

STORIES

FROM

MOTHERS'
NOTE
BOOK

BY
Lucy I. JONES



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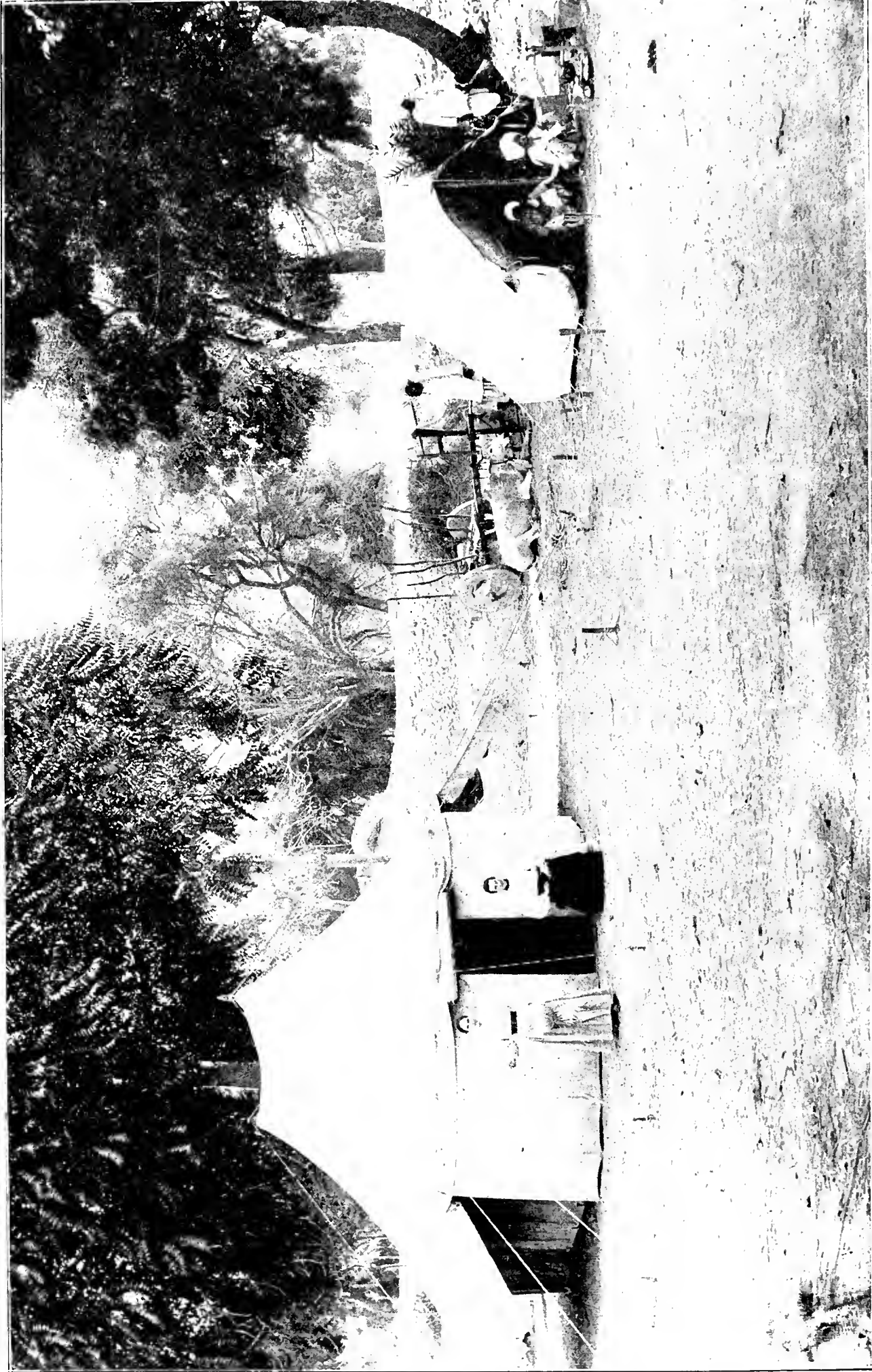


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MISSIONARIES CAMPING OUT.

[Frontispiece.]

STORIES

FROM

MOTHER'S NOTE BOOK.

BY

LUCY I. TONGE.

*PREFACE BY MISS J. A. WINSCOMBE, AND INTRODUCTION
BY REV. G. EVERARD.*

With numerous Illustrations, including some from Original
Drawings by E. Woolmer.

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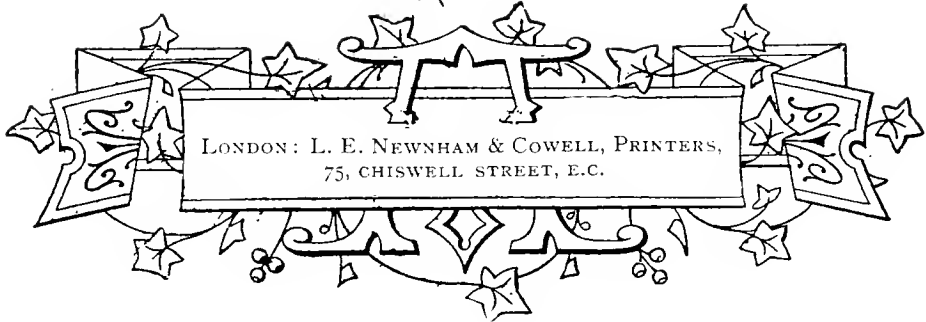
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DEDICATION.

MOTHER is pleased to comply with the wish expressed by DAISY and MARY that the Stories originally written for them should, now they are printed, be dedicated to

The Boys and Girls of their Bible Classes.

That these children, and many others, may love India, and help God's work there, is Mother's earnest wish and prayer.



P R E F A C E.

I WANT to tell you something, dear friends, about this new book before you begin to read it.

First—It is very interesting, because it tells a great deal about the people who live in that far-away country called India.

Second—It is all true, for I know the dear lady who has written it, and she can be trusted.

Third—It tells about a land and people who ought to belong to our own Lord Jesus Christ, but they do not.

Fourth—He has told us He wants us, if we love Him, to try to win them for Him. We are His soldiers, and India is a country very difficult to gain, but He wishes very much to have it for His own.

This little book will show you what the people are doing who are trying to win India for Jesus—what some of you may some day do yourselves. I feel sure our Lord Jesus wants India, for when He taught His people what to pray for, the three first longings He expressed had to do with the whole world loving God: “Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

The rightful King wants all the world; shall not His soldiers fight with all their power? Our Father seeks His lost children; shall not those in England try to seek their brothers and sisters crying in the dark? Our Saviour wishes to save India; shall not English boys and girls who love that Saviour ask, “Lord Jesus, what can Thy children do?” And He will make you helpers—little helpers now, and greater helpers hereafter. Read all about the country. Pray often for it, and the little praying Missionary will some day become, either in England, or in India, or somewhere in the wide world, God’s own working Missionary.

J. A. WINSCOMBE.

BROWNSHILL COURT.



INTRODUCTION.

I CAN very heartily recommend this book as admirably suitable for the young. I have carefully read it over, and I am sure it would be most useful as a present for Christmas or the New Year, or for a birthday gift, or for a prize to children in a Sunday School.

I will add three reasons why I should rejoice in its having a wide circulation.

I. *In our day everyone ought to know a great deal about India.*

It is under the direct government of our beloved Queen as Empress. It is the country to which numbers of our people, of all ranks, go forth to make their way in life. We have officers and soldiers, merchants and bankers, railway servants and mechanics, and numbers besides, with wives and children, constantly going out there, some for a few years, and some for life.

How likely is it that the boys and girls who read this may, many of them, one day leave our own shores, and take the steamer which will bring them to the vast country on the other side of the Indian Ocean! And if not themselves, it is nearly certain that all readers of this book will have a brother or sister, or relative or friend, one day living in India, and it is most interesting to learn all we can about a land with which we have so many links.

II. *Because I can bear witness to the perfect truthfulness of the details here given of Indian life.* I have been at nearly all the places here mentioned. I have been in Agra, and spent hours in examining the exquisite work of the Taj. I have been at Secundra and spoken to the children

in the Orphanage, and have seen the poor man who, in his early days, was nourished by a wolf. I have been in Amritsar, and talked to the young people at the Alexandra School, and seen proofs of the excellent work it is doing. I have heard the pupils on Sunday evening, in Mr. Robert Clark's drawing-room, sing their sweet hymns and songs of praise. I have been delighted to go over St. Catherine's Hospital, and see the loving missionary zeal that pervades the workers. I have spent two days at Batala, and rejoiced to have several talks with A.L.O.E. on the work she so dearly loved. I have spent a day with Miss Clay, and have been privileged to speak to the little company of workers beneath her verandah, and to the children gathered from several little schools she had started in the neighbourhood. I have been within the villages, with their mud-built walls, and the street about a yard wide. So, in reading this book, I have been again transported to the scenes which so greatly interested me, and I can bear witness to the accuracy of the description here given.

Just before I was at Agra there was a parallel case to the woman whom we are told made balls of dough, with which to honour her god. A woman at Agra had a very wicked son, so she offered her worship to her god for his amendment. But how did she do it? She wrote a hundred thousand times the name of her god, Ram, and put each of these in a ball of dough, and then cast them in the Ganges to do honour to the deity she worshipped. The other incidents are no less true to life. The book gives such careful details of home life as are seldom found in larger books, and hence the young reader may gain really valuable information about India and its people which, in many ways, may prove useful in years to come.

III. I value this book most of all *because it is sure to stir up in the hearts of many young people a warm interest in missionary work.* It is the greatest enterprise to which God is calling us in this nineteenth century. And great is the benefit if young people throw themselves heartily into it. It may keep them from the canker of selfishness. It may lead young men and young women to go out themselves, for many a seed of zeal in this work has been planted in early youth. It may bring in hundreds and thousands of pounds to the Lord's treasury, when young people have learned the joy and privilege of giving their best to the Saviour who redeemed them.

Many a time, when in India, did I long for more faithful servants of Christ to go forth and tell the old, old story of Jesus' love to those who know it not.

At Darjeeling, who could see the fine, noble-looking men and women coming in hundreds from the interior without desiring that they should have the true nobility of God's sons and daughters? Who could see the multitude of hard-working women in the Punjab, in their red knickerbockers, carrying their heavy burdens of fuel, without wishing that they might hear the voice of Him who calls to Himself all weary and heavy-laden souls? Who could see the scores of little darkies running about at the entrance of their villages, without hoping that ere long some Christian lady might come and gather them into the fold of the Good Shepherd?

To raise up such workers may this book go forth on its errand of mercy! May the Good Spirit go forth with it and it will not be in vain!

Remember the great promise which will, I trust, be fulfilled in many who read it: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

GEORGE EVERARD.

TESTON RECTORY,

MAIDSTONE.



WHY
WROTE
THE
MOTHER
NOTE
BOOKS



CHAPTER I.

—♦—

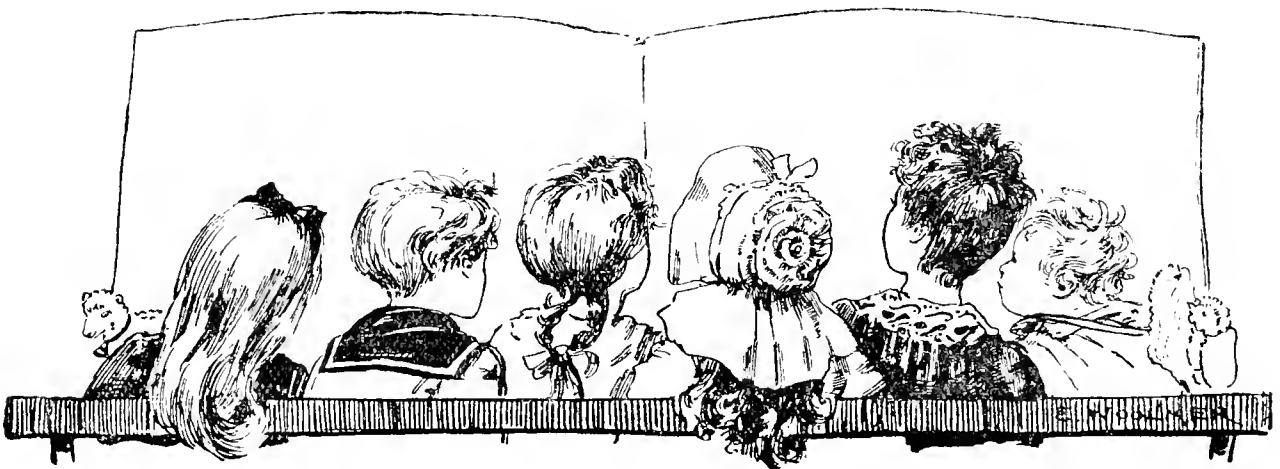
Twas a cold, wintry morning many years ago. The children were all in the nursery: it was generally a bright and joyous place with its pretty pictures and toy-cupboard.

This morning, however, the dear little faces were not happy at all, but very sad and tearful. Everyone was crying but baby: *he* was cheerful! but then he was too tiny to understand the bad news that Daisy, Willie, and Mary had just heard. Father had been ill for a long time, and mother was ill too, and now the doctors said they must go right away over the seas, and the children would not see them for many, many months. Auntie was to go too, to help to take care of father. Willie was to go to school: Daisy, Mary, and baby were to stay at home with Miss Emily and nurse. Daisy said she *knew* it must be worse for missionaries' children when their fathers and mothers left them for *years*: but still it was *very* dreadful, she hardly

knew how she could live without mother to talk to. Mother told her that the best sight in foreign lands would be letters from the children, and she promised to write down some of the interesting things she saw, and send the note-books home to cheer them.

Each week, when their parents were away, Daisy and Mary used to watch for the postman when Miss Emily told them the Indian mail was in. A letter from Father, or a Note Book from Mother, would be sure to come for them and for Willie at school. Baby's willing little legs ran faster than ever when the double knock came, and he felt a very important little man when he handed the packet to Daisy or Mary, and with his big bright eyes peered over to see whether there was a picture, or some kisses from India for "my very own self."

Would you, dear boys and girls, like now to hear some of the Stories that Daisy, Willie, Mary, and Baby watched for, week by week, till their Father and Mother came home?



“FUNNY LAUNDRESSES.”



TWO CEYLON GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT WE SAW IN CEYLON.

CAN you imagine how interesting it would be if the men and women in some of the pictures in the *Gleaner* were suddenly to become alive and walk about, and the trees and everything else to be real, and the right colour? If so, you can understand a little of what yesterday, January 12th, was to us: just a realisation of panoramas, missionary pictures, and foreign toys. It was amusing how everything we saw was just what we expected, and yet all so strange; but I must tell you all about it.

We were in sight of land before seven in the morning; and till ten o'clock, excepting at breakfast-time, we were running from our cabin to the deck at intervals to see how we were getting on. The spicy breezes did *not* blow soft from Ceylon's isle, but the cocoanut-palms waving on the shore for miles, made us feel that we were nearing a place which would be very beautiful.

We took the pilot on board about ten, and soon dropped anchor some distance from the shore. The stewardess came rushing to us for the washing, for the *dhobies*, or washermen,* had come. What funny laundresses they looked, as they stood in a group at the door of the saloon! They *salaamed*† and then thrust dirty pieces of paper before our eyes, each

* Men wash and iron in the East.

† Touching the forehead and bowing, form of salutation in the East.

one being a testimonial that its owner was an excellent washer of clothes. Some of these men wore turbans, but most of them had their hair done up in a knob, or neatly coiled like an English lady, and then a tortoiseshell comb like yours, Mary, only stuck in upright and turned the wrong way round. It is very difficult to say which of the Singhalese are men and which are women, excepting that the men have combs and beards. All seem to wear the same sort of cotton jacket, and a few yards of gaudy muslin rolled about their legs.

Our steamer was surrounded by native boats, called *catamarans*,* and soon the deck was half covered with natives in simple Eastern dress, who wished to sell their wares. Over their heads, when they have no turban, they carry a large green umbrella or parasol. It was deafening to be assailed on all sides by a dozen men, each doing his best to outbid his neighbour: "Change money? very good—twelve rupee, one sov., good change, twelve rupee."† The worst of it was that when you had given your gold and counted your money, you found you had only ten or eleven rupees in exchange, and the man who handed it to you was already lost in the crowd.

We wished to bring home presents to England, but amongst fancy baskets, ivory and ebony elephants, precious stones, lace, porcupine quill, and tortoiseshell goods, all thrust upon us at once, were sorely perplexed. In heathen lands you are almost sure to be cheated: everyone shouts, and asks from four to twenty times as much as the article is worth; and then if you say as the Maoris do, "Bah! you go along, too much, you no good," and walk away, they come and say very confidentially, "You say how muts, I give!" You then name a fair price, and by degrees they are sure to come round. The babel and pursuit of us was very entertaining. Ah! well, these poor natives must get a living, though it may not be according to English fashion, only we must send them more missionaries that they may learn that it is sinful to cheat.

We went ashore. The boatmen scuffled and quarrelled about how many passengers each one should take: each wished to persuade us his boat was the best. At last we were fairly off, saw the old Dutch fortifications on one side, the wharf, a rude wooden shed,

* Ceylon boats, with outriggers.

† Rupee, a silver coin; varies in value from 1s. 3d. upwards to 2s.

in front of us, and palmyras* and palms all around. We certainly felt we were out of the colonies at last, and in a foreign land. I cannot describe all the costumes, but as far as we could see, the children under six or eight years of age wore nothing at all, excepting an amulet or charm round the neck, or a string of beads or silver ornament round the waist. It made my heart ache that all the sweet little brown babies, that we fell in love with during the day, might never hear of the loving Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." You can hardly tell the sorrowfulness of looking for the first time on a crowd of natives who know nothing of Jesus, and yet how are they to believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?



If Miss Emily had been with us, she would have longed to run off with one of the pretty brown babies—it would have been almost too strong a temptation. Would you have liked me to bring one to England, teach him about Jesus, and send him back as a missionary to Ceylon? After all, nice as this sounds, even if the parents had given one to me, he might have died, because England is much colder than Ceylon.

Once upon a time, when I was a little girl, an uncle of ours came from Java, and brought me nine little birds, and I took great care of them and put flannel round their cage, and every one of them died, and then I cried; and it was only because England was colder than Java that they died. Now I am sure if we had a brown boy, and he died, it would be a great deal worse and make us all cry; so a better plan would be to send money for some school in Ceylon where boys could be taught the love of Jesus, and how to read and write.

We wished very much yesterday there could be many good missionaries in Galle; but I felt so perplexed, when I saw this swarm of men and women and children, how a missionary would *begin* his work if he were popped down in the middle of the street amongst this people, and knew little of their ways and less of their language. I am sure we ought to

* Majestic palm-trees, called by natives "tree of life."

pray for missionaries more than we do, for they need a great deal of love, wisdom, and patience. We were only on shore from eleven till four o'clock, but left it quite tired and bewildered.

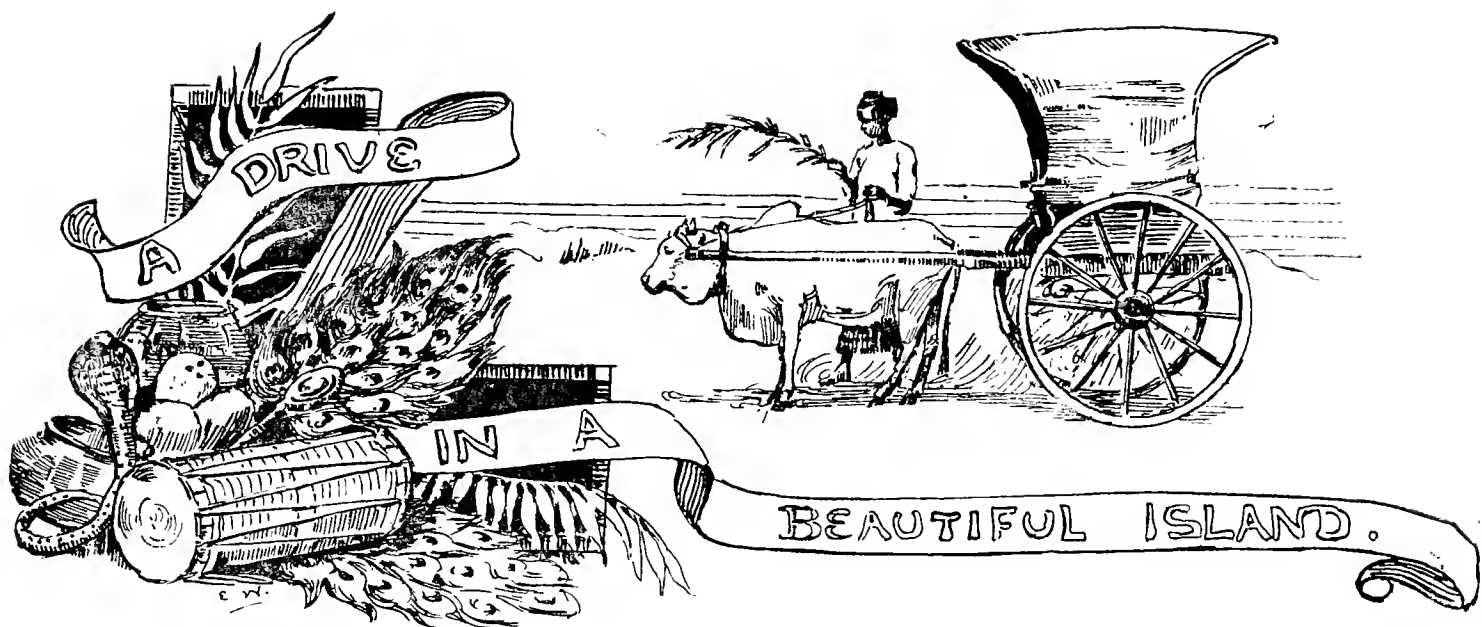
When we went to the Oriental Hotel for luncheon, we had coffee (black and with no milk), and saw strange fruits on the table—limes,* mangoes,† green oranges, pineapples, and bananas; and there were gorgeous bouquets—we should think one flower out of them wonderfully beautiful in our specimen-glass in the drawing-room. Later in the day we bought a grand nosegay for 3d. We longed for some of our dear sick friends at home to see and enjoy it; this would have pleased us better than putting it on the saloon table in the steamer.

* Something like a very pale orange.

† A sweet, juicy, delicious, refreshing fruit, larger than a peach.



GROUP OF SINGHALESE SCHOOL-GIRLS.



CHAPTER III.

A DRIVE IN A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

ALMOST as soon as we landed at Point de Galle, we went to the post-office to send off our letters, and see whether there were any waiting for us; we found thirty-four packets, containing about eighty or ninety letters! Can you imagine how rich father, auntie, and I felt? I popped them all into my bag, but had to open one from Miss Emily to see how you all were. You can hardly fancy the rabble we were standing in: one old woman tormenting me to buy lace; another, a beggar, almost naked, rubbing her mouth and peering between me and my letter, and saying, "*Salaam*, misses, hungry;" bamboo walking sticks for sale were thrust in our faces, and heaps of children were begging for cents.*

Father went resolutely through buying his stamps and having letters weighed. Auntie and I read what we could, then we bought a little lace, and allowed a man to exhibit a large cobra. He sat on the ground,

* A hundredth part of a dollar, which is a silver coin worth about 4s.

played a small musical instrument, and twisted the creature round his neck and arms. It was odd to see the snake gradually rise out of its basket, something like the "Aaron's serpent" we bought a year or two ago; but the whole scene was not pleasing, you would not have enjoyed it.

The crowd followed us, and seemed like a snowball ever increasing. We were passing the shops, and shop-keepers pounced upon us with cards, begging us to come to their various stores, each one being "the best in the town." It was of no use to say we had no money; they replied, "You no *buy*, you *look*, come and look." It would have been fun poking about with our strange-looking guides, in their odd dens of shops without any glass windows; but father hurried us on. We took a carriage and went for a drive to the Cinnamon Gardens. A very officious man who could talk a little English, and was dressed in a braided cap and coat, would be our guide all day. He beat the shop-keepers away when they pressed too closely on us, carried our bags, scolded drivers who seemed likely to run over us, and during our drive stood on the step of the carriage, or ran by our side, and quarrelled with our driver, who jumped down and horse-whipped him. At the end of the day, on the ship, this tiresome man demanded £1 for guiding us! He debated and argued until we were nearly worn out. I need not say he did not get *all* he asked.

The carriage we went in was more like a four-post bedstead than anything else. We fancy it must have been like the litters ladies used to ride in, in Queen Anne's time, of which we read in history and story-books. You would have learned more, if you had been with us yesterday, about foreign lands in the tropics, than from many geography lessons. As we turned away from the hotel, through the group of loungers, bullock-carts, and carriages, we came to a road lined on each side by almost every variety of tropical fruit tree; cocoanuts were endless, and bananas with their bunches of fruit and long handsome leaves; then there was the bread-fruit tree and the Jack-fruit for making curry. Some men passed with coconuts; we bought an enormous one, in its great coat, for $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and four delicious mangoes for 6d. There were many acres of paddy-grass, the rice of this country. Women passed with their *calabashes** of water, and

* Made of a dried gourd.

we also saw most interesting little shops, with native sweets, fruit, and pottery; every vessel seemed to be coloured dark-grey or red.

There were many family groups. What we liked better than anything were the dear, toddling, brown children, and pretty babies clambering over their mothers, one of them pulling her down, kissing and hugging and tugging her hair, behaving exactly as its little white brothers and sisters would in England.

Everyone we saw had his teeth red, as if his gums were bleeding; this is caused by the constant chewing of areca-nut and betel-leaves, which are dissolved some way with lime, and chewed with tobacco—rather a pleasant mixture the natives consider it, but you and I would dislike it.

You will think when there was so much to see that was interesting and beautiful that we should enjoy our drive very much; but the one thought uppermost all day was the sadness of seeing so many without God. We understood a little what Jesus meant when He said, “I have compassion on the multitude, because they are as sheep without a shepherd.” We passed two Buddhist temples with open fronts and sides, much like large arbours. Some persons were inside worshipping, but they did not look very earnest.

Children ran by our carriage all the afternoon, fanning us with large palm leaves, plucking flowers for us from the jungle by the road-side, offering nutmegs for sale, or giving us bits of lemon-scented grass, and then, oh! how they teased for *salaams*,* or what is called in Egypt *backsheesh*. At one time we counted fourteen, and then twenty men and children tormenting us all at once. The men wished us to purchase walking-sticks and precious stones.

Amongst the crowd were beggars as well as salesmen—one blind, another on crutches, and many asking for food.

We met some children returning from school; one of them had books on his head, tied up in a cotton handkerchief. All whom we saw, men or children, carried green umbrellas. White seemed to be the general fashion in dress, but there were several women wrapped in yellow from head to foot. We heard afterwards that these were Tamils from South

* Salaam; word used by Natives, meaning they want money.

India, and that their husbands are employed as coolies or labourers in the coffee plantations.

