first congregation; afterward others joined us so that now we have quite

an audience. For our first lesson I took the story of the Creation and found that only one of the listeners—with the exception of my own household—had ever heard of the creation of the world and of mankind as we have it in our Bible. You can imagine how interested they were as I told the story of Adam and Eve in their purity, of their sin and their punishment, then of the promise of a Redeemer.

The story of Abraham's call and of his life, and of his descendants becoming God's chosen people interested them very much.

We have had the genealogy of the Christ—the promised Redeemer—His birth and His early life. Last Sunday we had a lesson on John the Baptist, who came to prepare the way for the Christ, and the story of Christ's baptism, and next Sunday we will have the temptation and compare it with the temptation of our first parents. The pundit said to me once, "I find that these Bible lessons help me very much in my own religion!"

At five o'clock every Sunday afternoon we have a meeting for our servants and any others who will come and we use the same lessons that we had in the morning. We have the men read the lesson and give us their understanding of it and after they have given us their thoughts about it we give them ours. We teach them to sing and they enjoy our hymns. There are

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three men among them who would make good teachers for their own people if they should become Christians.

At seven o'clock Miss Pannell and I go up to the palace and have a meeting with the Rani and her women. Sometimes these meetings are very interesting and sometimes quite discouraging. It is hard for earthly royalty to submit to the requirements of the King of kings. They require submission from their own subjects but their religion teaches them that they may do what they please, their position in the world saves them. The Rani admits that this is not reasonable, and I am trying to show her from God's Word that there is no other way to be saved but by Christ, that He and He alone can forgive sin and make us ready for heaven. We are praying that the Holy Spirit may become her teacher in this great mystery which has puzzled so many.

XVI

A Pilgrimage

Khetri, Nov. 4, 1890.

MY DEAR SISTER :

I would like to live in tents the most of the time in the cold weather; it is such a good way to get strong. Yesterday morning we got up early to have our photographs taken on the elephant. The photograph was a failure but we had a long ride which gave us a good appetite for our breakfast. These rides are very invigorating.

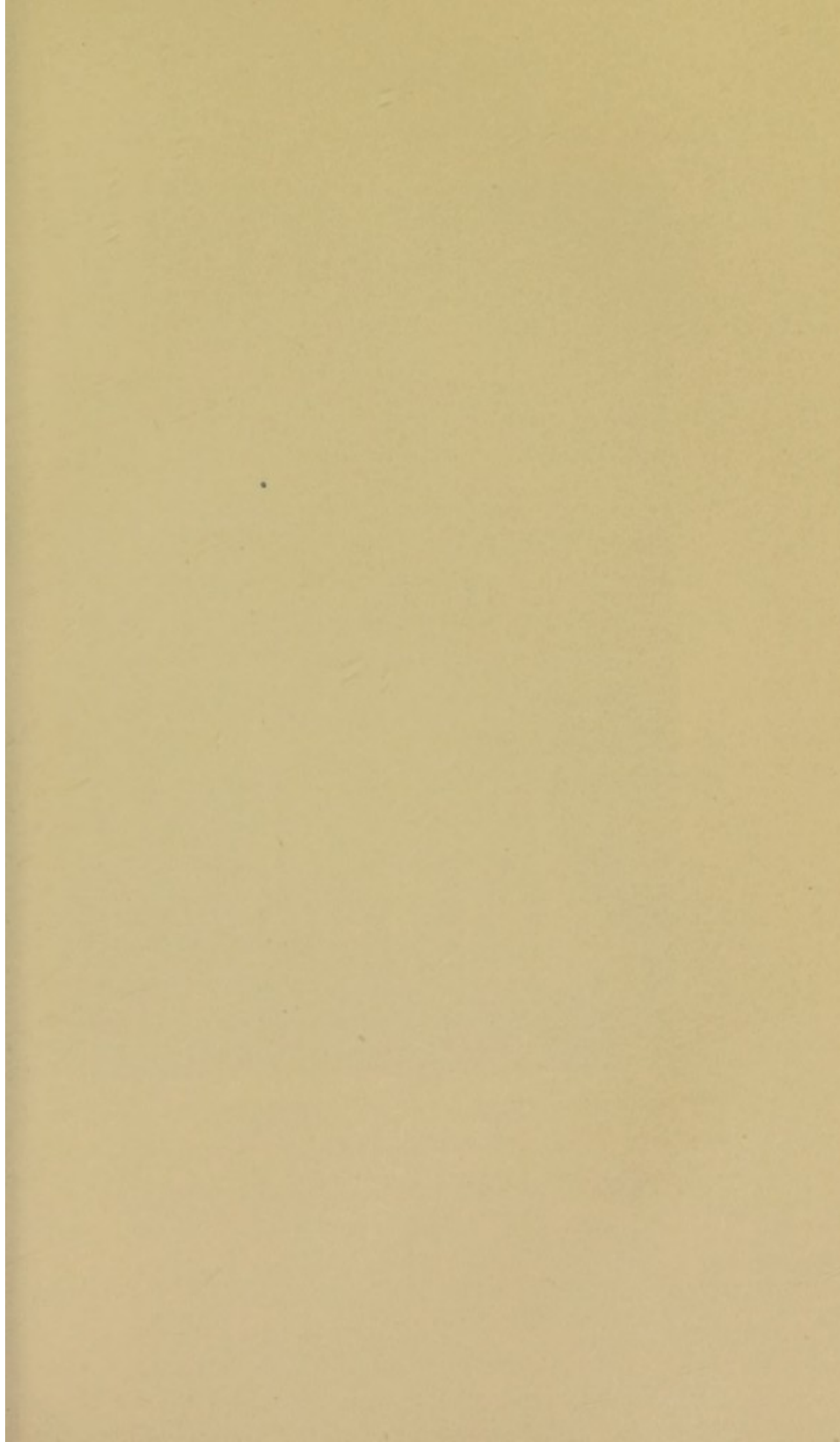
Miss Pannell is back again so we are a family of three, besides the parrot, the dog, four guinea-fowls and a few hens. We keep the fowls under high baskets in our front yard where a man stands day and night on guard, not to watch the fowls only; he is our regular watchman. We have five men appointed for this duty who change every two hours, day and night, so we are never left alone for an hour.

Yesterday was the anniversary of my sailing from New York twenty-one years ago. We celebrated it by giving a party for our native lady friends and their children. The Rani came, the prime minister's wife, two Parsee ladies each bringing one child, and the

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pundit's wife and daughter, with numbers of attendants with each lady. We had all the drapery looped back so that our three rooms were thrown into one. I sent to the palace for wall lamps to light the house. Every room was prettily decorated with flowers and the verandas were enclosed with tent walls and were furnished with floor cloths, chairs and the organ. Miss Driver had planned some games for the entertainment, and we had the band outside to play at intervals when we wished. For the two Parsee ladies and ourselves we had tea and cake. The Parsees have no caste prejudice so they eat with us. *Pān* rolled in silver leaf was prepared by a Brahman for the Rani and the other Hindu ladies. We had a very pleasant time and the ladies enjoyed it exceedingly. It was *such* work to receive them and send them away; all the men servants were banished until we got them—under a cloth canopy—into their conveyances. The last one went away about eleven o'clock.

This morning I distributed sweets among my servants and a few others who do us little favors and bring us flowers sometimes. It is customary on such occasions to give to the servants also but I had not the time to do it yesterday. A great many hearts have been made happy. These little acts bring us nearer to the people and cause them to feel the interest we have in them.





Andriyas, the Converted Faqir.

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Our Sunday services are well attended and some of the people manifest considerable interest.

Agra, Wednesday, Dec. 23d.

Miss Pannell and I left Khetri over a month ago. Our camp is in Jeypore but we are expecting the Rani and family here in a few days ; in the meantime I have been visiting some of my old friends in the mission at Cawnpore, Lucknow and Bareilly, and I attended the camp-meeting at Chandausi. Now I am here with my former student, Miss Yerbury.

The Rajah and Rani have started on a pilgrimage to Benares, Calcutta and Jaganath. I am hoping that they will be willing for us to remain here while they make the journey.

We have had a most interesting time in Khetri since I wrote you last. A very clever religious devotee from Lahore spent some time in the city giving instruction in his religion ; then good old Andriyas, a converted devotee, who accepted Christ twenty-six years ago, came here on my invitation and remained with us a while. He came filled with the Spirit, ready to give his experience and tell the people why he became a Christian. We had a meeting on our veranda every morning and at evening he preached in the city and sometimes spoke in the palace. On Sundays we had service morning and evening in our

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house and the Rajah and his men came. Every one liked the old man though at times he spoke very plainly about the idol-worship of the Hindus. He sang and played on a native instrument, and his singing of Christian hymns was very effective and brought tears to many eyes.

Andriyas was with us two weeks and gave the Gospel with power to many hearers. The Lahore priest had left before he came, for which I was sorry, as he might have been interested in this good man's experience.

We shall continue our services as usual when we return to Khetri and I trust there may be some permanent results. Three of our best servants are with us here and all of them are interested in reading the Bible.

Christmas Day.

I wonder how you are spending this Christmas Day ! We have been to the English church and heard a good sermon and joined in the communion service. It is a mission church and the clergyman is a plain, earnest Christian and a good preacher.

Miss Yerbury has a great many presents from her patients to-day, Christmas cards, trays of fruit and vegetables, besides other things of greater value. The presentation of a tray of fruit or vegetables is an oriental custom and is a very easy way for the poor

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people to express their respect and gratitude for medical attendance when they are not able to give a fee for the doctor's services.

Calcutta, March 1, 1891.

We have travelled many miles since we left Agra, and already we have been twenty days in Calcutta. When the Rani's first child was born the parents made a vow that she should be taken some time during her childhood to Jaganath, below Calcutta, to have her head shaven. This religious act had been deferred much longer than the parents intended, for the little girl is now about seven years old, and the Rani began to think it time to fulfill their vow. They wished also to visit some of the ancient Hindu shrines which they could easily reach on their way to Calcutta. A number of poor people of the state who expressed the same desire were invited to go with them, and others who would be company for the Rani. There were altogether two hundred persons, including the servants.

We left Agra early in January, going first to Allahabad, the capital city of the Northwest Provinces, and one of the sacred bathing places of the Hindus, where we remained four days. All the men of the party went to the river to bathe and have their heads shaven. A number of them became ill with colds and

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fever and some with pneumonia, and for a while I had many sick people to care for.

From Allahabad we journeyed to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus all over India; it is a city of temples and places for the pilgrims who throng the city every day of the year. I stayed at the Government Rest-House, and the rest of the party went into the city among the temples and near the river Ganges. The Rani became very ill here. Several of the company after bathing and worshipping in the temples asked permission to return to Khetri, and the remainder of the party took the train for Gya, the ancient centre of Buddhism, now in ruins. The celebrated Buddhist Temple is the one thing of interest there.

Our stay was only of a few hours; then we came to Calcutta. We are stopping in a wonderful house which will accommodate more than five hundred people. It cost six hundred thousand rupees. It is built like two houses joined in the middle with a large open court for each and a fine veranda on all four sides. I am in the second story which is like the one below. The Rani's rooms are opposite mine and the Rajah and his suite occupy the lower rooms.

There is only one shrine which they wish to visit here. The prime minister and another official have gone to Jaganath to take a lock of hair to present before the idol, which will take the place of the child's

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visit and the shaving of her head. The Rani has not enjoyed the shrines; she says they are such filthy places. I think her faith in all these things is much shaken. In one way it has done her good; she realizes how very little she has gained in comfort or satisfaction after all their trouble and expense. She has never required me to accompany her to any of the shrines. In each city I have either stayed with friends or at the Government Rest-House, and have had a pleasant time. I have been to visit Miss Knowles here; you remember she came out to India with me. I have also dined at Bishop Thoburn's.

Yesterday the Rani went in a closed carriage to the temple of Kali, a few miles from Calcutta. On her return I asked her if she had a pleasant time and she replied, "No, I stayed just so long!" measuring on her finger. She said the place was so filthy that she could not go in but turned away at once and got into the carriage saying that she was quite ready to return. She was disappointed, too, in what she saw in Allahabad. At Fyzabad she invited me to go with her to the bathing ghat. The place was enclosed but the water was so muddy that she would not bathe, but she said that her little daughter might bathe if she wished.

Agra, March 9, 1891.

Our trip to some of the shrines of the Hindus was

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quite interesting, in a way, and the journey has done me much good. If I were a Hindu I should probably think I had been cured of all my infirmities by my visits to these idol temples. We were twenty days in Calcutta, then returned to Agra and shall probably leave this week for Khetri.

The Rani is living in another house at a little distance from us. One evening Miss Yerbury gave an "At Home" in her honor and there were twenty ladies present. The rooms were beautiful with an abundance of flowers and the table decorations were lovely. The Rani enjoyed it all very much. She came into the room where we were taking refreshments but, of course, could not eat with us. Some fruit was provided for her and was sent to her carriage to be taken to her house.

To-day we are to have a picnic in a lovely garden in which is a celebrated tomb. As this is a government holiday Miss Yerbury does not go to her dispensary so we take the opportunity to have a day out of doors. The air is delightful just now but we shall be glad of the shelter of a big tree at midday when it will be much warmer.

Tenth.

We had a fine time at our picnic yesterday. There were six of us; two young clergymen, three lady doctors and a married lady. The garden is outside

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the city and borders on the river Jumna. It is a pleasure garden with beautiful lawns and flowers and with a number of masonry platforms arranged for picnic parties. We sat on a carpet spread on the lawn and had our refreshments and when it was cool enough we had a game of badminton, which is an especially good exercise for ladies in this climate. Our whole party was invited to dine in the evening with another lady doctor who has just come out from Ireland to join the Lady Dufferin Hospital here.

I am getting rather tired of this long holiday away from my home and my work, though it is very pleasant here and I always enjoy coming to Agra.

Khetri, April 6, 1891.

We arrived here March 29th after four months of travel, staying at rest-houses or visiting friends. It seems good to be at home again.

Miss Driver and I are trying to divide up our time so that none may be wasted for we want to make the best possible use of each hour of the day. We have begun the Chautauqua Course of Reading and shall spend an hour together each day with this. Then we have Geikie's "Life of Christ"—two volumes—which we hope to read for an hour each evening. With these and our Bible readings, teaching the servants, my dispensary work and city visits, and the

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many visits to the palace I shall not have much time to be lonely. I have not mentioned the hour or two each day that must be given to writing; then the bath and meals must have their time and there are frequent callers from among the people around us. There ought to be time for going out for an airing and exercise, too.

Eighteenth.

I have had quite an interesting clinic at the dispensary this morning. A woman came to me who said she had no children. I asked her how long she had been married and she said, "Five years." "Have you never had a child?" I asked. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I had a child four years ago, but it died." Then I asked her age and she said she was fifteen years old. Fifteen years old, five years married, and had a child when she was eleven years old! I told her that she was not old enough to be a mother. She thought it very hard that I should turn her away without doing anything for her.

On Saturday a little Hindu woman came in from the country to be operated on for *ascites*. I performed the operation and took away four gallons of water from her. I found that she had an ovarian tumor but as I had no assistant I could not operate for that, though I was sorry to let her go out of my hands without the second operation.

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In the afternoon Miss Driver and I went out on the elephant to make calls in the city. I am sure you would have been amused to see us mount. A new pad had been made for her which brought our howdah up so high that we had to have a longer ladder than usual, and *such* a tip as we had when she rose on her feet! we hung on as well as we could and had a good laugh over it afterward.

We had some very pleasant calls on the native people. At one place the man of the family we called on seemed very friendly and the next day he returned our call and said his wife might come to see us some day if I would send my palki for her.

May 15th.

Our nearest neighbor brought his only daughter over to our veranda to see me this morning. Her nose had been pierced by a Hindu jeweller in order to have her marriage jewel inserted. I applied cocaine to lessen the pain but the child cried and screamed most pitifully. She is not yet six years old but the first marriage ceremony has been performed. She is now allowed to wear a skirt and chadar and looks like a miniature woman. Up to the day of the ceremony she wore a little jacket and drawers and a cap like a boy. She will now be taught to read and write.

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On Tuesday of this week the Rani and her children and another native lady spent the evening with us. By looping back the curtains our three well-lighted rooms were thrown into one and the place looked really fairy-like, lacking only one or two fountains and some flowers to make it truly oriental. The Rani was very cheerful and enjoyed her visit. We showed her books and pictures and Miss Driver played on the organ and amused the children with games. The pundit had tea made for the Rani at his house and sent it in and it was served to her on a small table by one of her own servants. We sat at another table in the same room to drink our tea and it seemed very sociable.

This is the coolest season for this time of the year that I have ever experienced in India. The people say that it is unfavorable and we shall have drought, for only a normal hot season is followed by plentiful rains. There is now very little water in the wells and the people in the city suffer from lack of water ; those who come to the dispensary these days are filthy for they have no water for bathing.

June 7th.

We had a most interesting Bible class yesterday. Six nationalities were represented and we used the Bible in Bengali, Urdu and English, for our congregation included a Bengali, Parsee, Hindu and six or

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seven Goanese, besides Miss Driver, who is English, and myself an American.

Our lesson was the eleventh chapter of Matthew. When we came to the last three verses—the invitation of Jesus—I told them that the invitation was for them and for all people of all nations to-day just as it was for the people to whom Jesus spoke. They were quite touched and when I explained about the *rest* which Jesus gives and the burdens which we all carry until we accept the invitation and take upon us His yoke—which is easy—they seemed to take it in and get a fresh inspiration. At evening we had service in Hindi on the veranda for our servants and others and seventeen persons were present. Six children also came in and they helped nicely with the singing which they always enjoy. They are quite as attentive to the lesson as the older listeners.

Some of our servants take as much interest in the service as they would if they were converted men. One of them reads his Bible every day but he has not declared himself a Christian. It is a hard step for these people to take for it separates them from their families and all their old associates, and often it means to them literally giving up everything for Christ's sake.

June 16th.

MY DEAR H—— :

The Rajah and Rani have just completed the

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marriage arrangement of their youngest daughter who is two and a half years old. The boy is five years old. It seems too bad that she should be given away so early, but the people have their own customs. She will remain with her parents till she is fourteen years of age, then the marriage ceremony will take place and she will go to her husband's home. The cost of this first part of the marriage arrangement—which we would call the betrothal—was eighteen thousand rupees, or six thousand dollars.

We returned from our winter tour on the 29th of March, and had our house-cleaning done, carpets taken up, cleaned and mended, when just as they were down again and the house nicely settled the hot winds began to blow and everything was covered with sand and dust again. The carpets are only stamped cotton cloth but they look very well when they are clean.

Would you like to know what we had for breakfast this morning? I wonder if you will appreciate it. First there was a curry of mangoes and cucumbers cooked in butter with spices. This we ate with boiled rice, and it was delicious. We had bread nicely toasted and finished our breakfast with a fine muskmelon. I feel sorry for you poor people in America who cannot get anything to equal our curry.

I get up about five o'clock every morning and go out in a bullock cart for exercise. The conveyance

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has no springs and the roads are rough and stony so you can imagine what a jolting I get when the bullocks run. It does me good, however, and gives me a good appetite. I went down to the gardens this morning for my early ride and found that the grapes—both purple and white ones—are nearly ripe. They are very abundant.

July 18th.

I had intended to have a birthday party for a few native ladies and to give a dinner to the Rani but it is so hot that I have decided to wait until the rains come and then celebrate. The Mohammedans are earnestly praying for rain. A few nights ago my cook with a number of others went away to the top of a steep hill some miles distant and remained all night praying that the rain might come, and this week they went out into the jungle on the same errand.

To-day the Mohammedans are observing one of their festivals, the *Bakhr Id*. A male goat is sacrificed in every family that can afford it and after it has been offered in sacrifice, it is divided among the friends of the family and portions given to the poor. This festival is in remembrance of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac.

The Rani's eldest daughter is here reading her English lesson to Miss Driver. She is quite clever

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and is getting on fast in her studies. After her lessons are over she learns a verse of Scripture and she is learning to play on the organ and sing hymns. She has quite a talent for music and loves it. It will be a great boon to her when she goes to her future home where she will live in seclusion. She sees the difference between the teaching she gets from us and what she learns from their books and often gives her opinion about it. One day she said, "Miss Sahiba, our books are not good like yours." I spoke to the Rani a few days since about Bai's lessons, and said, "Rani Sahiba, Bai can never be a sincere idol-worshipper. She has learned too much about our religion for that." The Rani replied, "I know that, but your religion is good."

Twentieth.

We had an interesting service yesterday morning. The lesson was the seventeenth chapter of Matthew, the story of the Transfiguration. All seemed interested but a Parsee gentleman was particularly attentive. The service lasted an hour and a half. After the lesson any one is at liberty to ask questions but we do not enter into any argument. The natives are very fond of argument and if they begin I tell them they must argue with men not with me.

The wife of a native gentleman who attends our meetings occasionally said to me one day: "My

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husband is a much better man since he began to come to your meetings. He treats me better and does not get angry at little things as he used to do." We see a change in others, too. There were twenty-five present at the evening service. We explained the ninth chapter of Matthew and sang a number of hymns. Five men from the native band brought their instruments and played a hymn which they had learned through the week. Some of them could read so I gave them a Hindi hymn-book and they promised to learn more hymns.

I have sent to the Mission Publishing House in Lucknow for Bibles, tracts and other books, for I like to keep a supply on hand to distribute to those who would like them. It is really wonderful to be able to work so freely among them, to have them ask for books, and to be willing to come to hear and be taught by us.

There was a slight rain last night which has cooled the atmosphere a little. The thermometer stood at 122° in the sun yesterday, and it must have been 110° in the house.

September 19th.

Another Saturday has come round and I am reminded that a letter for you should be on the way to Bombay. The time seems to pass more quickly each

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year of one's life. The days are never long enough for all that I wish to accomplish.

We have had more rain since I wrote you—sixteen inches in all. The average rainfall here is twenty-four inches. The fields are looking much better; crops grow fast after a few showers but it is too late for them to mature well before it will be time to sow again. Two or three crops are raised on the same land in one year.

Just now Miss Driver and I are especially interested in chickens. We have some fine large English hens which are rare in this country. One has recently hatched five chickens, and another four guinea-fowls, beautiful little creatures. We keep them in a cage on the veranda and go out to feed them two or three times a day. A few nights ago a snake—a cobra—killed four of the finest ones. We were sorry to lose them but thankful that we and our servants escaped. Many persons have been bitten here this summer and I have heard of only three that survived.

A few nights ago as we were retiring the room seemed so close and warm that I opened an outside door and there was a snake just ready to come in. There happened to be a stone on the veranda and I threw it and cut the snake in two, then I called the servants to find the head part which had fallen off the

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veranda. We felt rather nervous about going to bed, and I had all the cracks filled with paper before I could lie down to sleep. This was the third snake which has visited us lately.