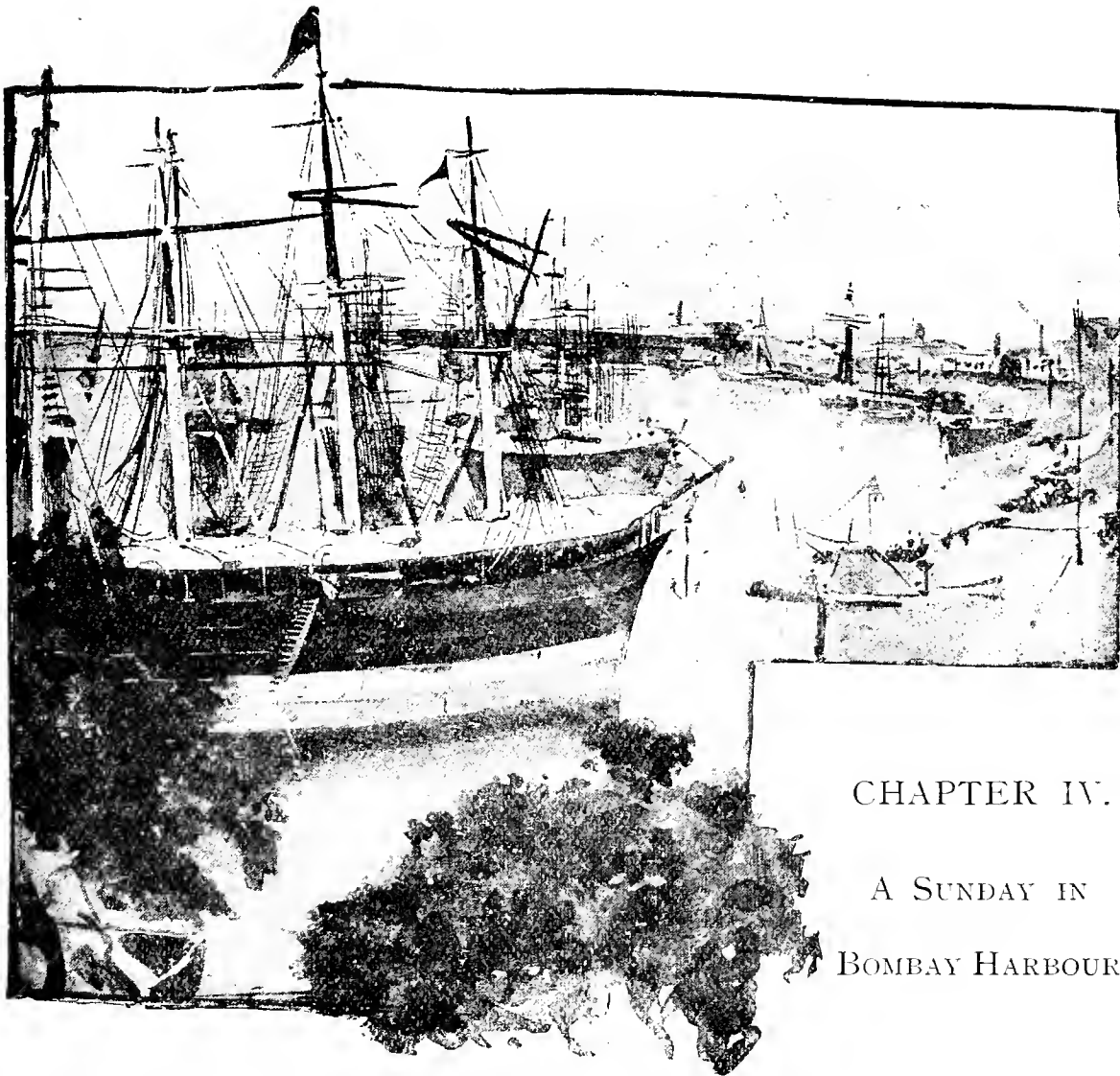
The view from the Cinnamon Gardens was very lovely ; everywhere were trees with a light bright-green tint. Ceylon has much rain, and this keeps the vegetation, even in this hot country, very fresh.

You would have laughed to have seen the children make a rush to catch the humming-bird butterflies, pulling off skirts and veils and using them as butterfly nets. They looked very happy, poor little things, when they were chasing each other.

As we returned from the gardens, we went out of our way to see the market. Everything was very prettily arranged ; little neat heaps of various-coloured spices, pink paste, limes, oranges, everything, in fact, was seen at a glance that I used to read about when a child, in a book called *Guide to Knowledge*. I should have liked to stay an hour or two to learn all about them, but this was impossible. We became increasingly hemmed in by the crowd, and were more and more stupefied by the cries of a poor frightened baby, whose only dress was a charm and a silver girdle. He did not like my white face so well as the swarm of brown ones by which he was usually surrounded, and did not wish to do as he was told, and hold out his little hand for money.

We escaped from the market to the carriage and then went to the wharf. You will be almost as tired as we were if I tell you how men with rats, monkeys, peacock feather fans, walking-sticks, and lace for sale followed us all the way to the ship, so I will only add we were very glad to hear that we were to sail at five o'clock that afternoon, and should not have another day ashore.





CHAPTER IV.

A SUNDAY IN BOMBAY HARBOUR.

WHAT funny things maps are! Look at India. Does it not seem near to Ceylon?—just as if you could hop over quite easily; but really the distance is sixty miles! It took us three days and a half to get from Point de Galle to Bombay. As we passed through the Manaar Strait the weather was very unsettled. Then we steamed steadily north, passing Trevandrum, Cottayam, and many other places. As we went we spoke of the missionaries who had fought God's battles in South India, and whose bodies are lying there till Jesus comes, and we prayed that all the good seed they had sown might spring up and bear fruit. You must read the lives of Ragland and Fox and others, as you grow older.

As we came nearer to Bombay we had very little steam on; the captain did not wish to get in till daybreak on Sunday. We were very close into shore, and could make out the buildings. Beautiful foreign butterflies came kindly out to give us a first welcome to India. The water was a lovely green, and shoals of flying fish, with their glittering silver wings, looked very pretty in the bright sunshine.

At intervals there were native boats to be seen, with their curious bamboo masts and oddly shaped sails. On Sunday at 5 o'clock a.m. we had our first introduction to India as we steamed up Bombay Harbour. I liked to think that we were seeing exactly what the missionaries do when they arrive; it is very nice now to be able to picture it all for them.

There we were in sight of a regular fleet of vessels, of all shapes and sizes—large, white troopships that carry soldiers, three P. & O. steamers with their heavy black funnels, and a great number of smaller boats. Bombay Harbour is always very beautiful, and we saw it to great advantage in the early sunrise, when all the sky looked on fire with a glorious golden-crimson light. The fine city lay before us; and in another direction we thought we saw ruins and towers, but were told these were only the curious outline of a range of mountains, called the Western Ghats.

Everything was full of interest. The pilot came on board soon after four o'clock in the morning, and at 6.15 we cast anchor. Almost immediately, as if by magic, about twenty native boats came close to our vessel, and the men out of them began climbing the gangways (or staircases on the side of a ship). It was strange to notice at a glance the variety of religions in Bombay. Here were Parsees, who worship the sun, each in a tall, stiff, sloping black hat; there were Hindus with heathen marks painted on their foreheads; and then there were Mohammedans with their large turbans.

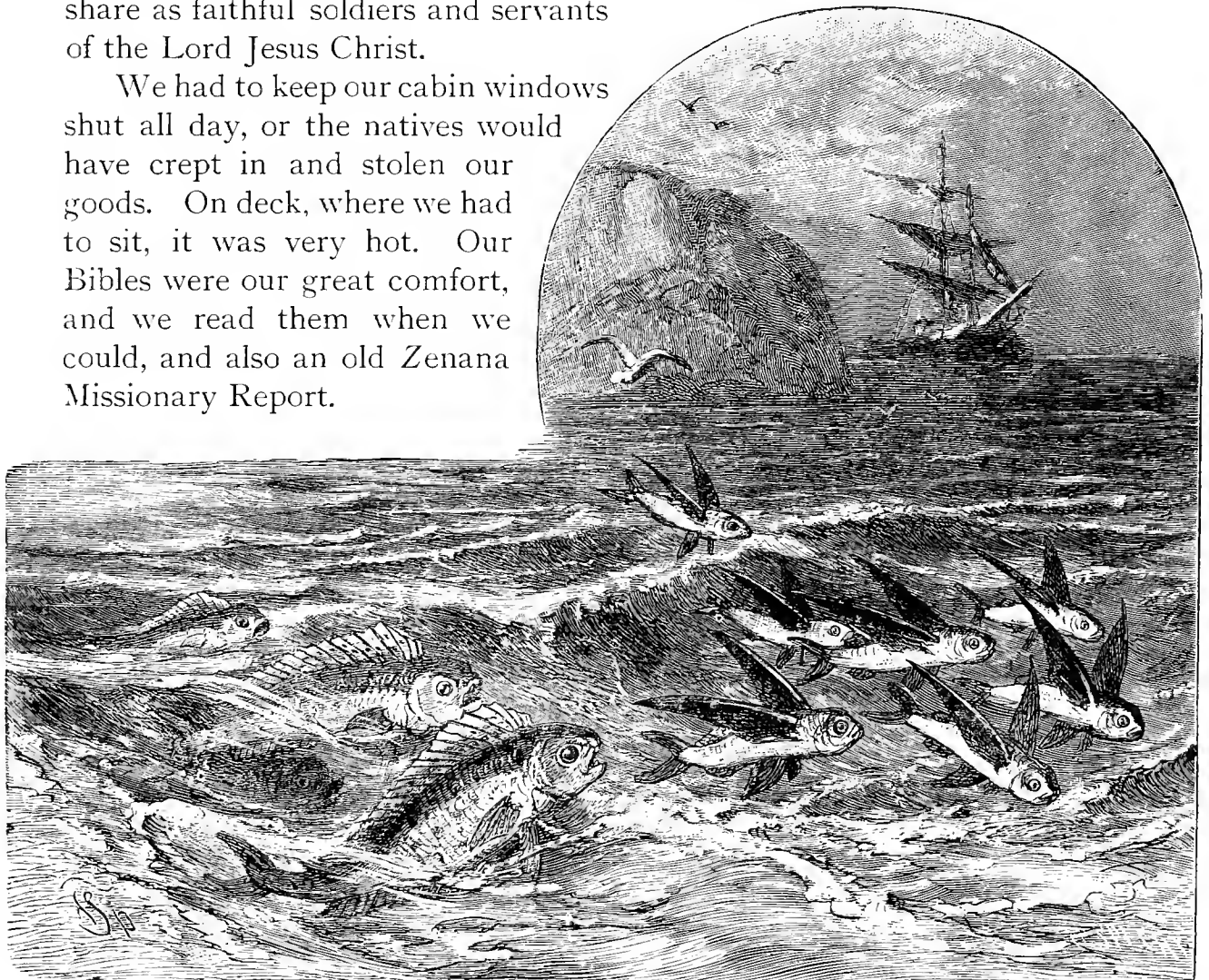
Many of the passengers and most of the crew went ashore, but we asked the captain to let us stay on the steamer till Monday.

What a strange Sunday it was! The little boats never left us all day; they were full of men and boys, whose chief dress was their dark-brown skin. I should find it hard to describe how they jostled and scrambled, chattered and laughed, made fires with a few bamboo sticks, cooked rice

and then ate it with their fingers. The only little bit of quiet was when they stretched themselves along the boats, and covered themselves with some scrap of clothing and went to sleep. But then, alas! they woke up more lively than ever.

In the afternoon, in spite of all the sailors could do, men came on board with numbers of inlaid boxes and bundles of Cashmere shawls. They were very anxious we should buy something. We were indeed among the heathen. Poor things, what do they know about Sunday, the best Day; the Bible, the best Book; Jesus, the best Friend; and Heaven, the best Home? As we go about the world, we see what a great deal of work has still to be done. I do hope you are all going to do your share as faithful soldiers and servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We had to keep our cabin windows shut all day, or the natives would have crept in and stolen our goods. On deck, where we had to sit, it was very hot. Our Bibles were our great comfort, and we read them when we could, and also an old Zenana Missionary Report.



Early on Monday morning we said "good-bye" to stewards, stewardesses, and any one else we could find on the steamer. We were helped down the gangway into a small boat, and then were rowed to shore by four Natives. No sooner were we at the wharf than we realized we were in India. Strange-looking men pulled in our boat and offered to carry our bags. At the top of the stairs, everything looked still more Eastern. We saw women wrapped in *saris* (long muslin sheets with coloured borders), with rings on their fingers and rings on their toes, and more than that, bracelets on their arms, anklets on their legs, and rings in their noses. Wherever we looked, there was some strange sight!



A PENAGAR SCHOOL-GIRL.



CHAPTER V.

THREE REAL DIFFICULTIES.

WE think Bombay must be the most amusing city in the world, and we long to have you with us every minute of the day. When we think of

telling you all about it, we get perplexed by two—no, three—very real difficulties. The first of these is, there is too much to tell. Here we meet multitudes who come from all corners of the world. When we go into the streets it is something like the second chapter of Acts, when Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and all the other people came together. Then you can imagine how different all the dresses are—some, like the Hindus, wear hardly anything, and the Jews, Turks, Arabians, and Afghans may have richly embroidered coats and every sort of head-dress.

Difficulty Number 2 is more puzzling still—we do not half understand what we see. I ask, “What is that woman carrying on her head? What fruit is this? Why does that man have yellow, and this one red, and the other white on his forehead? What is that man selling? Why do people wear different shaped turbans?” and so forth. Father shakes his head and answers, “I don’t know,” and auntie says, “I am sure I can’t think.” Then we ask our driver and he does not understand us, and if he does he answers in a language we cannot make out, so we are afraid if we tell you of things as they look to us, we may make mistakes. Difficulty Number 2 is a very bad one.

Then for Difficulty 3. When I was a little girl I did not care much for stories about India, they seemed so dry, because I got into such a jumble about *charpoys*,* and *ayahs*,† and *punkahs*,‡ and *bungalows*,|| and did not understand what anything meant. I should be very sorry to write dry stories for you; so we must try together to get over this third difficulty. I will make it as easy as I can, by putting at the bottom of the page what all the new words mean.

* Indian bedsteads.

† Large fans, pulled by ropes.

‡ Women servants.

|| Houses built on one floor.

There are a great many people in India; the city of Bombay is crowded, but nearly all the streets are very wide, so that you are not crushed and squeezed as in Cairo.

We had a long, hot, tiring walk of two miles the morning we arrived. You would have been interested, could you have seen the little brown children running by the side of their mothers, or sitting astride on their hips. The only dress of the babies was four bracelets, one above and one below each elbow, or perhaps a necklace or a string of beads round the waist.

Perhaps what would have pleased you more would have been to see the fair little English boys and girls going to school; the little Marys, Janes, Willies, and Henrys, with their men nurses, called *bearers*, or women nurses, called *ayahs*. These children wore white or light frocks, and large, shady hats, made of pith, with *puggeries*.* The bearer carried the slate and books flat on one hand, whilst in the other he held a white-covered umbrella over the child, looking down tenderly all the time upon the little one whom he shaded.

After much walking and driving we arrived at last at the Esplanade Hotel. Before the door stood large pots of palms and Eastern plants and flowers, and lying amongst them, in the shade, were Natives asleep. Under the hotel is a capital shop, where you can, if you are rich, lay in a store of embroidered slippers and other curiosities; or you can buy pillows, quilts, filters, white cotton clothing, or anything else you need for travelling in India.

We breakfasted on coffee, curry and rice, chutnee (a hot pickle), bananas, and sweet lemons. Then we fetched our letters from the post-office, and sat down on the verandah to read them; and there heard for the first time about dear baby being very, very ill. We can understand now one trouble missionaries have as we never did before. How they must long to see their little children when they get news like this! One thing more we found out—that the greater our troubles are, the kinder God is—“a very present Help.”

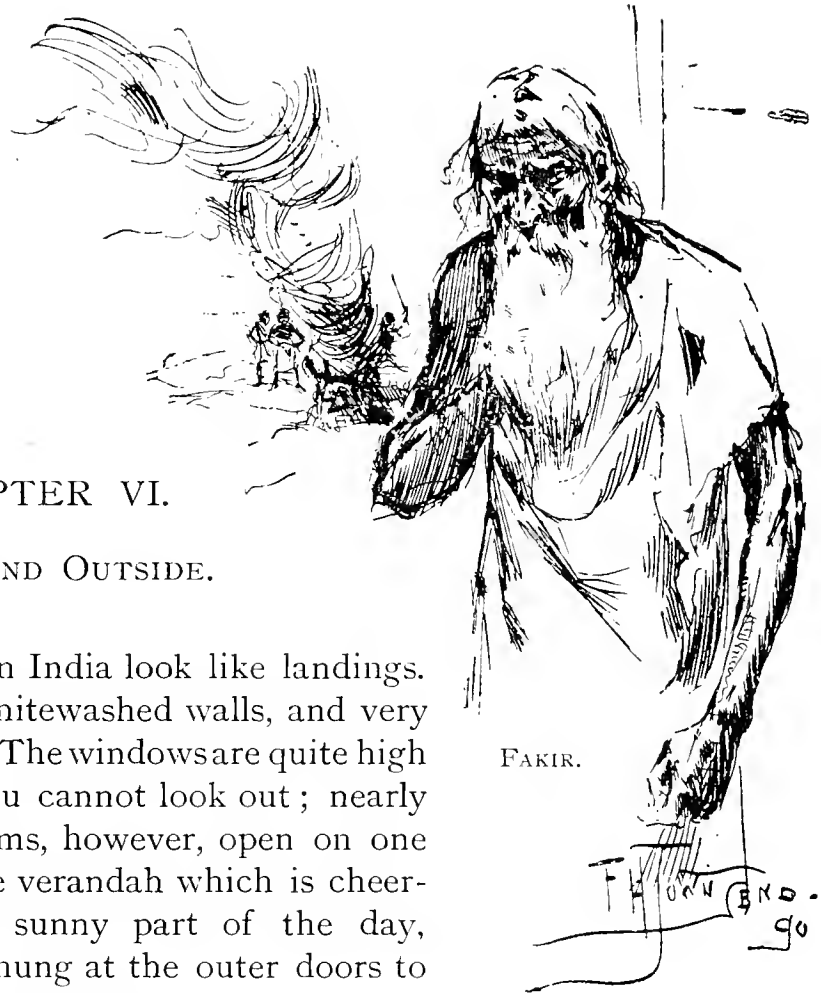
After a while we roused ourselves, and went by train to see the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Bombay. It was easy to

* Muslin worn on a hat.

find the right place, for close outside was a red-turbaned porter, with a long blue coat, and a brass badge saying to which house he belonged. We had a very hearty welcome from the missionary and his wife. There is one room in that house you will like to hear about.



HORSE-KEEPER'S WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN



CHAPTER VI.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.



ALL the rooms in India look like landings. They have whitewashed walls, and very many doors. The windows are quite high up, so that you cannot look out; nearly all of the rooms, however, open on one side to a wide verandah which is cheerful. In the sunny part of the day, heavy grass matting is hung at the outer doors to keep the room as cool as possible.

The missionary's wife took us up to her baby's nursery; we found the dear little fellow chuckling and very happy. His brown nurse wore earrings, a great many bracelets, and was rolled up in a *saree*, whilst her daughter had wide yellow satin trousers.

Baby's cot was in the middle of the large room, perhaps to get all the air possible, or that no snakes might hide behind it, and come and hurt the dear little man when he was asleep. Round the cot were hung fine net or muslin curtains, to keep out stinging gnats, called mosquitoes. There were two long bags stuffed with cotton-wool, one on each side of baby as he slept; they looked very much like kind arms, so baby never felt left alone—rather a comfortable idea, was it not?

At dinner we were amused by the servants with turbans who waited on us, and by seeing the dish-washing going on outside the rooms on the

verandah. A crowd of useful crows in shining black feathers came to help the servants by carrying away all the scraps and bones. Sometimes these little pages, as we will call them, are too quick with their services, and carry away a good part of the dinner before it has been into the room at all. You will wonder how they manage to do this. Well, in India the cook room, or kitchen is a little way from the house. Now you can understand how it was that the birds were able to steal Pharaoh's bake-meats, of which we read in Genesis xl.

On our way back to the hotel, amongst the many strange sights were the hideous *fakirs*, men counted holy because they do strange and painful things to please their gods. One was painted white, and streaked with red and yellow. Another sat on the ground with his tongue hanging out of his mouth. A third held his arm up and closed his fist; he had done this for years, and the nails were growing through the palm of his hand; just hold up your arm for five minutes, and see how tiring it is.

Next we saw a procession of people dressed in white, and strewing flowers before a dead man who was being carried to burning on an open bier, like the one on which the widow of Nain's son lay (Luke vii. 14). It was sad to hear everyone shouting to Râm, Râm :* gods of wood and stone can do nothing to help sad and sorry hearts.

Another dinner! there seemed no end to it, but we were told that it was the last meal at the hotel in the day, so at seven o'clock we went to the dining-room. Having engaged an Indian servant to stand behind our chairs, wait on us, and go with us when we went out for walks, we felt quite in the fashion. The hotel was full of colonels, majors, and captains from all parts of India. You would have laughed to see their servants, who wore dresses and turbans of various colours and shapes. All were alike in having a broad girdle, or band, round the waist, and in wearing no shoes. When a fresh course came, it was great fun to see each man race to get the first and best of everything for his own master; the naked feet on the bare floor sounded like the pattering of sheep.

It is considered a mark of disrespect, in a servant, if he ever enters your room without his girdle. They are even more particular about having bare feet in the house: for example, if you speak to a door-keeper he pulls off his boots before he carries your card in to his master. You

* The name of a heathen god.



DEAD BODY BEING BURNED.

see a number of boots and shoes left outside a church in the verandah. India is interesting in making us understand the Bible better. Can you remember any verses or stories about taking off shoes? or girding the loins? Try to find some.

Do you not think it hard work to do lessons when lots of interesting things are happening? if so, pity us! January 18th was the day for writing letters to England, and every minute it seemed as if it would be nice to look out of the window and see what was going on. There was a juggler who threw six balls at a time. Then another man put a boy into a basket, and pretended to cut it through with a sword, then he stamped on it, and after all brought the boy out unhurt.

“This will never do,” we said.

“One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell.”

We went to our bedroom, turning our backs on all those curious sights and wrote for several hours.

When our letters were finished we went by train to see some of our ship friends, and arrange with them about going to the Elephanta Caves the next day. Afterwards we went by *buggies** to the Zenana Mission-house. The coachman was not sure of the house, but soon we heard Beethoven's Funeral Sonata. “Ah!” I said, “there is some tired missionary playing the piano to rest herself after she has been in stuffy Zenanas. This will be the house.” And this proved to be the case. You see, Daisy and Mary, music is of use, for you may be glad some day to cheer yourself or some one else, though practising scales and exercises is “horrid” now.

How much we enjoyed the loving welcome from the dear, kind, motherly, elder missionary and her cheerful daughter! We longed that mothers would oftener go to India, and take care of all the young missionaries, and make them feel less the absence of dear English homes. We told this mother how sorry we had been for her, the year before, when we read in the magazine that her daughter had been very ill. Directly we said this the daughter went out of the room. She said the next day “I was obliged to go away and have a good cry, I was so touched that unknown friends in England cared because we had trouble here.”

Don't you think, dear children, it would be a capital plan, when we read about sick missionaries in the *Children's World* or in *India's Women*, if we stopped and asked God to help them, and just thought a

* Indian cabs.

little bit whether we could send them a letter, or do something to cheer them up again? It must be very lonely to be ill hundreds and hundreds of miles away from home; and even at home, when we are ill, we want extra nice things to come to us by post.*

* If any boy or girl who reads this book likes any time to write to sick missionaries on thin paper, and will direct to care of Rev. G. Tonge, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C., the letters shall be sent to India or China.





TOWER OF SILENCE.

CHAPTER VII.

WE SEE THE CAVES.

EARLY the next day we were wakened by a rat-tat at our bedroom doors; our brown servant had come to bring us tea and toast, and to say it was five

o'clock. We jumped up in a great hurry, for we knew we had to be at the landing-place at 6.45, to meet all the party who were going to Elephanta. The native part of the city looked strange as we drove through it. The *charpais*, or bedsteads, were placed anywhere; it seemed to make no difference to anyone whether the beds were in the streets or indoors. Some persons were lying on beds, whilst others with a blanket or even a covering of muslin, were lying on the ground. As they got up with some white garment over them, it looked like people rising from the dead.

* Then the dressing began. Many were scraping their tongues with a bit of copper wire, pouring water over their heads from their *lotas*,* or having their heads shaved by the barber. Others were putting on their turbans or rolling themselves in pieces of muslin. How would you like to dress in the street?

Our little steam-tug was puffing, and seemed very cheerful and anxious to start, as we went on board. It took us forty minutes to steam across

* A brass vessel for holding water, used for all household purposes, and also in worship.

to Elephanta, an island four miles south-east of our landing stage. On the way our old shipmates told us about the sights they had seen in Bombay. One of them had been to the Temple of Silence on the Malabar Hills, the cemetery of the Parsees. Three thousand vultures are kept there, and sit solemnly on the top of the walls. The dead bodies of the Parsees are carried to these temples; the mourners go away, the vultures come down, and in a few minutes only the skeleton of the dead person is to be seen. The Hindus burn their dead, and the Moham-medans bury their relations and friends.

I must tell you about some other very curious people who are often seen in Bombay. When we first met them, I thought they were lepers, because their mouths had muslin tied over them; but I was told, "No, not lepers—Jains." They carry a broom to sweep the roads, and why? Because they think that all creatures, even to the tiniest insects, are sacred, and they are afraid of swallowing or treading on one. When a Jain wants to do a very holy act, he builds a temple, or a hospital for sick animals, where elephants, cows, dogs, snakes, and even fleas are carefully nursed. These poor Jains think that when a relation dies his soul goes into the body of some animal.

Perhaps you think it is very nice of the Jains to look after the animals, and that they are something like the kind people in London who have the "Home for Lost Dogs." But there is just this thing wrong with the Jains—they think they will earn their way to a happy land when they die, because of their own goodness. They need to be taught better than this, that God has loved them so much He can take away their sinful hearts and make them fit for heaven.

All the time we were talking the steam-tug was working, and soon puffed its way across to Elephanta. No sooner had we reached the island, than a dozen or more of men and boys came to us with match-boxes filled with green and gold beetles, or red seeds for sale. They also wished us to buy the nests of tailor-birds, almost as long as our umbrellas; but what could we do with them when we were travelling? The birds in India have beautiful plumage, and, as a rule, long tails.

If you have a book that has pictures of India, look whether you can find the Caves of Elephanta in it. The carved and broken pillars in the old Hindu temple we saw there made us think of the Assyrian room in

the British Museum. This temple, now in ruins, was built long before the time that William the Conqueror reigned in England.