Miss Pannell is visiting in Agra. She writes me that twenty dacoits entered the boarding-house of the medical class, and stood over the girls with clubs raised and demanded their money. One of the girls screamed and was struck with a club, but the watchmen in the yard heard the scream and rushed in. Several of the men were injured and one constable was seriously injured and is in hospital, but the dacoits got away. It is always a dangerous time in India when there is scarcity of food, so many are desperate through hunger and they steal and even take life. We have never been troubled with thieves here ; I suppose the people think we have nothing of value.

The pundit who generally attends our Bible class could not attend on Sunday as it was the day for the Hindus to feed the Brahmans and their friends and as many poor people as they can afford to, in remembrance of their deceased relatives. Toward evening he called to apologize for his absence. He said he found the ceremony of feeding people in remembrance of his father and mother and other members of the family of great benefit to him for it reminded him that

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he too must die and it made him question himself about eternity.

I asked him if there was any idolatry connected with this ceremony for if not I thought it might be a good thing as certainly it must lead a person to reflect upon the past and remember those who had once been with him, and it also reminded one of his own future life. He replied, "Yes, there is a little idolatry connected with it; when the food is ready we just offer it to God through one of our deities, and this is the reason that I did not send you any of the food because I know that Christians do not eat anything offered to idols."

The house is very quiet. My pet dog lies beside me on the floor, and the sparrows fly in and out bringing grass to build their nests which the servants carefully destroy every day, and the sparrows as persistently renew.

XVII
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Khetri, Oct. 3, 1891.

MY DEAR MISS G——:

This has been a lonely day and I should have felt it much more if my home mail had not come in with letters and papers which have filled up my spare time. There were not many dispensary patients at the usual hour but all through the day some one has come for medicine.

A man came bringing a bright looking young woman who has been insane since the birth of her child six weeks ago. I could not go very near her as she became violent every time I attempted it, but I gave some medicine hoping it would do her good. I have had several bad cases to treat recently but have succeeded in helping every one. Since my return an especial blessing has seemed to rest upon my work.

The English lady, Miss Driver, who is with me being treated for rheumatism, finds something to do for some one every day; she is always cheerful and happy and her influence on the people who come to us and those who live near us is so good that she is really a valuable acquisition. She has a native woman

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to wait on her, a widow who has been accustomed to work in the fields like a man. She speaks a different dialect from ours and as we cannot understand each other's language we point and make signs and it is quite remarkable how quickly she comprehends. She is very religious in her way. She calls upon her god every time she sneezes, and at night says over her prayers loud and strong, and if she wakens begins again. I succeeded in making her understand that her god can hear her just as well if she prays in her heart and does not make any noise to disturb us.

She amuses us greatly. Miss Driver gave her a new skirt and on Sunday afternoon she put it on and came into the room and danced all around keeping time to her motions by playing a tune by snapping her finger joints.

The Brahman widow whom I told you about in a former letter is still with us. She goes out to cook her food and worship but returns at night and sleeps on the carpet by my bed. She is a tall, fine-looking woman and quite intelligent, but very bigoted. We improve every opportunity to teach her the truth, and notice that she has more confidence in us than in any of her own people and believes what we tell her. There is certainly a change going on in her mind. One stumbling-block with every Hindu is the fact that Christians kill animals and eat meat. This they

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consider a great sin and they do not know how to accept the practice of it, even in a person who seems to them good in other respects. We have many talks with the widow on this subject. She says she has learned to pray to our God in her heart since she came to us.

When this woman's husband died some years ago she was persuaded to go to Brindaban where she entered upon temple life. This life is open to all Hindu widows. Some very respectable women who have plenty of means for their support have been induced to go to this city of temples and to give up all that they possessed on the promise that they will be cared for all their lives, not knowing that they were putting themselves in the power of the priests, but on finding what kind of life they were expected to lead they would gladly have returned to their friends if they could get away or had any means of supporting themselves, for of course they could not recover anything from the priests who had induced them to come there.

Not long since an aged widow came to the pundit's house to ask him if the Rajah would not let her have a conveyance to get to her village about fourteen miles from Khetri. She said she had been away from her home seventeen years travelling on foot, with the help of her cane, to many of the sacred shrines, and

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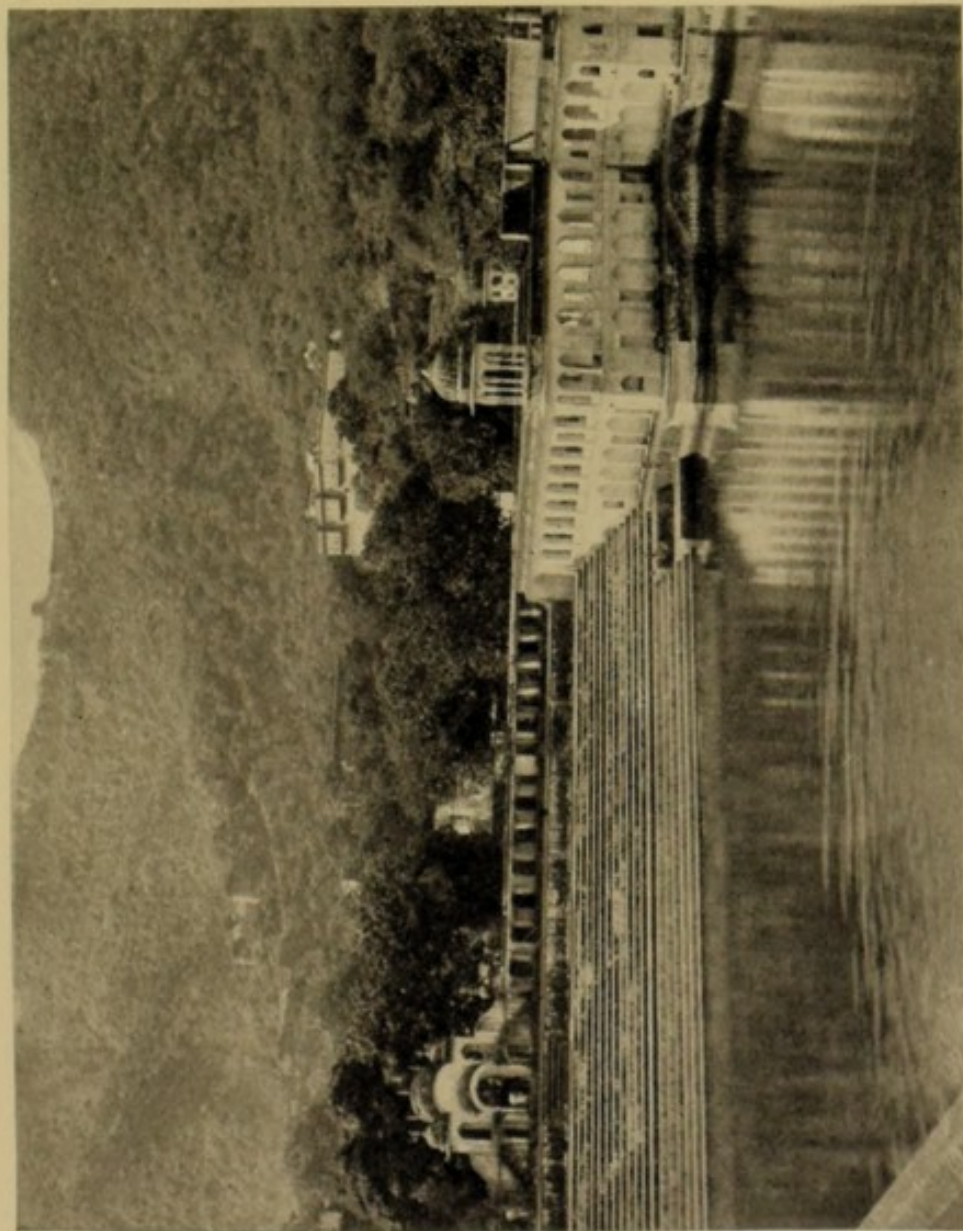
eating whatever was given to her. Her clothing was in shreds and she seemed too feeble to move. The pundit told her to remain over night and in the morning arrangements would be made to send her to her village, but in the morning she was found dead in the place where she had taken shelter. Instead of being carried to her village home her body was carried to the burning ghat and cremated.

Poor woman! she had thought to find rest for her soul by enduring self-denial and hardships, but all in vain. But all hearts are open to Him who came to save, and He knows how strong was this woman's desire for salvation.

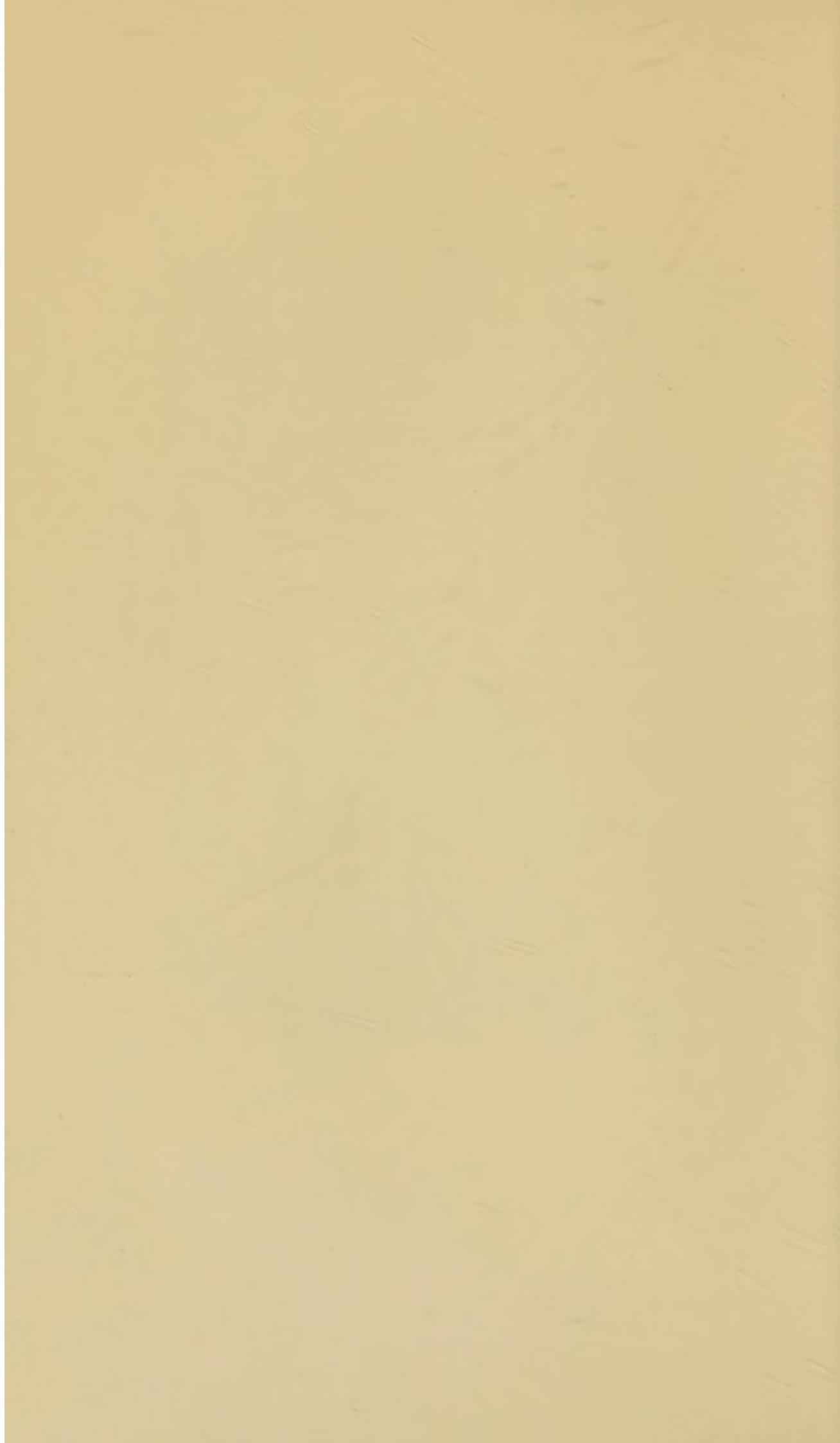
October 9th.

MY DEAR M—— :

We are staying at the City Bathing Tank for a few days. The Rani has been here for several weeks but we came only three days ago, as the Rajah, who had been staying here, has gone out into the country for a few days. Perhaps you remember the photograph of the tank which I brought home with me. It is a beautiful place. On the north are high hills well wooded which are fresh and green since the rains, and on the summit of the highest hill is the fort and an old palace which looks very pretty from here. The arches of our open veranda we have had hung



The City Bathing Tank.



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with cloth so we are sheltered from the sun and yet get plenty of fresh air. Our food is cooked in an open courtyard under a large *Nim* tree. All our servants are with us so we are well looked after.

I attend my dispensary every morning, which is half a mile distant and get back to my breakfast about ten o'clock. Our breakfast room is in a minaret just at the angle of two verandas ; it is an octagon with open arches, and it stands out in the water ; we have a view of the whole tank and masonry surrounding it and of the hills.

At evening all the servants are sent away, the gates are closed and the Rani comes out for a walk, and sits with us for a while. It is lovely here at sunset ; the hills are reflected in the water, and the sky is blue and clear with a few tinted clouds near the sun. I often wish for a painter's brush, or rather that I had a gift for painting and sketching. The change out here has done us all good for we have been very sad for several days at the news that has come to us of two missionary ladies of our acquaintance who have developed leprosy. One of them is a member of our North India Conference who went home to America two years ago, and when she found that she had this terrible disease came back to work among the lepers at a place out in the hills. The other is a German lady of the Church Mission in Agra. The doctors have

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advised her going to Germany, telling her that there is hope that the disease may be checked.

October 28th.

We are having lovely cool weather now and we feel quite invigorated and ready for work. On Saturday we were out about seven miles from the city. Miss Pannell is with us again and we all wanted her to see the new reservoir which has been in process of building for three or four years past and is just finished. We went in style as usual though it was only for one day. We had a carriage and six horses. Miss Pannell and I rode in the carriage and Miss Driver went in the palki carried by eight men. Two Parsee ladies, members of my Bible class, rode on our elephant, and the pundit, who had charge of our party, rode beside us on a fine gray horse. Our cook, chaprasi and water-carrier were on a camel and five coolies on foot carried our lunch basket, cooking vessels, rocking-chairs and a small table on their heads, and a basket with two jugs of filtered drinking water in their hands.

The reservoir is a fine piece of workmanship; it was built by the pundit who accompanied us, who is an engineer as well. It covers several acres and receives the drainage of eight square miles. The dam is sixty feet high with a strong central wall, and just

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in the centre on this wall is a beautiful little temple built for the worship of the goddess Debi. She was not to be seen on Saturday so we went into her temple and sat down.

After our dinner we walked nearly a mile along the canal to see the water let into the fields, which is done by lifting a valve on the central wall which lets the water out from the reservoir into the canal for irrigating the fields.

When we returned we found the little boat ready for us to have a row so we sent our carriage and other conveyances down to the lower end of the reservoir where we met them after our boat ride. We enjoyed the day very much. We came home in the evening and I rode all the way on the elephant. The air was so delightful and the peculiar motion of the elephant was just the exercise I seemed to need, so I preferred it to either of the other conveyances.

November 28th.

Since I last wrote you our little girl has been very ill with bronchitis and I had an anxious time day and night until the dangerous stage had passed. I had to stay at the palace the most of the time for the Rani was so fearful that the child would not recover that she could hardly control herself. She never saw any one die and when either of the children is ill she

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worries herself into a fever and it is almost harder to control her than to control the disease of the child. I am thankful that the little girl came through all right ; she is improving every day and will soon be as well as usual if they take proper care of her.

The political agent of Jeypore was here for two days this week. The city was illuminated and the Rajah gave a grand dinner in his honor. We were invited and our cook had charge of the *menu*. I advised him a little about what dishes to select and made a plum pudding myself, boiling it over my oil-stove. He served soup, fish, meat entrées, roast chicken, roast lamb and vegetables, a hot cheese course and plum pudding, and for dessert a gelatine cream pudding, almonds, raisins, oranges and small cakes. The agent, poor man, has dyspepsia, so was not able to do justice to such a dinner. There were only three of us at table, the guest, Miss Driver and myself. The Rajah came in during dessert, not to eat with us, but simply to drink the health of his guest in a glass of light wine. The agent returned the compliment and both made speeches as is the custom.

The table stood just beneath a great shining chandelier and was beautifully decorated with vines and flowers. The agent is very easy and pleasant in manner and we greatly enjoyed the evening which ended with a fine display of fireworks.

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The agent general is expected soon from Mt. Abu, also the civil surgeon of Jeypore to inspect the dispensary in the city; after their departure the Rajah will invite a native chief, the Rajah of one of the Rajputana states, so Khetri will be very gay this cold season.

This is Saturday and I expect a number of people to come to Bible class to-morrow, so I must stop writing and look over my lesson, which is the twenty-fifth of Matthew, the Parable of the Virgins.

Camp Naranole, Jan. 1, 1892.

MY DEAR SISTERS :

A Happy New Year to you !

The Rani's little girl has been quite ill again. She seemed so much better on Christmas Eve that she was brought down to our house with her mother, but she took cold and had a relapse so I have had my hands full.

Our Christmas entertainment was very nice. I gave a dinner to the Rani and her two children and invited three other Hindu ladies and one Mohammedan lady.

We enclosed the verandas with tent walls and spread the floor with clean white floor cloths. They could not take their food with us in our dining-room. The veranda looked light and cheerful. The Rani

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sent her silver tray and silver dishes and her own table which she uses on grand occasions. It had a light standing on each corner and vases of flowers stood between the lights on three sides. She sat on her royal cushion of green velvet embroidered with gold and had another large one at her back of the same material. She was in full dress which means delicate material and an abundance of jewels. The tree for the children was very pretty. Our house was full. There were others who did not take their dinner at our house, to whom I sent raw material in the morning and they had it cooked and ate it before they came. This is quite common among natives.

On Christmas Day we gave a dinner to fifty-four people including our servants. Two of our servants cooked the food and the people sat down in our yard in rows or companies according to their caste. Each brought his own cup and plate and the food was served to them by our servants. It was a pleasure to see them eat. One man ate four pounds; he said he would not eat again until the next evening. He is very poor and had not had a full meal in a month. When I found how very poor his family are and that they had nothing to cover them at night I sent them a thick quilt.

At evening we had a short service and read St. Luke's account of the birth of Christ and told them

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why we kept the day and tried to make our friends happy. After the service I distributed oranges and nuts to all.

I left Khetri this morning at ten o'clock and have travelled twenty miles on my way to the Conference which will meet on Wednesday next at Cawnpore. I have been tossed up and down for about eight hours. For the first six miles I had a phaeton and six horses which with some difficulty pulled me through the sand for an hour and a half; then I sent them back to Khetri and mounted the elephant and rode four miles but the sun proved too strong for my head and I changed to the palki carried by men to this, my first camping place.

Khetri, Jan. 25th.

We are having lovely winter weather; a heavy rain has made everything look fresh and green, and the oranges right from the trees are simply delicious. I have just been out over the hills to see a poor little boy who fell into the fire; his face and one hand and arm are badly burned. I dressed the burns and hope he may live but I am doubtful about it. On my way back I went into an orange garden and bought a quantity of large sweet oranges, and had real pleasure in picking some of them myself.

I returned to Khetri ten days ago after attending

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the North India Conference, the first conference of missionaries that I have attended since I returned to India. The journey and the visit with old friends, as well as the good meetings, did me a great deal of good and gave me new inspiration for my work.

I brought back with me two young people, children of Dr. Scott, one of the missionaries. They were delighted with the journey and rode on the elephant nearly all the way from Rewari. Mabel had never been in a palanquin so she wanted to try that for a few miles. The Rajah and Rani are pleased to have them here; the Rajah sent a horse and a gun for Wilfred to use while he is here, and the boy roams about the hills the most of the time on his shooting expeditions. We all enjoy having them with us; they are so bright and cheerful.

February 28th.

The country is in sorrow over the death of the Queen's grandson, second heir to the throne, the news of which reached India while the agent general was on his way to Khetri, and as the Viceroy had ordered that all government officials go into mourning and that all entertainments be suspended, this visit was a quiet one. The only public function was the laying of the corner-stone of a reservoir which is being built for the benefit of the people of the city. The agent thought he was justified in doing this as it

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is always the policy of the English government to care for her people in time of need. A tent was pitched near the site of the reservoir and a stairway of mud beaten hard and whitewashed led from the street up to the tent which was on slightly elevated ground. A red carpet covered the centre of the stairs, and flags and flowers adorned the tent, in one corner of which was a table containing all manner of good things to be served after the speeches and the laying of the corner-stone.

It was a very pleasant occasion and we enjoyed it very much, particularly the speech of the agent general who is one of England's choicest men.

XVIII

In the Mountains

Endcliff, Naini Tal, May 7, 1892.

MY DEAR SISTER :

We left Khetri on the 6th of April for this cooler clime. The heat was unbearable on our long journey to the railway station at Rewari. We remained in our tents during the day, travelling at night when it was a trifle cooler. I took a severe cold from using wet towels on my head, so that when we arrived in Bareilly we were detained there a week, as I was afraid to come up into the cool air of the hills with such a cold. I stopped with the lady missionaries who are living in my old home, and while I enjoyed being in the old place I was constantly reminded of the flight of time by the trees and shrubbery which I planted twenty years ago, which have grown so tall and large. The drives through the compound of forty acres are bordered with trees of different kinds and the lovely flowers and creepers make the place beautiful.

We took the early train from Bareilly to Naini Tal to escape the heat and reached the foot of the Himalaya Mountains at about six o'clock. Here we found

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any number of coolies ready with *dandis* to carry us up the hill—twelve miles—to Naini Tal.

The Rani took a house for herself and us, and the Rajah secured one near us for himself and his staff, so we are comfortably situated. The location of our house is beautiful. We are just on the spur of a hill, about five hundred feet above the lake. We can see all of Naini Tal on the opposite side and also the whole length of the lake. The view is really charming, and the air is cool and delightful. Such a change from the plains is like being transplanted to another clime.

The Rani has never been here before and she enjoys the change and the lovely views. I purchased a field-glass for her the other day so she can sit by the window up-stairs and see nearly all Naini Tal, and this is a great pleasure to her.

We have divided the house so that we live almost as if each had a house to herself.

In front of the Rani's apartments is a lovely rose garden which she has had enclosed with tent walls so she can enjoy it without being seen. On Wednesdays she receives calls from missionaries and other ladies. She is learning much here and will understand English ways and feel more at home with foreigners. It will do her no harm if she does not take on English customs and go into extravagances. I

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hardly think she will do this while living with us, for she admires our simple home life.

We are all improving in health and hope to remain here until the rainy season begins. Several of our missionaries are here from the plains ; the heat came early, and so intense—and cholera as well—that many people were driven to the hills. A most fatal type of cholera has appeared in many cities of the plains and, so far, the cause has not been discovered.