Whilst we were looking at the foolish three-headed Hindu god, a holy man, called a Brahmin, came to worship (a Brahmin is always known by wearing a cord tied over his right shoulder and under the left arm). First the man rang a bell to wake the gods, then he ran round the ruins, sprinkling the broken bits of gods with water out of a lota. All the time he muttered prayers which we could not understand. It made us realize more sadly than ever, when we saw this poor man, that we were indeed in a heathen land.

We had taken our servant with us to Elephanta, and the other travellers had taken theirs. Whilst we had been in the Rock or Cave Temple, the servants had prepared breakfast for us, our first picnic in India; then we sat talking for an hour or two until every one was ready to return to Bombay. It was an extremely hot day; no air stirring even on the sea. On the beach were thousands of hermit-crabs, and the whole place full of holes for their small homes.

We enjoyed our return trip. Close to us were cocoanut palms; and the view of the harbour full of vessels was lovely.

We went to call again on the Zenana ladies. It was about twelve o'clock, and my head, which had been aching for two days, suddenly turned very much worse. The kind friends said, “ This a touch of the sun,” and put ice on at once, and tried to persuade me to go to bed there; but in spite of giddiness, we preferred in an hour or two returning in a hired carriage to our hotel; and then after twenty-four hours of ice and bed, the pain went away. Our brown servant-man was a kind, attentive nurse; bare feet are delightfully nice for a sick room.

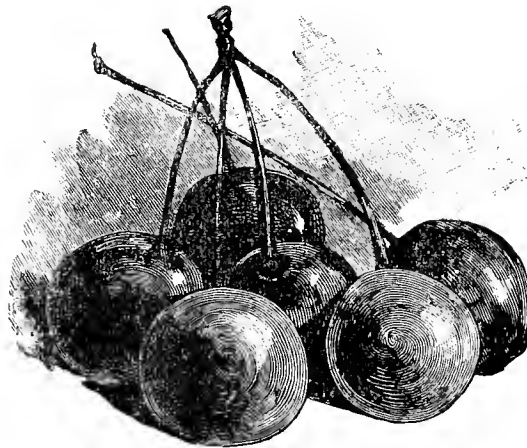
I must tell you about my food for the night. Biscuits and a sweet lemon cut in half were put by my side, outside the mosquito-curtains. A rat came to the chair, ate all the biscuits and one-half of the lemon, threw the other half under the bed, and it soon became covered by an army of large ants. Poor missionaries! we thought how bad it must be for you sometimes when the hot sun hurts your head, and you have disagreeable creatures like rats and ants in your bedrooms.

The afternoon of the next day we spent with our dear Zenana friends, and saw their eighteen Mohammedan and Parsee school-children. The

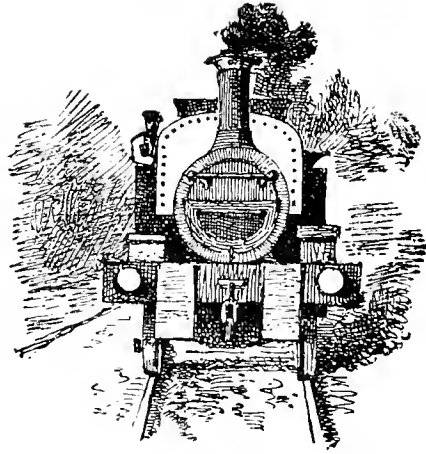
Parsee little girls are very smart ; they wear embroidered caps, one of them worked all over with red roses and swans ; they also wear very fine shoes, such as blue velvet ornamented with silver butterflies.

The children sang some English hymns very nicely ; amongst them “Tell it out amongst the heathen,” and “I’m a little pilgrim.” There was one very dear little pupil, called Krupa (or Grace in English) ; she is clever, and hopes some day to be a medical missionary. Then there was another sweet, gentle little girl who is quite a missionary amongst her school-fellows ; she loves Jesus and wishes to be baptised, but is under age, and her parents are heathen, so I do not know what will be done.

We had a present of a basket of fruit to take to Jabalpur, and then, for awhile, we left our kind friends. The missionaries made us promise that, all being well, we would spend a little time at their house after we had seen other places in India. We expect to start for England from Bombay.



A LONG RAILWAY JOURNEY.



CHAPTER VIII.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN INDIA.



HATTER, chatter, chatter — we wondered what had happened as we drove up to the station, what the noise, bustle, and turmoil was all about. After all, there was nothing at all the matter, but Indians jostle and talk about everything, and specially about such a great matter as the starting of the night train. Boys and men were calling out, and selling warm quilts and pillows, soap, towels, tumblers, bottles of soda water and tins of biscuits, etc., etc. *Coolies** were laden with luggage for the English passengers, and altogether there was no end to the confusion.

We were bound on a long journey of 615 miles, and were to be twenty-eight hours in the train before we reached Jabalpur. Little boys and girls, who travel in India, are as thoroughly undressed and put to bed as if they were in their nurseries at home. We had rugs and pillows and made ourselves beds in the train; we had a carriage to ourselves and were fairly comfortable, though we ached a little after lying a few hours on the hard, narrow, wooden seats.

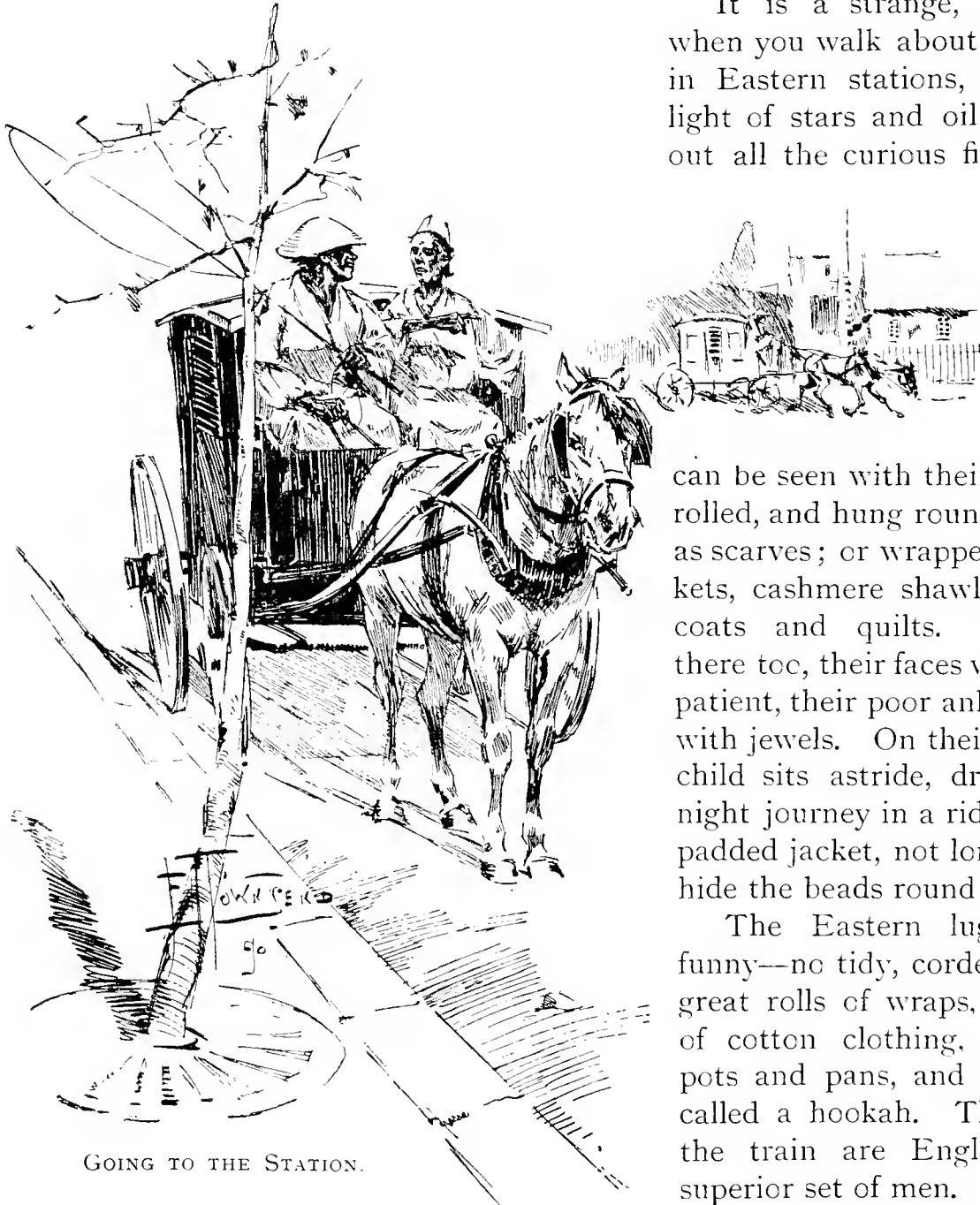
There are many conveniences in travelling in India: all the carriages have capital venetian blinds; and there are not only lavatories in the trains, but at each station there are about half-a-dozen basins of water, all ready and waiting for you, whenever you stop long enough to be refreshed by having a good wash.

At one station I noticed a young Parsee mother, with her *ayah*, and

* Porters.

poor little mite of a baby, who in its bright-blue satin jacket cried exactly in the voice of an English infant wakened up in the middle of the night by cold and discomfort.

It is a strange, weird scene when you walk about in the night in Eastern stations, and by the light of stars and oil-lamps make out all the curious figures. Men



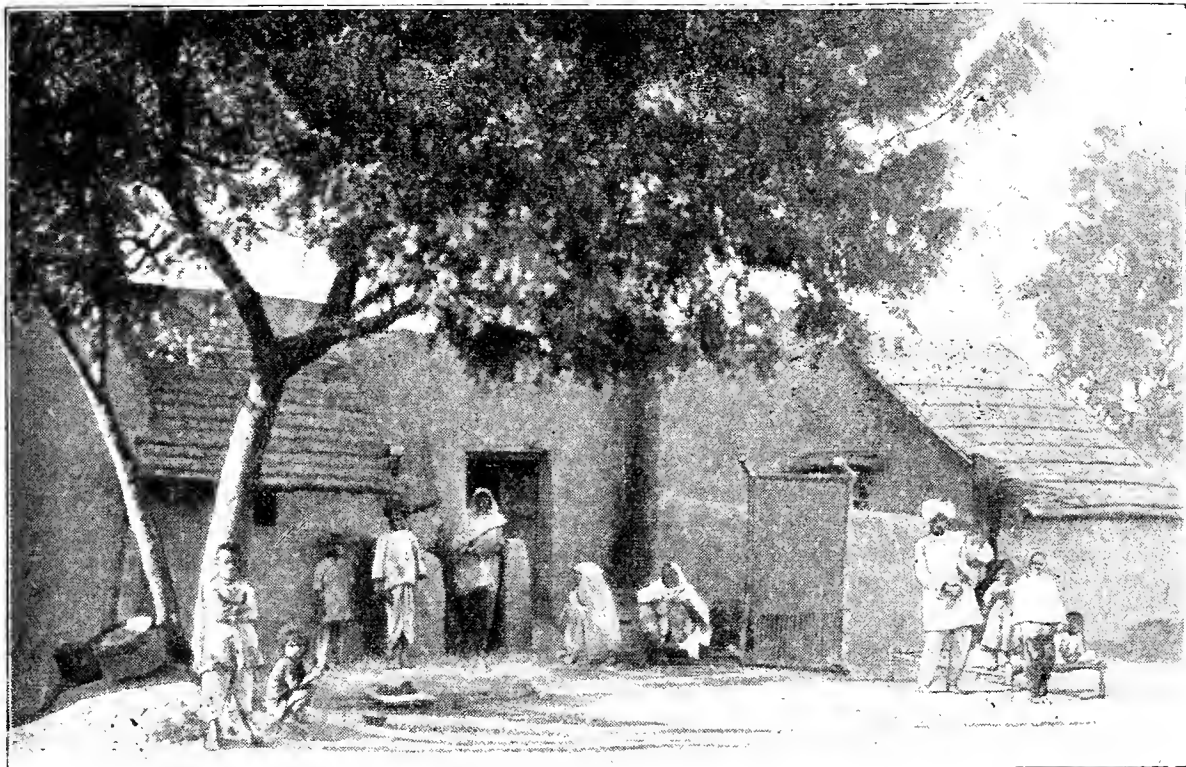
GOING TO THE STATION.

can be seen with their turbans unrolled, and hung round their necks as scarves; or wrapped up in blankets, cashmere shawls, or padded coats and quilts. Women are there too, their faces very tired and patient, their poor ankles weighted with jewels. On their hips a little child sits astride, dressed for its night journey in a ridiculous little padded jacket, not long enough to hide the beads round its waist.

The Eastern luggage is so funny—no tidy, corded boxes, but great rolls of wraps, and bundles of cotton clothing, a few brass pots and pans, and a large pipe, called a hookah. The guards of the train are English—a very superior set of men.

We did not look out of the

windows very much ; we knew we should pass all the beautiful part of the country in the dark. All the *paddy** looks alike, it is about as dull as seeing nothing but fields of young wheat. We could half imagine we were in England ; but if we thought for one minute we were at home, the next thing we saw brought us back again to India. The hedges were cactus, not hawthorn ; there were strange brown figures driving buffaloes ; or we came to little Indian villages with straw-roofed cottages, the sides



A MISSIONARY COMPOUND AT JANDIALA.

plastered with the curious fuel used by the Indians. The women everywhere seemed busy : some were grinding parched corn ; others were driving cattle, or carrying earthen jars of water or great bundles of sticks on their heads. Very poor peasant women are in one way better off than the rich in India, as they are allowed to walk about, whilst all the ladies are shut up in *Zenanas*.

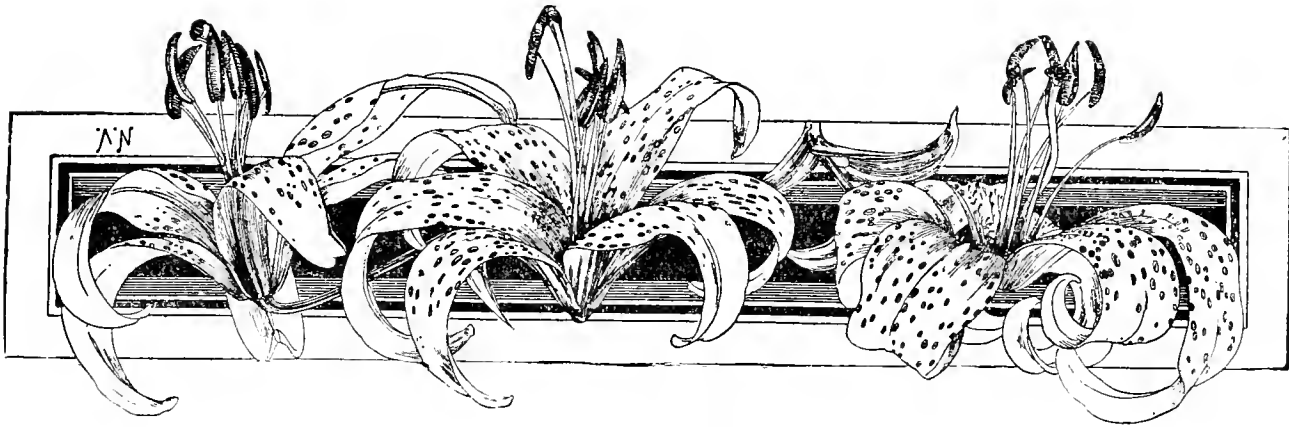
* Rice.

You would have liked the pretty country stations, all looking like small temples; they were covered with bright flowering creepers, and the gardens belonging to them were full of roses, violets, African marigolds, and other beautiful flowers, strange to our English eyes.

We were not so tired as you might expect when we arrived on Friday night at Jabalpur. You can fancy what a welcome dear Aunt Fan gave us. The Church Missionary was there also; he carried father and the luggage off in his *tum-tum*; Auntie, Aunt Fan, and I followed in one of the *Zenana Mission garies*. The *gari* was something like a brougham, with venetian blinds everywhere instead of windows. Father and I were to stay at the Church Missionary House, and Auntie with the *Zenana Mission ladies*.

A bearer had been engaged to wait on us, a very handsome Afghan, with a huge white turban. We could not easily get used to the *salaams* the servant-men make night and morning; it does not seem nice for these poor creatures to think themselves so far beneath the English. Most of the servants live in small huts in the compound; some go back to the city to sleep. A watchman keeps guard all night, walking round and round the house, and every now and then shouting out the hour.

All the huts, stables, and verandahs are built like little archways. In the compound is a well, and there you see the water-carrier and others filling their goat-skins, earthenware bottles, and brass *lotas*. In the heat of the day, men, women, and children are lying about asleep, and near them a buffalo will be happily feeding. There is an avenue of good mango-trees, where plenty of dear little striped squirrels spend their days in chasing each other and racing up and down. There are other creatures about the grounds; numerous owls hoot in the most unearthly way every evening, and jackals reply to them with howls, which sound like dogs with sore throats. Then, as in all Indian homes, there are rats, cock-roaches, and alas! now and then snakes come into the bath-rooms. One day one of the missionaries shook a poisonous one out of her boot. In the stable are the Mission horses, amongst them Aunt Fan's spirited pony, Tommy, who has a very decided will of his own; and when speaking of the animals it would never do to leave Daph and Snuff, the two large dogs, out of our list.



CHAPTER IX.

A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.



HE day after we arrived in Jabalpur, we all went after lunch to the school, as the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, a kind old man, interested in the missionaries, was coming for his yearly examination of the children. He has been in the place for a few days, and when we came on Friday night, the city was illuminated in his honour. There were arches made of rough bamboo basket-work, and where the twigs crossed, a little saucer of cocoanut or castor oil, and burning wick. The ridges of houses were decorated in the same way; thousands of these little lamps were to be seen, and the streets were adorned with branches and leaves; altogether the lights, tinsel, flags, and festoons gave a very fine appearance to the place. On Saturday the streets were still gay, and we saw a magnificent elephant, all ready for the great occasion; he had a handsome crimson and gold *howdah*,* gold rings at the end of his tusks, and a crescent and cross, and many other patterns painted in white chalk on his forehead. Certainly an elephant in holiday dress is a very fine sight!

As to the schools and the children, I should fill up all my book if I tried to describe them; red leaves and marigolds were used for the decorations, and there were mottoes in English and Hindustani. The 700 boys looked very grand, each one decked in his best clothes; there seemed no end to the tinselled caps and gaudy scarves, nor to the variety

* A car for the riders on the elephant's back.

in the long, pointed, turned-up, embroidered slippers. The Rajah and his little son were gorgeous with gold chains and other ornaments, and green, violet, and red velvet clothing, spangled all over. I did not understand much about the Chief Commissioner's business, but we looked on with interest as he walked about questioning the masters and examining the classes; then he gave a little speech, one sentence of which I will pass on to you, as it does as well for English as Hindu children:—

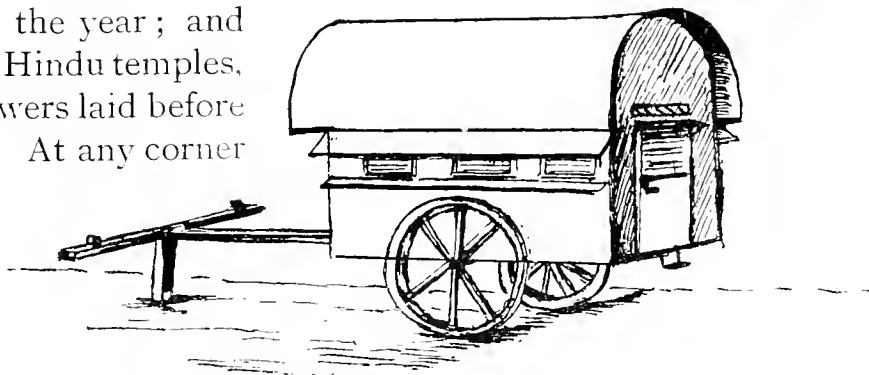
“If you do only a little work, do it well; little and well is better than much and badly.” After saying kind words to the missionary party, the Chief Commissioner left amidst cheers and claps that sounded very like an English school. You would have liked to see the good, obedient, elephant kneel whilst the great man mounted, and then to have seen him ride off in state, with a crowd of servants dressed in red, blue, and pink.

As Jabalpur is where Miss Branch has worked many years, and is now Aunt Fan's city, you will want to know what it looks like. I am told that as many as sixty or seventy camels may sometimes be seen in its streets. There are as many tanks, or sacred



KURMA AVATA: THE TORTOISE GOD.

pools, as there are weeks in the year ; and wherever you look there are Hindu temples, and offerings of rice and flowers laid before the idols who live in them. At any corner you may see a block of wood roughly carved and painted red.



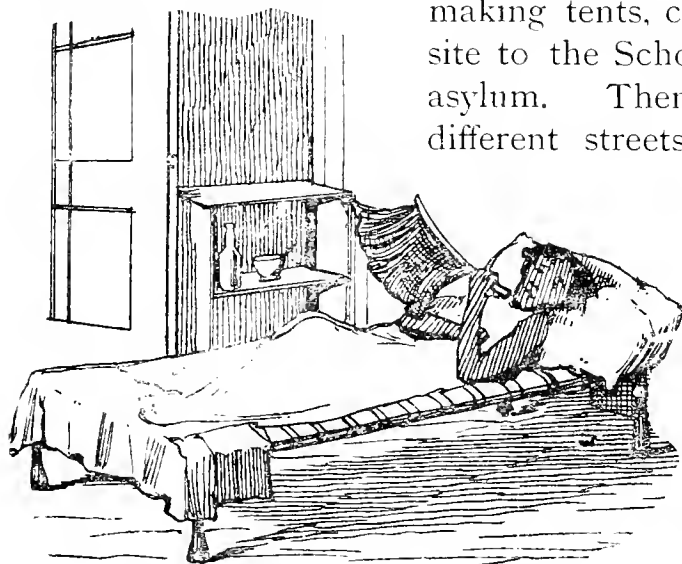
A SOUTH INDIAN BULLOCK BANDY.

How sadly now we understand those words from the Bible, “Their idols are

. . . . the work of men’s hands. They have mouths, but they speak not ; eyes have they, but they see not ; they have ears, but they hear not ; noses have they, but they smell not ; they have hands, but they handle not ; feet have they, but they walk not ; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them ; so is every one that trusteth in them.”

The temples at Jabalpur, some hardly larger than sentry-boxes, are built under trees. There are also *grand* mosques and temples. The other chief buildings are the School of Industry, where the highwaymen called the Thugs* are now safely shut up, and spend their days in

making tents, carpets, and curtains. Opposite to the School of Industry is the lunatic asylum. Then there is the bazaar, with different streets for sweets, *lotas*, bangles, rice, and dried food, etc.



We asked a carpenter in the afternoon if he could make us a model of a *charpay*, and then inquired what other furniture there was of which he could make models ; he seemed to think it a silly question, for, “What,” said he, “can

a man need but a bed and a box?” However, we persuaded him at last to make a bullock-cart, and a mill for grinding food.

* Men whose act of worship was to kill people by strangling

After settling with the carpenter, we went to look at the Mission tents, which are used in preaching tours in the villages. The missionary has one for himself, and another for his helpers. Tents have a double covering on account of the sun ; the inside one is striped, and looks very cheerful. When the missionary arrives at a village, he sends for the chief man, and says he has come there to preach the gospel ; the man makes a *salaam* and says, "All right, great king," and then the police constable goes round and collects the congregation, telling them that they are commanded by the chief man to appear, for the missionary has come to speak about Jesus Christ.

As a rule, people are pleased to hear the good news, and often grass will be provided for the horses, or little presents will be sent, such as eggs or fruit. The missionary always takes out medicine with him, and gives it when it is needed to the natives ; what they like best is Worcester sauce and quinine. Servants all enjoy the change of camp life, but they feel the cold very much ; in the evening they make a blazing fire and crouch round it. The missionary said he wished friends in England would send out a store of striped blankets for the use of the servants when they live in tents. The native clergyman had dinner with us ; he wore a smart, knitted woollen comforter, all colours, so you see if you knit bright comforters, they are useful even in India.

We ended our first happy week in India at the Zenana Mission House ; the dear missionaries had done their best to make the house like home, with pretty chair-backs, little vases, and other odds and ends sent from England. Often when we asked one or another, "What presents do you like sent out for yourselves?" the answer was, "Anything pretty for our rooms, to make our Indian home look a little bit like the old one."

In Aunt Fan's bedroom were all her home photographs, as well as her printing-press, microscope, medical books, and medicine-chest. Then there was the melodeon, which she finds very useful ; it is just the sort of music the Indians enjoy. Aunt Fan's *moonshee** says that he has a very industrious pupil ; he is quite delighted with her beautiful Hindustani copies. Aunt Fan is not wishing to do any medical work at present ; she

* A Mohammedan teacher.

has, however, had thirty patients. The other day she had a case which puzzled her : a Native came complaining his teeth were all too long and too loose, and wanting her to make them all tight in his gums. I think this patient would have perplexed a clever dentist ; the man went away much happier for something Aunt Fan found for him, so we must hope it will do him a little good.

When we were out one morning we saw part of a wedding ceremony. The bridegroom was dressed in a sort of fool's cap stuck into his turban, and all his friends played, or listened to the playing of, the *tom-tom* or native drum. There was a tiny *doolie*, or small carriage with curtains all round, in which the bride was to be fetched ; it was very small, and would not have held a child more than twelve years old.



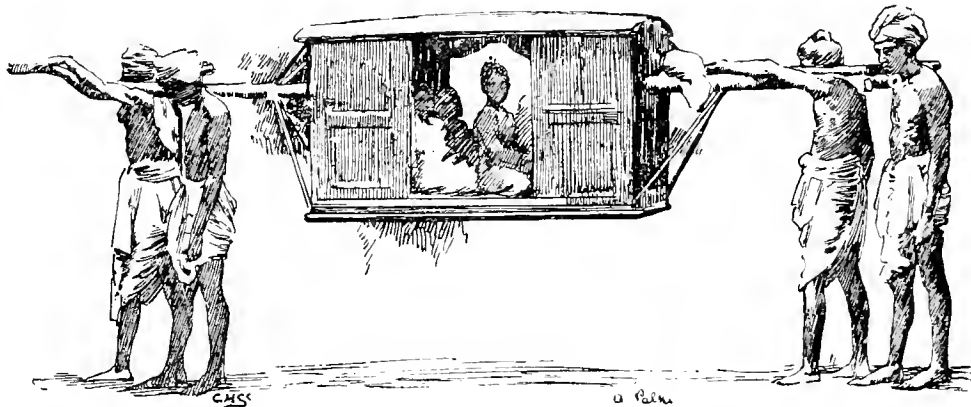


CHAPTER X.

A HAPPY SUNDAY WITH MISSIONARIES.



IN the compound early on Sunday morning there was a great clanging to call us to the early service. The bell was hung on a rope between two trees, and was struck with a wooden mallet by the servant of the Indian pastor. All the missionary party sit in the chancel, the Natives in the body of the church, men in the front and women at the back ; one who was ill came blanket and all. The women wore clean white *saris*, as much as possible like drawing-room muslin curtains.