Miss Layton who came out to India in January to take charge of the Cawnpore English Girls' School in our mission has just died of the dread disease. She was ill only thirteen hours and suffered terribly till death relieved her. There have been several other victims among the Europeans in different parts of India. We are thankful to be here, though we are not out of reach of cholera, for several natives near us have died of it. Our house is so high up that we get good air, and I am very careful about our food.

Soon after I began to write the Rajah sent to ask me to come up to his house and show his servants how to arrange his drawing-room. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Provinces will visit him to-day—a visit of ceremony at four o'clock. I went up and found a couple of merchants there who had sent elegant curtains, table covers, rugs, vases, and handsome sofas with chairs to match. I asked the

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men the price of the sofa and chairs and they said twenty-five hundred rupees. A few minutes later I saw a servant standing on this beautiful sofa driving a nail into the wall to hang a picture. In the midst of all this elegance I began to work, selecting suitable table covers for the tables and cushions for the chairs and sofa. I sent for some plush or tapestry for the mantelpiece and in about an hour the room was as attractive as one could wish. The governor's visit will not be a lengthy one and by nine o'clock this evening the most of these goods will be on the way back to the shops of the obliging merchants, and the Rajah will settle down to his simple camp style. Show, with native royalty, comes and goes like a breeze.

June 21st.

We expect to go down to the plains in a few days if the Rani feels well enough to travel. We may take a house in Bareilly or Delhi for a time if that seems best.

I have found so much to do since coming up here that there has not been much leisure for letter-writing. Several patients have been treated in their own homes, and travelling on men's shoulders from place to place on these hills is slow work. My life here in the hills is somewhat different from that in Khetri, for here, besides my medical work and housekeeping, I have

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social duties and the privilege of attending church services both English and Hindustani.

To-morrow my old friend Mrs. Hoskins is coming to spend the day with us. She is in one of the mission houses across the lake and we often take a peep at each other through our field-glasses. The missionaries will soon be returning to their work on the plains, for we hear that there have been some cooling showers, but I think it is hardly safe to go from this cool climate until the rains have really set in.

I have a man sitting near me—on the floor—who is making a thin garment for me. He measures and cuts and cuts and measures, and I feel sure that if the length of time he takes over it will make it right the garment will fit perfectly.

Bareilly, July 25, 1892.

Our stay of three months in Naini Tal is over and we are now on our way to Muttra where we shall remain for a time. I am sorry not to return to Khetri where we left such an interesting work. We were expecting to have a native minister there during the cold season, and I was anticipating visiting several villages and camping among them as soon as the rainy season should be over and the weather would permit, but under existing circumstances we may not be able to go home until March.

We had a very pleasant trip down the mountain,

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were nearly a week on the way. About four miles below Naini Tal there is a rest-house situated in the midst of beautiful grounds with several waterfalls. I came down the hill before the others and had two days and nights in this lovely place. We all like it so much that we want the Rajah to buy it for a summer residence if it can be purchased. There are about forty acres of ground and three nice houses so there would be plenty of room for us all.

Our next stop was at a travellers' rest-house eight miles further down the hill. There we remained twenty-four hours, and Mrs. Hoskins who had been with us at the former place came here with us and stayed until it was time for her to go on to Kathgodam to take the train for Bareilly.

Kathgodam is at the base of the first hills and is a very pleasant place to stop for a while. The railway company has a commodious rest-house in the midst of spacious and beautiful grounds. Travellers can remain one month here by paying one rupee a day ($0.33\frac{1}{3}$ cts.) and can have a private table supplied by the regular cook of the establishment or they can take their own cook and have him serve their meals. This is what we did.

We were at Kathgodam until Friday, then came on to Bareilly. This evening we shall take train for Muttra, one of the holy cities of the Hindus.

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Muttra, July 29th.

We are having fine rains and the country is looking fresh and green; the people are happy over the prospect of a good harvest after a scarcity of grain for two years. We hear that Rajputana is having plenty of rain, and I am sure there must be great rejoicing among the people for they have suffered much from the drought and many of their cattle have died from starvation. We long to go back to Khetri but cannot on account of the Rani's health.

Our home at present is in one of those oriental garden houses which we sometimes read about and see in pictures. It is owned by a very rich man, a banker who has so much money that he does not know just what to do with it. I hear that he secretes large amounts in a temple which he has built, sealing it in the stones of the floor or elsewhere and placing an idol over it which no one would dare to disturb; so his money is safe from thieves.

When we arrived here I went to the Government Rest-House for a few days as I thought it would be more comfortable but I was obliged to leave to make room for other travellers. I now have up-stairs rooms in the garden house—eleven of them all to myself. There is a veranda all around the house shaded by bamboo curtains or *chiks*, as we call them here.

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They keep the rooms cool and protect us from flies. The Rani lives in rooms below.

Would you like a description of my drawing-room? The room is very large and airy, with fourteen doors. There are three kinds of carpets, two marble-top tables standing against the walls with large mirrors hanging above them. Then there are two small chairs covered with green and pink cretonne, and for comfort one large easy chair upholstered with striped blue and cream satin damask. A round writing chair and a three-legged table, on which I am writing, complete the furnishings. A staircase leads up to the roof where one can sleep at night if not afraid of monkeys coming to occupy the same bed.

We have been so troubled with one, who seems to think he has a right to all in the house. I found my dining-room in such confusion one day. This creature had opened one of the cupboard doors, taken out a lot of dish-towels and strewn them over the floor and opened a box that was packed with table linen and dishes. He disturbed everything he could until some one happened in, then he ran away in a hurry. He is not a bit afraid when I attempt to drive him away but comes at me to see if he can frighten me. One of our guards sent me a gun to snap at him. Monkeys seem to understand that a gun is different from a club and they will run at the sight of one. The

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men have succeeded in driving this creature off to the jungle but he has come back once, so I live in constant fear and have to shut all the doors even though I go down-stairs for a minute only.

The other day this monkey stole the dinner of one of the servants. He took his bread and the brass dish containing vegetable curry, and running up to the top of the house sat down and ate it all and then threw the dish back to the man. I have been tempted to poison the old fellow but cannot make up my mind to do it, he seems so human.

I wish I could have you and a few other friends here to-day for a picnic in our lovely garden; the walks, the trees of many varieties and the hedges are so green and pretty, a delight to the eyes. There are palms, cedars, and fruit trees, some loaded with luscious fruit, and the rose trees and jessamine shrubs with their white star blossoms are lovely.

This afternoon I am invited to take supper at the Training School and Deaconess Home, a fine institution. Muttra is a large Hindu city, very well built and quite populous, but the people seem as hard as the street pavement. It is a difficult mission field, still the missionaries are doing good work among certain classes.

Yesterday I went with one of the mission helpers to Brindaban, six miles from here. If you look into

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my book on Muttra and Brindaban you will get a description of the place and of the temples, some of which are unusually fine works of art. We visited all of the finest ones, also some of the famous bathing *ghats*, and then went to the little rest-house belonging to the mission, had breakfast and after a little rest returned to Muttra on the train. It rained very hard on the way home and I took a carriage to our place which is quite two miles and a half from the station. The main street in the city was like a river and the water ran so swiftly that I was thankful to get through it and reach home in safety. We expect to go to Agra on Friday to live in the same house we had before.

Agra, Aug. 30, 1892.

We are again in the old Government House, now owned by the Maharajah of Jeypore who has given us the use of it for the present. It is very commodious, and is more convenient for our large party than any we could get in Muttra. It will accommodate one hundred people.

This is a beautiful place. The grounds cover about one hundred and fifty acres, and the fine old trees are very beautiful just now in the rains; the parrots and the peacocks lay claim to the trees as their home. It is a pretty sight to see them fed.

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The servant spreads a cloth on the ground and throws grain upon it and the birds seem to understand that it is their dinner time and they come in crowds. It is impossible to count them but there must be hundreds of them. The parrots are very beautiful in their raiment of green and gold. They are all wild parrots, not a tame one among them.

The Maharajah of Jeypore allows four rupees' worth of grain a month for feeding the birds and he thinks he is doing a very charitable thing.

Life on the plains is to me very enjoyable in the rainy season, especially so now that I have had such a time of refreshing in the cool delightful climate of Naini Tal, which has so invigorated us all. Have I told you that we have a flourishing Methodist church there? They have excellent preaching, and the weekly Bible readings are interesting and profitable. The interest in Bible study is as great, I think, on this side of the world as in America. Christian work among the natives grows in importance; there has been of late a large gathering into the Church from among the low castes among the heathen. They are more accessible than the higher classes. I have been promised a native preacher to go with us when we return to Khetri. We have had an encouraging work there for some time, a season of seed-sowing which I hope may result in an abundant harvest ere long.

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Agra, Sept. 30th.

The rainy season is over and we are having bright, sunny days. Our camp-meeting in Lucknow began yesterday. I thought I should attend it but have given it up as there is so much sickness and fever there. I should not like to run the risk of being ill while the Rani is so dependent on me. She is keeping pretty well for her. The Rajah is expected to arrive in a few days.

We are acquainted with the missionaries of the Church of England here and also with those of the Baptist and Methodist Missions. Every Monday we meet with one of the missionary family for Bible study, and on Thursday evening we have a mission prayer-meeting, and a league meeting on Friday evenings. Sometimes during the week we are invited to an evening dinner with our friends. My little class of boys come regularly every morning to learn the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. One of our servants gives them a lesson for half an hour in the Hindi First Book.

A sad case of illness has occurred on our grounds. A sick woman was brought to some of her friends living here. She had been ill with fever and had lost the power of speech. My cook begged me to go to her and I gave her some medicine, promising to see her again, but that night her friends experimented with

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their own terrible remedies. They said she was not sick but was possessed by an evil spirit, so they took strong red pepper and burning sulphur and held it to her nose, obliging her to inhale the fumes while they beat her with a thick cord. The poor woman suffered severely and screamed with pain, which encouraged her tormentors who said the evil spirit was leaving her. I went in to see her last evening and found her lying on the floor alone. Her husband had gone to call a man who was renowned for his power to cast out evil spirits, and had left word that she was not to have medicine or food lest the evil spirit should be made comfortable and remain in her. Her friends say that the evil spirit was driven out, but we believe that the Lord heard our prayers for her and relieved her. She is an attractive young woman and I do hope her people may get wiser before she is ill again.

The Rani's little girls are learning nicely with Miss Driver. They are reading the Bible with her and the older one has learned so much of the Scriptures that I hardly see how she can ever be an idol-worshipper. Her father came for a few days' visit lately and after talking with the children a little he asked Bai what she was learning. She answered, "The Bible." He asked, "Do you read about Jesus Christ?" "Yes, some," said Bai. "And who do you think He is?" asked her father. She replied, "The Bible says He is

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the Son of God." "How could God have a son? He has no wife," said the Rajah, and Bai answered, "God made all the world, could He not make a son for Himself if He wanted to?" Then the Rajah asked her, "Are you going to be a Christian?" "I am not a Christian," she replied, "but the Bible is a good book and I like to read it."

After a little more talk the Rajah went away, but he came again in the evening and calling Bai to him said, "Do not read the Bible any more. I do not wish you to read it." Bai began to cry and came to tell us that her father said she must not read the Bible any more. We prayed over the matter and left it for God to settle.

When the Rajah came the next day the dear little girl went to him and said, "Father, do not hinder me from reading the Bible," and she began to cry. The Rani was present, and she spoke, saying, "That Bible is a very good book. I read it myself sometimes when I am in trouble and I get great comfort from it. Let Bai read it, it will do her no harm." After a few minutes of silence the Rajah said, "Well, Bai, you may read the Bible, but do not read about *killing cows*, nor much about Jesus Christ," and so the matter was settled.

Agra, Oct. 18th.

I was just closing my writing case when I suddenly

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remembered that this is home mail day and I must send you a letter. I have been writing since early this morning—stopping only long enough to take my breakfast—and it is now nearly twelve o'clock. My letters accumulate so fast that I find myself quite behind with my correspondence. There is no end of letter-writing in India. Nearly all business must be done in writing as a verbal message is not accepted from a native servant. If I want a spool of thread even I must send a note to the storekeeper asking for it.

You see we are still in Agra but we must leave this house as the Maharajah of Jeypore wishes to come here for a time and though there are numbers of vacant rooms not immediately connected with those we occupy, it would not do for him to come while we are in his house. We have rented a fine large house with fourteen rooms and are having the rooms white-washed and put in order for us. We shall have to rent furniture but that is easily done.

We are sorry to leave this beautiful house and grounds. I have a nice class of boys to teach who live here on the premises, and there are many sick people on the grounds and near by who have called me to attend them. I am sorry to give them up and my morning clinics will not be so large in the new place.

The poor woman of whom I wrote you in my last

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letter died after suffering greatly from the treatment by her friends.

The Mission Bible Class met with me on Monday evening. There were eighteen present. We finished the Book of Jonah, which has been quite an interesting study. Among those present were two Baptist ministers, one Methodist, and three Church of England clergy, with ladies from each mission. We had a very pleasant and profitable meeting and a social time afterward over the tea and cake.

Just now the Lord Bishop of Calcutta is here. I went to the confirmation service on Tuesday in the English Church, when thirty young women and men were confirmed, all natives. It was a solemn and interesting occasion.

XIX
Birth of an Heir

Agra, Jan. 27, 1893.

MY DEAR SISTER :

A very happy event occurred this morning at three o'clock. A long-looked for and much prayed-for little son came to gladden the hearts and home of the Rajah and Rani of Khetri. Not for one hundred years has such an event occurred in the royal family. For the past century the rajahs or governors of the state have been adopted or appointed from a branch of the royal family. The present Rajah and father of this little prince was adopted in infancy.

The birth of a son in a Hindu family is always a matter of rejoicing. This seems doubly so as not only the great desire of the parents but of hundreds of others in the state is met by the coming of this little heir. There is great rejoicing in the camp.

Agra, Feb. 25th.

A motley crowd of the poor, the lame, the blind and diseased of the city has gathered in the compound, and the highway leading to the house is so crowded that a carriage cannot pass. The day for feeding the

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hungry people of the city, as a token of gratitude to God for His precious gift of the little prince, has come. Word has been proclaimed that all who will come to the Rajah's camp will receive money sufficient for a day's food. Small silver and copper coin and shells—which have a purchasing value—in abundance have been provided and the servants of the state will distribute them to the crowd. Not knowing the amount of food that would be necessary it was thought best to give money for the day's food and let the people purchase it in the bazar. All the servants employed by the state will be remembered by gifts when we return to Khetri.

News of the birth of this little heir to the throne has spread throughout Rajputana and there is a general rejoicing over the much desired event.

Rewari, March 14th.

We left Agra on the ninth of this month. As our party is so large the Rajah engaged a special train. There were two hundred of us, including the servants. The Rajah had ten horses and four fine hunting hounds, besides a female buffalo and the children's two dogs and six puppies.

Rewari is our first stopping-place ; to-morrow morning early we shall start for our next place where we shall be in tents. Three houses had been engaged for

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us in Rewari and we found everything made ready for us. Miss Driver and I are in the Government Rest-House, and as we have our own servants and everything needful for housekeeping we shall keep house at every stopping-place.

Rewari is seventy-two miles from Khetri and we shall camp seven times on the way. Stopping so often makes the journey less wearisome, and living in tents is very pleasant at this time of the year, neither too hot nor too cold. We travel slowly on account of the Rani and the baby.

In Camp, Corie.

I was happily surprised this morning by receiving my mail here in my tent, it having been brought from Khetri where it had been collecting for about ten days. Among other letters and papers I found yours of February 4th which I was so glad to read. What a comfort letters are ! I value them more every year.

Here we are near a small village, tenting under a great banyan tree. Just below us, facing our tent is a steep range of hills, and on the other side as far as we can see are fine wheat and oat fields. The sun is bright and hot this morning. I am sitting in my palki outside the tent and just in front of me is our good old elephant at the well drinking and throwing water over herself. She really seemed to know us

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when they brought her to our house in Rewari. She lifted her trunk and made a salam and then began to dance. Many a mile has she carried us and through some dangerous places.

Kund.

We started early this afternoon but when we had gone less than a mile we found it very hot indeed and I was obliged to leave the elephant and come the rest of the way in my palki. We reached our tents in good time and found them pitched in a very good place. The state quarries are near here with about two hundred men at work so the place has quite an air of business. We leave this evening for our next stopping-place, eight miles from here.

Jeyपुरi.

We reached our tents about nine o'clock last night all very tired. The Rani and baby have kept well so far though she feels the weariness of constant travel. The Rani is staying in a temple here and our tents are close by. This is a pretty little village with fine fields of grain surrounding it. No end of people come to take a look at us ; we are quite an object of curiosity to them. Our route is rather indirect and many of the places through which we pass are quite new to us.

Saturday.

Another resting-place. It has become very tire-

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some unpacking and packing every day. I shall be glad when we reach Khetri.

The people of this place are all farmers. They look very strong and are kind and inclined to be social. Many come for medicine which I am glad to give. So many suffer from sore eyes, being always out in the sun and dust; not having proper treatment many lose their sight altogether. I took care to bring plenty of eye medicine with me and I hope it will benefit those to whom I have given it.

Our next camping place was a village in the state of Patiala, which we reached early on Sunday. The people wished to give the Rajah and his camp a dinner but it was declined with thanks, the real motive being that he did not wish to be under obligation to the people of another state. We would have been glad to remain over Sunday but after some hours' rest the Rajah ordered that the camp move on and we could not remain there alone.

Thursday.

The Rani is so weary with the journey that we will remain in this place until to-morrow evening which will give us a rest of two nights and one day, and we shall feel quite refreshed for the next stage of our journey. We are at a place called Shimali in the Khetri state, fifteen miles from the city. I hope to go in to-morrow night but the Rani will go only half-

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way, stopping at the rest-house there. Crowds of people come around our tents, some asking for medicine and some merely to get a sight of us.

Friday.

Home ! I brought the little prince in my palki last night and when I made him over to his mother at our stopping-place I asked her to allow me to come on home. Miss Driver remained with the Rani and two of the women came with me and my servants.

Our new house is not ready for us and I fear we shall be obliged to remain in this one for some time yet.

Saturday.

The Rani came in this morning and such a demonstration ! Fifty-one guns were fired in salute and the streets were lined with infantry and cavalry, the band playing all the while. Baby is quite unaware of all the parade made over his arrival. Costly gifts of gold and silver vessels, jewels, money, and beautiful garments of rich material are arriving or have been sent by rajahs and family friends, according to oriental custom. Over five thousand rupees in money and gifts have been received for the little one from friends who have come to visit the Rajah or have sent to congratulate him on the birth of a son.

The little prince is a fine baby ; he gives no trouble,

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and we all love him. I bathe and dress him and look after him almost as much as if he belonged to me.

March 28th.

An offering to God for His precious gift has been decided upon. Sixty thousand rupees is to be spent in various ways; in feeding the poor of the state, presents to the servants, and in other benevolences. This custom of the Hindus of making a thank-offering for special blessings is worthy of imitation. Sometimes a person upon recovery from a serious illness will call a number of very poor people and feed them as a thank-offering to the deity which he or she worships.

I am having frequent calls to the city. Some of my visits among the people are very interesting; none seem afraid of me now, and this confidence is a marked contrast to my early experience when, to them, a Christian and a foreigner was an object to be avoided.

The secretary has asked me to have a church built here. He seems to think it necessary for our comfort to have a suitable place of worship. Perhaps my faith ought to be sufficient for this, trusting for a congregation and a preacher in time. At present we have a service every Sunday evening on our veranda for our servants and any others who wish to come. This

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is a great pleasure to us and so is the English service Sunday mornings. Last Sunday we read one of Professor Finney's sermons which was much enjoyed.

April 24th.

The Rani sent Miss Driver and me one hundred rupees each in behalf of her young son, wishing us to use the money for the support of an orphan child in the mission to which we belong. How thoughtful of her to begin so early with her little treasure in benevolent work among her own people! After some study of the needs I felt inclined to send my one hundred rupees to Mrs. Hoskins, the missionary in charge of our Native Girls' School in Cawnpore, with the Rani's request that the money be used for the support of some little girl who had no mother or who had no one to care for her.

In reply the missionary wrote, "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' Yesterday at this hour I was asked to take a little child but I hesitated because I did not know from whence her support would come. It seemed so truly a case of 'ought' that I finally said, 'Yes, I will take her; the Lord will provide,'—and then your letter came.

"Some time ago an ayah was converted in one of our meetings out in the district; Padri Chunni Lal

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baptized her and she immediately began to work for the Lord. She ministered to a poor woman who was ill, caring for her and feeding her two hungry young daughters. The woman told her that a Mohammedan had offered her twenty rupees for the two girls. This amount looked large and she was inclined to sell them but the Christian woman took them all to her home and persuaded the mother to let her send the older girl to me. As soon as she arrived a missionary lady who was visiting us promised to pay the amount needed for her support. Now the ayah is going away to her home and your letter makes it possible for me to take the younger girl also.

“Another little orphan was sent me by one of our preachers. She was so emaciated that I feared she could not live, but with God’s blessing, milk, cod-liver oil and soup have brought her through and we have baptized her, Ruth. She is a dear little girl, readily absorbing Gospel truth, and is such a good example to the other children. Would you like to support her for a year or two? I feel that it will pay. Would you or the Rani like to name the little girl who has not been baptized? God bless the dear Rani and her family. The greatest blessing that I could wish them is that they may know His love.”

The Rani is very much pleased to know that the money has been so satisfactorily applied.

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Miss Driver decided to send a part of the money given her to Jerusalem to help a little girls' school there which is under her Church Missionary Society, and she wrote telling of the birth of the little prince with the request that they would pray that he might grow up to be a good man.

XX

A Visit to Besau

May 12, 1893.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Miss Driver has just come in to breakfast which we seldom take together as she usually goes early in the morning to the palace to teach the children and does not return until after my breakfast hour.

The Rani is trying to arrange for her elder daughter's engagement. She has been told of a young man, eighteen years old, from near where she lived before she was married. She thinks he will be a suitable husband for her daughter. I hope, if it is best, that the engagement may take place, for the marriage arrangements are a great anxiety to the parents.

I have had very few patients to-day—not more than ten or twelve. A dear little boy, six years of age, is staying on my veranda. I have twice operated on him for *ascites* and I trust that the difficulty is overcome and that I shall be able to send him home soon, quite well. He is a bright little fellow from the country and he has quite won my heart; I dislike to give him up for he has been great company for me while I have been alone.

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I have been out in the city to visit a patient ill with typhoid fever. He has been ill now for fifteen days and I am doubtful about his recovery for his surroundings are very unfavorable. He is about twenty years old and belongs to a wealthy Mohammedan family, but they live in a most unsanitary manner.