It was an interesting service. We seemed well to understand one verse that came in the Second Lesson, "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."

The English C.M.S. missionary read prayers, the Native pastor preached. We were told it was a very good sermon, but we did not understand a word, as it was in Urdu. We joined with the Natives in the Communion Service, and thanked God for sending His dear Son to die for us and them, thus making us all one family in Christ Jesus. One of the hymns was, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds : " the Urdu translation goes well to the English tune.

Sunday-school was held in the church ; there were fifteen pupils, nearly all of them children of the Native helpers. The converts are very fond of Bible names, so in the roll-call we heard Abigail, Lydia, Joel, Samuel, and so on. The children were pretty little darlings. They said texts and hymns, and seemed to behave very much like an English class, some coming late, others with lessons unlearned, but most of them were good little things.

There was one dear little body who, in honour of visitors being present, tried to show off, and say her lesson, the Lord's Prayer, better than her best ; before very long, Abigail made a slip, then when she broke down,



Joel pulled her up roughly and suddenly, whereupon she burst into tears, had to be taken into the verandah, and could not control her sobs. Poor little Abigail, I was sorry for her, and after a time went and fetched her in ; she came back very good and sat close to me, her head, thoroughly soaked with cocoa-nut oil, resting on my dress. All the children of Christian parents have their hair neatly plaited and well oiled for Sunday. I tell you the things that make brown children glad and sorry, that you may know how much they are like you ; and so you can better understand how to make them happy.

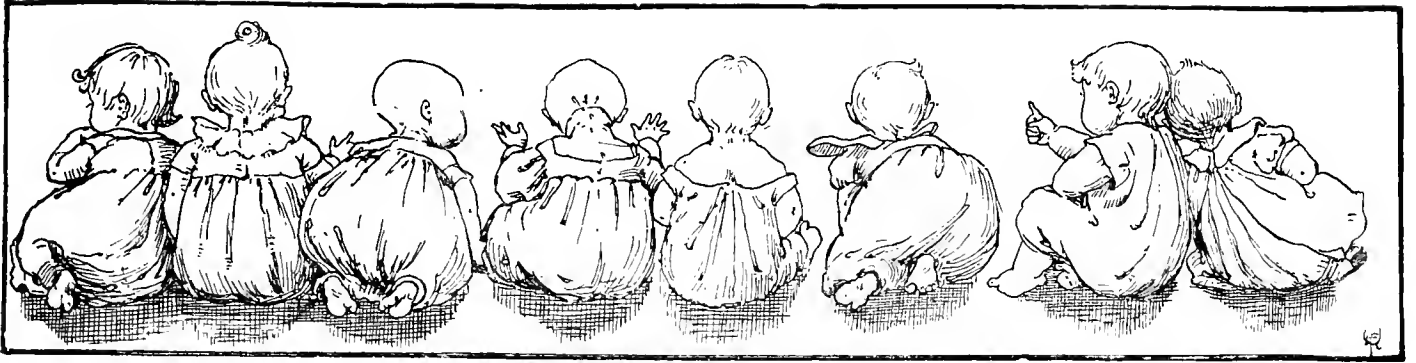
We had Sunday visitors in the afternoon, three wives of Indian teachers, and fourteen children. You will want to know how we kept our guests good for nearly two hours: they were very happy, and at the end of the time did not like going away. We held a new kind of missionary meeting. Bishop Stuart was once a missionary in India, so we showed them his likeness, and a picture of his house in New Zealand, and of the Maori schools in which he is interested. We had to go slowly to work; it took a long time to get a new idea into their heads, but when they did understand, they were thoroughly interested. Our kind missionary host acted as interpreter.

The children said texts and hymns, and were rewarded by being allowed to play the musical box*; then they sang some Hindustani and English hymns, such as "There is a fountain filled with blood," and "Hold the fort." After this, native sweets were handed round, and then it was suggested to them that the visit was over.

The next morning Lydia called to show her prizes, given to her at various times, four small dolls sent from England. She has made little necklaces for them, and keeps them very safe and clean in their bed—an old biscuit-tin! I wished all the children in England could but see the joy these prizes were to Lydia, I am sure they would try very hard to send as many dolls as possible to the dear little brown mothers who treat them so well and kindly.

* This musical-box was a parting gift from Daisy, Willie, and Mary, who hoped that their father and mother might be cheered by its tunes if they felt lonely when away from England.





CHAPTER XI.

INDIAN WOMEN AT HOME.



ON Monday, January 24th, Miss Branch very kindly let me go with her to a visit in the Zenanas, and now I must try to make you see inside them too. We went in the *gari* and arrived at the house of a very grand man; he is exceedingly fond of gardening; some roses, full blown and without stalks, were thrown into the carriage to us.

The women soon caught sight of Miss Branch, and gave her a very hearty welcome, laughing for joy because she had come amongst them. There were nine women, such dear, bright, pretty girls, not one of them more than eighteen years of age, but one of them had three little children, and many of them had babies one or two years old. These women were nothing but a white muslin *sari* with a coloured border, and a great many ornaments on nose, ears, and arms. The children, too, had nose-rings. Poor babies, these little mothers did not seem to know how to manage them; the two ideas seem to be slapping and kissing.

The women looked at pictures, and then, Miss Branch translating, I talked to them and told them what God had done for some of our women in England in taking away bad hearts and answering prayers, and they showed that they understood by telling the story to other women who came in later. After this, they had the musical-box, laughed and played, covered their faces with their *saris* and ran away, they were so shy and

pleased ; very soon they would come back and turn the handle again. They told Miss Branch they were very glad she had brought me to see them, but as I did not talk their language, they wished that I would sing to them.

Here was a difficulty ; I had no voice, and ten women were waiting for my song. It would never do to disappoint them, so I sang "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and afterwards said a word or two to them about the dear Saviour of whom I had been singing. We gave each woman a bright Christmas card sent to me by our home school children ; one with a large rose on it gave special pleasure, and was handed all round the room to be admired.



(See page 41.)

Miss Branch now turned away all who were not going to read, and heard her pupils their lessons, looked at their copies, and finished up with a Bible lesson on the healing of the leper. The women were not surprised to hear of this miracle ; according to their books, their heathen gods cure any disease by repeating the word "Ram, Ram." Poor Miss Branch was a little discouraged by the foolishness of one of the women who would ask silly questions. It is sad when the name of the Lord Jesus Christ is mixed up by the heathen with jokes.

Our long visit to the Bengali ladies was over at last : then we went

to two schools; in one of them we saw twenty-eight little girls in pink, white, red, yellow, or brown *saris*. It looked very funny at prayers, when the children threw the end of the *sari* over their faces and left their little brown chests bare. All the twenty-eight small pairs of brown hands turned the musical-box; they liked it very much.

After making our *salaams* to the Native teachers, we went on to other Zenanas. The children seemed to know Miss Branch very well, and, as I went with her, trusted me as they do her, slipping their little hands into ours, and leading us along. In one Zenana the women were very earnest and attentive. I nursed the baby whilst the lesson was going on, a dear wee mite six weeks old; its beautiful eyes were blackened round, and it wore a tiny jacket, and an ornament round its waist. It is rather difficult to hold a baby with so few clothes on, but this jacket was one article more than most infants wear.

After *tiffin* at 4.30 we went for a drive. It was most comical to see the men coming home from field or office work, bringing their pets with them; they take their favourite bird or kid when they go to work and bring it back with them. The kids skip by their side and the bird-cages are carefully tied up in cotton cloths to keep the cold out.

Down one of the roads we came upon a torch-light procession and the playing of *tom-toms*, or native drums. A man was walking nearly in front, with a fine Guy Fawkes-shaped hat on the top of his turban: before him were two or three men who every minute or two threw themselves down on the road. The coachman explained to us that the man had been ill, and now, having recovered, was on his way to a heathen temple to return thanks. He would sacrifice a sheep or make some other offering to his god; all his friends went with him. I could only wish that Christians would oftener act in the spirit of this poor heathen, and give thanks to the living God, saying, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?"



Don't you love holidays? I do, and was very glad that the missionaries decided to have one or two whilst we were with them; glad for them and for ourselves. "We will go," they said, "to Madan-ma-hal." What a dreadfully long name it is!

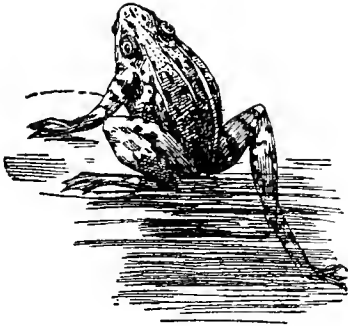
We were very happy as we drove along the pleasant country road. First, seven or eight camels crossed our path, then some ugly buffaloes with an iron rod or string through their nostrils. There were bullocks also, with humps and enormous horns. In one part of the road we saw a flock of 200 goats, such tall goats that I could not decide whether they were young horses, cows, or some foreign animal whose name I had never heard. They seemed in excellent spirits, skipping with their long legs much higher than is possible for their smaller brothers and sisters in England.

I rode part of the way on Miss Branch's little white Arab pony. He is a nice creature, and he and the *sais*, or groom, made a very pretty picture as they stood together, the horse covered with a red cloth lined with light blue, and the *sais* in a blue jacket bordered with red, light pink cloth for trousers, and a white turban edged with red.

A *sais* carries the horse-cloth over one shoulder, and always has with him a long rope; when a horse will not go he puts the end of the rope round one of the fore-legs, and tries to coax and induce the horse to run after him, calling him very loving names, such as "My little son," or "My little brother." A *sais* runs before the horse just as Elijah did before Ahab's carriage. Some of the Indians are most excellent runners.

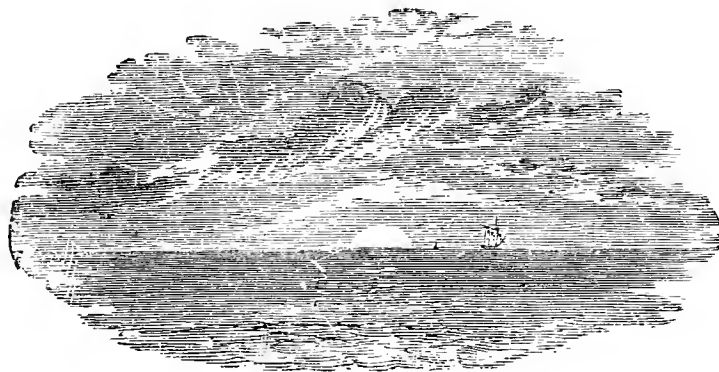
The great amusement to us at Madan-ma-hal was that we saw monkeys for the first time in India, about eight or nine large white ones, almost as big as men. It was fun to see them quietly watching us, and then very quickly up they would jump and spring from one rock to another.

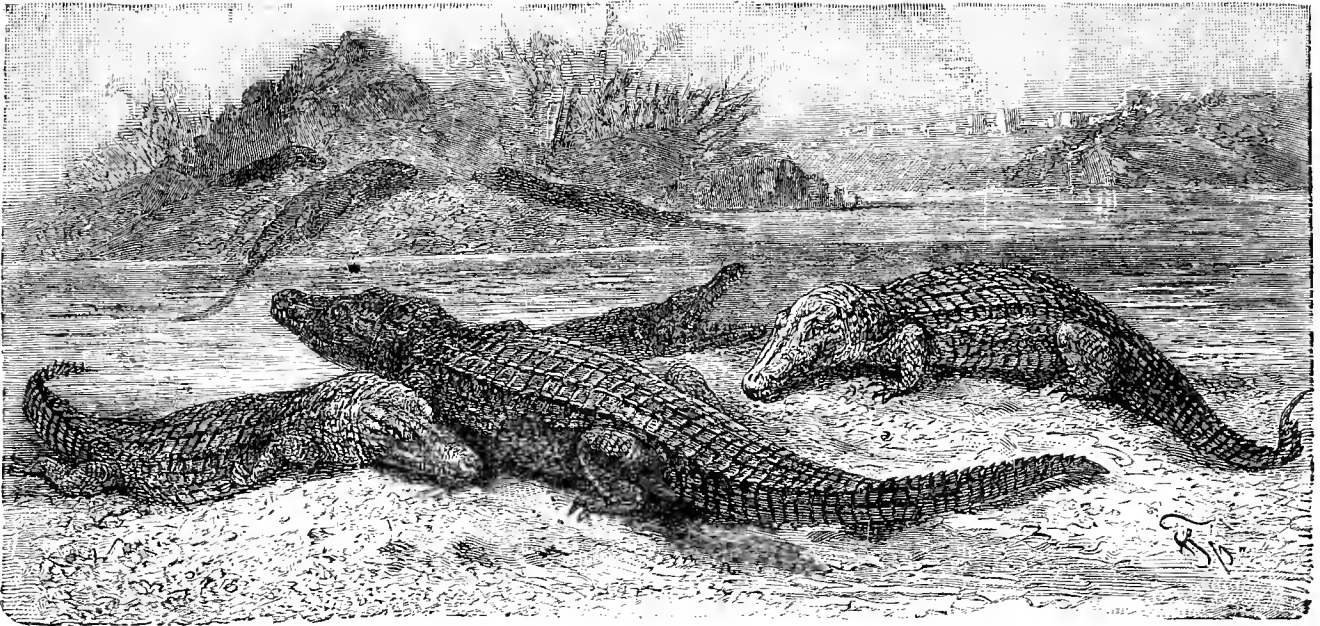
Madan-ma-hal looks as if it were the battle-field of some huge race of giants, and you imagine all the tremendous boulders strewn in every direction are their cannon-balls, only a whole army of giants could not use *all* those enormous stones. You puzzle and grow no wiser as to when those stones came there. Some of them are oddly-shaped—one



like an eagle, another like a mushroom or an exaggerated frog, and then some of them are so lightly balanced one above the other, that you wonder they do not tumble off, and you think perhaps a monkey will spring there some day and tip it all over.

It was like a page out of a fairy-book when we saw a curious, tumble-down palace. The legend is this : A giant wished to marry a fair princess, and he was told that the condition must be that he should build her a home on a high rock and low stone. He accomplished this difficulty and claimed his bride. What became of the giant and his fair lady, history does not say, but anyway we went to the top of the old palace, and had a fine view, over the plains, of the setting sun.





CHAPTER XII.

A PICNIC.



OW I must tell you about another day when we had a regular Indian picnic. We were to go to the Marble Rocks, eleven miles from Jabalpur, and were all up very early. In spite of being well wrapped up, and having a rug, we were quite cold as we drove through the morning air.

Our horse was a little troublesome ; he was silly, and did not seem to like picnics. Again and again the *sais*, who was at the back of the carriage, jumped down to pull him along with the rope, or to call him his brother and his darling, but he was in a naughty temper and would not go on properly. It never does to take crossness to a picnic, it spoils everything ; even in a horse it was rather horrid, only not so bad as in a boy or girl.

Miss Branch had tried to get an elephant for us, but the great men of India travel much in winter, and want camels and elephants to carry their luggage, so there was not one to be had. I was rather sorry, because you would have liked to have heard about it.

Miss Branch had thought of everything for our comfort. She sent two servants, the night before the picnic, to engage a little rest-house for us. In India, rest-houses are often placed here and there at distances on the roads. Travellers pay a small sum of money, and can go and stay in them for some hours. A man is in charge who will buy and cook food, and he has simple bedsteads, cups and saucers, and all that is needed.

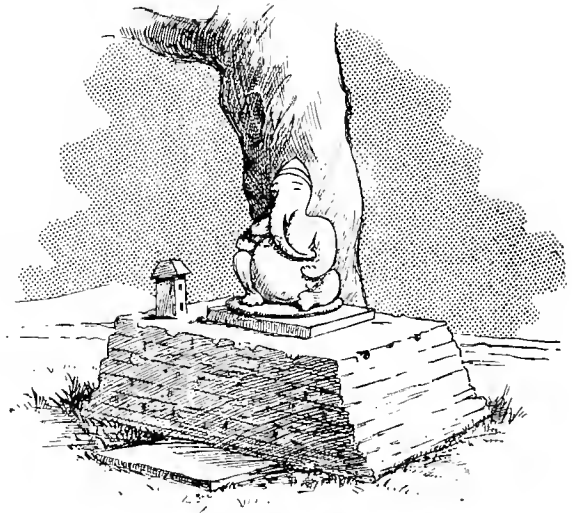
Our ride was a quiet one. It would have been a dull road excepting that there were so many persons about. When we saw groups of camels resting by the tanks, we thought of Eliezer and how his camels kneeled by the well. A village school was going on in one place, twenty-five children were sitting out-of-doors round one of the Christian teachers.

All along the roads were pilgrims bound for one place, the sacred river Nerbudda, which flows between the Marble Rocks. The heathen say that if any person *bathes* in the River Ganges he goes to Paradise ; but that the Nerbudda is even more sacred, for whoever *sees* it has this same reward. At a place eighty miles from the Marble Rocks there is a festival a week hence, and men and women come toiling along hundreds of miles to get the water of the holy river Nerbudda to please the gods at the festival.

You wonder that grown-up people can have so little sense, as you meet one band after another. Every man carries a long bamboo stick over his shoulder, at each end a basket is hung, and in this basket is an earthenware bottle of the sacred water ; a bell is tied on the bamboo, which tinkles as the pilgrim walks, and the baskets have tiny red flags or peacock's feathers stuck in them. A sadly foolish sight it is. The poor, heavily-laden women come toiling behind ; how weary they must get before they come to the end of the long, dusty journey, carrying as they do little ones astride on their hips, and large rolls of baggage and bed-clothes on their heads !

When we were about half-way to the Marble Rocks we left the dog-cart or *tum-tum*, and rode in a curious hot little omnibus with no windows. It was drawn by two bullocks. Our carriage was rough ; our coachman in his few rags was rougher ; and his driving roughest. Yes, it was superlatively *roughest*, for the reins were the tails of the poor bullocks, and the cruel man twisted them round and round unmercifully, and every

minute or two let go, and gave a push to the right and then to the left. The pushing and twisting of tails went on the whole time, and so did the talking to "his little sons," his "brothers," as the great bullocks were incessantly called. Neither rude actions nor gentle words had much effect; on, on, plodded the bullocks in their own jog-trot manner, and the only variety was when they stood stock-still. Slow and unsteady, we did not win the race; and those of our party who had ridden on ponies arrived before us at the bungalow.



GANESH.

Now picture us in a nice airy little building, at the top of rising ground, overlooking the sacred river Nerbudda. Close at hand were three Hindu temples, and there were more than we could count in every direction. Oh! it was sad to see the bulls, sacred stones, and frightful red-ochre gods; and wherever we looked was Ganesh (the idol with an elephant's trunk for its mouth). I do not think that anyone who loves Jesus could see sights like these without longing to be a missionary, or without praying for the poor heathen.

We were very dusty, and glad of a good wash; and then after prayers we went into the verandah for breakfast. We had Indian dishes—*dalia*, like porridge; *chapatties*, a sort of flat, flabby cake; curry and rice.

After breakfast we watched the pilgrims who had come to bathe; they set up little tents by the side of the river, and put up their flags. We bought bits of yellow, pink, and white marble from Indians who came round the verandah. After a time we climbed up III steps to a Hindu temple; there we saw four poor women make offerings of coin, rice, and water to the chief god; they also walked round the court, in the middle of which the temple was placed, and threw grains of rice to several of the broken stone gods and goddesses who were in all the niches.

The next sorrowful sight was eight worshippers of the false gods, men who fell down before them, and put their heads low enough to touch the cold stone pavement. A Brahmin porter wished us to see everything,

and would stay close to us all day. He was a miserable-looking creature ; he said he worshipped Jesus Christ, but he knew nothing about Him, and only thought Jesus was one of many other gods to whom he might pray. He needed to learn the first commandment, "Thou shalt have none other God but Me." When we asked how he worshipped Jesus, he said by bathing in the Nerbudda, and offering grain and rice. Now, if you had been there, what would you have wished said to him ? All the gods had necklaces, or, as they are called, garlands of marigolds ; and a fruit called *bal* was offered to them.

We had brought the two dogs, Snuff and Daph, with us, and they enjoyed the day in their own way. Daph seemed very anxious to see the view from the top of a temple ; he went up the steep narrow staircase, and then whined because he could not get down. Father and one of the missionaries had to coax, and call, and rescue him. Then, when we went in a boat to go down the Nerbudda and see the rocks, both the dogs wanted to go with us, and jumped into the water. Miss Branch was so frightened that they would either be drowned or eaten by crocodiles, that we were bound to put our boat back for them ; then in they jumped, wet as they were.

Daph was certainly a little wanting in manners in coming home, for he would jump into the small omnibus before Miss Branch ; however, he screwed himself into a tiny space, and, after all, I forgave his rudeness, for during the latter half of the journey, when he ran by the side of the *tum-tum*, *pariah* dogs barked and insulted him at every step ; it would have been aggravating to us to have been treated in this way, and must have been very annoying to poor, tired Daph.

As we went down the steep bank to the edge of the Nerbudda, there were more and more idols ; some of them only stones painted red. The next time you sing, "From Greenland's icy mountains," try to remember how true those words are,—

" The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

And then ask God to teach you what you are to do that missionaries may go to the heathen, and,

" Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

We rowed for a mile or more down a narrow strait, or passage of water between the Marble Rocks; the rocks were of various shades of colour, white, blue, and pink. We saw in some places wasps' nests, which looked like large black sponges; the wasps are dangerous, there are so many of them that a man may be stung to death. Happily for us, wasps go to rest early in the evening, and there was not one about; had they come we should have covered our heads, and wrapped ourselves up in the thickest cloth we could have found—a blanket if there had been one at hand.

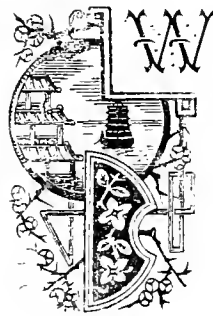
At one place the rocks nearly met; the place is known as the Monkey's Leap. A monkey is supposed to be able to leap across; but I think it is too wide, and he would fall into the water and be drowned. Part of the rock is broken away; we were told that an elephant had climbed there and done the mischief, but no elephant would be big enough or heavy enough to break a rock—it was all nonsense, what is called a legend, a story handed down from one person to another.

As we went down the stream and returned we saw a crocodile, which was lying on a large piece of rock. Our boatman said he was about three years old; he must have been at least seven feet long. Cranes stood on the banks looking like sentinels. Under the rocks were many nests of swallows, and a wild peacock came in sight. Peacocks live a good deal at the Marble Rocks, so you see altogether it is a place full of curious sights. It was quite dark long before we reached Jabalpur at 8.20, and you will not be surprised to hear that after such a long, happy holiday we were tired, and were glad to get early to bed.



CHAPTER XIII.

A MORNING WITH AN INDIAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY.



WHILST we were stopping at Jabalpur, we went very early one morning to the Medical Mission. It was late in January, and it was winter in India; and though we, who are accustomed in England to ice and snow, did not mind the sharp feeling in the air, the poor natives, who were moving about the partly-deserted streets and bazaars, had a very benumbed look, and drew their old scarves or upper garments round them, as if they were shrivelled with cold. Auntie rode Aunt Fan's horse, Tommy, and father, mother, Miss Williamson (a missionary who afterwards became Mrs. Stuart of Aligurh), and a *sais* were in the little low carriage (*tonga*) belonging to the Zenana Mission House.

At last the *tonga* turned out of the main road into the narrow lane, and at the end of it all the party alighted, and left the horses and carriage in a small open square. There stood Juggernath, the medical missionary, to receive us, resplendent in his large white turban, crimson native blanket, and Mohammedan dress.

A great many years ago he was an enemy to the missionaries, but for twenty-seven years he has been a Christian, and now does all he can to help every one to learn about Jesus. For five hours daily he teaches in the native school, and three times a day he has a Dispensary opened, from six to seven in the morning, one to two in the afternoon, six to seven in the evening. The only quiet he ever gets in the twenty-four hours is after ten or eleven at night, but he looks beamingly happy. I am sure that working for Jesus is delightful to him. The way he learned anything about medicine was by helping a missionary's wife, Mrs. Champion, by getting all the instruction possible from a native doctor, and by reading all the Hindu medical books he could possibly get hold of; he has a certificate from the native doctor, saying:—

“I do hereby certify that pundit Juggernath *baid*, or native doctor, was learning medicine with me for a long time, and I think he can prescribe the ordinary medicines well; also he has got all the books

concerning medicines, surgery, and anatomy ; he has got few surgical instruments to whom he knows how to handle them ; his conduct to my best knowledge was always good ; there is no fear of giving him the ordinary poisons, because he knows the dose and use of them.

“KOONGE BEHIRALALL.”

It reminded us very much of Bible pictures when we saw the blind, the halt, and the lame, crouching down in their Eastern dress, their heads tied up in their dirty old turbans, and with a ragged old sheet, blanket, or padded quilt rolled round their body ; some had a dirty table-cloth on, but all were half naked, and looked sick and thin, and wretchedly poor. I could understand how a scene like this would touch JESUS, the Good Physician, when He was on the earth.

There was a large gathering ; an impression had gone about that Miss Dr. Butler, *sahib*, was coming, so all the patients who were beyond the skill of good Juggernath hoped to get advice and medicines for ills which were to him incurable. There was a great longing for Aunt Fan to open at once a Dispensary and begin to doctor, and many patients went to see her at the Zenana Mission House ; but she would not come out to attend natives until she knew the language ; she said she was afraid when she spoke through an interpreter that some mistake might be made, and patients be poisoned. She was obliged, however, before she could talk Urdu, to send for medicines, as she could no longer do without them. Difficulties are innumerable ; no neat bottle is brought, but a bit of cocoa-nut shell, or a little brass saucer. If you say a “teaspoonful” or a “tablespoonful” is to be taken, it is all one to people who eat with their fingers, and have no use for knives, forks, or spoons. If a quarter of the medicine does them good one day, they drink up all that is left the next day, and make themselves ill. If you put water in their medicine you break their caste, and they will not touch it ; so you must drop your physic into water they bring in their own vessel.

But I have wandered away from Juggernath and his patients. He began his Dispensary work by reading in Urdu the story of the Good Samaritan, then gave a little exposition, and had prayer—the Lord’s Prayer only, I believe. A catechist and one of the school teachers were present, and they interpreted to us all that was going on. Juggernath

could not speak a word of English, and we did not know half a dozen words of Urdu. After prayers the patients came in one by one from the ante-room to the Dispensary. Juggernath seemed to consider, in Aunt Fan's absence, that your dear father was her deputy, a sort of consulting physician ; he was, however, often a good deal perplexed by the various cases.

Now you must picture to yourself a stooping figure holding out his bit of cocoa-nut shell ; he has fever, and is treated with native medicine.



Cinchona is sorely needed, but seven rupees a month, subscribed by the missionaries to Juggernath, is all the money available to buy medicines, and quinine *cannot* be afforded. An old woman has neuralgia ; she is shivering with cold, and is weak and thin ; she ought to have quinine and warm clothes ; we have no quinine, but father gives money to buy her a warm, snug wadded cap.

There is a strained leg ; then a wound which has not healed for

twelve years, whooping cough, a bad skin disease caused by dirt ; five children have *kasi*, or cold, and get opium, camphor, and bark of trees made into a pill ; eight have fever, and get native medicine. A poor dirty-looking child has been brought in, who has a series of colds, and is quite blind with one eye. Juggernath gives an ointment of opium, alum, lemon, and native medicines, and believes the sight will be restored ; he says that a week or two ago the child could not see with either eye.

But I need not tell you of all the sick we saw that morning ; for more than an hour we watched the patients, and felt very helpless, when, as representatives of the *Miss Dr. Butler Sahib*, we were constantly expected to make suggestions. The best that I could invent was for all the hardest cases to go to the *Zenana Bungalow* and see the "Dr. Miss Sahib," or that she should come down some morning, and the difficult patients should have her advice.

After the last patient was dismissed, we went to see Mrs. Juggernath's school ; she gets a few rupees a month for teaching these little girls. Pray do not imagine, because she was wife to a medical missionary, that she was an atom like the wife of any medical missionary whom you know. She was rolled up in a green scarf, edged with crimson, and had ponderous ear-rings hanging down to her shoulders ; her nose-ring was set with stones ; she had large silver rings on almost all her toes, a heap of bracelets on each arm, and a thoroughly pleasant, good-tempered brown face peeping from under the bright *sari*. Her little girl, clad in yellow and red, also had various jewels ; both mother and child had a profusion of anklets.

The children sang us one of the native dirges, and every one played the musical-box. I left it with Mrs. Juggernath whilst we were escorted up a very narrow stone stair, without balusters, and with *very* steep steps, to partake of a feast that good Juggernath had prepared. Our hearts rather sank as we sat down with outwardly good grace to partake of this kind hospitality ; we sat on the end of a *charpai* (native bedstead) and two chairs by a small round table ; in the middle of this was a brass dish, and neatly arranged on it were balls of cocoa-nut and *ghce—ghce** and sugar-candy, raisins and sweetmeats.

* Used instead of butter.

We ate a little, and then a brilliant idea came into my mind—how very much pleased you would be to see, and perhaps taste, some of these treats. So we told Juggernath, if he would allow us, we would take the rest to England for our children and their friends. He had been rummaging about, getting out Hindu medical books and testimonials to show us, and now his eyes sparkled with joy; he had never been so happy in his life ever since he was a Christian; this was the best day he had had! He had had one of the Cowley Fathers to see him, and once a *Padri* Bishop; but all this did not give him the pleasure our visit had done, and he was delighted that we should take something with us to England from him. But, before he wrapped up the treasures in paper, we had another bit of the entertainment to go through. Another small brass dish was produced, and in it there were betel-nut concoctions, fastened up in a leaf, and nailed together with a clove. This was *pàn* for us to chew. We all went to work as if it were complete enjoyment, though it was very nasty, and our tongues felt rough and funny for an hour or two afterwards. Miss Williamson cheered us on in English, as Juggernath could not understand a word.

“Never mind, it pleases him, he never was so delighted. I believe it is good for the teeth. We shall taste it through breakfast, and everything we eat to-day, but it can’t be helped.”

I do not think it was more hypocritical to pretend to enjoy the *pàn* than it is to pretend to like tea out of dolls’ cups, which are one-half filled with brown sugar, and the other half with weak, cool tea; I have often seen you elder girls take this to please smaller children. Perhaps, however, you do really like dolls’ tea, like Aunt Fan, who told me she *really* enjoyed the nasty *pàn*.

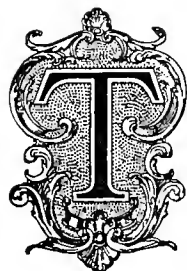
Juggernath said that God had given him twelve souls as the result of this mission; he holds a service each Sunday for his patients. Father gave him a ten rupee note, which is less than a pound. The poor man had rarely received such a gift; he was so overjoyed that he rushed off to the C. M. S. House, more than a mile, to tell the good news, and then brought us an entirely new book to enter it in, and put down our names. He paid us quite a long visit at the Zenana Mission House, showing us kind letters he had received, testimonials from Bishop Stuart, and others who have known him.

AN INDIAN INFANT SCHOOL.



CHAPTER XIV.

GOOD BYE, AND HOW DO YOU DO?



THE next day we had to pack for Benares, but we had nothing but interruptions ; our first callers were Timothy Noah, a catechist (or what we call a Scripture-reader), and Andrew, a teacher. They stayed a long time, and then we went with them to the Infant School, which is held by Andrew's wife, Jane, in the church verandah. I was told to hear the children read Urdu, but did not know any of the letters, and the missionary whispered to me that I was holding the book upside down, just as baby reads the hymn-book at prayer-time at home. None of the infants were more than four years old, and it is wonderful what some of them can do. Little Sarah, Timothy's child, had been at school six months, and could count *roo*, knew all the multiplication tables, and, better than this, could read in the New Testament. The children were funny mites, and very good, but too fond of bringing fruit or cooked rice to school ; they tie it up in the tail of a little shirt, or in the end of the *chuddar* or veil that the girls wear over their heads.

No sooner had I returned to the house than more visitors arrived. School was over now, and Jane brought her daughter and baby grand-child to call. This baby, seven months old, was supposed to be dressed in English fashion, so it not only had on its Indian bracelets, but a pink flannel frock, and proper baby-shoes—violet and white, with red woollen

strings, and blue knobs in front. Our other visitors that morning were the pastor and another catechist, Isaac Vincent.

After all, the packing was rather hurried, for we had promised the afternoon and evening to Aunt Fan, and she had done all her lessons, seen her patients, and was expecting us. We listened to nice, fresh missionary stories all day, for we heard all that the three dear missionary ladies had seen and done in the Zenanas that very morning. Good-byes came too soon ; Aunt Fan and I walked round the compound, enjoyed the glorious setting sun, and then we soon had our last meal and prayers, and were on our way to the station.

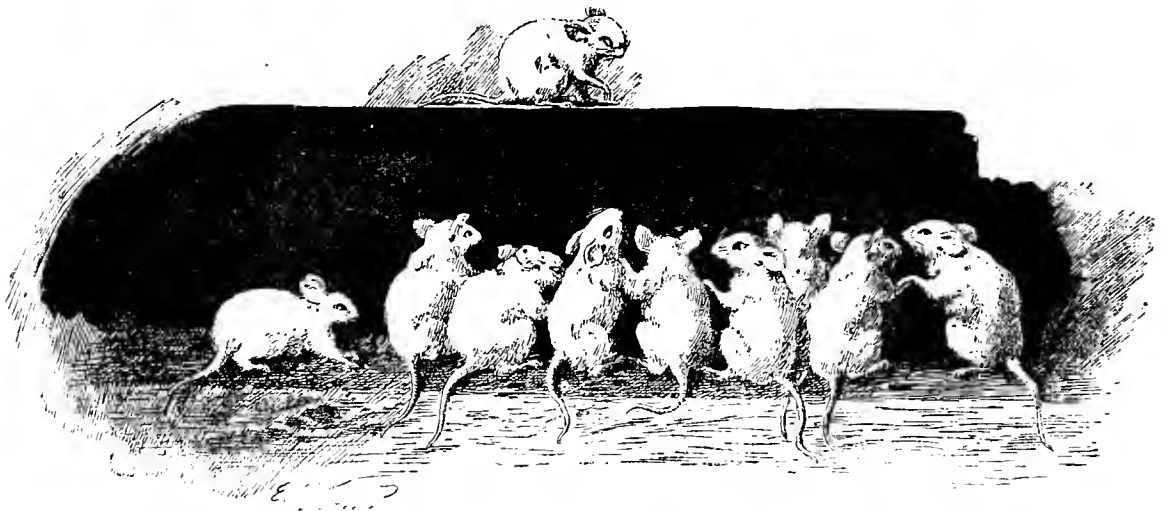
We were asked to take care of a little Indian girl, who was to go to the Normal School in Benares, to be trained as a teacher. It is very perplexing to take care of any child if you do not know her language and she cannot speak a word of English. We had to tell her everything by signs. Her luggage was a very smart small canvas bag, a padded quilt, a handkerchief full of food, and a *lota*. We made Lizzie understand she was to go to bed, and helped her to spread her *razai*, or quilt, on the ground ; she covered herself completely like a dormouse, and in the night no little Lizzie could be seen. In the morning, however, there she was again, sitting on the floor very quiet and good, and very pleased to turn the musical-box. Was she not a dear little body not to fidget when she had a journey of fourteen hours in a train ? She really was not only as quiet as a mouse, but as good as gold.

There was little to notice on the journey. We were amused at the stations to see various articles sold, clay figures, models of Indian fruit, toys, and brasswork ; but the chief interest was the natives—each time we stopped we saw crowds of them. There must have been a thousand at the Jabalpur station, and, after our train was full, some hundreds were left behind. On the way, a train passed us with luggage vans and cattle-pens, and in them were the poor natives, packed as closely as sardines in a tin. We could not understand why it was that so many Hindus were travelling, until we heard that at the end of January a grand *mêla* (something between a fair and a religious festival) is held at Allahabad, where the two sacred rivers Ganges and Jumna meet, and all the religious Hindus go and bathe, just as I told you they do in the river Nerbudda.

Dear Mrs. Hooper met us at Benares, and we drove through the busy, dusty streets to Sgra. We crossed the Ganges, going over the bridge of boats; at the end of each boat were wreaths of marigolds, offerings to the sacred river.

Sgra, where the missionaries live, is two or three miles from Benares. When we arrived there we saw very clearly what the C.M.S. has done for this part of India. What a contrast it was to the city! In the Mission grounds, where we were, there were the homes of three missionaries and their wives, and two widows of missionaries. Under the trees were women from the Christian village making lace; and leading from Mr. Hooper's house was a covered way which led to the Boys' Orphan School, where there are fifty or sixty children. In the next compound, some good German missionaries have charge of the Normal School. Then there is a school for orphan girls, and near at hand is the Christian village; a house for those who wish to learn about Jesus, and also a college where the boys and men are taught by Mr. Hooper before they become pastors. There is a good church at Sgra, and one in the city.

We tried to get all the schools and buildings and missionaries clearly in our heads, called on some of the missionaries, and had a walk in the native Christian village and round the cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Hooper only use half of their large bungalow; it is a nice, cool house with very little furniture. Now and then a rat runs across the sitting-room, but no one takes much notice of it; in India you have to get used to rats.





CHAPTER XV.

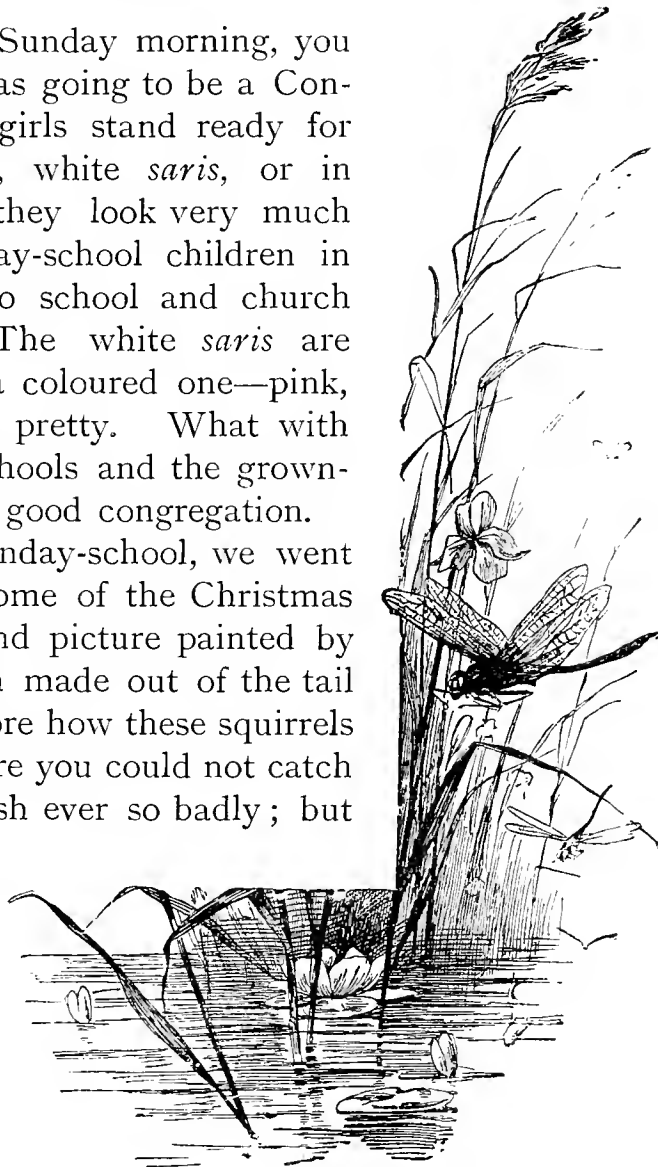
HEATHEN ON SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAYS.



F you were at Sigra on Sunday morning, you would imagine there was going to be a Confirmation. Rows of girls stand ready for church in their clean, white *saris*, or in *chuddars* and skirts; they look very much nicer than some Sunday-school children in England, who come to school and church with smart and dirty finery. The white *saris* are enlivened every now and then by a coloured one—pink, red, or blue; altogether it is very pretty. What with all the children from the various schools and the grown-up Native Christians, there is a very good congregation.

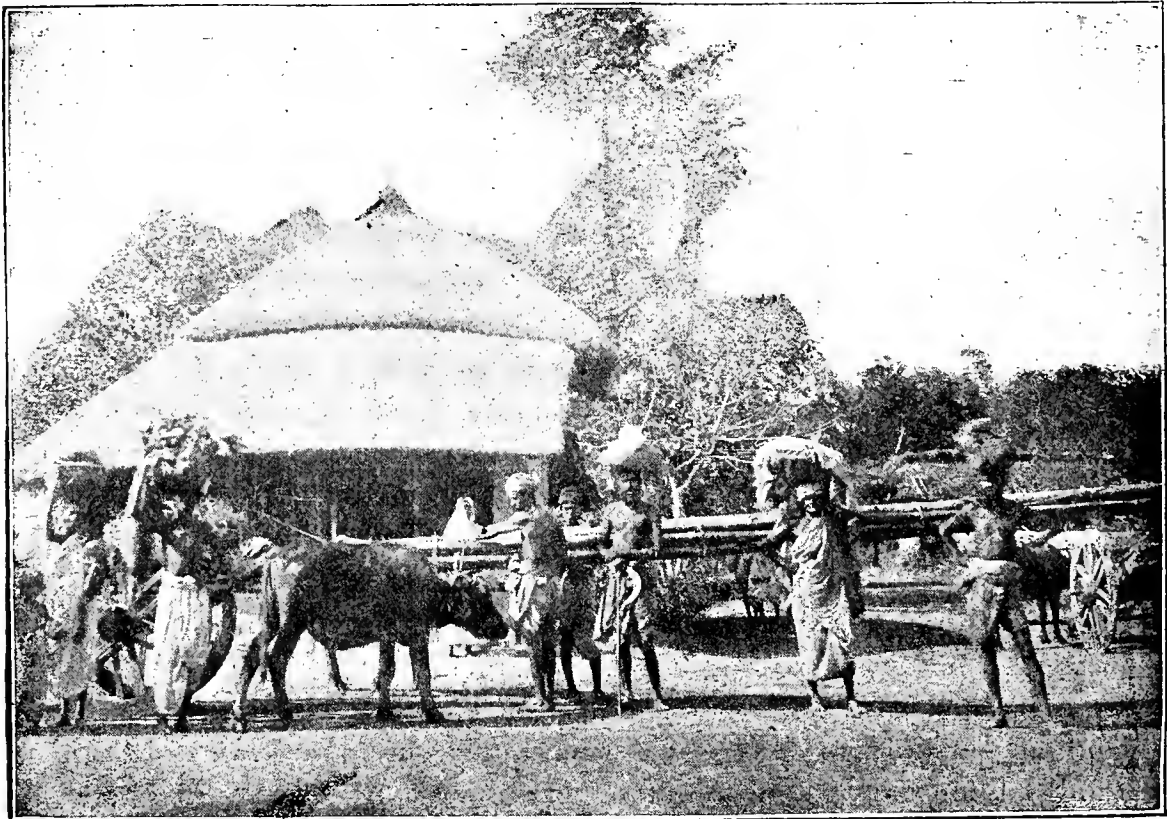
After morning church and Sunday-school, we went to the Orphan School, and I had some of the Christmas decorations given to me: a text and picture painted by the master's little girl with a brush made out of the tail of a squirrel. I have told you before how these squirrels run up the mango-trees. I am sure you could not catch one if you wanted a new paint-brush ever so badly; but this same little girl has made me a squirrel's-tail paint-brush to bring home for you.

The green parrots looked very grand, and we could not help admiring them; but Mr. Hooper thought this rather silly of us, because, he says, they eat the tamarinds and mangoes, and chatter



all day, so that every-one gets quite tired of them. After all, one does need something more than a beautiful appearance ; it is of no use to be lovely if people cannot bear you because you are always chattering, and are noisy and mischievous.

Now I must finish telling you about Sunday. In the afternoon there was a service in the City Mission Church. This church is in the middle of the bazaar, amongst the shops and people. The doors of the



VILLAGE SCENE.

church are left wide open ; and besides the Christians who are present, many heathen come in and out, and sit through the greater part of the service. We must ask God that some texts out of the Bible may be sent as good seed into their hearts. God is able and willing to save these poor men, and He wishes us to ask for their salvation.

You have heard that the heathen do not keep the first or second

commandments, and they break the fourth also; they do not "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." As you go to church you see the poor women toiling along with hods of mortar, and house-building and everything going on just as on week-days. The people put on no Sunday clothes,—none of the heathen, I mean,—but look wretchedly tired, and dirty, and miserable.

Mr. Hooper took us to his college the next morning, and we thought of Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus to hear His words, and of Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, when we saw all the seven young men he taught sitting at his feet, whilst he was on a seat above them. We understood nothing of the service, but we could pray for the men if we could not pray with them.

Don't you think this plan of training Indian men to be clergymen to their own people is very sensible? They understand all the Indian ways so well, and they know the language; then, again, they are less likely to get knocked up with the bad smells, and the heat of the cities, than an Englishman is, when he is visiting in the narrow, close streets.

It needs a great many missionaries to go out and teach these Christian Indians, before they can be good clergymen, so we shall have to go on steadily praying for men to go from England until there are thousands of Natives ready to be good missionaries to their own people.

After a while Mrs. Grime, one of the missionaries, took us into the city to two of her schools; in one she had 200 little heathen children, and in the other 170. These poor children come so dirty to school, she has to lend them *saris* made of thin calico, and she has these changed twice a week. Some of the teachers come from the Christian village of Sigra. In one of the schools was a verandah overlooking the busy, dirty street. Mrs. Grime gathered the children together and let them sing a translation of "Whither, pilgrims, are you going?" one side asking the question and the other half replying. We wished, as we heard them sing, that these poor little heathen girls were pilgrims to the better land. We counted more than sixty listeners in the dirty street below. Mrs. Grime says a crowd is sure to gather when the children sing, and she is glad, because she thinks many of the parents may thus hear about Jesus, the Way to the Better Land.

There were two street excitements whilst we were in the schools, both

of which we saw well from the verandah. The first was a dead man wrapped up like a mummy and carried down to the river-side to be burnt, a shouting crowd following the bier. The other procession was a gathering of neighbours, who had tom-toms and other musical instruments. They all carried baskets on their heads, containing gifts; they were going to take them to a boy baby, and would congratulate the mother on having a son. If it had been a girl, no one would have cared to give her presents. These people made so much noise that we were afraid they would either wake the baby, or give his mother a head-ache, though their wish was to be kind and do honour to both.

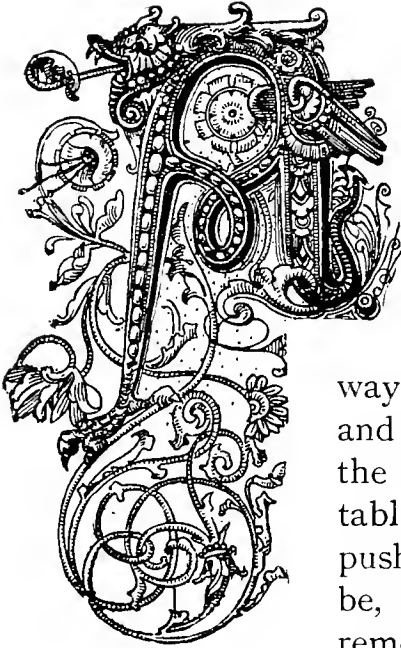
In Benares we saw a college where there are more than 500 students. It was built first by a heathen, but is now under the care of the C.M.S. I will tell you how this happened. Jay Narain, the man to whom the college belonged, was very ill; he prayed to all his gods for healing, but still got no better. Then the rich sick man made a vow: he would ask Jesus Christ to cure him, and if his prayer were heard, and he recovered, he would give the college and a large sum of money to Him. Jay Narain soon got quite well, and he did not forget to keep his promise. The college was handed over to the C.M.S., whilst the money helped a great deal in building the rooms we saw.

We had a long talk to one of the head-teachers, dear old Timothy Luther. This man used to worship idols, but was not happy, so then he became a Mohammedan; still he was miserable, so at last he came to Jesus with his burden of sin, and got forgiveness through His precious blood. He wanted to do something for Jesus Christ, who had loved him and saved him, so he came to the missionaries, and willingly gave up a situation where he was well paid, and took work for the small sum of Rs. 8 a month from the missionaries. He has gone on helping them in one way and another until, as one of the upper masters in the college, he has again a good salary, even more than he gave up forty years ago that he might serve Christ.

Box-wallas, or what we should call pedlars, are very numerous in India; they carry round stationery and haberdashery, and as there are no handy shops for English goods, this is a great convenience. Men come round, too, selling toys, pictures, striped carpets, thick mats, and other useful articles.

CHAPTER XVI.

CITY SIGHTS.



AFTER lunch, or *tiffin* as it is called in India, Mr. Hooper said he would take us to see some more of the sacred city of Benares. One street is so much like another that even people who have lived all their lives in Benares often get confused.

The sacred bulls were very much in the way; they would stand across a narrow street and quite block it up. They wander up and down the alleys, and are very troublesome, eating vegetables or whatever they think nice. No one may push or drive them away, however greedy they may be, because they are counted gods. You will remember in Exodus xxxii. how sad and angry Moses was when the children of Israel imitated the heathen, and worshipped the golden calf; see also 1 Kings, xii. 28.

We are told there were 50,000 heathen temples* in Benares; but really there are too many for anyone to count them. Even the houses have hideous pictures of gods on them, and there are whole streets for making idols. One shop was full of cows' heads, made of coloured cloth; they are so made that they can be pulled on the hand and arm like a sock, and when the people go and stand in the Ganges and say their prayers, they make the cow's head nod for each prayer. I wanted to buy one to show you, but Mr. Hooper does not like to buy idols or go into idol-shops, as he is well-known in Benares.

I expect you would get rather tired if you heard of all our wanderings in the narrow streets, so I will only tell you of one more sight that afternoon, the burning *Ghats* (pronounced like "Garts"). It is the place

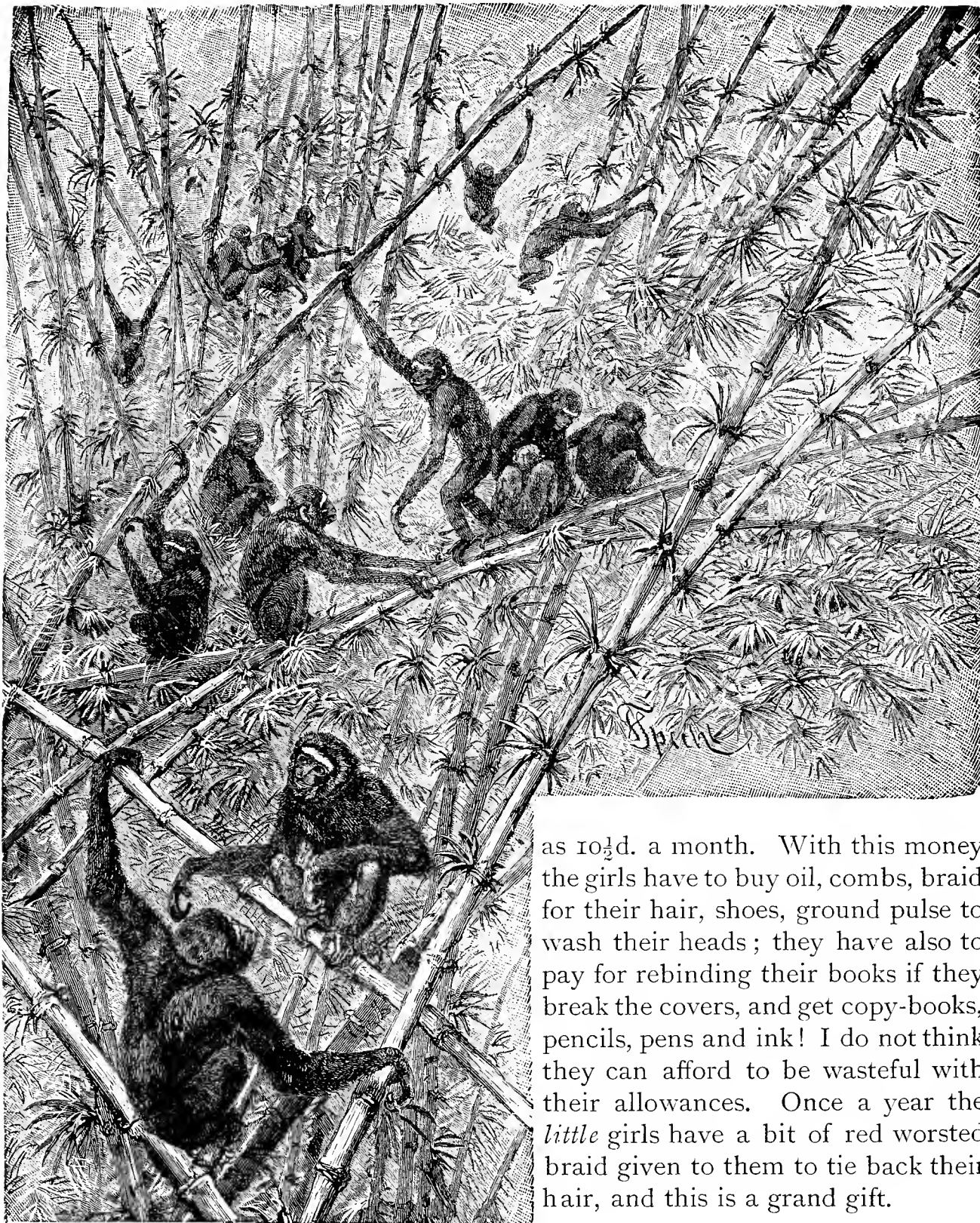
* NOTE.—There are 1,454 large heathen temples, 272 mosques. 50,000 is a fancy number, and means that umbrellas and shrines for idols and worshippers are innumerable

where the dead are burned by the banks of the Ganges. All the dead bodies are carried to the banks of the Ganges; there are poor men whose work it is to make the funeral piles, that is to get quantities of sticks and lay them across and across until a high heap is made, then the body is lifted on, and heaped with more sticks. If the man is very poor, he has only a low pile of sticks; but people who are rich like their friends to have a grand, big burning. The friends stand by with lighted torches, and the nearest relative sets the sticks on fire. We saw three bodies burnt, and a fourth pile made for a body which was still on a *charpai* in the Ganges; perhaps someone had brought the man down to die there. It is still a common plan to kill off dying people by stuffing their mouths full of the mud of the river; then the body is left to soak in the sacred Ganges water, and, after the body is burnt, all the ashes are collected and thrown into the river.