There is still considerable interest manifested in my Bible class. On Sunday our lesson was the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew's Gospel and a Hindu gentleman who was present acknowledged that he is convinced of the truth of our religion. He said that he is praying daily that God will help him to see the right way; and that in his business matters of late he has had several answers to his prayers which encourages him to continue to pray. After the lesson is over we have a short time for conversation, which sometimes seems almost like a class-meeting.

Smallpox is raging terribly here, principally among children. Yesterday I vaccinated the Rani's children. I have been vaccinated several times since I was a child but without results. I think I must try again.

Baghor, June 23, 1893.

MY DEAR SISTER :

We came up here on the 26th of May with the little prince, intending to stay only a few days but the place is so much cooler than the city that

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we have thought best to remain until the rains begin. It hardly seems possible that there could be so much difference in the heat only five miles from Khetri; we are fourteen hundred feet higher than the city, however.

We have quite a company here living in tents. Our home is in a bungalow which the Rajah built three or four years ago for himself as he often comes out this way to shoot tigers. There is but one room and it has eight outside doors but no windows and when the doors are all closed the only light we get comes through the cracks. We keep the doors closed through the hottest part of the day—from twelve until two o'clock—while we slip into our dressing-gowns and lie down to sleep. This rest is a great boon. I am highly favored in that I have not much to do these days and am not obliged to go out into the heat. While the little prince was so ill in Khetri my strength was well tested. He is quite well and plump now and it does not seem possible that he has been so ill.

I told the Rani this morning that the baby is now the ruler, that his father, the prime minister, and the council have to order all the affairs of the state with reference to him, and that we ourselves, and all the servants, had to do what would prove best for the little prince.

The Rani's youngest daughter takes her tea with

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me early in the morning and at two o'clock and always expects a piece of short bread with her milk. I enjoy having the children with me.

The Rani and I have enjoyable times reading together. The Old Testament is quite like a story to her and she is never tired of reading it and asking questions.

I have been baking bread this morning. It did not bake well but is better than none. It was baked in a small iron oven with coals above and below. I will try again and the next time I will steam the loaf.

I rise about five o'clock every morning, take the cream off a quart of buffalo's milk, put it in a teacup and hand it to the cook to make butter for the day. He stirs it with a spoon for about twenty minutes and the butter comes—a nice little ball weighing one or two ounces. Buffalo milk is very rich if the animal is well fed. The Rani has two cows and one buffalo here.

The cook has just brought my breakfast of cracked wheat, curry and rice. He looks at my new bread as if he thought it a failure.

July 14th.

We came in from Baghor two weeks ago and are glad to be at home again after spending a time in a real tiger jungle. I have felt rather timid since reading of a jungle tiger in Southern India which appeared

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recently on the railroad track with two cubs and killed a native and a European. The brute leaped suddenly from among the bushes and the low growth along the track.

We used to sit out at evening until quite dark, until the Rajah sent us word to be careful as there were tigers and leopards on all sides of us.

July 18th.

On Monday I left home to go to a native state about fifty miles from here to see a sick child, the heir to the state. His father died about two months ago, and it is thought that he was poisoned by his prime minister. His widow, who is the sister of the Rani of Khetri, was married a little more than two years ago. She is a young, pretty woman who must now endure the trials and privations of widowhood, which are many and severe. She is very much afraid that her child may also be poisoned. If he lives her life will be more desirable but there will be much to endure and it will be hard enough at best. She is supposed to lose all interest in life, take little food and eat but once a day; she must wear a simple wrap of cloth about her body, and the sooner she dies the better pleased will be the people of her state.

My journey there was quite enjoyable. I travelled as usual on an elephant or in the palki, with an escort

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of thirty men on camels and four men on horses to lead the way, as we went through fields and by-ways across the plains. My tent was sent on twenty miles to the place where we were to spend the night. The day was cool and cloudy and the ride over the hills was inspiring. We reached the tent about eight o'clock in the evening, crossing a river bed of sand with not a sprig of grass or a shrub to be seen on either side. In the rainy season this is a most dangerous river. I am told that the streams come rushing down from the surrounding hills with such force and swiftness that our elephant could not stand against it.

We crossed at six o'clock and there was not a drop of water in the river, but soon after we reached my tent, which was little more than a mile from the river, it began to rain and rained hard all night. The wind blew and my tent swayed but did not come down, but my cook's small tent was blown down and the men had quite a serious time putting it up again.

Some of our party left home a little later than I did and when they reached the river they found that they could not cross so they were obliged to remain on the other side until morning. The three women whom the Rani sent to accompany me were in that party, among them the *Pasband* of the late Rajah, a very lovely native woman. She travelled in state, with a horseman riding in front of her conveyance carrying a sil-

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ver sceptre, and her two women followed the conveyance on a camel, with a camel train of men servants behind.

Although this woman was a concubine of the late Rajah she is greatly respected for her goodness and purity of life. She did not choose the life she was obliged to lead. She is obliged to live like a widow, eats only once a day, dresses only in brown cloth, and spends most of her time in worship, and she must do all this in honor of a man whom she despised. She was a young married girl when he took her away to live in his palace, and her boy husband whom she loved died soon after her abduction.

The *Pasband's* tent was not far from mine and after her arrival I went to see how she had passed the night and if she had trouble in crossing the river. She said she got on very well but was glad to have a few hours rest before starting on again.

We did not leave camp until half-past ten in the forenoon. In the meantime my cook brought me a breakfast of native food, and all the people made their bread and ate it. This part of camp life is always interesting to me. I never get tired of seeing the animals fed, and the men make their bread and bake it over the little fires in the camp. They sit down and eat it with much enjoyment for the jolting of the camels gives them a good appetite.

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On the twentieth the rain ceased long enough for us to reach Junjun, a city twelve miles distant from our first camp, and I rode all the way on the elephant. We reached the city about one o'clock and stopped in an old building, belonging to the Thakur of Besau, which is used as offices for the men who attend to suits and other business transactions for him. The rest of the party came up bringing my palki and my servant with the lunch box and soon my lunch was brought up-stairs to the room where I was resting while waiting until it was time to move on.

Junjun is a very old city situated at the foot of a hill. There are a few nice buildings belonging to the different Thakurs of the district who come here to attend court or for other business. I noticed the outlines of a very pretty palace which was commenced by Abi Sing, one of the early Rajahs of Khetri, but was never finished.

After lunch, as we were about to leave, a great crowd of people came about me and began to clamor for medicine, holding up their hands, asking me to notice their pulse, and telling me of their ailments. Poor things, how utterly destitute some of them were, suffering for food as well as proper medical care. I felt like staying among them and doing what I could to relieve them but my stock of medicines soon gave

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out and we had to hasten on to our next tent which was a long way off.

It was late when we reached the place and I found that my tent had not been put up, but the men soon pitched a small hunter's tent for me and I was glad to lie down on a comfortable cot after my long ride on the elephant. It was too late for me to take dinner but the rest cooked and ate their food and finally lay down to sleep.

At three o'clock the watchman called out for all in the camp to get up and be ready for an early start. My cook got up and went to the well to bathe and say his prayers. He stumbled and hurt his leg and crawled back to his tent in great pain. One of the servants came to call me and I, thinking it was only a sprain, gave an order to one of the men to prepare some hot water and foment it, but when I went to him an hour later I found on second examination that there was dislocation. As I had no chloroform with me I was obliged to reduce it without and I got the bone in place the first trial. When we were ready to leave I had him put on the elephant as he could not ride the camel, but the motion of the elephant caused him much suffering.

We arrived in Besau about ten o'clock and were directed to the palace where we found a crowd of men to receive us but not a woman servant appeared. I

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was asked to go up-stairs and a dozen or more men followed me. I was ushered into a very comfortable room, the walls of which were covered with hideous paintings of all the former rajahs of the state and in a quiet corner I discovered the portrait of the Rajah of Khetri, taken when he was quite young.

After some time and a great deal of ceremony I was asked to go down to the ground floor to see the sick child. The mother was sitting on the floor holding her skeleton child, for the little one had been fed with opium ever since its birth, and for some time past had been ill with fever. I remained three days with them and left the little fellow somewhat better. The mother promised to send a messenger to me every day or two if I would continue to treat the child. I could not remain longer as the Rani feared that the little prince would need care as he was not well when I left. I was very glad to be able to remain as long as I did for it seemed such a comfort to the poor mother to have me with her and she began to be more hopeful about her child. There was a large household of women and a fine opportunity to talk with them and to give books and tracts to those who could read.

On our way home we stayed over Sunday near a village of a few hundred inhabitants and during the day a great many people came to my tent for medicine and for books. I asked them to sit down and I would

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tell them something from our religious books. I began to sing a hymn in Hindustani and some of my servants came and joined in the singing and then I told the people about Christ feeding the five thousand. They listened most attentively while I told them what they must do to be saved. I must have spoken more than an hour, and when I dismissed them some remained wanting to hear more. I was much pleased with the priest of the village. He was the only one in the place who could read, so I gave him a number of books and he promised to call the people together after they returned from the fields at evening and read to them. He is quite a singer and was anxious to learn some of the hymns which we sang. I gave him a hymn-book and he learned to sing several hymns from one of my servants.

Our journey home was pleasant and I trust that our visit was profitable to many.

I have had news that the little sick child is much better.

September 9, 1893.

I have been away for about three weeks and find myself quite weary though my journey was a pleasant one. I found that Miss Driver had gotten on very well in my absence. As we have only one cook I was obliged to take him with me and the Rani arranged to have Miss Driver's food sent from her

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kitchen. I had an interesting time at one of my stopping-places on the way home. So many people gathered about my tent that I asked them to sit down and listen to some words from my religious Book. My servants came near and I asked them to sing a Hindi hymn; this pleased the crowd and afterward I told them about Jesus who is the world's Saviour. They were very attentive and I enjoyed talking to them. When I dismissed them some remained to ask questions.

I always carry a small supply of books and tracts as well as medicines, and when I found that some could read I gave out a number of books and told them that I should expect those who could read to read them to the others. I had a copy of the Life of the Queen of England with a picture of her on the cover, and noticing a very intelligent looking young man among the company I gave it to him. He was very much pleased and said that he would read it to the people of his village if he could persuade them to come to him in the evenings.

“So we plough the fields and scatter the good seed, but it is fed and watered by God's Almighty Hand.”

XXI

A Marriage Arrangement

October 6, 1893.

MY DEAR SISTER :

. . . The Rani continues to read with me every day or with Miss Driver if I am not able to go to her. My Parsee friend joins us in reading the New Testament. I have not met a native woman so intensely interested in the Bible as the Rani has been the last two months. It does not matter what she may be doing when I go there she leaves it all and calls for her books ; the baby is sent away and the servants dismissed for the time and she reads not only one chapter but two or three before she is willing to stop, and she does not like to pass over anything that she does not understand. She seems to find in the New Testament just what she has been wanting for years.

The Rajah seems rather anxious over it but says nothing for he said in Agra that we might read the Bible with the Rani every day so I am doing just as he gave me permission to do. He thought the Rani so grounded in the Hindu faith that the reading of the Bible would not move her. He does not under-

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stand the change in her mind which has already taken place.

November 4, 1893.

The Rani is troubled about baby, for the Rajah is at home and wants her to part with the little one. It is the custom with these royal people to take the little boys away from their mother at an early age and send them out to the father's apartments and have them cared for entirely by men. They think they will never be brave if they remain in the zanana with their mother and woman servants. The Rani refuses to part with him so early as he has no teeth yet, and he gets ill so easily from the least exposure. I do not know how the matter will end but I fear the Rajah will have his way.

Yesterday the Rani asked my advice about going to visit her mother with the baby, as she had received a letter asking her to come. She says if she goes she can perhaps arrange to stay with her mother until the little prince is three years old. He is very well now and is growing every day. They call him *Moti Raj*, i. e., the Pearl of the Kingdom.

I have spoken to the Rani about going to America and her reply was, "Not till baby is five years old," and when I said I could not stay so long, she said, "You must stay two years more, then I will give you leave to go to America for six months."

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Five years is the usual time for a government servant to remain in the country without taking furlough, and our single lady missionaries have the same rule, so I will stay one year more if nothing occurs to call me home.

November 18th.

I am kept very busy with sick people and this will continue unless the river is drained for it is now only a dirty stream of nearly stagnant water. I have asked the prime minister to have it drained and have just heard that one hundred rupees had been granted for the purpose, but this will only pay for about a mile of drainage, so I shall have to make another request.

I have been this morning to see a nice Brahman woman who has been brought here from a city ten miles distant to be treated. Her husband, sons and daughters, and servants galore came with her. As I have no house near mine which will accommodate so many people they will remain in the city. They seem to be a very loving family, quite devoted to each other and it is a pleasure to visit them. I hope I may be able to help her.

They will remain but a few days and will continue the treatment at home as she is not willing to be separated from her family. They wish me to come

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to their home once a week and I shall be glad to do so if I can arrange my work to leave for a day ; it will give me a pleasant outing on the elephant.

Yesterday I was called to the city to see a woman who had been bitten by a snake—a cobra, but she died before I reached her.

As I came from the city I had to stop to see two or three other ailing ones, as is usually the case, no matter how hurried I am at the dispensary, and on my return the Rani sent for me to see her little Bai, the baby. I asked the little one if she felt sick and she pulled up her little jacket and put her hand over her body in several places, saying she had pain, then she laughed and ran away. I told the Rani that I was sure the little girl was not in need of medicine. She is so fearful of losing the child that the least thing troubles her. Young as she is the state recently spent eighteen thousand rupees in making little Bai's marriage arrangements.

January 1, 1894.

DEAR SISTER H——:

I took breakfast up-stairs with Miss Driver in her room as she was not able to come down. We read the Ninetieth Psalm together and had prayers. It was cloudy and cold in the early morning and only three persons came to the dispensary but after a while

A Glimpse of India

the sun came out and I went out on the elephant to visit a patient in a village a mile and a half distant, who is head gardener to a wealthy man. My patient is ill with pneumonia and his surroundings are not conducive to his speedy recovery. There was a cow in the room with him, and just behind his cot was a large hole in the wall just where the wind would blow over him. It is wonderful how much these poor people can endure. Under such circumstances we could scarcely expect one of our people to recover from such a dangerous disease. My servant, Bhima, has been very faithful in carrying out my orders for this man and I find him very much better to-day. I asked to have the cow taken outside and the door opened to air the place for Bhima had filled the hole in the wall, the only place for fresh air, though in the wrong place. It has been a busy day, putting up prescriptions for the children at the palace and for others, arranging the house, packing my trunk and lunch basket and settling accounts.

This evening I have been up to see the Rani and the children and had a nice little visit with them. Baby begged to come to me at once. Dear little pet ! he is a real well-spring of pleasure.

It has rained so much that it has been impossible to get camels for the men and luggage so I may not get off to-morrow as I hoped and expected.

A Marriage Arrangement

Camp Naranole, Jan. 4th.

Two Mohammedan dancing women came to the dispensary this morning. One of them is a bright appearing young woman rather refined in her manners ; she said that she fell off a camel fifteen days ago and has suffered great pain ever since. I found she had been severely injured by the fall and I fear she will not soon recover. She handed me two rupees as she was leaving and I was about to refuse it when I remembered that women of her profession are never poor.

The camels came at ten o'clock and we were soon on the way, taking the road by Nalpore instead of by Shimala as it is much shorter, and arriving at Naranole at six o'clock, just before dark.

January 5th.

I had a good night's rest and we left early this morning as we had twenty-six miles of travel to this place, Kund, where we arrived at three o'clock this afternoon. I came six miles in my palki and the rest of the way on the elephant. The palki bearers lagged behind, so I had no choice but to take the twenty miles in this way, but I was too tired to speak when I arrived here. My head man gave the bearers a good scolding and said he would report them when he got back to Khetri. After a refreshing cup of tea I

A Glimpse of India

changed my dress and went to call on Mrs. Seale. She was glad to see me and asked me to spend the night with her instead of in my tent which I was glad to do. I had brought her a Christmas cake and one hundred fine large oranges and some sweets for the children. About a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Seale's house are the slate quarries where a great many men are employed in getting out slate for roofing and flooring. Mr. Seale has the slate carried on camels to Rewari, the nearest railway station.

Cawnpore, Jan. 7th.

I left Rewari at one o'clock yesterday afternoon and reached Delhi at three and took the mail train for Cawnpore at nine o'clock in the evening and arrived here at six this morning. I am feeling quite well after my journey, and am ready to go to Conference. I am staying with my old friend Mrs. Hoskins. It seems so good to see the old friendly faces after eight months of native surroundings.

I will mail this to-day and write you about the Conference in my next letter.

Khetri, Jan. 27, 1894.

MY DEAR SISTER :

Your last letter reached me at Cawnpore while I was at the Conference. I returned here on the twentieth in a hard rain-storm. My journey and the

A Marriage Arrangement

meeting with the friends of other days have quite refreshed me.

The Conference meetings were very profitable. The Ladies' Conference met every morning at eleven and continued till two o'clock. There was much discussion and planning over the estimates and appropriations, for some of the ladies who have an extensive work are left without money to carry it on. I do not know how this could have happened for the executive committee at home are generally very careful to see that each department of work has its share of the appropriation.

During the year 1893 the conversions and baptisms in the North India and the Northwest India Conferences numbered over eighteen thousand. Nearly all of these converts are from the lower classes and are quite illiterate, so they must be taught to read and instructed in spiritual things. Think of all that must be accomplished by a few missionary workers! Yet if this teaching is neglected many of these people will return to their heathen customs and so bring disgrace on the Christian religion.

The Conference plans to send a native pastor or teacher to the villages where there are Christians to teach them to read the Scriptures and to preach to them. It is wonderful how much they can learn in a year, but their brain power has never been overtaxed.

A Glimpse of India

The Rani gained her point about the little prince and she still has him with her. This is his birthday, dear little fellow. His first year of life has been a hard one; he is not well now for his teeth are troubling him and he has fever again.

The guns are firing from the fort in honor of the return of the Rajah who went to Bombay in December to meet the Nawab of Rampore, who has just returned from America.

We are having a cold season for this part of India. Water has frozen at night and vegetables and flowers are frosted.

I wrote you last June that the Rani was sending some of her men and a Brahman woman to a native state to see if an arrangement could be made for the engagement of her eldest daughter with the son of the Rajah of Shahpuri. It has taken all this time to manage the affair. Three or four times men have gone back and forth and the matter has been fully discussed by both parties. First the inquiry was about the girl's looks—was she a beauty or was she plain-looking,—then about her disposition, had she her mother's temper or her father's; can she read and is she really clever? If all is satisfactory so far then comes the real business. How much is the Rajah willing to spend on the wedding? What dowry will he give? Will it be in money or jewels? All this is now set-

A Marriage Arrangement

tled. They will spend one hundred and ten thousand rupees, mostly in money and jewels.

Then the Rajah of Khetri presents his requests. He wishes his daughter to have yearly ten thousand rupees for her own private pocket-money, and he does not wish the marriage to take place until she enters her fourteenth year. On the answer to these requests hangs the future of dear Bai. If the father of the young man consents to give the yearly allowance desired and to wait until the time stated for the marriage then the arrangement will be completed.

It seems a very good opportunity for Bai. The Rajah of Shahpuri has taken great care of his son, and had him educated in the Ajmere College under an English gentleman who has had constant oversight of him, and it is said that the young man has no bad habits. He is eighteen years old and Bai is nearly twelve.

Neither the Rajah nor his son are idol-worshippers. They belong to the Arya Somaj, a sect which does not believe at all in the Son of God, but does believe in worshipping God alone. I think it will be easier for Bai with the teaching she has had to go into this family than into a bigoted Hindu family where she would be obliged to worship the household gods. Dear little girl, she wants to serve God in the right way and to do right but she will have many trials

A Glimpse of India

even in this family which she is about to enter, for they are far from Christ.

February 8, 1894.

MY DEAR M——:

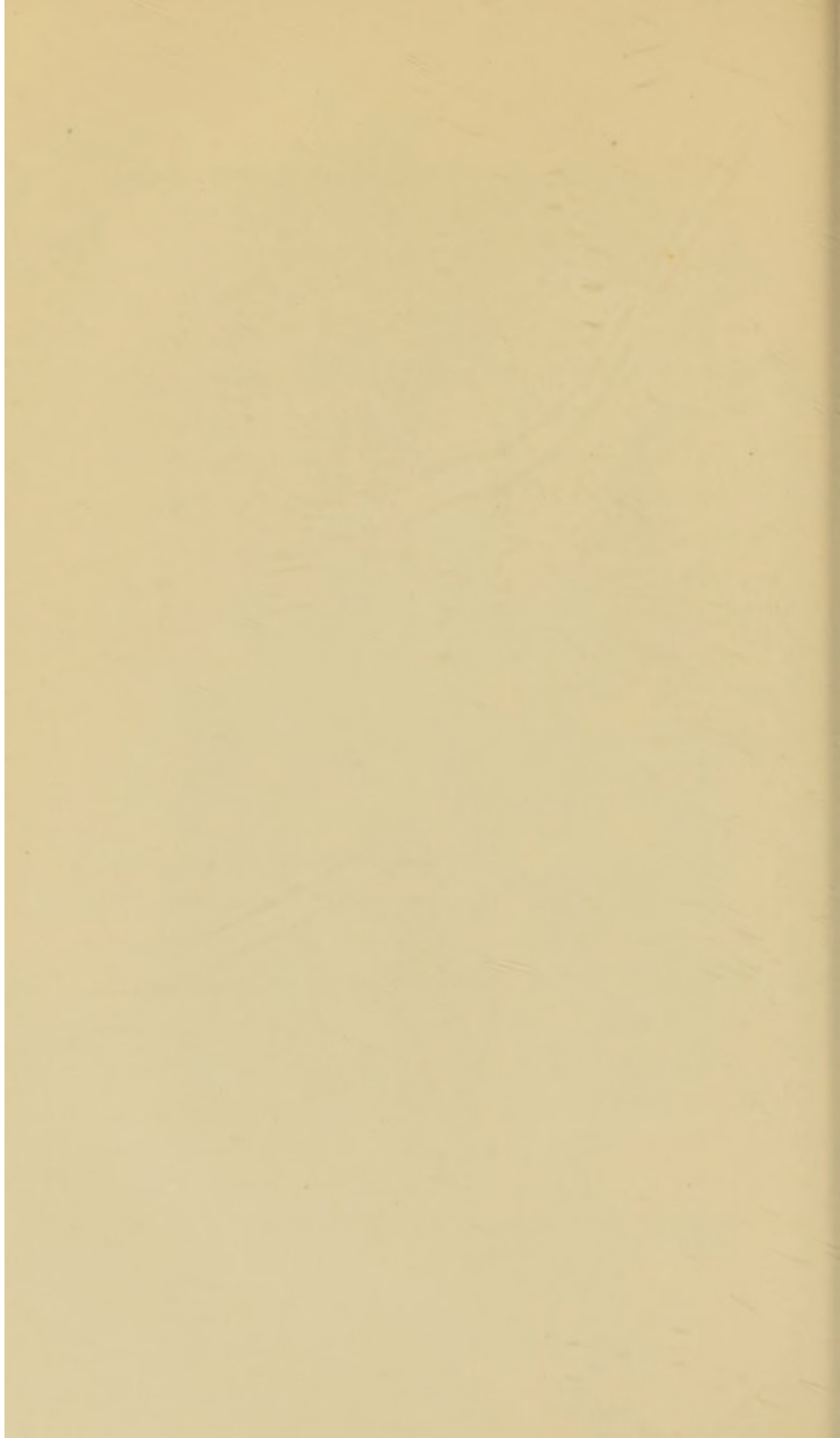
The Rajah's secretary has just come to ask me to go with the Rani's two little girls and the Parsee and his wife to the new reservoir. He has had tents pitched for us and we will take our tea things and have tea there and then have a boat-ride. This being a holiday he thought we ought to celebrate in some way. Miss Driver will not be able to go as it has been raining and is too damp and cold for her. Baby has cut one upper tooth and he has been vaccinated and has been rather ill with both these troubles but he is better to-day. The Rani and I finished the reading of the New Testament yesterday.