It was six o'clock, the sight-seeing all over for that day; we were tired and covered with dust as we drove through the streets. The air was thick with smoke, for all the people were cooking their evening meal out of doors; it had been a sad afternoon to see so many men and women in this great, crowded city without God and with no hope. When we got back we knelt down and told God all about these poor heathen, and asked Him to put it into the hearts of many from England to go to Benares, and tell the people there of Jesus who loved them, and is the Saviour of the world.

On February 1st we had a happy morning at Sagra amongst the children. First we went over the Normal School; the girls there are wisely kept to simple native customs; for example, they have two meals a day of pulse, made of lentils, rice, curry, and sometimes meat. They have no knives and forks, but sit on the ground and eat with their fingers, and use their own brass plate and *lota*. In the sleeping-rooms they have no bedsteads, but lie on a slanting board with a native carpet under them and a blanket or two over. When they get up in the morning they sit out of doors and wash, by pouring water from their *lota* over hands and feet, then later in the day they have a good shower-bath.

All the school has pocket-money, regulated according to the class the child is in. In the highest classes the pocket-money will be as much



as 10½d. a month. With this money the girls have to buy oil, combs, braid for their hair, shoes, ground pulse to wash their heads; they have also to pay for rebinding their books if they break the covers, and get copy-books, pencils, pens and ink! I do not think they can afford to be wasteful with their allowances. Once a year the *little* girls have a bit of red worsted braid given to them to tie back their hair, and this is a grand gift.

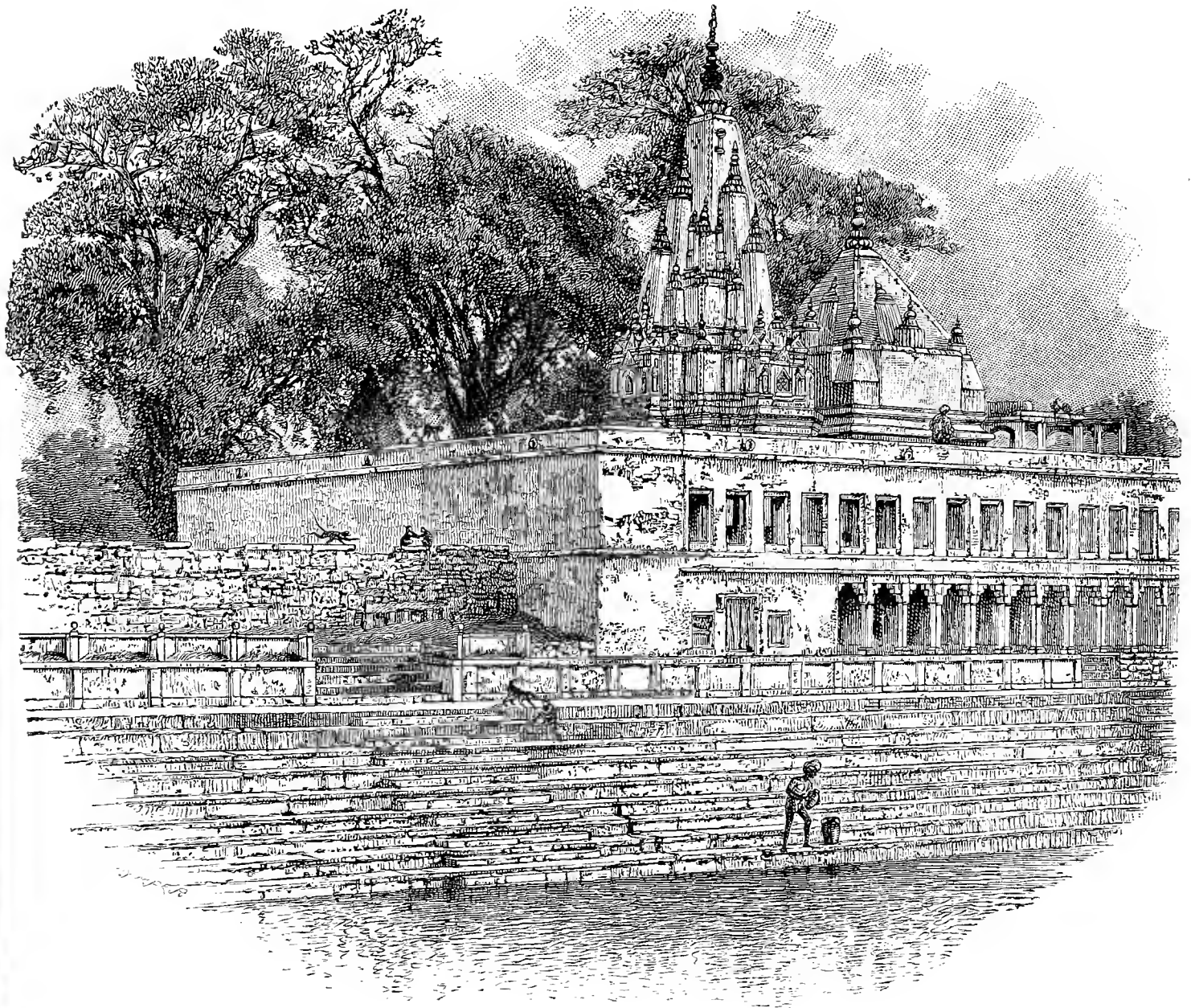
The girls learn English as well as the Indian languages, or what baby calls the "brown languages." Twelve girls passed a teacher's examination lately; they are very good pupils, they read to us very nicely and have been taught music well. It looks so funny to see girls in *chuddars* playing duets. We liked to hear them sing German and English songs, and then end with "God Save the Queen." A nice small present for this school would be pocket-handkerchiefs; they have one now and then for a rarity, but only use them on Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, or some great occasion. These girls like to print texts in coloured letters. When a new dormitory was built a girl surprised the head of the school with Martin Luther's favourite text to hang up, "God is our Refuge," only she had put it in Hindi, "*Khudá hamári Panáh.*"

Many of the dear children in this school are cheering their teachers; for they have given their hearts to Jesus and try to please Him.


Mrs. Hooper often said, "You must see my boys," and when we did see them we did not wonder at her love for them. Their bright smiling faces gave us a grand welcome, and the old teacher, who was dressed in what looked like a worn ironing-blanket, with an ironing-cloth over it, was very anxious they should read, sing, count, in fact do *everything* in the way of lessons that a schoolboy can do. So down we sat to listen. First in very shrill voices they sang, or one might say shouted, a translation of "I think when I read;" but the great fun was when they did "the storm"—You know the action song we have in our school at home. Bare feet make the noise of thunder much better than boots, and the drops of rain they did admirably; we could hardly believe that there was no heavy shower—that India's rainy season was over, for the wind was whistling, the sound of rain increasing, and a peal of thunder beginning again. The faces of the boys made us laugh, their black eyes were rolling and dancing with fun, and they grinned and showed their white teeth and looked altogether comical.

Everyone who reads missionary books knows that the poor Indians often come hundreds of miles and dip in the Ganges to wash away their sins. We had no idea until we were in Benares how many pilgrims come each day to the holy river to be cleansed. One morning we went early to the city, and Mr. Hooper took a boat in which we were rowed up and down the river. Looking from the shore on the "holy city" of

the Hindus, we understood better than ever before that it was a city like Athens, "wholly given to idolatry." The sun shone on the gilded roof and tower of one temple. We should have thought it beautiful had we not remembered it was just like the sepulchres we read of in the Bible—only grand outside. In this very temple is a bad well with poisonous



water, which the poor people drink to please their cruel goddess Kali—the goddess who wears the dreadful necklace of skulls. Hundreds of men and women were coming down the various stone stairs to the river ; on their heads or shoulders they carried *lotas* or *gurrhas*.*

We saw holy men selling marigolds and rubbish to the Hindus as offerings to Mother Gunga, as the Ganges is called. We could also see a group encircling some holy man who sat on the ground and read sacred stories about the heathen gods. People go into the water with their clothes on, mutter prayers, throw in their offerings, and then come out, change their clothes, and get some holy Brahmin to put a fresh mark on their foreheads ; the worshippers of Siva have three marks like this  made in white or grey.

All the people looked very devout ; some plucked at beads, just as Roman Catholics do when they pray. Others nodded the cow's head, which I told you is put on like a sock on the hand or arm. Little children were dipped in ; they did not enjoy the act of devotion, and clung crying to their mothers, just as you would have done (when you were two years old) if I had dipped you in the sea.

The poor heathen are all wrong in worshipping idols, and yet they taught me a great many good lessons that morning. Can you think what some of those lessons would be ?

You have seen the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens, but even in the largest cage you never saw such a host of monkeys as we did the last time we went sight-seeing in the city of Benares. We were bound for the Monkey Temple, and long before we got there we knew we were in the right neighbourhood, for on the edges of verandahs, sitting in trees, peering down from flat house-tops, were horribly ugly brown monkeys. At last we arrived at a large tank and temple, and there, running in bands of eight or ten at a time, swinging in the branches of trees, hopping down the steps of the tank, were the sacred monkeys. I put my hands to protect my head, for we had the uncomfortable feeling that they might jump into the carriage, or alight on our hats from the trees—such *harum-scarum* ways they had, poor, wretched creatures ! However, we happily escaped. No one may kill these gods. They are regularly fed seven times daily. Once when there was a famine in India,

* Earthen water vessels.

poor little children were starving, but food was still always provided for these monkeys.

Just as we were hearing this from Mr. Hooper, a dirty Hindu boy appeared with a plateful of popcorn. You should have seen the sight ; sixty monkeys chased one another, and rushed headlong for the food ; they looked more like a silly flock of geese than like gods. These mischievous monkeys are such greedy creatures, they eat with both hands at once, stuff their mouths in very rude fashion, and jump over each other's heads to steal a neighbour's share. Some of the bigger monkeys nursed the smaller ones in a very fatherly and motherly fashion, and ran up and down the steps to the tank with their babies in their arms.

We were invited to go inside the Durga or Monkey Temple, but had no desire to do so, in spite of the attraction held out to us of seeing the splendid bell, which, I am ashamed to say, was given to it by an Englishman.

We were glad to turn our backs on the monkeys, and drive away to get a good view of an ancient city, called Ram-nugger, on the other side of the Ganges. "Nugger" means city, so this place was the city of the great heathen god Ram. We were very sleepy and tired, almost too sleepy to enjoy a missionary Bible-reading, with which we ended our last day in Benares. We knew we must be up early next day, for there was a girls' orphan school we wished to see at Sigra, and farewells to all the missionary friends in both compounds. All was happily accomplished, and then we had our last look at Benares, the city full of idols, were in the train again, and bound for Agra.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE WONDERFUL TOMB.



WE were met at Agra station by missionaries, who were as cheery and hearty as if we had all been old friends. We had often been very hungry for a sight of little children, and here we were made quite happy by the little boy and girl in the missionary home. Edith and Lewis were two funny little children. Edith did not know much English, but said long sentences in Urdu. It sounded very clever to us, when we heard this baby-girl talking to her nurse. I am afraid I rather envied her ; for it seems to me almost impossible to learn all the strange Indian words.

Everyone who knew we were going to Agra said at once, "Be sure you see the Taj." "Go and see it by moonlight," said one. "It is the finest sight in the world," said another. "Americans come all the way from their country to see it," said a third ; "do not miss it on any account."

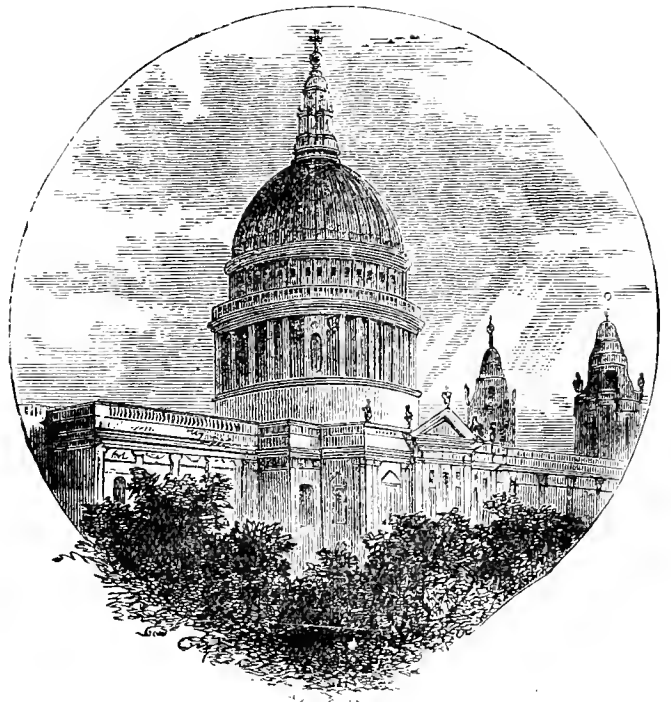
The Taj, therefore, was our uppermost thought, and we were very glad when we found a party had been arranged to go there on the first afternoon we were with our new friends. You will tell me you do not

know what the Taj is ; and if I say, "It is a tomb," that does not sound interesting ; so you shall hear about it as if it were a story.

In the time when Charles I. was king in England, a great emperor reigned over part of India, who had as his titles, "The True Star of the Faith," "The King of the World." This man's name was Shah Jehan. His history, and the history of those times, reminds me very much of the kings of Israel ; those who wished to come to the throne did not mind killing their own brothers, or any near relation, so that they might reign. Though Shah Jehan was rough, he loved his beautiful wife ; and before she died, he made her a promise that she should have a grand tomb, and that he would be buried in the same place.

After his wife was buried, Shah Jehan had a weary life ; his sons quarrelled as to who should reign after him, and at last one of them shut the king up as a prisoner for seven years. All he had to cheer and comfort him in his sickness and imprisonment was the love of one good daughter. At last the poor old man died, and was buried in the same splendid Taj or tomb which we were going to see.

Wonderful places are difficult to describe. You have read of fairy palaces, and have dreamt castles in the air, but all your fairies, and genii, and mermaids will hardly help you to understand how beautiful the Taj is. Any of us who had been in London or in Rome said, as we looked at the Taj, "St. Paul's Cathedral, or St. Peter's at Rome, are nothing compared with this !" Can you imagine a snow-white marble dome, surrounded by four pointed towers called minarets ? As you get near the Taj you come through a handsome gateway, then pass up an avenue of cypress trees and fountains, and see this beautiful building, surrounded by trees and flowers and everything lovely. Outside, on the pure white marble, texts are printed in black



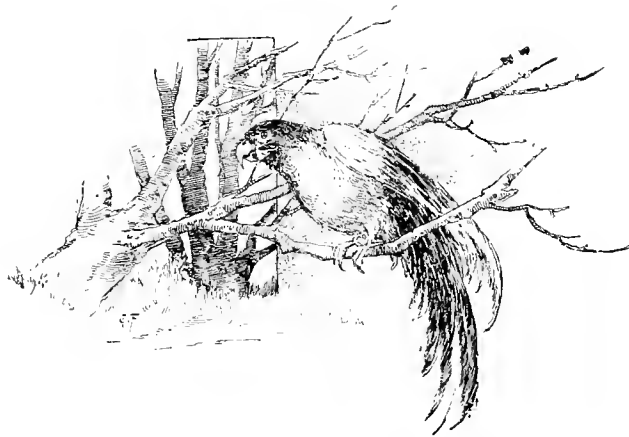
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

from the Koran, and every stone and pillar, inside and out, is inlaid with flowers and birds and butterflies, formed of precious stones ; or you see screens of fine carving. We saw the tombs in the vault, and the huge coffins above. On the carved white marble of the wife's coffin was a slate, and on Shah Jehan's a pencil-case ; above each hangs an ostrich egg.

There is almost the most wonderful echo in the world in the vault ; you hear every sound distinctly repeated ; and we were told that if a hymn tune is sung, it sounds as though a choir of angels were replying. We waited to get a glimpse of the palace by moonlight, and then came away, feeling it was all much too wonderful to be described. When you and I see the Lord Jesus Christ in His beauty, and the City of the King, it will be a far grander sight than any here. How much better than a silent tomb will be

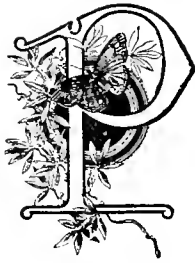
“ That beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven.”

I am afraid you would get very tired if I told you of all we saw before breakfast on February 5th, and would feel very much confused, so we will skip descriptions of any more tombs.



CHAPTER XVIII.

KING AKBAR.



PERHAPS you will like to hear a little about Shah Jehan's grandfather—a great king called Akbar, who reigned when Mary and Elizabeth were queens. Akbar was the greatest of all kings in those stormy days. He loved his people, and made good laws for them; one thing he forbade was the burning of wives with their dead husbands. He found out that many things were wrong in the religion of Moham-med, and tried to find some better way. Some Roman Catholics visited his kingdom, and he heard from them a little about Jesus, but there was no one to teach him properly. As some one says, in writing of him, "Akbar was a fine fellow; I wish he had had better friends and had lived in better days."

Akbar used to wonder what was the best way to help his people; what were the best books to read, and the best religion. How sad it is that there were no missionaries to tell him.

In the reign of Henry VIII. sailors did not know the right way to India; again and again they tried to sail by the north of America, but could not manage to get any ship through the ice and snow. Then, even when men went round the Cape of Good Hope, it was very tedious; but now our dear missionaries go quickly through the last way that has been found for the steamers, through the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean.

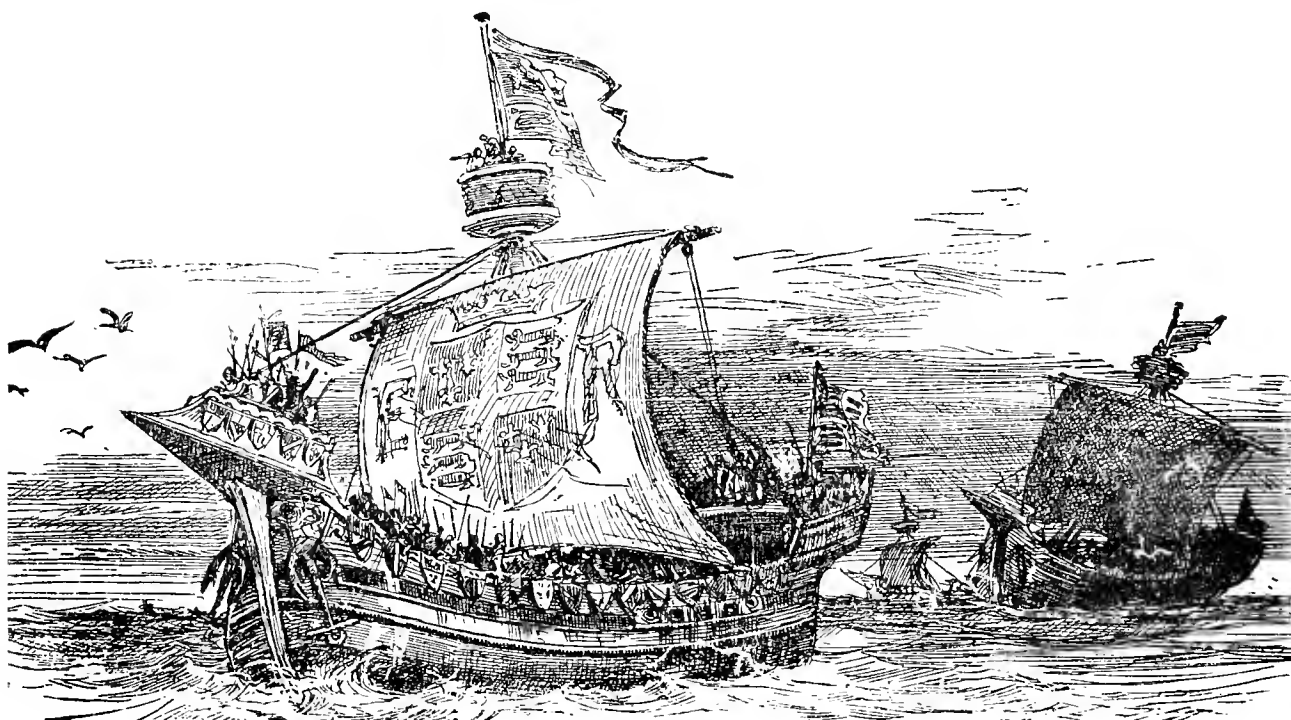
In those old days, too, Englishmen seemed to have forgotten that



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Jesus had said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." All they cared for in India was to get silks and precious stones. After Sir Francis Drake had been his grand voyage round the world, and Queen Elizabeth had visited him on board his ship, and she and many merchants and gentlemen had seen the treasures he had brought home, it was decided to form a company, called the East India Company, to go and trade with the Indians. The English ships were to take woollen goods, lead, and quicksilver to India, and to come back laden with spices, calico, jewels, and silk. When you grow older, you will often hear of the East India Company, and you will be interested in knowing that it was begun in the days of Akbar.

Akbar had a judgment-seat and throne ; these we were taken to see, and also the bath-room of his queen. This place, now much in ruins, was like two large swimming-baths. The walls of the room were inlaid with looking-glasses and flowers made of precious stones. The water fell into the baths from a great height ; behind this falling stream of water were two rows of pigeon-holes, and in each pigeon-hole was a lamp carefully guarded by glass from the water. I am sure our dear Queen does not have such a grand bath-room as this one was ! I am afraid Akbar's queen must have grown very vain with so many looking-glasses !



OLD ENGLISH SHIPS.



CHAPTER XIX.

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

WE spent one morning in Agra in seeing Medical Mission and Zenana work. In one house there were eleven or twelve women gathered together. We noticed wreaths of mango-leaves in the low doorway and in the court below ; and then directly we went up the steep stone steps we saw more marigolds and mango-leaves, and a very fine Guy Fawkes cap. We were told that all the decorations were in honour of a boy of twelve having

received, a day or two before our visit, the yellow cord that the Brahmins wear.

The women showed us their jewels and turned out their boxes that we might see their grand holiday *sarees* ; the one they admired most was covered with red and green tinsel. We went away laden with sweets ; the sun melted the *ghee*, or butter, from the sweetmeats, and we poured it off in streams in the streets. I was asked to question one woman ; she answered nicely, and repeated texts, and said she believed in Jesus ; but the missionary said she only said this because she thought it would please us, and that she was not a Christian at all. Our visit was a great pleasure to these poor creatures. They looked at us admiringly. Wishing to say something kind, they told the missionary that we were wonderfully pretty !

At another house there was a poor widow, who was very weak and thin and almost starved. She looked up at the medical missionary and

said, "Oh, *Mem Sahib*, make me well, do make me well ; for even when I am ill I have all the work to do, and it is so hard ; do give me something to cure me !" The tears ran down the poor woman's cheeks, and they came into the missionary's eyes, for she knew that this woman's illness had come on from want of food.

Widows are only allowed to eat once a day. One poor creature said that often between whiles she was so faint that she did not know what to do. Miss Johnston, the missionary, told the woman how much kinder God's religion was than man's ; that man was unkind to the widow, but God called Himself "The God of the widow, the Father of the fatherless, the Helper of the helpless."

It is very difficult to make the poor sick people sensible. I have heard some strange tales from the medical missionaries. If a powder is given in paper to a woman, she has often been known to throw the powder away and eat the paper.

A woman who had some medicine herself, wanted some for her baby, and brought her own bottle to have the cough medicine for the baby mixed with the medicine just given to her. When the lady told her that she could not mix the medicines and a fresh bottle must be brought, the woman went out of the dispensary, drank her medicine, which was intended to last three days, all at one large gulp, and brought the bottle thus emptied to be filled for the baby.

We have heard of another patient, whose medicine was given to her in a tiny bottle, and the woman came to the missionary and enquired whether she meant the glass bottle to be ground up with what was inside !

Miss Johnston says the poor ignorant women frighten the little children. For instance, a baby pulled a saucepanful of boiling *ghee* over itself. There were some little blisters which needed to be cut—it would not have hurt the child ; but directly the scissors were produced, the old grandmother seized the baby and terrified it by her screams ; whilst she kept on shouting out that the baby must not be hurt, and the missionary was going to do it harm. After a time the poor old woman was willing to give the child up, and begged pardon, saying she "had but a little heart, and was easily frightened."

The streets were very crowded ; people, dressed in their smartest

clothing, were returning from the river Jumna. It was a day of sacrificing to the goddess Setla, who is supposed to keep away small-pox, and everyone had been bathing in the river and making offerings. This is thought to be the right way to please heathen gods and goddesses and get their protection and care. One of the lady missionaries told us that at the last *méla*, or festival to the small-pox

goddess, a heathen woman had one of her children very ill; the lady said to her, "Your little girl needs great care; you must keep her warm and comfortable in bed." But the woman, wishing to please the goddess, took the poor sick child down to the river and dipped her in the cold water, and the next day the child died.



When I went one day to a dirty little verandah in the city, where a missionary was seeing her patients, I felt it would need much love to Jesus to be a medical missionary. Everyone who came to be cured was very dirty. The missionary said to one woman, "You must wash your child, and then I will give you the ointment." The mother had twenty bracelets on each arm and nine rings on her fingers, but knew nothing about cleanliness; she took up her *lota*, or brass pot, and poured the water over the child. Would you not think it stupid if nurse were to pour a jug of water over you instead of using soap, and rubbing you in the bath?

One thing the poor heathen mothers do is to rub their children all over with oil; they think that is sure to do them good, and often when medicine is given they will rub it on them instead of letting them swallow it.

After many years, the poor women and the little children learn to love and trust the kind missionary lady doctors. Once, when one of them got into her carriage to go home, she found a live kid in it, which had been put in as a present for her by her grateful patients.

Sometimes, when the poor women find that the medicine does them good, they say to the ladies, "You are gods," and want to fall down and worship them. The missionaries quickly stop this and say, "I cannot make you well, but it is my God who has done it; you must thank Him."

We went into one house where we were offered food. There had been a great consultation before we went about it. The kind people said to the missionary, "Shall we cook our tame pigeon for these new English ladies?" The missionary said, "I am sure my friends would be sorry for you to kill your dear little pigeon for them." Then the women said, "We must make them a lot of sweets." Again the missionary answered, "English ladies often cannot eat Indian sweets."

"It is very sad," the poor women said, "because our wish is to feast them; tell me what English ladies like. Would they like a cup of tea?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "that will do nicely."

It was a wonderful cup of tea, so you shall hear about it!

A dirty woman took some tea out of a linen bag with her hand; then she cleaned the basins. *First* she rubbed them with mud, *secondly* with dry flour, and, *thirdly*, poured water over them. After much running about and talking, the basins were brought to us full of horrid-looking tea, buffaloes' milk, and *thick* with sugar; we swallowed as much as we could, and then waited. Our kind tea-maker eagerly watched us. Did we like it? It was impossible to say "No," and we could not truthfully say "Yes." I tried to get off by saying 'that it was said' I was always ready for a cup of tea. "Then why," they naturally asked, "not finish this?" "Because," we said, "we have had enough," and the missionary excused me, saying it was too sweet. At once some greasy milk was brought to lessen the sweetness, but, after all, the cups were left unfinished. In this house there was a little widow only six years of age. She would never be allowed to wear jewels and pretty clothing; she looked happy, however, for the missionary had sent her to school, and this made a nice change in her dull life.

We called one day on an English lady who had charge of a little grandchild who was not two years old. This poor little mite had a great many servants to wait on her : an old man, called a bearer, who carried her about ; two *ayahs*, or women nurses ; and when she went out she rode in her goat-chaise. Besides the two *ayahs*, the goat had a servant all to itself. Little English children from India are often very troublesome when they come home, but we must be patient with them ; for we who have always lived in England have not the excuses for being cross that they have—the bad example of heathen servants, and often being ill with the hot climate.

On Sunday we heard bad news. Aunt Fan's naughty pony, Tommy, who, we told you, liked to have his own way, had thrown Aunt Fan off his back, and she had broken her collar-bone and injured her arm. You can understand how much we thought of her all day, and asked God to be with her, and not allow this accident to hinder her very much. After all, we thought, perhaps it will help her, because now when she goes to see people who have broken their bones, she will know better than ever before how to comfort them. God does not let troubles that He sends *really* hinder ; He can see a great deal further than we can, and He never makes mistakes.



THE NAUGHTY PONY



CHAPTER XX.

THE WOLF BOY.



NOW often in the Bible we read of men like Abraham and Joshua who, when they had a long day's work before them, rose up early in the morning. The sun gets so hot in the middle of the day in the East that travelling is bad for horses or donkeys as well as for people. Horses cannot wear pith hats! Generally, however,

they have a thick padded covering over their heads to keep off the glare of the sun.

When Miss Johnston, our kind missionary guide, said good-night to us on January 6th, she added, "We must make an early start to-morrow, for my head is full of plans of all I wish you to see. We will begin by a drive of five miles to Secundra."

I have wished for you again and again in India, but never quite so much as in Secundra, and when we get back to England and I want to tell boys and girls a really nice story, Secundra will be one of the first things to come to my mind. Now, as I have said the name of the place three times, and there are only three syllables in it, I think you will remember it.

First we saw the marble tomb of King Akbar, which was at the top of several stone staircases. Amongst the many carvings and inscriptions round it were ninety-nine names of God from the *Koran*—the Mohammedans' Bible.

Better than the sight of this *tomb* at Secundra was that of the Orphanage, where the good old German missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt, are like father and mother to four or five hundred boys and girls, who are under their care. Children were there of all ages—tiny babies who could hardly walk, little children and big. We said to Mr. Erhardt, “Where do all these boys and girls come from?”

“Almost all,” he said, “were found in the streets, or lying by the side of the road, and they were picked up and sent to us to take care of.”

There was one poor boy, about nineteen years of age, who was deaf and dumb and very stupid. His name was Sanichar (Urdu for Saturday), but he is generally called “the wolf boy.” I will tell you his story and how he got his strange names. In the year 1867 some natives were in a jungle and saw a little boy crawling like an animal, then suddenly he disappeared through a large hole. They tried to get him out, but it was impossible, and they dared not go in, for they discovered it was the den of a wild beast. The men reported their discovery to the magistrate, and he sent a party one Saturday to rescue the child from this strange home. A fire was lighted at the mouth of the cave, and soon the den became choked with smoke. Then out bounded a fine mother wolf, and after her crawled the little boy. The wolf, terrified by the sight of all the men, rushed off, so the boy was easily secured and taken to the magistrate. The child seemed to be more like an animal than a human being; he would only eat raw meat, and devoured his food in a rough, wild way, just as the lions do in the Zoological Gardens.

The magistrate sent him to Secundra, and here he needed a caretaker, for he was very tiresome, only wishing to eat like an animal, and trying to walk with four instead of two legs; whilst if clothes were put on him he tore them off again.

At last the boy learned better ways, and after being at Secundra ten years he wished to come to church regularly, and is always very quiet and attentive. He has now been baptized by the name of Sanichar, or Saturday, the day of the week on which he was saved from the wolf.

Although the boy is an idiot he shows a measure of sense; for instance, if a penny is given him he knows it is for sweets and looks very pleased, putting his fingers to his mouth as if he were eating.

He was greatly troubled when a favourite caretaker died, and seeing the open grave and the coffin by it, he looked from one to another as if begging for an explanation. Someone pointed to the grave of his dear friend and then to the sky; and ever since, when the boy does not feel well, he puts his hand to his head, then pretends to be asleep, and points first to the earth and then up again to heaven. His mind has never lost the impression that after illness comes the grave and then the world above.

There have been two other wolf boys and one wolf girl at Secundra, but Sanichar is the only one that has lived. Wolves do sometimes, in India, come through the open doors of the servants' huts and snatch away the baby who is sleeping by the side of its mother. Sadder than this, some little children, especially girls, are thrown away by the cruel parents. If we love God we love our brother also, and our fathers and mothers or children; but we hear sorrowful stories when we go to countries where God is not loved. Fathers and mothers do dreadful things to please the heathen gods.



CHAPTER XXI.

ORPHAN BOYS AND GIRLS.



WHEN a year or two ago there was an awful famine in India, no rain fell, and so there was no rice. Sixty little starving children were brought to the Home; two were already dead when they arrived, and others only lived a day or two. The rest were almost mad with hunger; they howled like wild beasts, snatched at the food, and sat on it to keep it, and then pretended they had none. Mrs. Erhardt said she never saw anything that made her so sad. Often she had a good cry when she was in her own house across the compound. A famine boy was

pointed out to us who had been saved, and very comfortable he looked. The thinnest boys always do the cooking, and they very soon grow fat.

There is a nice story about the little orphan girls at Secundra. At the time of the famine, invitations were sent all round the neighbourhood asking whether the Hindus and Mohammedans would come and pray for rain. So many came that the church was quite crammed, and as there was no room for the little girls, they had to be sent back. The Hindu door-keeper said, "The little ones are too small for God to hear their prayers." These dear children, however, knew as you do, that God loves the prayers of little children, and always listens when they speak to Him, so they went and told one of their teachers how they had been shut out of the church, and she, to comfort them, said they might have a prayer-meeting. Off the children ran to an empty school-room, and a little girl of eight held a meeting. She read Psalm xlii. and then the Confession and other prayers from the Prayer Book, ending with the one for rain. God heard the prayers of the grown-up people and of the little children, and soon rain poured down, and every one in the place got the blessing of it.

Wherever we went with Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt, whether we were in the grounds or in the Orphanage, more than a hundred boys were after them, some holding their hands, dress, or coat-tails; when the missionaries stopped, the children stopped, when they went on, so did the boys. They did not expect to be noticed, all they cared for was to be near the dear father and mother whom they love very much. Every child comes to Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt when anything is wrong: some of the teachers complained about this, but Mr. Erhardt said, "You forget, I am the father; to whom are children to complain if not to their father?"

He is full of clever and inexpensive contrivances for the comfort of his family, and as a rule his plans are a success, but not always, as you shall hear. The white ants would come and bite the boys who slept on a low earth platform all round the dormitory. To keep these tormentors away the bed-place was well tarred, and supposed to be dry. The boys went to bed as usual wrapped in blankets, the heat of their bodies made the tar damp, and boys and blankets stuck to it; this they all thought very good fun, but Mr. Erhardt did not wish the blankets to be spoiled, and so covered the tar with a layer of mud, and now all is comfortable.

We wanted to know what became of the children; and I am sure you would have wondered too, if you had seen them; for they are all orphans, and have no friends. Government pays a little money for each child's support. Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt have the boys taught trades—printing, book-binding and other things. The girls are kept at school until they are married. I wanted to know how husbands were found for so many girls, and was told that when a young native Christian wants a wife he comes to Mr. Erhardt, and brings with him testimonials of good conduct, and also proves that he understands some trade. Mr. Erhardt sends for four or five girls, and the man looks at them, and chooses one of them as his wife. The girl is then taken out of the room, and asked whether she will have this man for her husband. If she says "Yes," all is settled for the wedding; but if "No," the man has to choose again.

It often happens that when the orphan boys have learned a trade they marry one of the girls and live in the Christian village at Secundra; this is a good plan, for they stay near the old Orphanage as long as they

live. Some boys become medical students and schoolmasters, whilst others become ministers, and tell in places far away from Secundra the lessons they learned at school about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt say as St. John does in his Epistle, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth," and they often do hear this good news. Some of the printers from the Orphanage went to Allahabad; there were only heathen there, and the boys began Christian work amongst them. In all the large cities Secundra boys may be found, while Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt can hardly go a journey



A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS OF WEE BROWN CHILDREN.

without finding some of their grown-up children who have situations on the railways. Many of these boys must be quite old men now, for the Secundra Orphanage was opened in 1839.

You will not wonder that when the Prince of Wales was in India, and his friends went to pay a visit to Secundra, and saw the boys at work, that they came away saying that "it was the best thing they had seen since they left England."

You remember reading about the Indian Mutiny in "Far Off." At that time, in 1857-8, all the printing-presses at Secundra were broken

up, the paper and books burned, and the types thrown down the wells, or into tanks ; the missionaries and children were hidden in the fort at Agra. For a long time after that there was no orphanage ; then a dreadful famine came, some missionaries took charge of some of the famine children, the place was rebuilt, and all the work began over again.

We saw some blind girls in the school, and about six deaf and dumb little cooks, who looked full of fun, and were very anxious to show us how well they could make the unleavened cakes, *chapatties*, as they are called here. The oven is in the ground, charcoal at the bottom ; this heats the sides of the oven, then a mixture is made of flour, salt, and water ; this is well kneaded, and cut into small pieces, which are pressed flat with the hand, or with a stone, and then dabbed against the side of the oven.



In two minutes the cake is cooked, and ready to be pulled off with a pair of long tongs. It was cakes of this kind that Sarah “baked quickly on the hearth” when the angels went to see Abraham ; see Gen. xviii. 6. We have had *chapatties* once or twice, and *can* eat them, but we prefer our usual bread.

There was one question which I knew you would like me to ask, and that was about the playthings of all these orphan boys and girls, for I saw no toys anywhere. Mrs. Erhardt said, however, that the boys had a few marbles, and the girls had some dolls.* At Christmas-time she and Mr. Erhardt are very much pleased if they can give the children a treat. What they like to do is to decorate the school, and then give a present to everyone ; but often there are not toys enough to go round. When I heard this I thought, Why should not we send picture-books, work-bags, marble-bags and dolls, all packed nicely in a box ? The worst of it is that sending boxes to India costs a great deal of money ; but if we take great pains to make our things really good, and write a letter to H. G. Malaher, Esq., 20, Compton Terrace, Islington, N., I believe he would kindly send it for us, only we must try to send him as much money as we can to pay for the box’s fare on the steamer. You

* Hoops, skipping-ropes, battledores and shuttlecocks would be very useful to Secundra children.

just think about it. You can, if you like, save your pennies before we come home. Perhaps Miss Emily would help if you wish to begin making work-bags or marble-bags at once. It will be grand to send a surprise box to Secundra !

We saw other schools and a college in Agra, and a great many missionaries. In one school we found that Miss Bland (F. E. S.) had taught the children the "One Hundred Texts." Father questioned them on the verses, and they said them in Urdu, but Miss Bland said all the answers were right. One dear little mite about four years old, who, when a baby, had been picked up on a dust-heap, said, "Jesus, lover of my soul," in English, to Auntie and to me ; she looked a sweet pet. Whilst she said her verses to the strange ladies she stood shyly twisting Miss Bland's chain round and round, then looked up brightly into Miss Bland's face for the smile and the kiss which she knew she had earned.

We spend all our time talking to missionaries, and seeing their work, and wonder all day long that there are not more missionaries in the *world*, when there is so very much to do in *India* alone ! Wherever we go we long to stay, and help just a *little*.

There is one large college with five hundred men and boys in it ; it was curious to peep into the schoolroom where they were at their lessons, and see them hard at work ; they look very different from English boys in their bright-coloured caps and long, flowing clothing.





CHAPTER XXII.

A FEAST.



THE last afternoon I was in Agra we had no sooner finished dinner than we had to go to a native feast at the house of one of the Christians in the village. The occasion was the birth of the first son, who was now eleven days old. The little hero was dressed very smartly. He wore a nightgown of large green and red plaid, and a frilled cap to match. A little pair of nicely knitted woollen shoes looked comfortable, but over them were silver anklets ; while round his poor neck he wore two such stiff collars or necklaces of silver that it seemed as if he would be strangled.

Our kind host had made large preparations for our visit. In the courtyard before their house, poles had been put up, and blankets were stretched over them to form a tent or awning. On the floor were more blankets, which served as a carpet !

All this we took in at a glance. We also saw that many guests had already arrived and were seated on the floor. Through the open door of the house we could see ten or twelve women, and we could also *hear* them, for they had the use of the *tom-tom** that the missionary takes with him when he wishes to collect a congregation in the villages. We are not used to Indian music ; at present it sounds to us like a dismal wail, without tune or harmony. However, what we thought rather a miserable noise cheered the missionaries, for they explained to us that the dirges which were sung were Christian hymns with good words, whilst generally at Indian festivals the heathen sing bad songs.

As I could not talk, excepting to those guests who knew a few English words, there was plenty of time to devote to the baby, who was

* *Tom-tom* = Indian drum.

a funny, sleepy, little brown ball, not half so amusing as a neighbour's baby, who was also nursed and petted, and was so perfectly delighted with our white faces that he did nothing but laugh and crow his admiration.

After a while there was a pause in the banging at the drum, and the singers were still. A Bible and hymn-book were handed to our missionary friend; he read and explained a chapter, and then prayed for the baby. After this we *wished* to join in singing a hymn, but we could not make out a single letter of the Persian or Arabic characters in our hymn-book.

Our dinner was cooked in brass pans, one above the other, in a corner of the courtyard. The fireplace was very simple, being two little mounds of mud about as tall as a brick. A fire was made on the ground, and the pans were placed on the two little mud walls. You will want to know what we had for dinner. It was difficult to begin to eat so soon after we had finished our real dinner; nevertheless we managed each course. First we had *pillau*, a mixture of raisins, rice, onions, meat and spices; the second course was curry and rice; and the third rice boiled dry in treacle.

Do you think the feast was ended now? Oh no! The mother had been very busy preparing the *pan*. We did not like to decline taking it, and made ourselves very wretched by chewing. We succeeded in gratifying our kind host, and as there were forty other guests watching us eat our food with the knives and forks borrowed from the missionary's house, it was worth while to do our best. After the *pan* came the hookah. The missionary took a few whiffs, but was kind enough not to hand it to father, which was a great relief.

All the time we were eating guests were assembling, and the courtyard was now very full of men, women, and babies. Father was asked to make a speech, which he did through our friend, who translated each sentence into Hindu; the chief man then repeated the words to the guests.

All good things must come to an end—even feasts. As the sun was setting we gave the baby a final kiss, said another little prayer for him in our hearts, and bade good-bye to our hosts.

We stopped on our way back to see one of Miss Johnstone's patients, a poor woman ill in bed, who had two little tiny twin babies by her side. It was a comfortless home, but the kind missionary helps

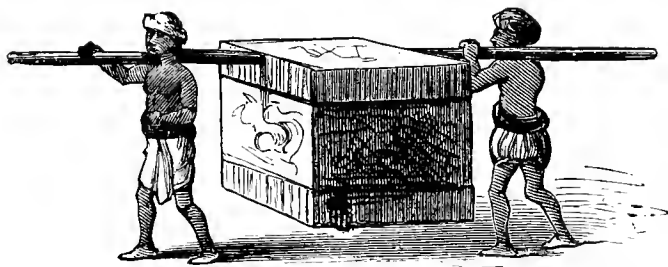
in every way ; she makes the food, and is nurse as well as doctor. It seemed to us hard work, for there was nothing for her to use—not even a piece of soap to wash her hands.

The sunset was still beautiful as we walked about on the housetop, looking for the last time at Agra's tombs and palaces, until the *gari* was ready, when we ran down the staircase outside the house and were soon on our way to a soldiers' Bible-class. On Sunday half the congregation in church were English soldiers ; there were sixty, who marched there with their guns. The missionary, with whom we were staying, loved the brave English soldiers, and had a Bible-class for them every week. We went to it this Tuesday evening, and thought how glad the mothers at home, who were praying for their sons, would have been if they could have seen them in the quiet room with the good missionary. Boys and girls little know how much absent fathers and mothers think of them and pray for them ; but God knows, and He hears and answers.

Is it not nice that we in India and you in England have the same Eye watching and the same Hand caring for us ? You and we can both speak to the same God at the same time, and this makes us very near to one another.

The busy day was not over yet, for after returning to a hurried tea and packing, I set off all alone on a long journey, to Amritsar. I felt somewhat like Hagar, when the kind friends started me with an earthen-ware bottle of water as well as food for the twenty-four hours in the train. After a dull and uncomfortable journey what a good sight the friendly face of dear Miss Hewlett was, at Amritsar Station, when the train arrived at 9.30 on Wednesday evening ; and how warm and loving her welcome to the Medical Mission Bungalow ?





CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ALEXANDRA SCHOOL.

AT the Medical Mission Bungalow there was a nice *doolie* in the verandah, that is a small carriage without wheels, and *kahars*, or men who carry the *doolie*, were at hand. Some missionaries came in, and we had a long talk as to whether it would be a good plan for me to go and see Miss Clay at her village work in Narowal, thirty or forty miles away.

The *doolie* seemed very snug and comfortable ; but we all concluded it would be better for me to stay quietly with Miss Hewlett. A messenger on foot had already been sent to Miss Clay, we might, therefore, miss one another on the road ; and if the *kahars*, who are a tiresome set of men, went too fast, or teased for money, I should not know what to do, as I do not understand a word of their language.

It does seem very nice to be really in Amritsar, the place we have read of so often in missionary books ; it is just as important a place in the Punjab as Benares is in Central India.

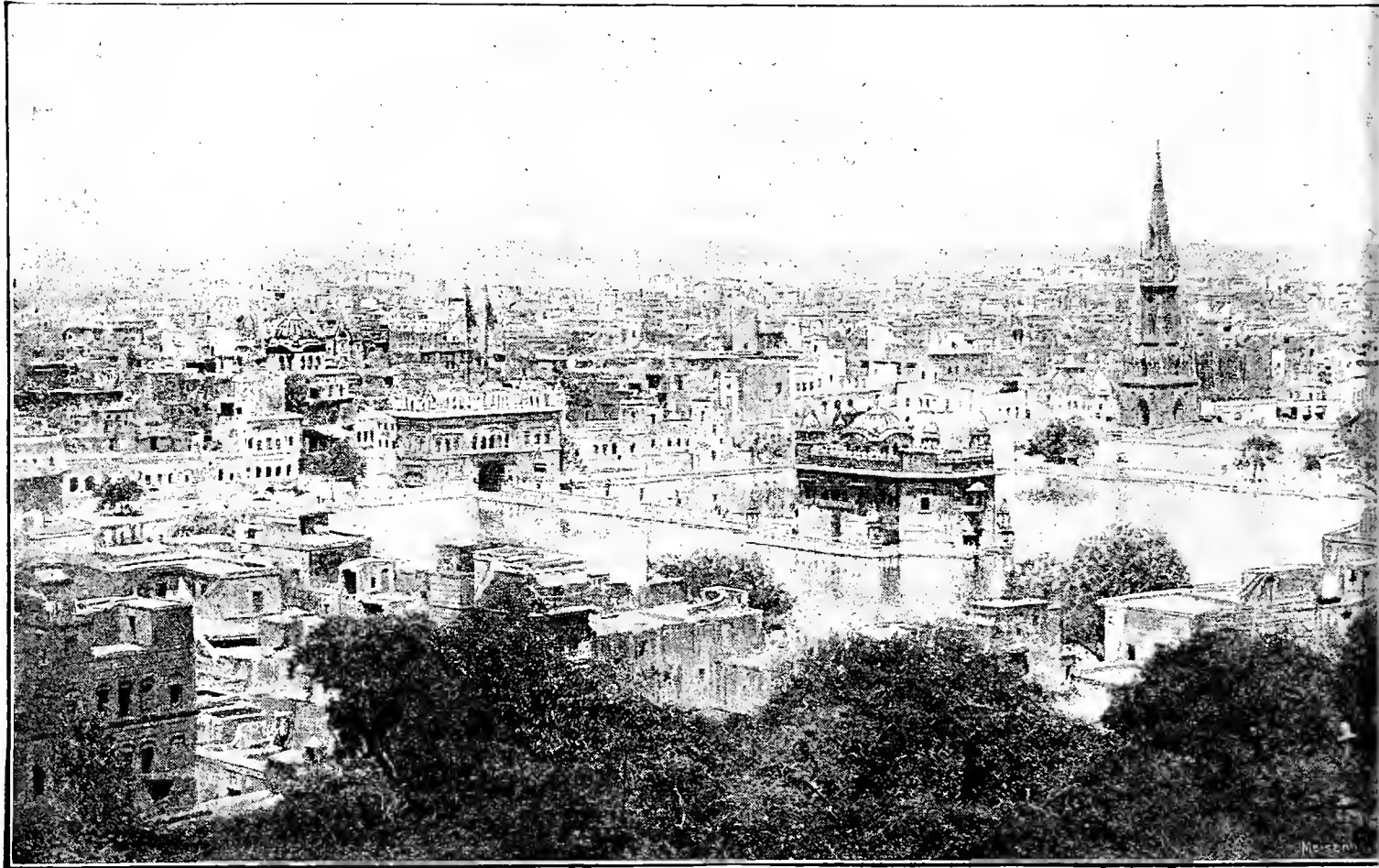
At breakfast I met the medical students, two Indian girls from the Alexandra School, whose names were Bella and Khero. They live in the house with Miss Hewlett, and are growing very useful in helping in the hospital.

The beautiful Alexandra School was very near, and as Miss Hewlett had a busy morning with her pupils and patients, it was a good time for me to go over it with Miss Henderson.

Do you know that in the year 1876 the Prince of Wales paid a visit to India ? there were pictures in the *Graphic* of all he did there, of elephant and tiger hunts, and grand feasts and processions ; and then a funny picture of the landing in England with all the animals (that had

been given to him by Indian Princes) hooked up from the hold of the ship, and wrapped in blankets. All this was very interesting, but I will tell you of something better still, one of the very best sights the Prince saw whilst he was in India :—

He came on Monday, January 24th, to Amritsar, and went on the wide roof of Mr. Clark's house. In the large space before the house



A VIEW OF AMRITSAR FROM A HOUSE-TOP.

all the boys from the missionary schools and 200 native Christians met, whilst the Christian girls and women were allowed to be near the Prince on the roof.

What a grand sight it must have been! every one in his best turban and flowing dress, and what a glad day for dear Mr. Clark, who for

many years has been working and praying in India, that the men and women there may love Jesus! I think it would bring a future day to his mind, when he, and those whom he has helped to win for Jesus, will stand before the King of kings and Lord of lords, and then, instead of singing the National Anthem in Urdu (as they did when the Prince came), they will together join in the glad song of praise, "To Him Who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

You will wonder what all this story can possibly have to do with the school: wait a little longer and you will see. The Prince had some presents given to him, Bibles in four of the Indian languages, and an address in a silver casket, and then, after many speeches and bowings and hurrahs, he and his nobles went away. The Indians said they should always understand better now who they were praying for when they went to church on Sunday and heard the name of "Albert Edward, Prince of Wales." They had been so pleased to see the Prince that they wished he would come every year.

The Prince cannot be spared to go to India every year, but the missionaries thought it was a great pity that this happy day should ever be forgotten, so the very day when the Prince got back safely to England, and the guns fired and everyone rejoiced, a letter came to the Church Missionary House, a very, very important letter, asking that there might be a good school built for the Indian girls—something that would make everyone remember the happy January 24th, 1876.

The Church Missionary Society is not rich, but the people there love God, and love India, and love the Queen, so they sent a very nice letter back to Mr. Clark and Mr. Baring, and said—"Yes, you may have the school, and we will help you, and we are very glad that our dear Prince is safe at home; so we send you a thousand pounds to help you to build, and we should like you to call the school 'the Alexandra School,' because that is the name of the Princess of Wales."

You have heard that a thing "well begun is half done," and though many more thousand pounds were needed, God put it into the hearts of people in England and in India to pray and to collect, and golden sovereigns and silver rupees were given.

At last, just after Christmas Day, 1879, Amritsar had another glad day, for the Alexandra School was to be opened to the glory of God, and

for the use of the people in the Punjab. There was a great gathering in the large schoolroom, which was decorated with flowers and wreaths and hung with texts in English and Urdu. What a crowd there was, and how bright the dear children from the Amritsar Orphanage looked, and the twenty-four little girls whom Miss Henderson had brought from Lahore! Can you not imagine how curious they were to see everything, and how the sparkling black eyes peeped about, for this grand Alexandra School was to be their new home. Would they not be pleased with the nice large rooms, and all the airiness and cheerfulness?

When the Bishop had ended his prayer, the children joined in singing, "Hush! what words are these? the words of the Lord Jesus, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' and Jesus laid His hands on them and blessed them." After this there was another prayer that God would let the children in that school live in love and joy, and health and happiness, and that He would bless them in the schoolroom, playground, and house, and watch over every person in it now and for ever, for Christ's sake. Is not this a large and beautiful prayer?

There is room in the Alexandra School for one hundred girls, and when I was there the number was nearly fifty. Most of the girls who go to the school are just such children as would go to a boarding-school in England. There are girls of all ages. The youngest is a dear little body, and when a few weeks ago there was a grand visitor, the Viceroy of India, she was chosen to give him a large bunch of flowers. Although the school is large, it seems very much like a home; Miss Henderson is very loving and wise, and she and the girls love one another very much. Not long ago some of the girls had small-pox, and she was as kind as a mother to the sick ones, and very much helped Miss Hewlett, who came in and out to doctor and watch them.

You would have liked the bedrooms with the red and white quilts; in some of the rooms there were quilts with texts on them. Many of the girls are members of the Scripture Union, and they often have little Bible-readings and prayer-meetings; they pray about everything. When you read your portion, will you sometimes think of these gentle little Indian sisters all belonging to God's great family, and will you ask Him to bless this school?