The Rani seems very happy. She was out to the reservoir a short time ago, and one evening the Rajah sent all the men away from the place and took her down and showed her the masonry and explained the works to her. She enjoyed these few days in the country and came home refreshed and pleased with her visit. We were invited to go with her but it was difficult to get men enough to carry the palkis on so short a notice and it was too hot for us to go on the elephant so we declined.

The Rajah's men have caught the tigress of which



The Khetri Heir.



A Marriage Arrangement

we were so much afraid when at the country seat last summer. She was seen going into one of the copper mines and twenty men were sent out to entrap her. They placed a strong cage over the opening of the mine and watched for several days and at last she ventured to come up into the cage. We are glad to have her caught but do not like to have the creature become a resident of Khetri, and live near us. A stronger cage has been prepared, but I do not think any bars can securely hold a fierce jungle tiger.

My ayah has just come in to say that the men have arrived with the tigress and have taken it to the gateway of the Rani's palace and she has been down to look at it. I hope they will not send it down here for me to see!

February 22d.

The birthday of the little prince was celebrated on the fourteenth of this month, though he was born on the 27th of January. The real birthday is not celebrated among the Hindus but their pundit or priest appoints a propitious day. A durbar or reception was held for him and the men and children who came were dressed in bright yellow coats, making a brilliant looking company.

The baby prince wore a little yellow silk coat and pants. Such a little mite in pants looked very comical. Presents of various kinds, and money were brought, every one giving according to his salary.

XXII

A Royal Wedding

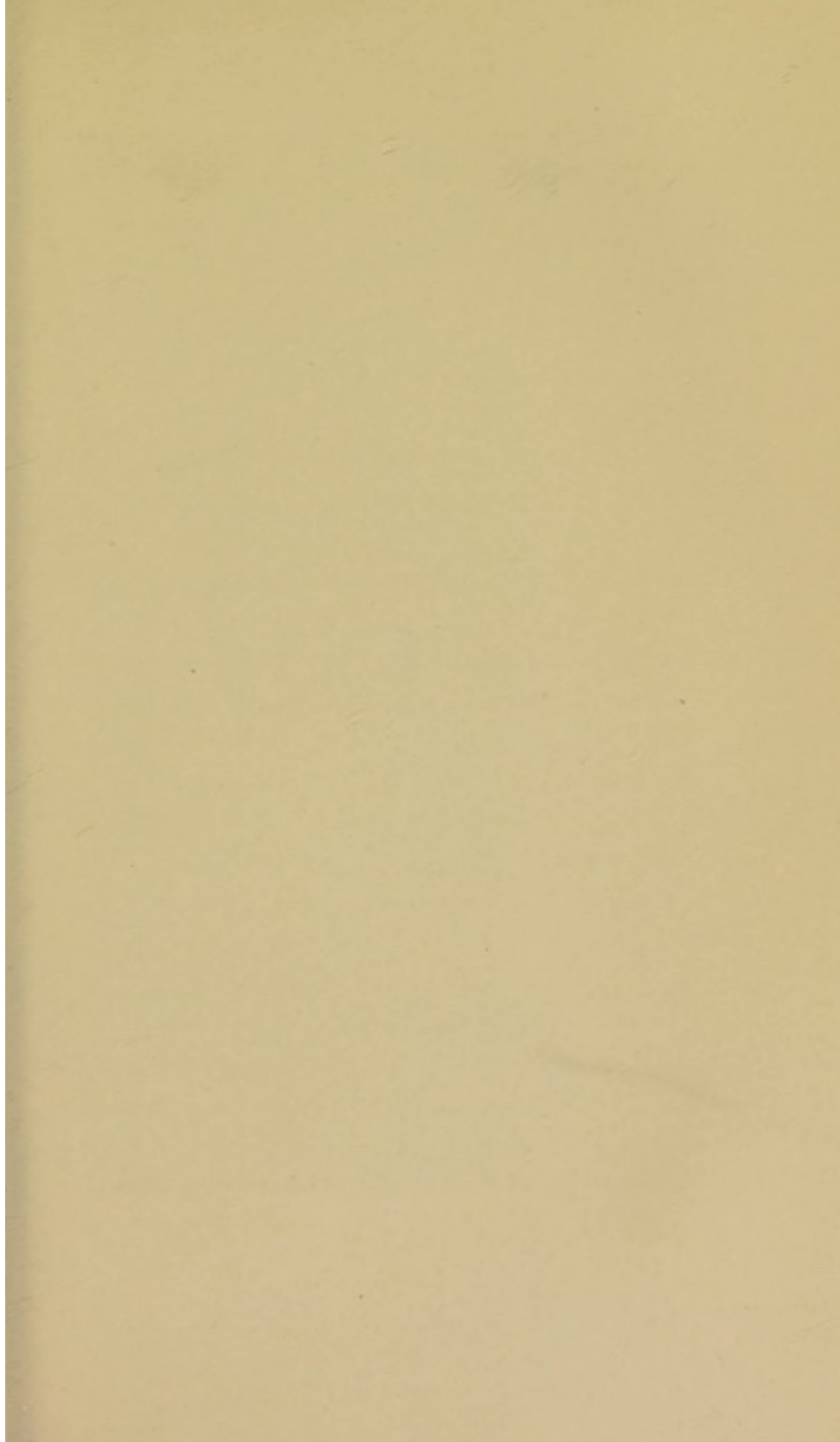
Khetri, Rajputana, India, June 22, 1894.

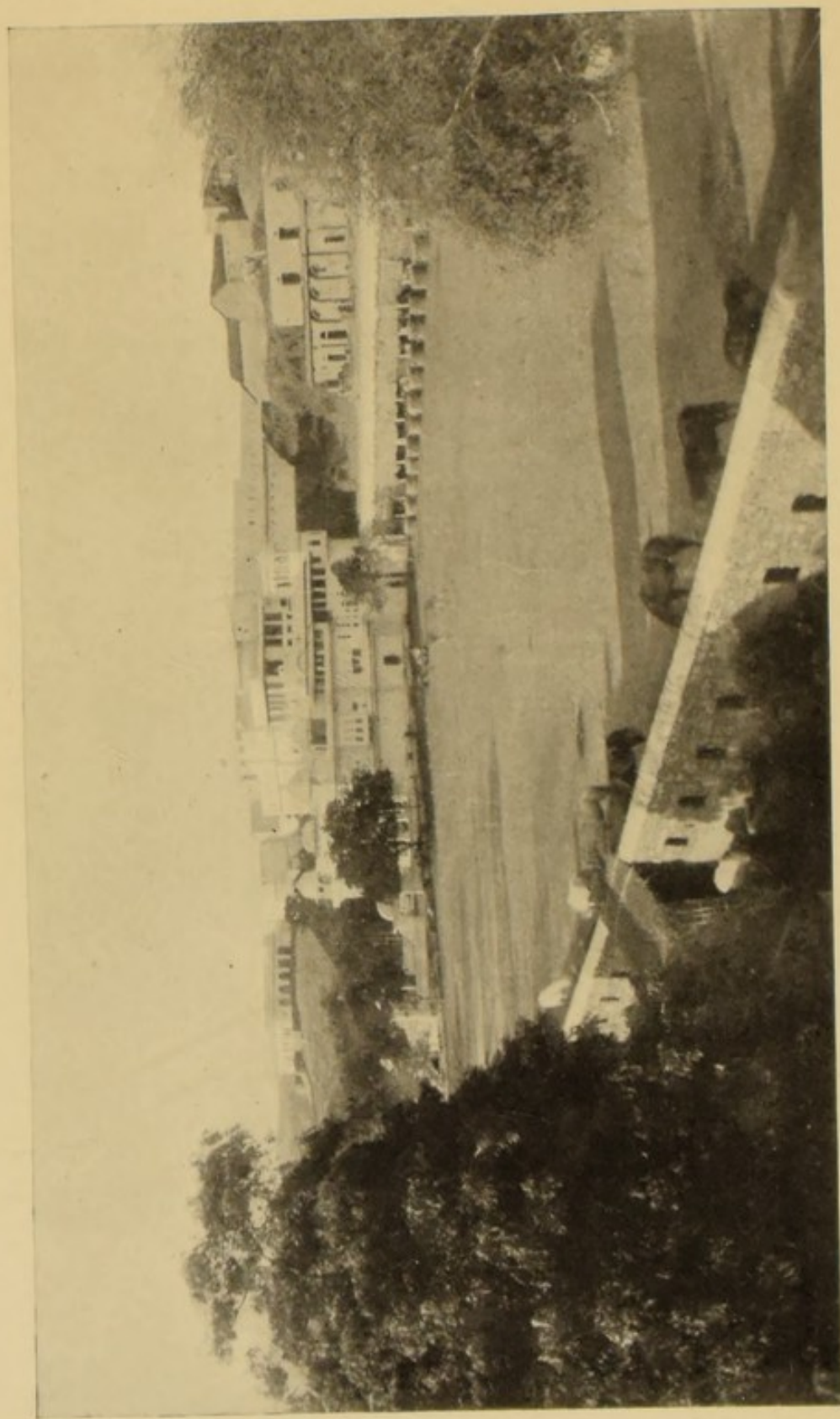
MY DEAR MISS J—— :

Your letter of March 1st reached me in April and as soon as I had finished reading it I wrote one sheet in answer and then was called away ; now I will make another trial which I hope may be successful.

I think our kind Father put it into your heart to write to me for your letter did me much good, it was so natural and so cheery. I have felt a fresh inspiration ever since ; the thought of the crocuses and snowdrops of my youthful days sometimes gives me a longing for the homeland.

I have been without a companion since the 19th of February. Miss Driver who had been with me four years was obliged to take a change but she did not expect to be away so long and I thought I could stay alone for a short time. When I learned that she was too ill to return I tried to get some one to spend the hot season with me but no one seemed willing to take the long journey in the great heat so I have been alone with natives all around me. None





The New House Near the Palace.

A Royal Wedding

of them are Christians and I have felt the isolation very much and have longed sometimes for some one to speak with in my own language. Letters have been a great boon and so have my home papers and books.

You wish to know of my surroundings. First I will tell you about our new house which has been in process of building for over four years and is not completed yet, though it is so nearly finished that I moved into it at the beginning of the hot weather. It is a stone building, the walls, roof, and door casings all of stone, no wood about it except the doors.

There is a drawing-room thirty feet by twenty and a bedroom on each side of this twenty by twenty; behind the drawing-room is the dining-room twenty by twenty feet—a lovely room with one fine arch. The walls are colored buff, panelled with orange and white. It is very pretty and is much admired by the natives.

The drawing-room is a deep rose color panelled with white and the arches are prettily decorated. The bedrooms are pale rose and white. Over each door is an arch filled in with white glass and the upper half of the doors are glass. The rooms are eighteen feet in height.

The house stands on a rock and is higher than the palace or any other house in this part of the town,

A Glimpse of India

and we were hoping that on account of the height it would be very cool but the rocks around it absorb the heat so it is not as cool as we thought it would be. It will be more comfortable in the cold season. From the veranda and the housetop we have a fine view of Khetri, which is a city of six thousand inhabitants. Its site is elevated, and in the rainy season the dark green foliage in the background extending over the surrounding hills makes a varied and pleasing landscape, while the light yellow hills formed of sand blown in waves from the desert add to the artistic effect.

The houses of the city are of stone, many of them plastered outside and whitewashed. A number of handsome temples can be seen from the house. In the rest-houses are other temples, one of which is tastefully decorated in colors with kiosks and minarets. At evening the gongs are struck for prayers. It reminds me of home and is the only familiar sound I hear in this far-away place.

There are no wild flowers here, and English flowers, especially annuals, do not come to perfection. Creepers and flowering shrubs grow well, and there are some very beautiful flowering trees. The flowers from the babool tree are just beginning to drop and I will enclose a pressed one. Just now I have neither garden nor potted plants, and there is really no place

A Royal Wedding

for a garden but I hope to have potted plants in the veranda in the cold season.

The palace is so near that I often walk over there in the evening. The Rajah has only one wife—a bright and clever woman. She has two daughters and a son seventeen months old. The older girl will be twelve years old in September and the younger one six in January. Both of them are betrothed and the older one, a dear little girl, will be married when she enters her fourteenth year. The lady who was with me was her governess. She has been taking music lessons and learning English and she reads well in her own language. On Sunday she made a cap for her little brother and ornamented it on the crown with a pink and blue hen worked in wool, and around the top she worked the motto, "God is Love." This was all her own idea. She has not learned to keep the Sabbath and thought it was all right to make the cap but she wished in some way to have God connected with it. She is fond of learning verses of Scripture and has a much prized book in which she writes them.

The younger princess is bright and playful. She has a number of dolls which she sets up in a row and in her funny way she teaches them the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer; but it is the little prince who is the great treasure of the household and

A Glimpse of India

the mother's idol. He does not yet walk because he is always in some one's arms, and whatever he cries for he gets whether it is good for him or not, so he keeps his doctor busy putting up prescriptions for indigestion, sleeplessness and various other ailments. Notwithstanding all the bad management he is a sweet little fellow, very affectionate and a great pet with us all.

I have a small dispensary where I receive patients up to twelve o'clock; after that they come to my house at all hours of the day, for many come a long distance, from the country and the surrounding villages, and this is one reason why I have been so long in answering your letter. I cannot do much in this great heat but look after the sick. Though my out practice is not very extensive at this time yet it takes much time to go among the people and I have only six men to carry my palki and twice a day is as often as they can carry me any distance.

I have a little zanana work at evening which I much enjoy, and always a service on Sunday for my servants and any others who wish to attend. We had interesting meetings last Sunday, and all joined heartily in the hymns; some of the men are excellent singers.

Agra, Dec. 12, 1894.

DEAR SISTER :

We are all in Agra, and the Rani had planned for us to stay here until it was time for us to go to

A Royal Wedding

the hills for the hot season but an unforeseen difficulty has arisen and she expects now to return to Khetri in a few weeks to marry their daughter. At the time of her betrothal it was arranged that the marriage should not take place until next October when Bai would be thirteen years old. The young man is now twenty and he thinks he must be married and his father threatens to break the engagement and make another arrangement for his son if the Rajah does not allow his daughter's marriage to take place early in the year. This would be expensive for the Rajah as he has already given a part of the marriage dowry, so it seems necessary to consent.

Poor Bai! it seems dreadful for a child of only twelve years to be married. The Rani does not like the thought of Bai being taken away so young but she says they are forced to agree to it as this young man seems to be the only suitable person for Bai in all Rajputana.

Physically Bai is as well developed as an American girl of sixteen but in mind she is not as mature and still prefers her dolls and play and her lessons to anything else. She will probably have a governess and go on with her lessons after she goes to her husband's house. The Rajah comes soon to make purchases for the wedding.

Nineteenth.

The Rani and Rajah are very busy in selecting and

A Glimpse of India

buying jewels and clothing for their daughter. Nothing seems to make native people so happy as to have an occasion to buy jewels. They call jewelers from different cities and take great delight in the varieties of beautiful ornaments that are sent into the zanana. Trays of them are brought in worth thousands of rupees, necklaces, bangles, head ornaments, jewels for the hands and feet, the toes and ankles, some in most curious designs. The state buys the jewels after the Rajah and Rani have selected them. Emeralds, pearls, and diamonds are the Rani's choice. Their present for the bridegroom is an emerald necklace, worth, they say, three thousand rupees, and for their daughter they have bought a necklace and bracelets set with pearls and diamonds, beautiful to look at but so heavy. I am often asked to let them see how the jewels look on a white person.

Great preparations are being made for the wedding. Twenty thousand rupees' worth of jewels are to be given besides quantities of clothing, silverware and other things. The wedding will not cost less than one hundred thousand rupees. All the arrangements will be made by the state officials.

Khetri, Jan. 28, 1895.

MY DEAR SISTER :

We are in the midst of the great preparations

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for the wedding of the princess. These have been going on several weeks, and this is Monday, only two days before the ceremony. Already guests are beginning to arrive. The Rani's sister came on Saturday with four hundred attendants, consisting of noblemen, state officials and servants, with all their trappings. There were three elephants and, I think, two hundred camels besides horses, oxen and a number of conveyances. This is oriental style. On a grand wedding occasion guests bring all the grand things they have in order to make a fine show. They think it adds to their dignity and importance. These people were invited to come four days before the wedding and they will be entertained and their servants and animals fed and cared for until after the marriage. Several others are expected to arrive to-day.

The Rajah of Secor has already sent one hundred fine horses and will arrive to-day with about one thousand people, three hundred camels, oxen, tents, horses, carriages and elephants. The Maharajah of Jodhpore will arrive the day after the wedding as the Rajah and his suite cannot go out to meet him in proper style before that time. We have come down into our old home and put our new house in order for the Maharajah.

On Wednesday, the day of the ceremony, the Rajah and his men will go out to receive the bridegroom and

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his father's family. The people of Khetri will go out about a mile and the returning procession will number about six thousand people on elephants, camels, and horses, all clad in bright colors. Yellow is the color representing joy and gladness. The gates of the palace gardens are trimmed with red, green and yellow cloth and all Khetri is looking very bright and pretty. The roads have been repaired and many of the buildings and the filthy places made clean and wholesome for the grand occasion.

But our poor little princess is sad at the thought that she must so soon leave her home and her mother. She cries a great deal, and the Rajah, I hear, begins to feel her leaving very much, and sheds tears with her. Khetri will be very lonely for us all without our little Bai. She was only two and a half years old when I came here ten years ago in March. Bai would like Miss Driver to go with her to her new home and stay for a while and perhaps she will do so if she is well enough.

The walks and drives in the public garden have been nicely done up and the Rajah has purchased a beautiful fountain to be placed on the circular lawn. Men are still at work on the roads and in the gardens.

I have had nothing to do except to arrange the Rani's drawing-room, and the one in our house for the Maharajah of Jodhpore who is somewhat ac-

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customed to English ways, so I helped to arrange the rooms a little after our style. I will finish this after the wedding.

February 5th.

There was an immense number of people present for more than a week to attend the ceremonies. I will give you an idea in figures which the secretary has given me. The bridegroom's party consisted of two thousand five hundred people who brought three hundred camels, nine elephants, five hundred horses and fifty pairs of bullocks attached to conveyances. These all came with him from his father's city.

On the invitation of the Rajah of Khetri there came over seven thousand nine hundred people, bringing with them nearly two thousand horses, nineteen hundred camels, twelve elephants, and seventy-eight pairs of bullocks with conveyances. All these people and their animals were fed for more than a week by the state. Besides the invited guests there were many thousands who came in to witness the grand procession when the bridegroom came. The Rajah and several thousand of his people went to meet him with their horses, elephants and bullocks, and the state cavalry and infantry helped to form the procession, headed by a brass band. When the two processions met about two miles from the city a cannon was fired to announce the meeting. The bridegroom alighted

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from his horse and mounted an elephant and a golden umbrella was held over him and golden fans waved to keep flies away. It was a fine sight as they entered the city. Guns were fired and the horses were prancing, but no one in all the crowd was hurt, so far as I have heard.

February 15th.

MY DEAR MISS G——:

The wedding of the princess took place on the thirtieth of last month but there were other ceremonies which continued several days so it seemed most tedious. I think poor Bai must feel most thoroughly married after all the ceremonies she has had to pass through. She had to sit nearly three hours under a red canopy beside the bridegroom—with her face covered—while the priest read pages of Sanskrit which not a person present except the priests could understand and they constantly disputed the meaning. *Ghi* was burned and different flowers used which perhaps had a special meaning but I have not found any one yet who could explain their significance.

Near the end of the ceremony the Rajah sat inside under the canopy and the Rani outside in a small enclosure and they were connected to each other by a silken cord, showing that their daughter Bai was a legal child.

Carpets were spread on the ground in the court of

A Royal Wedding

the Rani's palace under the red cloth canopy which was arranged for the marriage and in the centre of this stood a table with the jewels—the wedding presents, and near the table on the carpet the display of silver articles was prettily arranged. A small silver table about a foot high, a large silver urn for drinking water which would hold ten or twelve quarts, a gold drinking vessel, a beautiful silver bedstead with a green and purple mattress and pillows of rich velvet, tied at each post with a silver cord and tassels, were among the presents. The bride and groom sat on this bedstead while the Rajahs and people of note came in and presented their gifts of money in gold and silver. The bride sat veiled and her husband received the gifts for her. There were bags of rupees near the table containing forty thousand rupees in cash. The bags were made of clean white cloth and each held two thousand rupees.

Next came the clothing—sixty suits for the bride, full large skirts trimmed with gold lace and scores of lovely chadars or veils of fine, thin material. Then there were numbers of shawls, turbans and cloths for the servants and some to give away. There must have been several hundred of these all nicely folded and placed in order. There were boxes of different sizes, trunks of leather and of wood, cooking utensils, lamps and many things I cannot name.

A Glimpse of India

Women servants stood around holding lighted torches so the place was well lighted and everything could be seen to advantage. The zanana women were requested to retire, then the Rajah came in followed by his royal guests, then others of note and so on till the place was crowded. After viewing the things for a few minutes the Rajah formed them all into a procession and they walked around the presents in single file taking a good look at everything. When they all went out the Rajah asked Miss Driver to guard the silver and me to stand by the jewels while the women passed around to view them. There were so many women servants in the crowd that there was danger of theft. It was rather late when all this was over, but to me it seemed a prettier sight than the wedding itself.

The state, I hear, gave twenty thousand rupees' worth of jewels, the Rani gave five thousand and the Rajah gave his share. Each rajah who was invited gave jewels and clothing, an elephant and eight horses and a sum of money, and each guest gave according to his position in society. The jewels were very fine, especially those given by the state and the parents. The Rajah and Rani have very fine taste in their selection of jewels.

Poor little Bai ! Only twelve years old and such a host of things to care for ! A list of her jewels and all

A Royal Wedding

the other things was written and given to her. She took one hundred men and women from Khetri with her when she went to her husband's home. All her servants are from Khetri. We hear that Bai is very happy but no one knows whether it is true or not.

The native doctor here has had a stroke of paralysis and I am now looking after him. He begins to improve a little and I trust that he may partially recover, but he is an opium-eater and takes wine, too, so his chance of recovery is not as good as it would be if he had not indulged in these habits.

Camp Rewari, April 8, 1895.

MY DEAR M—— :

I left Khetri on the 30th of March and arrived here on the third of this month, on my way to Mount Abu to spend the hot season. The Rani was not ready to start when I did and she only came in last evening. It was getting so hot that I did not like to wait longer as after the hot winds begin to blow even night travelling is exceedingly uncomfortable.

May 9th.

We did not reach Abu till the 17th of April and I have been busy getting settled, receiving and making calls, attending meetings and looking after the children and the sick people in our camp.

A Glimpse of India

I must tell you how pleasantly I am settled here. Before we left Khetri I told the Rajah that I would like him to hire a house for me if he wished me to go to Abu with the family for I was unwilling to go to a hotel among gay and fashionable people for two or three months, and he has rented this house which suits me perfectly. It belongs to an English lady who is a very earnest Christian ; she devotes much of her time to spiritual work, visiting the Soldiers' Hospital and many families where she reads the Bible to them.

The house has a large hall which is set apart for service for Dissenters, as those people are called who do not belong to the Established Church. Every Friday evening there is a Bible class in the hall with a good number in attendance, and every morning we have a short service there. At first only three women and one man came to the meeting, but we prayed for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the people of Abu and God has blessed our faith. Two persons have been converted and several others have been led to attend the Wednesday and Sunday evening services. There is but one church edifice here and the clergyman this season is very ritualistic.

The Rani has a very pleasant place about half a mile away. Bai Sahiba and her husband are here and her parents are very happy with their three children. The little prince is learning English and we are all

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teaching him words. His pronunciation is very funny sometimes. I am afraid we shall spoil him for governor of the state, and he has already spoiled me for America. I do not see how I shall get on without him.

Last evening I called on the Ranis of Serohi. The Rajah of Serohi owns the whole of Abu which is a part of his state. He has two wives, one of whom has a little boy of seven years; the younger wife has two little girls, one six and one four years, and a little son about three years old. All of them are beautiful children. Two European women have charge of them; one teaches them and the other looks after their clothes and has a general oversight of them.

Both the Ranis are rather pretty and somewhat refined. Each has her separate apartments, separate servants and separate purses. They have a nice house furnished throughout with English furniture. The Rajah treats them kindly and seems fond of all the children, but I hear that he loves the first wife best, and of course her son is the heir.

The Rajah and Rani of Khetri would like to make a marriage arrangement for their son with the youngest daughter of the Serohi Rajah, which would be very suitable, for the little girl will be educated and so will our little prince.

I have been asked to speak to the European woman

A Glimpse of India

in charge of the children about bringing about an arrangement. Fancy my making a marriage arrangement for a child two and a half years old !

In conversation with the woman I found that the little girl's marriage arrangement is already made.

July 4th.

I have just remembered that this is the day when you all feel your independence. I hope you are having a pleasant day.

My engagement with the Khetri state expires on the 8th of October but I may not be able to leave until January, when our Conference will meet in Meerut; I want to attend that and then get my luggage off to Bombay where it will remain until I sail.

I have not told you what a pleasure it was to us all to have Bai Sahiba with us. She and her husband came to Abu and stayed six weeks. She seems very happy in her new relation ; her husband is very kind and indulgent and it appears to be a very suitable marriage. Bai is glad to be with her parents and her little sister and brother who are so dear to her. She will go home with us to Khetri and spend several weeks and she wishes me to engage a person to teach her painting while she is there.

While in Abu I sent to Bombay and got a book on water-color painting and a box of paints, thinking it

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would amuse the children when they were not at their lessons, and it proved to be a pleasure to the parents as well as the children. They all sat at a table together and the Rajah tried to outdo the Rani in picture painting, while the children were just as much in earnest in their endeavor to see which could paint the prettiest bird or animal. Enthusiasm ran high for a time. Bai Sahiba has done well in music and I do not doubt that she will make a success in painting, for she applies herself well to anything which she undertakes.

XXIII

Last Days

Khetri, Sept. 29, 1895.

MY DEAR SISTER :

My days are so much alike that there is not much variety in my letters, I fear. The daily round is much the same.

We had our usual Sunday service yesterday and I will tell you of a little incident which will interest you. A Brahman from the city came in and seemed inclined to talk. He said that he received great benefit from having an idol in his house and asked my opinion of idol-worship. He said that when he entered his house and saw the idol it helped to remind him of his hour for prayer. I said that God had given us so many reminders of Himself in nature that it did not seem necessary to have an idol, the work of men's hands, to remind us to speak to Him. I referred him to the beautiful green hills around us, the trees and flowers, and the fields so rich in color, and asked him if these were not sufficient to make us think of God and to fill our hearts with praise and prayer. I then turned to the Commandments in the Hindi Bible and read them aloud to show him that I could not believe

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in idols when God had so strictly forbidden us to make any image, to bow down to any likeness of anything to worship it.

After I had again read the first and second Commandment he had nothing more to say, but listened attentively while we read and explained a few verses of the sixth chapter of Matthew and repeated the Lord's Prayer. He seemed to get a new idea and when we sang "Jesus, Saviour of my Soul" in Hindi he joined most heartily. I am anxious to see if he will come again next Sunday, for he seemed much impressed.

Baby has cut two more teeth. He was ill for a few days but is better now and is running about with a chicken under each arm. Our little Bai is quite ill and I feel troubled about her. She is so delicate that she will not be able to stand a severe illness.

The Rani is very unhappy over my leaving. She really begins to believe that I will go to America, and she is wondering whom she can get in my place, and if they will like another doctor. She makes herself very unhappy over it, hoping, I think, that her sorrow will make me change my mind about leaving.

Thirtieth.

We are having very hot days and no rain. I have had a very busy morning. Just after my early cup of

A Glimpse of India

tea I went to the city to see a wee baby who has sore mouth and eyes. On my way home I stopped at the palace to see the children, but found that the Rajah was in with them so I did not wait.

A number of sad cases have come to the dispensary, some of them so hopeless that I long for the marvelous "gift of healing." They come with such faith that I can heal them and I have to tell them that medicine cannot cure them. To comfort them I give some simple remedy.

Among the patients this morning was a little boy with softening of the bones who was brought to me from a distant village. Yesterday a young man sixteen years of age was brought who had the same trouble. Both are Hindus and never take animal food. I cannot persuade them to change their diet for their friends would rather let them die than have them taste meat or eggs.

Just after my last patient had gone I was called to the palace. The Rajah wanted to ask me about the hill stations, which would be the most suitable for them to go to next hot season. The Rani is so determined to leave Khetri in January when I do that the Rajah thinks it best to decide on a place and then let the Rani go to the nearest plains station and stay there until it is time to go up to the hills. They finally decided on Almorah, beyond Naini Tal and

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they will go to Bareilly and remain there until the hot season.

The Rajah asked if I would not stay and go to the hills and get a little stronger before going to America. I told him I thought my native climate would be the best for me. Then he said, "You ought not to remain in America more than a year. You should then come back to us." I replied, "I am getting old enough to go to heaven before many years." "Yes," he said, "but India is just as near heaven as America; you can go to heaven from here." He seems to think that I must stay with them as long as I live. I shall be very sorry to leave them, especially the children.

October 28th.

I have secured a young lady to give Bai Sahiba painting lessons. She came from Meerut accompanied by her mother, and they will probably remain permanently, as the Rani would like the young lady to be governess and companion for little Bai. The two women are living with me. One day last week we went out with a party to hunt leopards. The place was not more than two miles from our home but we had to go up and down very steep hills and some sand hills.

Two leopards were shot by the Rajah and his men but we were at a safe distance on our elephant and

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not in any danger. It was quite exciting when the men beat the jungle and the leopards came out, running here and there to save themselves while the Rajah and his party were firing at them. After the leopards were dead the men brought them to us. One of them was a young one and very prettily marked, the other seemed quite old. Before the skins were taken off they were taken to the court of the Rani's palace for her and the children to see. The Rajah is very proud of his tiger and leopard skins.

We enjoyed the outing very much; it was quite a change for us.

Another day I had to go out to a village eight miles away to see a sick woman. The Rajah's secretary made arrangements for us to stop in a native *serai* in the village and he sent out a rug for the floor and some chairs, and we took cushions and pillows. The mattress from the elephant, spread on the floor, gave us a nice place to rest.

We took our lunch with us, and the secretary sent us some of his food which we enjoyed very much. One dish was artichokes cooked in butter and lemon juice, and another was string beans cooked in the same way.

A crowd of people came to see us, many of them with ailments of different kinds, and all clamoring for medicine. I went to see my sick woman in her

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house and ministered to her, and was called to see another woman so it was rather a busy day.

We took another road coming home which led us through stony ravines and up such steep hills that we sometimes found it hard to keep our seat on the elephant. One hill was so steep and so long that we all dismounted and walked rather than run the risk of falling off backward.

The Maharajah of Jodhpore died suddenly about twelve days ago and the Rajah has gone there as he and the Maharajah were warm friends. The chief friends of the deceased were invited to meet in Jodhpore on the twelfth day after the death to condole with the family and join in the feast to be given when the days of mourning are over. All mourning ends with a feast.

The weather is much cooler and we are all able to do more work. These rides out into the country do us much good. We hope to go out again some day this week. I shall miss my patient old elephant when I leave Khetri. I feel quite attached to her; she has been so faithful and has so many times carried us so carefully over and through really dangerous places.

Khetri, November 29th.

Your letter of October 9th came three weeks ago

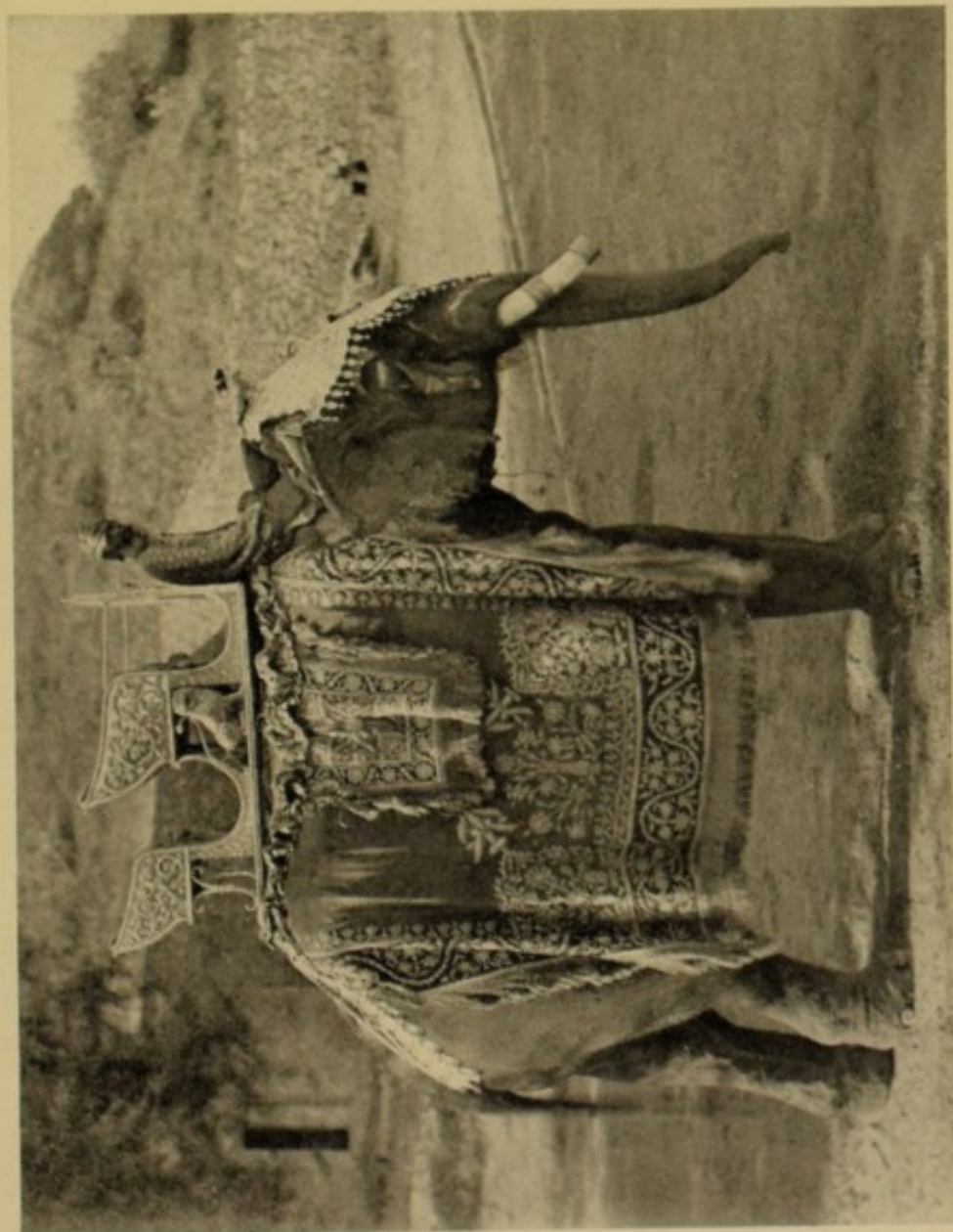
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and I must try to answer by this next mail. I am just as busy as ever.

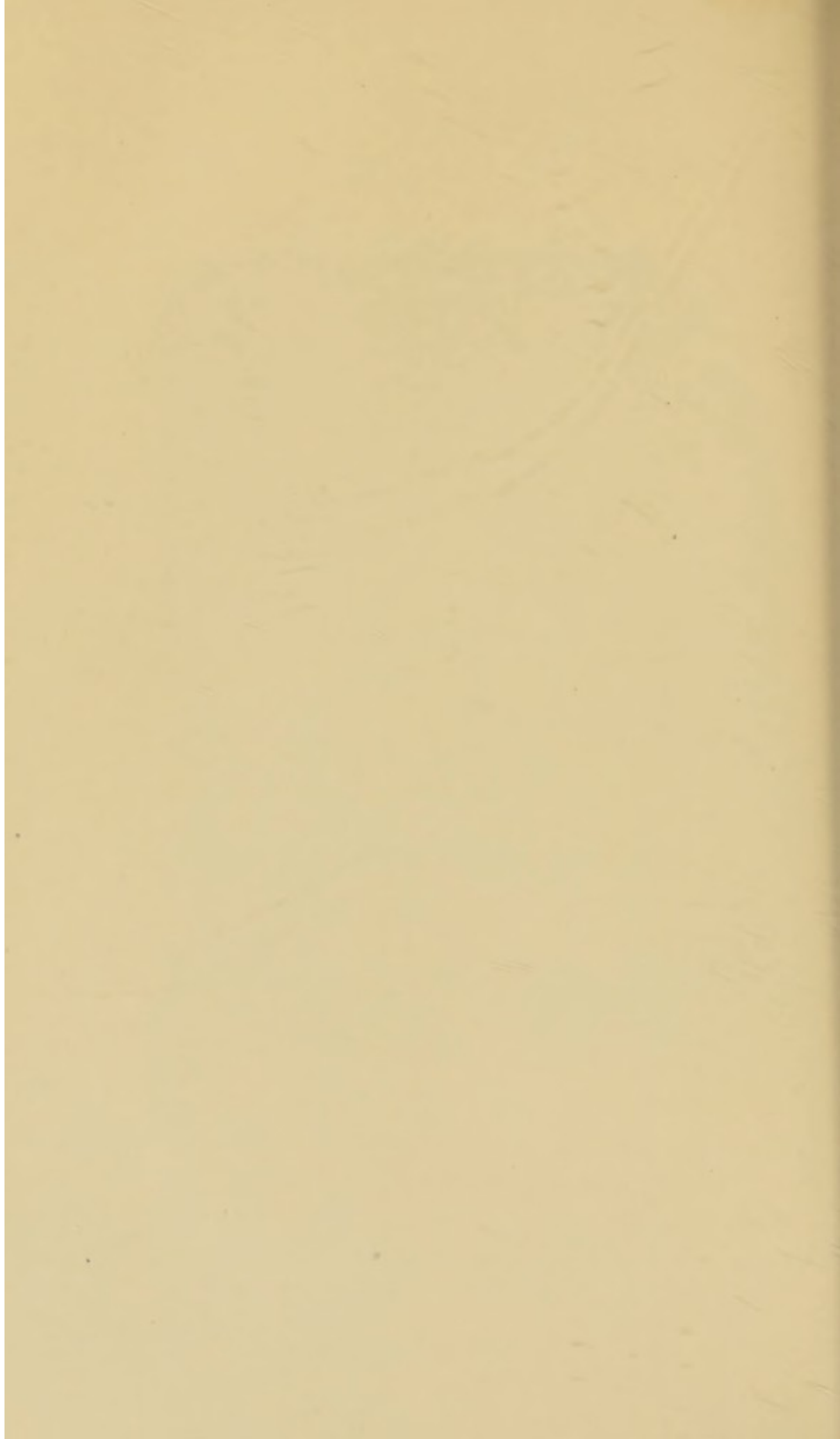
Last week we moved down to our old house in order to give up ours to the Agent General of Rajputana who came here for three days. It was the proper thing to do but it made a great deal of extra work for me. I had to pack and put away in the store-room things that we did not need to take with us, and the extra furniture was put away to make room for better things from the palace. The carriage drive from the palace gardens up to our house was bordered with flags on poles which were wound with bright colored cloth, and there were six larger flags flying from the top of our house.

The agent comes into Khetri in great style. The Rajah goes out a mile to meet him with carriage and horses, elephants and horsemen, and when they meet guns are fired. The Rajah and the agent mount the state elephant and seat themselves in the state *howdah* which is made of silver and gold, and a man sits at the back and waves a big *yak* tail over them. Eleven guns were fired when they reached the house and dismounted. The Rajah escorted the agent up the steps and into our drawing-room, then left him and went to the palace and in the afternoon they exchanged calls.

Then came the grand *darbar* at four o'clock and after that a drive to the gardens. The agent dined



State Elephant and Howdah.



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alone in our beautiful yellow drawing-room in the evening. On Monday evening the Rajah gave a grand dinner at the palace to which we were invited but did not go. Although we were not at the dinner we were at the palace with the Rani in a room so arranged with a curtain that we could see the agent at his dinner. This is a treat the Rani enjoys, to see the table arrangements and people eating with knife and fork. After dinner there were fireworks and the whole city was illuminated and the palace was one glow of light. The fort on a hill twelve hundred feet above the city was illuminated and was a beautiful sight. We went up on the roof of the palace where we could see the whole display.

Baby has a cold and fever and I remained at the palace all night to see that the medicines were properly given; this morning he is better. There is great anxiety when anything is the matter with him. I get quite tired with running back and forth between my house and the palace.

The day I have chosen for my departure from Khetri is, in the estimation of the friends here, an unauspicious one for starting on a journey in the direction in which I shall travel, and as the state arranges for my journey as far as the railway station, I must wait until the pundit announces an auspicious day for travelling south.

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Remaining here a few days longer will not interfere with my steamer arrangements, and it will save my friends here some anxiety for they believe that I should certainly meet with an accident if I should start on a day which the pundits consider unfavorable.

Metropole Hotel, Agra, Dec. 25, 1895.

MY DEAR SISTER :

This is Christmas Day, as you see, but if I wish you a Merry Christmas the day will not only be gone before this reaches you but the year 1895 will have passed away and 1896 will be nearly a month old, so I will wish you a joyous and happy New Year, such an one as God wishes all His children to have, with so much of His Spirit and life dwelling in us that nothing shall offend us and we may rejoice alway.

It is the custom here to send Christmas cards and greetings the first thing in the morning, and to friends at a distance we send by mail so that they will get our greetings by the morning delivery.

Christmas bells began to ring at nine o'clock for morning service. We had a very good Christmas service in our church, a good sermon and responsive readings from Isaiah ninth chapter and Luke second chapter. The hymns were beautiful and heartily sung.

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The text was the sixth verse of Isaiah ninth. Our minister is a talented Anglo-Indian, well educated and a good preacher. The congregation includes Irish, Scotch and English soldiers, some Anglo-Indians and Hindustanis, and one American always when she is in from Khetri.

Bishop Thoburn is holding the Bombay Conference this week and on January 3d the North India Conference will meet in Moradabad. On the tenth the Northwest India Conference meets in Meerut. This is the Conference to which I belong.

January 24, 1896.

A week ago I returned from the Conference, the last one, probably, which I shall attend in India. Bishop Walden and his wife from America, "Mother" Nind, who has been visiting our Eastern missions, and her travelling companion, Miss Baucus of Japan, and Rev. Spencer Lewis and family of China, were present. One of the sessions of the Conference was given to a self-support demonstration. Twenty-seven of the native ministers had been for the past year depending for their support on the native congregations to which they minister and they were called forward to give their experience and to let us see that they had been as well cared for as those who had been on regular salary. Toward the close of the

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meeting the specimens of their industries which had been brought by the native Christians to be sold for the benefit of the Self-Support Fund were sold at auction and quite a sum netted to begin the work of the next year.

The things were arranged in the chapel hall of the school building. There were small cotton rugs from the weavers, shoes from the shoemakers, some fine deerskins given by a licensed hunter, goatskins nicely prepared, a few chickens, baskets of eggs, jars of flour and other grains, stamped cloth, fans made by the women, some beautiful darned lace, and various other things. Everything was sold. This to me was quite a new phase of mission work. These self-support ministers have no fixed sum to their credit but take what their people give them.

Quite a number of the people present are leaving for America soon, some of them from our missions—North and South India—and the China and Japan missionaries, together with the visitors from America. I expect to sail with one company on March 23d.

I am staying with Miss Yerbury, who was one of my students fourteen years ago. She attended the Madras Medical College for four years and passed her examinations there and then had five years in the Dufferin Hospital. After that she went to England and Germany and took her degree and returned to India

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a year ago, and now holds the senior position in the Lady Lyall Hospital. She was born in India of English parents who died when she was young. While with me as a patient in Bareilly I persuaded her to study medicine. She is one of the most successful lady practitioners, popular with the natives, and is doing a fine work. In addition to her hospital work she has charge of the Training School, and lectures in the Medical School.

Red Sea, March 28th.

We expect to reach Suez on the thirtieth and Port Said on Tuesday. Our voyage from Bombay has been most delightful, no winds or storms to impede our progress. On the sixth day from Bombay we arrived at Aden where we remained ten hours to unload freight and take on coal. Our steamer, the *Oceanic*, consumes fifty tons of coal a day and the average run is three hundred and fifty miles. There are over three hundred people on board, seventy-two of whom are first-class passengers. Our missionary party of eleven sit together at meals and have our chairs near each other on deck and pass the time pleasantly in reading, chatting and writing letters.

Mrs. Nind has decided not to go to Palestine but Miss Baucus and I will go unless our agent at Port Said advises us not to do so on account of cholera

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which was prevalent in India when we left and may be in Jaffa and Jerusalem.

Twenty-ninth.

We had a very hot night and it is uncomfortably warm this morning. Mrs. Nind says she does not wonder that the Israelites wanted to turn back when they reached the Red Sea if it was as hot then as it is now. We have passed the twelve large rocks which are called "The Twelve Apostles."

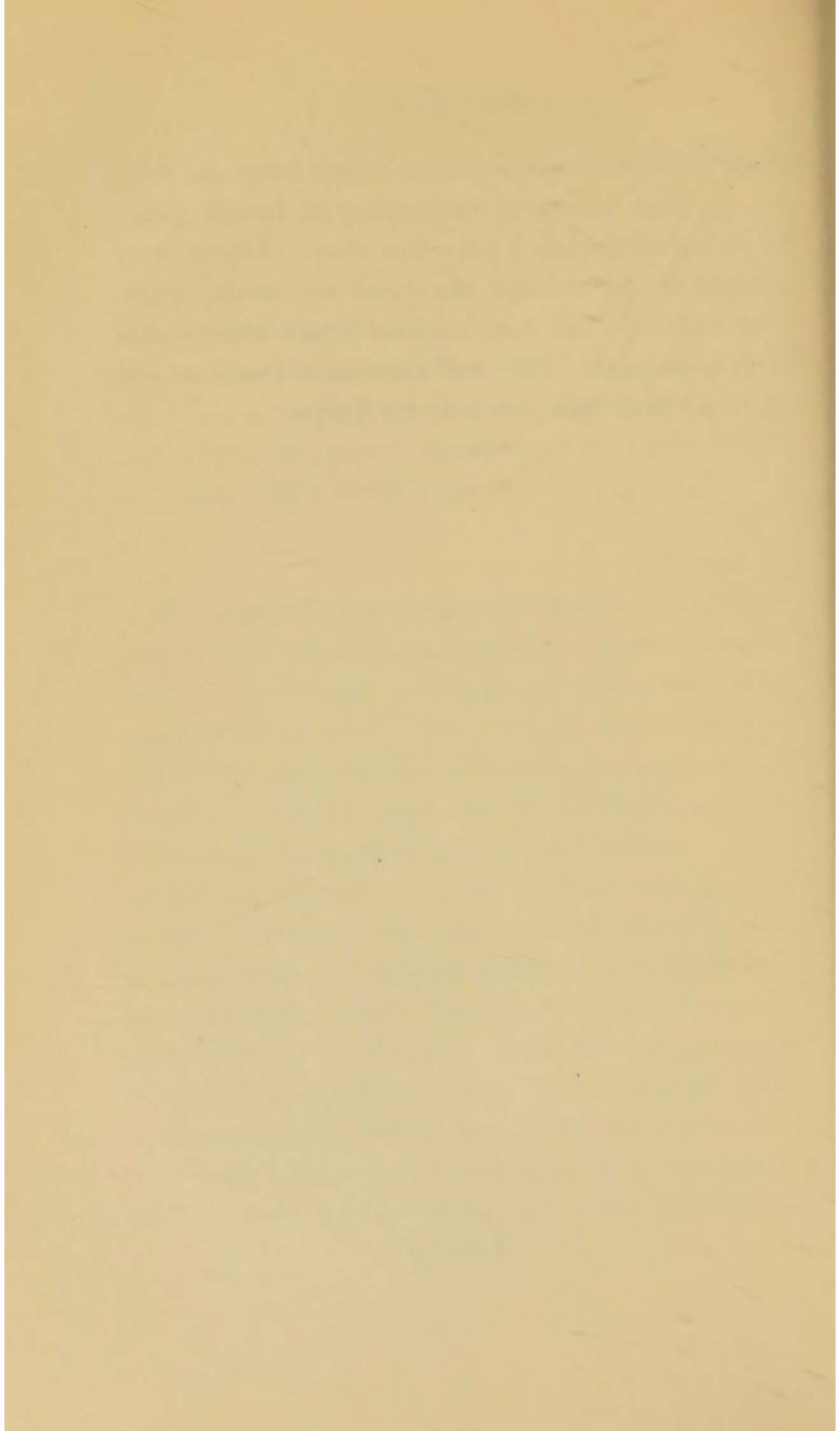
Thirtieth.

We reached Suez to-day and stopped to take on a pilot to take us through the canal. It takes twenty hours to go through as steamers go only from five to seven miles an hour. The company pays at the rate of ten shillings apiece for each passenger and a certain rate a ton for the cargo, and this steamer's payment will amount to six or seven thousand dollars.

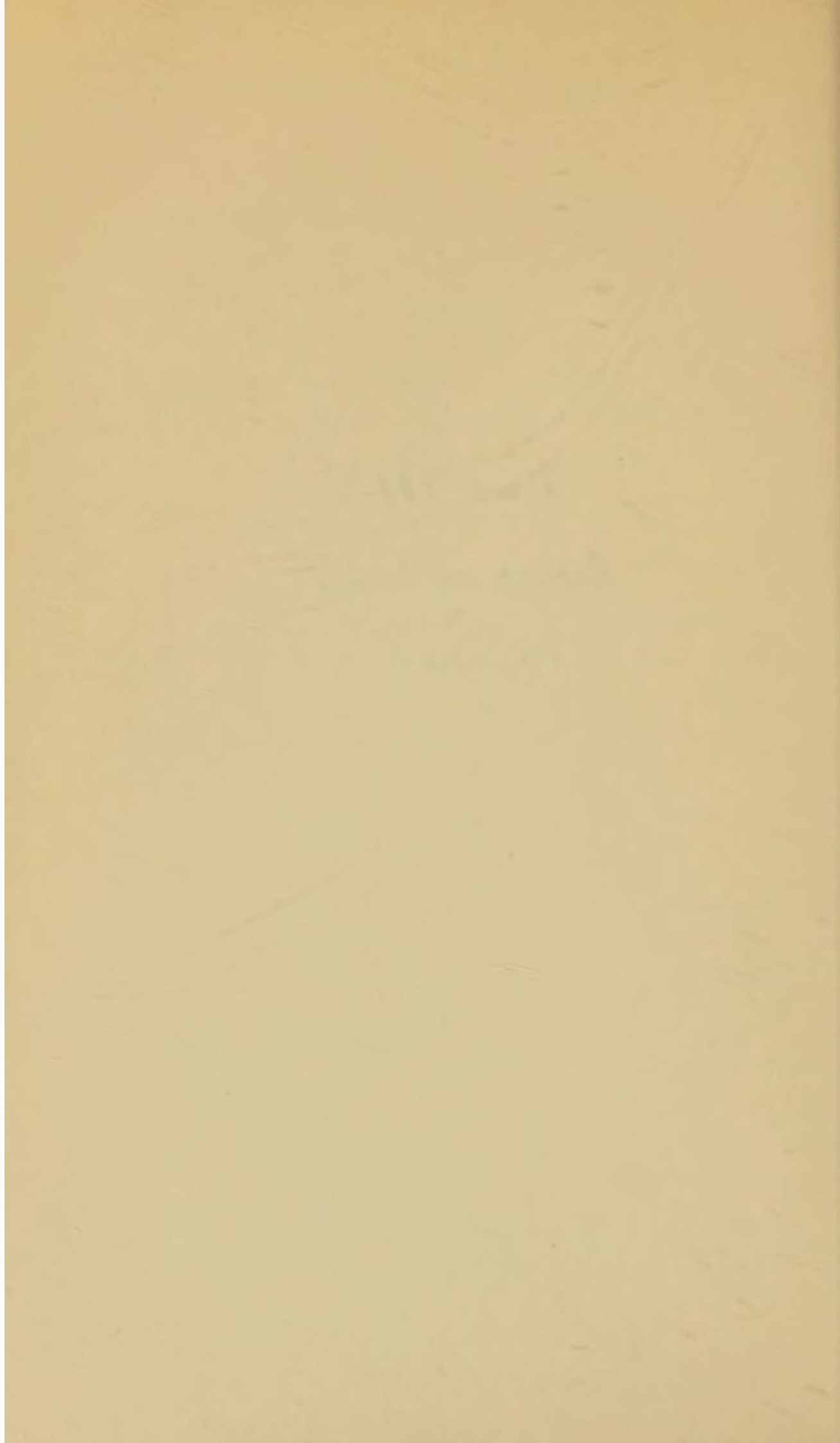
The sail through the canal has been very pleasant so far. I noticed some improvements along the line of the railway. The fresh water canal recently built by the Khedive from the Nile to Suez will prove a great blessing. The green fields that we see in the distance and the little houses which, though rude, look comfortable, add to the scene and the mustard fields which are now in blossom enrich the landscape. We have just been on deck to get a view of the First

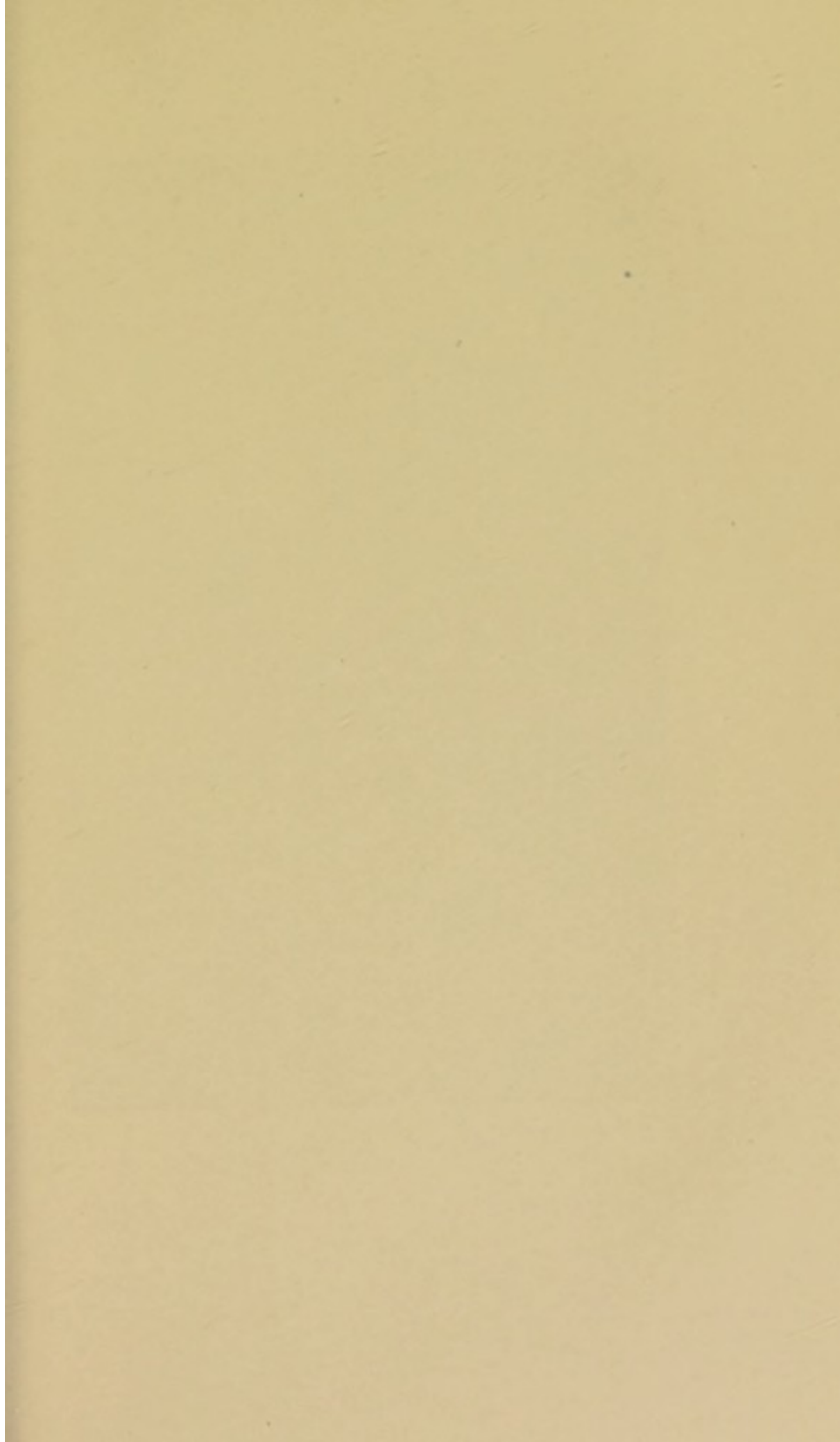
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Bitter Lake, through which we move faster as there are no near shores to wash away as in the canal. With my field-glass I get a fine view. I have never enjoyed a sail through the canal so much before. The sun is hot but there is a cool breeze which makes it very pleasant. We shall soon reach Port Said and there we shall take a steamer for Joppa.



Part III
Return to India
1906-1908







Dr. C. A. Swain,
1906.

XXIV

Return to India

Bareilly, Jan. 2, 1907.

MY DEAR DR. MARY :

We sailed from New York on the 6th of November and after a few days' rest once more left Liverpool for the land of the Hindus. After a pleasant voyage we landed in Bombay on the morning of December 20th and I went direct to Delhi where I spent some days of quiet rest, then I went to Moradabad to spend Christmas arriving there on Christmas eve in time to join a dinner party of twenty-four at Mrs. Parker's, including my old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Waugh, and several Americans who arrived in the country before we did.

On the twenty-seventh we all came to Bareilly, dear old Bareilly ! where so many years of my life were spent. Great changes have taken place here. I see new faces instead of old friends. The trees which I planted have become immense, especially those which belong to the banyan family. The mango grove which we planted twenty-two years ago is now in its glory and the fruit must bring a good income for the dispensary. There are marks of improvement everywhere. The farming country is bet-

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ter watered and some of the fields give promise of a bountiful harvest.

The private secretary of the late Rajah met me in Delhi; he was among the first to welcome me back to India. He is planning for me to see the dear little prince and his sisters if they can come to Jeypore. I cannot go to their homes as they are so far from the railroad.

Bareilly, Jan. 2, 1907.

MY DEAR MRS. H——:

You asked me to write you a full account of the Jubilee and I will endeavor to do so from the "notes" that I have taken.

Early in December about fifty visitors from America arrived in India to be present at the Jubilee, among them Bishop Fitzgerald and family, Bishop and Mrs. Foss, Dr. Leonard, Mrs. E. B. Stevens and daughter, and Bishops Thoburn and Oldham, and, to the joy of all, Mrs. William Butler with her son and daughter.

Many of the visitors tarried on the way up-country to attend the Southern Conferences but were on hand at the appointed time to participate in the opening exercises of the Jubilee which took place December 28th and continued over New Year's Day, 1907. It was fitting that the Jubilee should be held in Bareilly, that being Dr. Butler's first home.

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Eight tents had been so arranged that a commodious auditorium was ready to seat the assembly which some days numbered thirty-five hundred people including European and Indian Christians. After the opening hymn Bishop Thoburn prayed in Hindustani and the whole congregation joined in the Lord's Prayer in their several languages.

Bishop Warne gave words of welcome from the entire Methodist Mission and introduced the Nawab of Bareilly who read a fine address of welcome on behalf of the Municipality. Then occurred the introduction of the bishops and others by the older members of the mission with appropriate words of welcome. Mrs. Parker, who with Mrs. Butler organized the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in America thirty-nine years ago, introduced Mrs. Butler to the audience, and Bishop Thoburn presented Dr. John Butler of Mexico, and Miss Clementina Butler of Massachusetts.

A reception was held in the evening in the Bareilly palace of the Nawab of Rampore who had placed it at the disposal of the committee for the occasion, and a large company of Christians—European, Indian, Burmese and those from Malaysia and the Philippines spent a delightful evening in getting acquainted with each other and in conversation and listening to fine music.

The devotional meeting Saturday morning was

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largely attended and in the forenoon there was an English service in the church and the Indian Christians held a service among themselves in the tabernacle.

Bishop Foss, in the English service, held his audience in closest attention, giving a most inspiring address. He referred to his previous visit to India, saying, "Nine years ago I visited Naini Tal and looked out upon fifty-three peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, a beautiful and wonderful sight, but it was not to be compared to what we are seeing at this Jubilee."

Fanny Crosby had written a hymn specially for the Jubilee which was sung with much enthusiasm and then followed an incident of great interest. Dr. T. S. Johnson, who was presiding, asked that the members of the First Conference in India come forward and six veterans stepped forward, among them Bishop Thoburn.

A reminiscence meeting was held after dinner Saturday evening and early experiences of the missionaries excited much interest.

Sunday was preëminently a *Sabbath* Day. At eight-thirty in the morning occurred the love-feast with about twenty-five hundred people, chiefly natives, seated in the auditorium. A few of the Europeans began to give their testimony, the native Christians following in rapid succession, sometimes half a dozen or more in different parts of the audience speaking at

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once, telling with beaming faces of what God had done for them. Those who were present on that Sunday morning can never forget the inspiration of that hour.

When Mrs. Butler arose to speak "Caroline Mamma," a dear old Hindustani saint, pressed forward and embraced her, and then another aged woman, who was one of the first girls received into the Bareilly Orphanage, and the only one of that group now living, was called forward. She has been a faithful Bible woman for over thirty years, and she gave a glowing testimony to God's faithfulness.

The descendants of Joel Janvier, Dr. Butler's first helper, were introduced, and there were twelve native men present, who saw Dr. Butler when he came to India fifty years ago, who were presented to the audience. Such a love-feast was never before seen and many remarked, "I never saw anything to equal this !"

Bishop Fitzgerald preached the Jubilee sermon at the noon service, Nathaniel Jordan interpreting. The text was Hebrews 11 : 5, "Enoch pleased God," and the discourse was an earnest and inspiring one. At the five o'clock service Dr. Goucher and Bishops Thoburn and Oldham spoke on "Facing the Future," giving many inspiring thoughts. The after-dinner social meeting was a fitting close to the holy day. Miss Butler read some extracts from her father's early

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letters, in one of which he mentioned his church of *four* members. The hopeful tone of these letters thrilled many hearts as we realized the fulfillment of his hopes. A deeply spiritual tone characterized the meeting, the presence of the Master being most manifest, His Spirit brooding over the assembly.

Monday was given to the introduction of the fraternal delegates with speeches from them and other visitors. Wesleyan Methodism, the Church of England, the American Society of Friends, the Baptist Churches, the Presbyterian Churches of America and Canada and the American Board of Foreign Missions were all represented by delegates, and their visitors from China, Japan, Italy, Australia and the Philippines. Dr. Creegan, secretary of the American Board, who is on a missionary tour, made the happy remark, "Ours (the A. B. F. M.) is the oldest missionary society in America. I bring the greetings of the *oldest* to the *greatest* missionary Board."

Many letters and telegrams from bishops, missionaries and friends who could not be present were received.

A solemn watch-night service—a benediction of consecration and power—closed the day and year.

The first meeting of the new year was an inspiring one. It was an "educational meeting" in more senses than one. The shout went up, "Masih ki

Jai"—"Victory to Jesus" as the audience realized the full meaning of what they saw and heard. There was a school of heathen boys taught by a Christian teacher, and a village school of Christian boys, both reciting Christian truths, but contrasting in personal appearance, the latter showing the influence of Christian family life.

Mrs. Dease brought what she called her "Entering Wedge," over two hundred girls from the city schools, girls of different castes, some married, some widows, all quite ready with their answers to Bible questions. Fifty of Mrs. Chew's little Orphanage girls gave a doll's drill, and sang "Sleep, baby, sleep" very sweetly. Then came a breeze from the Himalayas. Some of Miss Budden's Christian people had walked ninety miles through the mountains to the nearest railway station—a march of nine days. They sang one of their songs, led by a blind youth. Dr. Sheldon's converted Thibetan boy recited a verse of Scripture in his own language and sang a hymn with her, and a Nepalese boy recited in his mother tongue.

Other phases of this educational work were: A class of young women nurses from the Bareilly Hospital; the exhibition of specimens of industrial work—beds, chairs, woven wire mattresses—made by the boys in the Shahjahanpore Orphanage; and fine rugs, brass and woodwork from the Phalera Industrial Mis-

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sion which was organized during the famine of 1898.

Mrs. Matthews' girls and women from the Aligarh Widows' Home wore clothes made from cloth of their own weaving. They work in the fields, raise grain and vegetables, make bread for the English residents, and have more orders for their beautiful pillow lace than they can supply. Under Mrs. Matthews' supervision forty of her well-trained girls did the cooking for the three hundred and fifty guests and missionaries, making all the bread used, and also serving the tables.

A paper on "Commercial Education" was read by one of the Reid Christian College students, and there were songs and recitations by some of the young women of the Isabella Thoburn College. Professor J. R. Chitamber, son of a converted Brahman, gave a fine address on "What Christian Education has Done for Me." The Rev. Ganga Nath of the Lucknow Mission Press spoke briefly of the work of the Press. He is also of Brahman birth, and as a boy used to light the fires on the altar of heathen temples; now he is sending the light of the Gospel into heathen homes.

The Epworth League Rally on Tuesday afternoon, with its vast procession and various banners, was most inspiring. A prayer in Canarese was followed by a Psalm in Hindustani recited in concert; hymns were

Return to India

sung in various languages, and some fine papers by missionaries were read, the services closing with the *Recessional* sung by the students of the Isabella Thoburn College.

The closing exercises of the Jubilee on Tuesday evening, January 1st, were full of interest and were participated in by quite a number of the visitors. The large congregation of people from different countries and of different races sang the Doxology with reverent spirit and the Benediction was pronounced in Hindustani by Bishop Thoburn.

Only one tent is standing on the grounds this morning. Many of the visitors have left, some to return to America, others to visit other of our Eastern mission fields.

An interesting incident occurred at one of the evening services. Five hundred and twenty-three converts from heathenism were presented for baptism and recognition as Christians. Special prayer was asked for these candidates, who had been previously instructed by Christian pastors. Bishop Thoburn prayed, and then occurred the ceremony of cutting off the sacred lock of hair, and the ritual service was read and explained. The cutting off of the *chutia* or sacred lock of hair from the crown of the head signifies the separation from idolatry. One native presiding elder brought over three hundred candidates for baptism and

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said many more would have come if he could have arranged for them.

Two or three hundred Hindus were close observers of this ceremony and one remarked, "All the people will become Christians soon!"

Bareilly, Jan. 9, 1907.

. . . In my Jubilee letter I did not say much about the women who were present, but the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was by no means in the background. I mentioned that Mrs. Butler, wife of the founder of the mission, and herself the first woman missionary of our Church to tell the women and children of India of a loving Saviour, despite her eighty-six years, had dared to undertake the long journey from America that she might see and rejoice in the wonderful work of God in this land.

When she appeared on the platform she needed no introduction. The native Christians voiced their delight in her presence by singing heartily, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" as she took her seat. Bishop Foss spoke eloquently of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society which is doing so much for the women of all lands, and gave Mrs. Butler credit for her part in the work in the Society.

Mrs. Foss made a very pleasing speech, saying that the Society in America had sent her to India to give

the greetings of that great organization. She spoke of its unparalleled success, and encouraged the workers and the Christians by telling of the continued prayers of the women of America for God's blessing on those who love Him, and for the Spirit's converting power on the hearts of those who are yet far from Him. She said, "I had no conception of the extent of the work here. It overwhelms me." Referring to the small beginnings of 1869 and the two missionaries sent out that year, she contrasted it with the present when the Society supports five hundred missionaries, and owns over a million dollars' worth of property in foreign lands. As Mrs. Foss took her seat Bishop Warne remarked that the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society sent more money to India than did the General Board.

It was a pleasure to have Mrs. Stevens and her daughter with us. Mrs. Stevens has been president of the Baltimore Branch of the Society for thirty years and has a deep interest in all the work. Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Warne and Mrs. Oldham all had words of cheer for both workers and converts.

I am sure you would have been interested in the papers given by some of the mission ladies. Miss Lilavati Singh read a paper on "The Future of Education for Indian Women," showing what had been accomplished in fifty years, beginning with the

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few little girls, children of the mission servants, gathered into a school on the veranda of the mission house, with now a school system for the education of girls all over the Empire. "The Methodist Mission has a thousand schools with, at the best computation, ten thousand girls in attendance, and other missions, too, count their girl pupils by thousands, and a large per cent. of the girls are Christians," she said. She showed the capability of the females of India in the fact that in the B. A. and F. A. examinations the last year girls held the first place, and she told of the influence of Christianity on Hindu and Mohammedan women who are becoming morally and socially emancipated from the bondage of their former lives.

Miss Budden who has had large experience in evangelistic work emphasized the need of consecrated Bible women to carry the message of salvation to the women of the towns and villages, and wished that we might have many more women trained for this special work.

Dr. Edna Beck of Phalera gave an account of the medical work, and showed how beautifully the medical and evangelistic work supplement one another.

Miss Blair's practical paper on "Literature for the Women of India" gave food for thought. While editor of the *Woman's Friend* in Bengali she began to

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realize the need for pure literature which will be both interesting and profitable to the increasing number of readers among Christian and non-Christian women.

A paper on zanana work by Miss Nichols of Bombay was most interesting. The facts and incidents which she narrated stirred our hearts. Many, many are the women who, in their hearts, believe that the religion of Christ is to them salvation.

One of the most effective agencies in our work is the school work and Miss Anna Lawson's paper on boarding-schools gave a review of the schools of our mission from the first established by Mrs. Parker with two pupils to the last one that came into existence. All our conferences carry on this form of work and many trained workers have gone out from the schools as wives of pastors and teachers and are employed as Bible women, some of them giving nearly their whole time to village schools and evangelistic work.

The Jubilee meetings were too immense in numbers and matter to be wholly enjoyable. We could not appreciate and digest so many good things in so short a time, but all, I am sure, carried away pleasant memories of the occasion, with a thanksgiving in their hearts that so many of the people of India are being brought into Christ's kingdom.

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Ajmere, Jan. 28, 1907.

MY DEAR DR. SLADE :

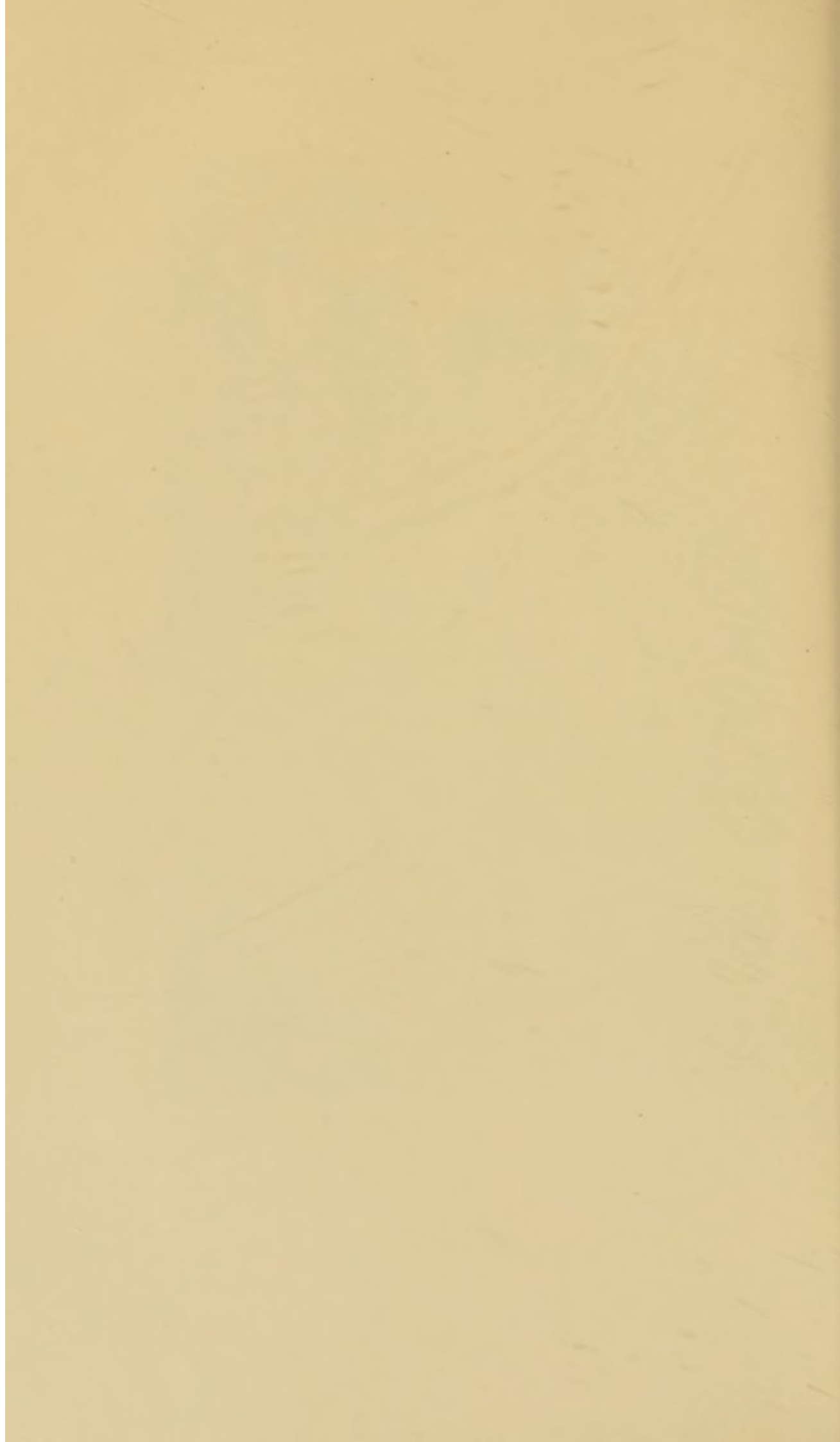
I was glad to be able to attend the Northwest India Conference at Muttra. It closed on the twentieth and I have been here a week. A letter of welcome and an invitation from the little Prince of Khetri and his sisters to visit them here brought me home with one of our missionaries who has the charge of a mission boarding-school for girls.

The young Rajah called on me on Thursday. He is a fine lad of fourteen, tall and manly. He wore an English riding suit and a handsome turban. He greeted me very cordially, and said he did not remember me but he had my photograph with a baby in my arms which he had been told was himself. We sat down together on the sofa and I asked him if I might drop his title and call him by his name, Jai Singh, as it made my boy seem so far away to address him as Rajah Sahib. He seemed quite pleased at this request.

I talked to him of his childhood and told him some sweet little things about himself and some stories of interest about his mother. He read a page of English for me and I find that he speaks English very well. He will graduate from the high school in two years more. His guardian, who was with him, is a B. A. He told me that the prince is good and noble and that



The Young Rajah of Khetri, Fifteen Years Old.



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they hoped to keep him so, for in four years he will take his father's place.

The prince is under very strict orders ; he is not allowed to go outside the college grounds without permission, and then his guardian and an escort accompany him. His guardian seems a good man ; he is a Brahman of the purest type. He called yesterday to say that the prince was unable to pay his respects to me before going to Khetri where the ceremony of putting on the sacred thread will take place.

The two princesses came on Saturday and spent the day with me before going to Khetri. They urged me to go with them but I declined as I knew how tiresome the journey would be for me and as the Rajah and Rani had both passed away I had no desire to go. They will return in ten days and expect to spend some time in Ajmere. I am very much pleased with them both. The older one is a fine, handsome woman—much like her mother, so queenly in her manner and general appearance. The younger Bai is rather delicate. They both keep up their reading and the elder Bai continues her music and painting. The brother and sisters are very fond of each other.

I have one of my Khetri servants with me ; the prince has given him permission to serve me as long as I remain in India. This is quite a comfort for I

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need him especially when I travel for there are so many little things to attend to.

This mission compound is a very busy place. Many of the schoolgirls recite their lessons out under the trees where it is warmer than indoors, so there is noise on all sides of the house.

I am so pleased to see the improvement in all our mission stations. There are larger communities of Christians, better schools and church buildings and a greater number of children in the day and boarding-schools. In some of the villages numbers of men and women are under instruction. Ten years has made a very perceptible change in our mission work.

The great famines in this part of India have brought thousands of children into our mission stations, and it is a pleasure to see them well clothed and fed and being taught to lead useful lives.

What a wonderful time we are living in—the more we see and study the workings of Providence among the nations the clearer we see how they are being led to recognize their Creator. I trust the prophecy will soon be fulfilled when all nations shall acknowledge Him as the Ruler of the world.

Ajmere is a pretty place surrounded with rocky hills from eight to fifteen hundred feet high. There is a lake at the base of one of the highest hills and a public garden on the opposite side with several marble

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pavilions which look quite enchanting with the water for background and the green lawn in front shaded by wide-spreading trees. The monotony of the sandy plains of Rajputana is broken by hills in many places.

Bombay, Nov. 3, 1907.

. . . I very much enjoyed the Dasehra meetings in Lucknow last month. These have been held annually for the last twenty-five years during the three days of *Dasehra*, a Hindu festival, which is recognized by the government and gazetted as "Legal Holidays."

Missionaries from all parts of India and from Ceylon are invited to participate in these meetings and many avail themselves of the opportunity to spend a few days in Christian fellowship and service. This year a great many Indian Christians were present, among them some fine preachers from the Presbyterian Mission in Lahore.

Three services were held at the same hour every morning: one in English for Christian workers, one in the Hindustani Church, and one for the young people of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Societies. They were all so interesting that it was difficult to decide which to attend. At four o'clock each day there was a service for all who could attend, and also a service every evening.

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November 18th.

The eldest Khetri princess, Bai Sahiba of Shah-pura, had intended to take a house in Ajmere for the winter where I could be near her and her brother and sister, but her husband changed his plans and I came with her to Bombay where we have been for nearly three weeks. They rented a furnished house for themselves and arranged for me at Watson's Hotel, which is three miles from the Bai Sahiba's house. I drove over there every morning after breakfast and remained with her until after four o'clock tea, but the long drive through the crowded streets was rather tiresome to me and I was very glad when I found that I could be received as a boarder in the Alliance Mission Home which is much nearer to the home of the Bai Sahiba.

We have just finished reading together the "Life of Christ," a small book in Romanized Urdu written for Sunday-schools, reading with it the corresponding accounts in the Gospels. To-day she was not satisfied until she had read from Matthew 1: 18 to the end of the fifth chapter. Like her mother Bai Sahiba is in sympathy with everything that is good.

I am greatly pleased with the Christlike spirit of the inmates of this Home. A Christian Parsi gentleman, whose wife is just now in England, is boarding here at present. He became a Christian thirty years

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ago and has spent most of his time in preaching in the streets of Bombay and doing other Christian service as the way opens.

The Methodist Mission is in quite another part of this great city, quite a distance from here.

I am planning to visit Pandita Ramabai soon. There has been a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the girls of her Orphanage recently. The Pandita has written an account of it. Some of the girls have received "the gift of tongues" and Ramabai believes that these "tongues" are given for a sign to unbelievers among her people that they may see and hear of God's wonderful works and repent of their hardness of heart.

Some of the girls give God's message very clearly and they sing hymns and praise God in "other tongues" as well as in their own language.

Telgaon, Poona District, Jan. 3, 1908.

MY DEAR MISS P—:

I am just now out in the country, about one hundred miles south of Bombay, where the South India Conference has a boarding-school for girls. Miss Lawson, who is the missionary in charge of the school, invited me to spend Christmas with her and I have quite enjoyed coming to this place which is beautiful for situation and has a delightful climate.

*Received
of B.
Hypocrite
p.*

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Pandita Ramabai's village is at Khedgaon, forty-five miles from here. Miss Lawson and I went there last Saturday and I remained until Tuesday afternoon. From what you have heard of this blessed woman you can imagine the royal welcome that we received, just such as a true member of our Father's family knows how to give.

There are at present about fourteen hundred people sheltered, fed, clothed and controlled through the faith and perfect trust of this one woman brought out of heathenism and yielded to God, soul and body, seeking to know His will and then careful to do it.

Ramabai was converted in 1883 and was baptized in the Church of England. She said, "I had gone to England to study and fit myself for my life-work, but it was several years before I found in Christ that which satisfied my soul."

During the famine of 1897 she was led to open the work which has been so blessed of God. She says, "I was led by the Lord to step forward and start this work, trusting Him for both temporal and spiritual blessings. I can testify with all my heart that I have found Him faithful."

While in America some friends who were interested in the welfare of the women of India promised to help Ramabai in her plan for work among the widows of her country and on her return to India she opened

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her Home for Widows in Bombay. The work in the beginning was purely educational, Ramabai having resolved that religious liberty should be given to the inmates of the Home, but, although no *direct* religious instruction was given, she daily read the Bible aloud and prayed to the only true God in the name of Jesus Christ, hoping that the women seeing and hearing what was going on might be led to inquire about the true religion and the way of salvation.

After a time the Home was removed to Poona, and, when more room was needed, it was again removed to the place it now occupies. The village is called *Mukti* which means Salvation. This has been the crowning visit of my stay in India. I thought the Jubilee gathering wonderful, and the Dasehra meetings were glorious, and I enjoyed them all, but nothing that I have seen appeals to me as does this work of Pundita Ramabai.

There is a large church building in which the whole community can be seated together on the floor. There are no chairs or benches except for guests and for the minister. We attended the Sunday morning service which was indeed inspiring. The congregation were in their simple Sunday garments, clean and fresh, their faces shining from the inward peace of their souls. All were seated on the floor in rows as the five thousand were seated on the ground when Je-

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sus fed the multitude. I was reminded of that company as I looked upon this congregation who were truly fed in this service with heavenly manna.

Miss Abrams, Ramabai's competent helper, conducted the service and called on one of the women to pray. She had prayed, perhaps, three minutes when a mighty spirit of prayer and praise came upon the whole congregation. As they all prayed aloud the sound was like a rushing stream of many waters. Some were powerfully shaken and, I suppose, spoke in tongues, but I could not distinguish as I do not know their language.

This continued for some minutes then they began to sing and all became quiet as Miss Abrams arose to give out her text. She preached, I was told, an excellent sermon in *Marathi*, the language of the people in that part of the country.

This exhibition of the power of the Spirit seemed marvellous to me though I was somewhat prepared for it from what I had heard and from seeing something similar to it among the missionaries in Bombay. God is pouring out His Spirit and stirring the hearts of the people all over India.

On Monday I visited the different departments of the institution. There is a weaving establishment where about five hundred of the girls are employed. The yarn is purchased in Bombay and the girls color

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it and prepare it for weaving, and the *saris* worn by the women and girls of Mukti are woven by their hands. As this is the Christmas vacation the sewing class was not going on as usual though all have a few hours of work daily. Miss Bacon, the sewing-room teacher, showed me some of the work that is being done. There were collars and handkerchiefs in drawn work, tea-cloths and tray-cloths, embroidered table-covers and many other kinds of work. The frocks for the little girls are made by the older ones.

Both boys and girls are employed in the printing establishment. There is a hospital and dispensary, both under excellent management, and the several kitchens keep many hands busy. I noticed in the grinding room that the wheat is ground by steam-power instead of in the old way, between two stones.

The houses are built in dormitory style, each containing a number of rooms or compartments. Those for visitors are simply furnished with a cot, a table, two chairs, and a cotton mat or *dari* beside the bed. A curtain shuts off the bath room attached to each sleeping-room.

The church is a large building built of stone with board floors ; the roof is of tiles ceiled with corrugated iron held by wooden braces and brackets. The walls are the same outside and inside, chipped stone, with-

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out plaster or whitewash. During the week it is used for school purposes.

Ramabai sends out many of the widows who have been educated by her to become Bible women or teachers in other schools. Recently she sent out seventy trained women to preach in a town where pilgrims come by thousands to bathe in the river and wash away their sins. The women live in the town and go out every day among the people to preach and teach and to visit them in their homes.

At a short distance from the Mukti establishment is the Farm Colony where about forty families are located. The wives of these farmers are women who have been educated and trained at Mukti. Ramabai says she likes to keep her women near her for the first year or two of their married life so that she can give them counsel and advice when needed.

The fields need great care as water is not plentiful. Grain and vegetables are raised but not in sufficient quantity to supply so large a family, and they are obliged to depend on the weekly market day for whatever else is needed.

It is delightful to see the cheerful, happy spirit which reigns in all the departments of this wonderful work. It is truly a model establishment.

An American gentleman and his wife who were making a tour of the world visited Mukti, and he said,

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after going over the whole place, "I have seen the 'sights' of India, the wonderful mountain peaks of the Himalayas, the exquisite Taj Mahal, and many other grand and beautiful things, but Mukti surpasses them all. Mukti is the crowning wonder of all."

Bombay, Jan. 8, 1908.

Once more in Bombay ; where I expect to remain until I sail for home in March.

These are wonderful days all over the world. This morning a Mr. Morehead from Southern India who is a guest in the Home conducted prayers. Before going to prayer he read extracts from letters which he had received from workers in different countries all breathing the same spirit and expressing the desire for the fullness of the Holy Spirit.

We have most interesting seasons of prayer and Bible teaching, and manifestations of God's presence with us in every morning service.

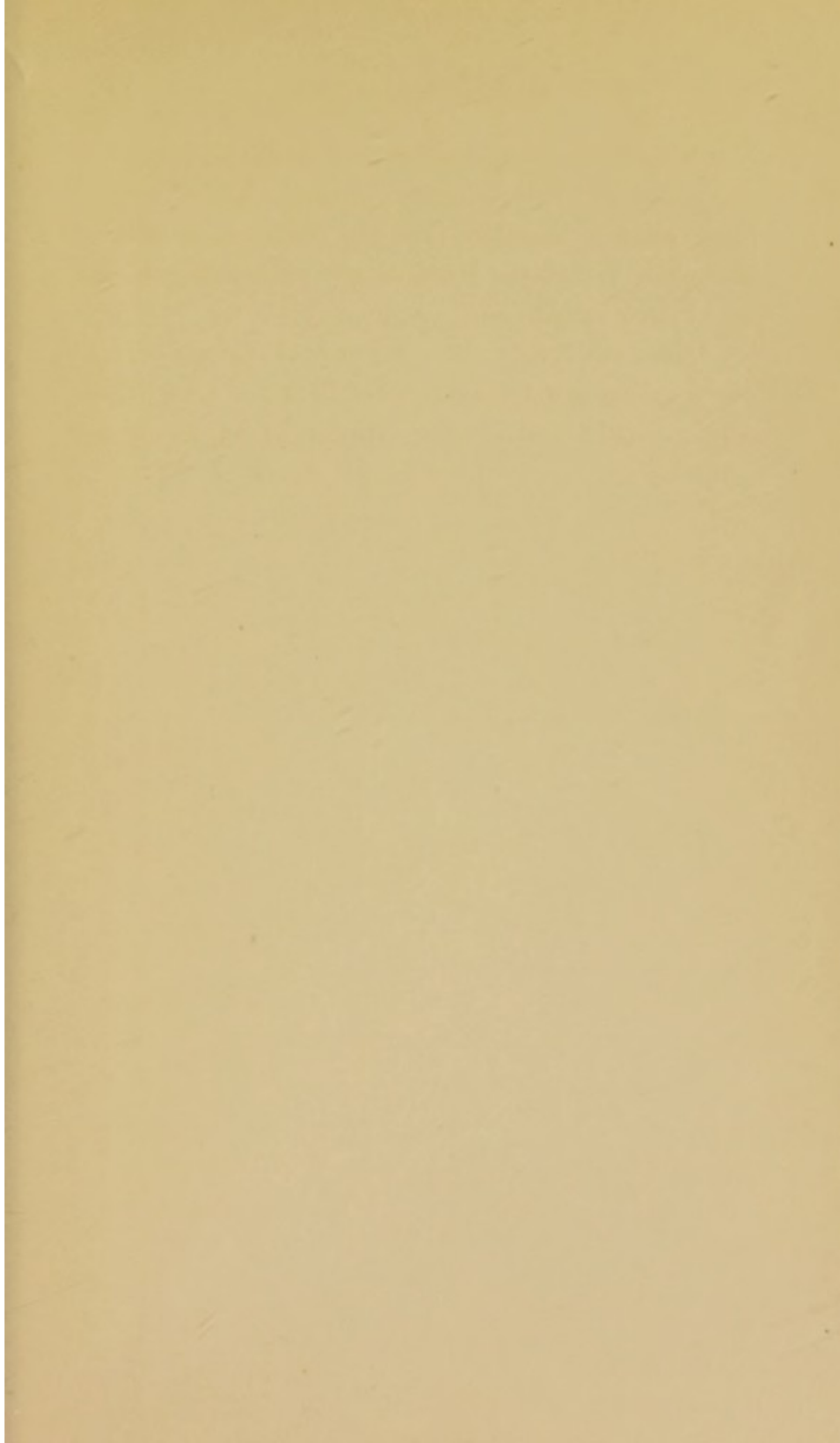
Many of my friends, as you know, thought that I was assuming a risk in undertaking the long journey to India at this time, but I am glad that I came, for the meeting with old friends among the missionaries and native Christians and others has given me great pleasure, and it has been most gratifying to see, not only the material improvement but the spiritual growth in the mission in the past ten years.

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One of the most encouraging marks of growth is the spirit of those who have accepted Christ and are now working earnestly for the salvation of others: the growing independence of the native church, too, is a matter of interest.

The quiet rest of this Christian Home has been to me a season of Christian communion and spiritual uplift, so that I feel stronger for my home journey because of my stay in this "Saints' Rest."

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