I had a slate and reed given to me by Miss Henderson ; there is part of a dictation on it, but all in Persian or some language that we cannot understand. The girls, however, do many other lessons, and a book of their English composition was lent to me. The writing and spelling are as good as that of any educated English young lady, and the subjects are very sensible and useful ; for example—warmth, cleanliness of clothing, nursing, common ills and simple remedies, etc., etc.

I saw many of the girls a second time in the evening of the same day, when Miss Hewlett went to give them her fortnightly Bible lesson. It was a particularly nice class, all the girls listened and answered well ; and then after prayer Miss Hewlett had little talks, and kissed all round—the Thursday treat. One little mite met her, when she went in, with out-stretched arms ; she had been ill, and then learned to love kind Miss Hewlett.

We had now to run away from last words, for it was already late, and we were going to meet a missionary party at Mr. Clark's at dinner. He was glad to hear about some of his old friends in England, and it was delightful to be with one who had been long in India, and who was as calm, good, and wise as Mr. Clark is. He seemed to me a sort of Solomon amongst the fresh missionaries ; it is not a Queen of Sheba, but Zenana missionaries, who come to prove him with hard questions. Again and again it amused me to hear them say, "I wonder what Mr. Clark would think," or, "I must ask Mr. Clark and get his advice."

The next pleasure to talking to Mr. Clark was to look at his book of photographs. In his Indian book he has all the best schools, churches, views of cities where missionary work is going on, native teachers, pastors, and so on : one of the very best and most interesting missionary lessons could be given from that book.

You will wish to know how we spent the afternoon between the two visits to the Alexandra School. We did and saw a great deal, and you shall hear all about it another day.





CHAPTER XXIV.

A PERSIAN LADY, AND OTHER TALES OF AMRITSAR.



MISS HEWLETT sent her *salaams* to some of her patients early in the morning, and said that she and an English lady were coming to call. An answer was returned that they would not be ready to receive us till four o'clock. Truly, when we saw them we were not surprised, for it must have taken some extra hours to get out all the jewellery, and put on all the paint and fine clothing.

A gentleman in a large blue and white turban received us, and we were shown into a very large room, so oddly furnished that I cannot say whether it was a dining or a drawing-room. It was covered all over with a carpet, but there was nothing else there but a few bamboo chairs, and a heap of silk and Cashmere shawls, excepting that against the wall were about twenty pairs of boots and shoes—red, blue, and all colours, with pointed toes, and no heels.

The *Babu*, or gentleman, seated us to wait for the ladies. They could only talk Persian, and, as he knew Urdu, he remained as interpreter. When the first lady appeared, she almost took away my breath by her astonishing appearance. Her face was painted red and yellow, with a streak of black across the forehead and round her eyes: her

finger and toe-nails were also painted dark red. Poor woman ! she looked very fat and very stupid. Her wide, yellow satin trousers were fastened round the ankles with huge gold anklets, and from these hung so many jewels that they nearly covered her feet. Her jacket was richly worked with gold. She wore heavy bracelets at the top of her arms as well as on her wrists ; round her neck she wore one gold chain after another ; the lowest one reached to her waist. In her hair was one blue and one pink ostrich feather, two wreaths of orange-blossom, and a band of silk, and over that, on one side was a black, and on the other a white, gold-spangled veil ; on her fingers were nine enormous rings. Her voice was almost as shrill as that of a peacock. She seemed very pleased to turn the musical-box with her jewelled fingers. A dressed-up little child came in, so I nursed her, and kissed the poor little painted face.

The second lady now appeared ; she was dressed like a rainbow, in violet, blue, pink, green, red, and silver, and, being very shy and foolish, did nothing but giggle, and then went off to the other end of the room, and sat on the floor with other ladies and *ayahs*. The door opened again ; I wondered what would be the next strange sight. This time it was afternoon tea. In trotted a lady in trousers, who carried a brass tray ; the teapot was covered with one large Cashmere handkerchief, and the cups with smaller ones. The tray was put down in the middle of the floor, a lady knelt before it, and poured out the weak, sweet stuff called tea.

There was one question weighing on the mind of the yellow-satin-trousered lady, and she bid her husband ask it ; she asked in Persian, her husband translated into Urdu, and Miss Hewlett to me in English, this very silly question, "How do you like my clothes ?" The only answer I could think of was that I had heard and read of such grand clothes, but had never seen anything like them before.

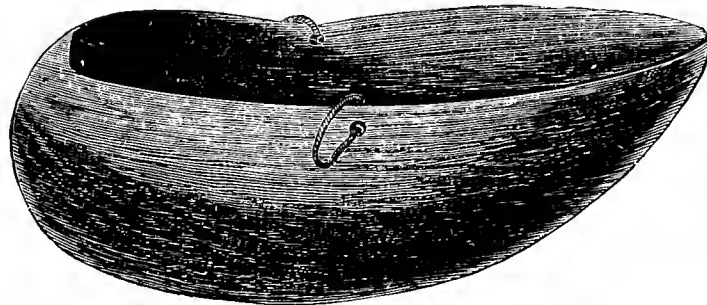
Miss Hewlett and the gentleman now went off ; she wished to see a patient in another part of the house, and I was left to nod and smile to the Persian lady, and she to fold and unfold her hands, so that *every* ring might be seen to advantage. I thought, "This is dull ; what can we do that will be more interesting ?" so I turned out my handbag, and she was enchanted, especially with the work-case, with its little holes

for cottons and thimble, etc. Then, to crown it all, I showed her how to stick in a safety-pin, and made her a present of one.

It was a sad visit ; these poor women have no thought for anything but jewels and dress, and when Miss Hewlett got out her Bible and pictures she was not allowed to read. Even when she spoke of the ornament the Lord cares for most—"a meek and quiet spirit"—the remark was accepted with a rude laugh. The *Babu* said, "My wife laughs because she is pleased," but he did not take us in.

We were watched from the window by the feathered, painted ladies, and the verse about Jezebel came to my mind, "She painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window."

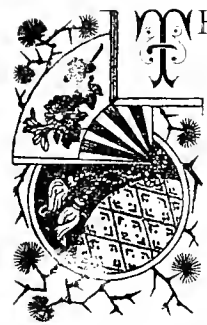
In the next *Zenana*, the ladies were busily preparing for a wedding, but the gold-embroidered *sari* and the bright velvet and satin jackets were put away whilst six or seven ladies listened with great attention to the Bible lesson.



A FAKIR'S BOWL.

CHAPTER XXV.

MISS HEWLETT'S HOSPITAL.



THE last part of the afternoon we spent at St. Catherine's Hospital. One of the nurses, who is a Mohammedan, ran about in a strange hospital dress—trousers! The other woman was a Christian. Miss Hewlett calls the hospital her pet child, and says it has been given to her in answer to prayer. After praying for the right house for a long time, she heard of one which seemed to be exactly what she needed: but the Hindu to whom it belonged made three great difficulties about letting her have it. He said he could not take less than Rs. 50 a month; must be allowed to turn out those who were in it any day he liked; and should certainly need the house emptied for one month whilst his son was married.

Miss Hewlett went home discouraged; she prayed all the evening, and went again the next day to see the Hindu. He was still troublesome, and Miss Hewlett determined she would not agree to one of his foolish conditions. Then, all at once, for no other reason than that the hearts of all men are in the hands of God, and He can turn them, the Hindu suddenly came to a better mind, and turning round, said to Miss Hewlett, "Take the house for the Rs. 36 a month; if you ever have to leave, you shall have a month's notice, and I will not use the house for the marriage of my son."

What is begun with prayer always goes on well, and God is blessing St. Catherine's Hospital very much. There are Urdu texts on the walls, and all is neat, pretty, and comfortable for the poor sick people. When I say comfortable, it means that Miss Hewlett does all she can; but how the poor Punjabi women put their heads on the pillows at all one cannot

understand, for they wear a heavy pewter or silver cap on their heads, from which dangle forehead ornaments and ear jewellery ; besides all

this, the poor ears are often bent over double with seven

heavy earrings in each of them.

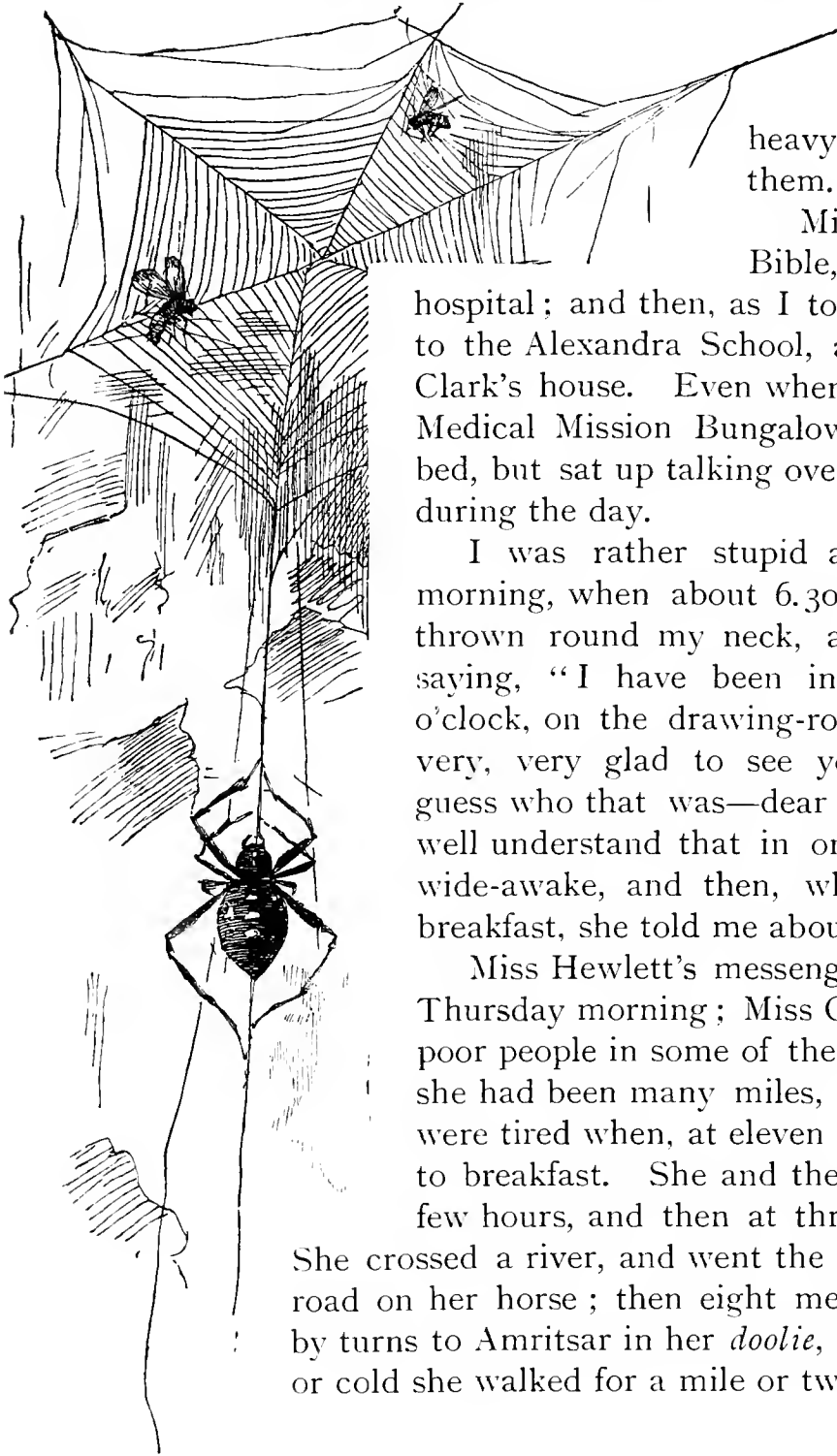
Miss Hewlett read the Bible, and had prayers at the

hospital ; and then, as I told you before, we went to the Alexandra School, and had dinner at Mr. Clark's house. Even when we came home to the Medical Mission Bungalow we did not hurry to bed, but sat up talking over all that had happened during the day.

I was rather stupid and drowsy on Friday morning, when about 6.30 I felt some kind arms thrown round my neck, and heard a dear voice saying, "I have been in the house since four o'clock, on the drawing-room sofa, and I am so very, very glad to see you!" You can easily guess who that was—dear Miss Clay! You will well understand that in one minute I was quite wide-awake, and then, whilst we had our early breakfast, she told me about her journey.

Miss Hewlett's messenger had arrived early on Thursday morning ; Miss Clay was out seeing the poor people in some of the villages near Narowal ; she had been many miles, and her horse and she were tired when, at eleven o'clock, she came home to breakfast. She and the horse kept quiet for a few hours, and then at three o'clock she started.

She crossed a river, and went the first five miles of rough road on her horse ; then eight men engaged to carry her by turns to Amritsar in her *doolie*, when she was cramped or cold she walked for a mile or two. The men said they



would save all the time they could, so on, on they went ; now she was going over a water-course, and then had a heavy bump as she was lifted over the low mud walls of some Indian village.

About three in the morning she came to Amritsar ; the gates of the city were locked, but the shouts of the men carrying the *doolie* brought the gatekeepers, and a host of dogs flew out barking to see what had happened. Miss Clay went first of all to Mr. Clark's city house, but the watchmen said I was not there ; then she was carried on further to Miss Hewlett's bungalow ; no one was awake but the *chowkidar* (watchman), so she crept in quietly, and, taking the bedding out of her *doolie*, she rested till the house was astir for early breakfast.

Mr. Clark had asked us to stay at his house, so we moved there during the morning, and had a quiet, happy time in his beautiful, airy home. We had many a walk on the large square roof, the one the Prince of Wales was on, from which we looked down, as he did, upon the very Eastern city of Amritsar, and saw everything that was going on. A capital sight we had of the people. We hear that the chief work they do is embroidering cloth in gold, but it was too expensive for me to buy any of it.

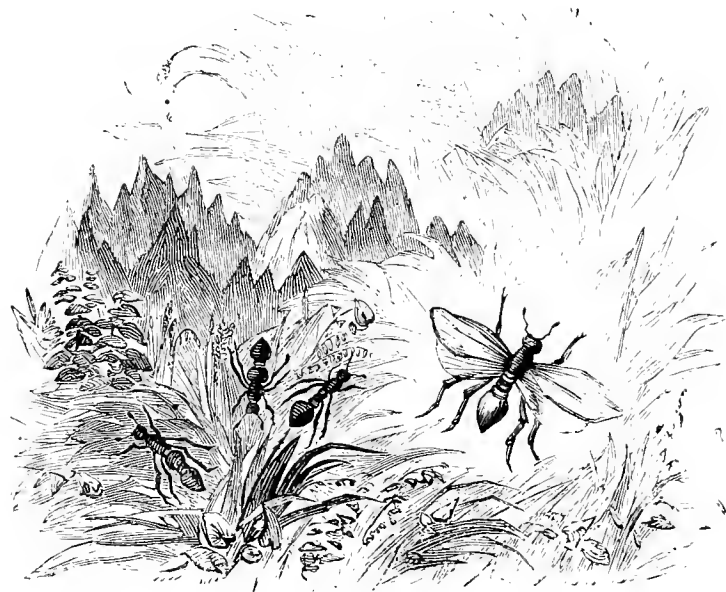
Mr. Clark and Mr. Wade had to go to Batala to see A.L.O.E. ; but sorry as we were to miss them, we were very happy alone. In the compound were bright flowers ; crows and parrots were flying in all directions, and the sparrows flew in and out of the house, and made their nests in the rafters, which are always in sight in Indian houses. People who live in India dislike the untidy little sparrows, but certainly it seemed to me very amusing to see them sitting in a row on the punkah-pole, enjoying the swing, or hopping over chairs and furniture as if they were branches of trees, or running round the table to pick up the crumbs when we had finished a meal.

The verandahs keep the glare of the sun from the sides of the Indian houses, and help to keep them cool. There we often saw large packing-cases marked with the names of missionaries, and amongst them, seated quietly on a little *durrie*, or carpet, would be a *dirzie*, or tailor, at work making ladies' dresses, as well as men's clothing. In the verandah, too, there is often a small stove where a servant prepares breakfast, and there an egg can be boiled or toast made. The verandah is a general

place for the caged birds, if there are any ; there, too, you may often see tropical plants in pots, bamboo chairs and sofas.

Notwithstanding every plan for keeping Indian houses cool, on hot summer days, workbox lids split with the heat, and covers of books curl up, just as if they had been too near the fire. It is a great fashion to make wadded covers for any box you value ; you always see a piano or harmonium in India with a thick coat over it, to keep the sun from spoiling it.

Even in the Indian winter, you are often treading on very huge ants ; giant spiders are everywhere, and no place seems free from cockroaches. But, in spite of these small worries, India from December to February is a delightful place, very, very different from what it is in the baking, summer weather, but missionaries stay and work on in hot and tiring, as well as on cool and pleasant days.



WHITE ANTS.



CHAPTER XXVI.

SUSAN'S STORY.

IT does seem odd, but very pleasant, to be shaking hands and talking every day with the missionaries whose names we know so well in the *Gleaner* and in *India's Women*; they have a great deal to tell us, and we love to see them at work. In the Mission Schools the children sing to us as they do in schools at home, but Indian tunes sound melancholy to English ears.

At the Home, where the women live who have turned from idols to serve the true God, it was delightful to see dear old Susan's happy face. When God's Holy Spirit lives in a heart, whether the face is brown, white, or black, it should be sunshiny, for "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

I must tell you the story of Susan. When she was a little girl she lived in the north of India, where there was no school for girls, but Susan borrowed her brother's books and taught herself as well as she could; she learned to write by using her finger for a pen and the mud-floor covered with sand for paper.

When Susan was still a child she was married. She was busy and had little time to think, but when she did, she knew something which

made her miserable ; she had a load of sin on her heart and did not know how to get rid of the heavy burden. She went and told her trouble to the heathen priest. He said, "Climb up that hill, and go to the temple there, and then you will be good and holy."

Susan did as she was told, but she was still wretched ; she came down the hill as she went up, with the same sad heart. Susan now



MISSIONARIES AND WIDOWS IN AMRITSAR.

determined to go on a pilgrimage. She had heard about the sacred river Ganges, and that people washed there to be made clean. Susan was of Brahmin caste, so dressed herself in yellow clothing and went off one dark night on her long, dusty walk to the Ganges. She bathed in the sacred water, but to her surprise and disappointment, was not one bit better than before.

As the poor, sad woman wandered about, she saw a crowd standing

round a preacher ; she came near and heard the words—“ God so loved the World, that He gave His only begotten Son ; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Susan felt sure these good words were for her, and determined she would learn more about Him, Who so loved the world. On her way back to the Punjab her husband met her and wished her to return home with him ; but she could not bear the misery of her sins, and said she must learn more before she did so. Her husband was angry, and had her shut up in prison for some months. Whilst she was there the master of the jail found that her great desire was to learn to read, so he let her have a teacher ; and ever since that time women who go to that prison are taught to read.

When Susan was let out of prison she went to Amritsar and asked for the house of the lady who taught about Jesus Christ. Some of the heathen whom she asked did not know where the missionaries lived, and there were others who did know but would not tell, so poor Susan could not get on one bit. At last one day she heard some children reading in a school. She peeped in. “ What is it you want ? ” said the *pundit*, or master of the school. When she told him he said, “ Oh, my wife wants a servant ; if you will come and cook for her she will teach you.”

Now Susan found out, perhaps by the marks on the man’s forehead, that he was a heathen ; she knew his wife could not teach her more about God, Who so loved the world ; she was going out again with her sad heart, when she saw a boy making a sign to her. She was sure the boy was going to help her, so Susan waited outside in the street until school was over, wondering what the boy had to tell. Soon out came the little boy, he looked at her and walked on ; she followed him, and then far away in another part of the city he left her at the house of some Christian people, who took care of her for the night.

The next day Susan was taken to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the wife of one of the first missionaries who went to Amritsar. Mrs. Fitzpatrick was very kind, she talked to the poor weak woman, and gave her a meal, and Susan, having eaten an egg and other food with the Christians, was no longer counted of the holy Brahmin caste. When she had learned a little more she was baptized, and had the name Susan given to her.

After a time Susan opened a school for little girls, and then went to see the poor women in their *Zenanas*.

I will tell you how she first managed to interest them. Susan knew that the women in India are very fond of asking questions, so she used each morning to go and sit on the steps of the tank with her large Bible open on her lap. She was quite sure that the women would be inquisitive and want to know all about it. Up and down the women went, washing themselves and washing their *sarees*; then one and another stopped and looked at Susan. "What is that big book for?" asked one. "Why do you have it? What is it all about?" "Come and sit by me," said Susan, "and I will tell you. When soldiers go to fight they take their weapons with them—guns and swords—and with these they kill their enemies. I have enemies to fight, and this book is what I fight with. I will read to you about my Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, and will tell you from my book how to fight His battles against sin and Satan." Susan was so kind and loving the women liked to hear her talk. "Come," they said, "to our houses and tell us more about Jesus Christ, and teach us more of the good words out of your book." So now Susan goes about in a little *doolie*, and everyone is pleased to see this dear, happy old woman and listen to her words. She is not strong now, but is always cheerful, and able to cheer everyone out of the Bible, which she carries with her wherever she goes, and loves to read and talk about. I am sure when we go to Heaven we shall see dear old Susan, and there she will look brighter and happier than ever.

Miss Hewlett walked to church herself in the morning, and lent us her *gari*. Was not that kind? It is so very hot in India that it is hard work to walk about. The girls from the Alexandra School looked very pretty: most of them were dressed in plain scarlet frocks, and all in fine white muslin *chuddars*. Then there were all the children from the Orphanages, a very large missionary party, and many native Christians. One of the English missionaries read prayers, and Pastor Imad-ud-Din preached. Try to remember his name.

This good man was once a Mohammedan saint, but in 1866, after he had learned to love Jesus, he was baptized by Mr. Clark, and ever since has done all he can for the good of the heathen and

Mohammedans of Amritsar. He was offered a situation which would have brought him a great deal of money and have made him a great man ; but he would not take it, because he said God had given him the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and with it had given him the work of making Jesus known to his own people. Pastor Imad-ud-Din is not only a great preacher, but he has written twenty-four books to teach the Indians about the Bible, and about the mistakes in their religions. Will you, when you read this, ask God to bless him when he preaches, and also ask that these books may be very useful ?

In the afternoon a man was baptized in the church. He was once a Brahmin, then, because he was not happy, became a Mohammedan, but still had no comfort, and asked the missionaries to teach him. I had the joy of hearing him promise to be the faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ until his life's end. The back of the church was crowded with heathen, who came to see him baptized.

Now I have told you of three persons in Amritsar—Susan, Pastor Imad-ud-Din, and this other man—who have learned to know and love Jesus through the missionaries. Read Romans x. 12-15 : did you ever notice the words, “ How shall they hear without a preacher ? and how shall they preach except they be sent ? ” I do hope, now you hear these true stories, you will try to help more than ever before to send out missionaries to teach the heathen and Mohammedans.





CHAPTER XXVII.

VILLAGE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

I DO not think that even those who love the Punjab best can call it a pretty place ; let me try to tell you a little what it is like, so far as I have seen it.

Wherever you look you see little else but sand—even the grass is only brown patches ; there are certainly a good many castor-oil and other trees, but, as a rule, it is very bare of green, and there is hardly any water. Now and then, near the city, there may be tanks by the bungalows (houses of gentlemen). Further in the country there are what are called Persian wells. You see two large wheels, and fastened to one of them is a buffalo or ox ; round and round trudges the patient animal.

What is the use of this ? you ask. As he walks he turns the wheels ; fastened all round one of the wheels are little water-pots, and each one in turn dips in the well ; as each pot comes to the top the water tips over and runs down little ditches, and the crops get watered.*

There were no other sights excepting mud villages. You see at a little distance what look like brown heaps, and when you get close you find some badly-made, low mud walls ; inside these are mud

* The Rev. G. Everard has written a beautiful little parable about the Persian wheel and the lessons we may learn from it. It is called "The Earthen Pot and the Pipal Tree." Published by the Religious Tract Society, at 2s. per hundred. Try and get it to read and to give to friends.

cottages or huts, with small courtyards. There are more of these villages than you could count, and living in them are thousands and thousands of women who have never heard the name of Jesus; many of them have never even seen an English lady.



A PERSIAN WHEEL IN A PUNJAB VILLAGE.

You will like to know what Miss Clay is doing to help these poor village people. Every morning she is up very early, and after taking a little tea and toast, gets on her horse and starts off. Emma, her Bible-woman, goes with her in a *doolic*. When they come near a village,

Miss Clay sends one of the *kahars*, or *doolic*-carriers, with a message to the chief man of the village, and asks whether she may come and speak to his people. Permission is almost always given to her. By this time a crowd has gathered to know what is going on, and then Miss Clay, seated on a *charpai* in one of the little courtyards, tells why she has come from England to see them. Everyone wishes to hear what she says, so some women sit on the house-tops, or lean over the walls ;

often as many as fifty will gather together at one time, as she goes on to talk to them about sin and the Saviour. When she has finished, these poor women, who are very affectionate, cling to their teachers, hold their hands, and beg them to come again. What can they do? There are so very, very many villages that have not heard even once that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Miss Clay would like to have enough Bible-women to send into all the villages, and to have schools for the poor, ignorant little heathen boys and girls. We must ask God to make a great many people will-



MISS CLAY, HON. C.E.Z.M.S. MISSIONARY.

ing to help in this work either by going themselves or by helping to pay for Bible-women.

Some day Miss Clay hopes to have a tent, but just now her plan is to send on all the food and furniture she needs in two rough little carriages, and then settle down for a time in a small room, perhaps

close to where the native pastor lives. When she has been to all the villages within riding distance, she moves on again, and thus she goes on through the winter months. It is rough work, and needs some one strong and brave to do it. If we did not know that He Who keeps His children never slumbers nor sleeps, and that He is able to preserve them from all evil, we should often be anxious about our dear missionaries, but, in "Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they." Miss Clay says that a musical-box or a concertina, and one or two Bible picture-books would be very useful for work in the villages.

You know how pleasant it is when you think of your friends to be able to picture them in their homes, so you will understand that I was glad when Miss Clay offered to take me to Jandiala, to see the house being prepared for her. We started early, and as the road was good, and the willing little horse did his best, before twelve o'clock we had driven the eleven miles, and were walking across a field to the new bungalow.

A troop of men, women, and eight or nine children followed us, kicked doors open, and many of them teased Miss Clay to engage them as servants. One old man determined to show how active and useful he was, so kept up a violent clapping, and poked out the sparrows from the rafters with a long bamboo—too bad, was it not?

There was nothing in the house for a seat, but the matting had been made, and was rolled up in each room. When we could get a little free from the mob, we went into what will be Miss Clay's bedroom, and had the first prayer there, for those who will in future days live in Jandiala, and we asked God to bless all the work they may do for the poor women in the villages.

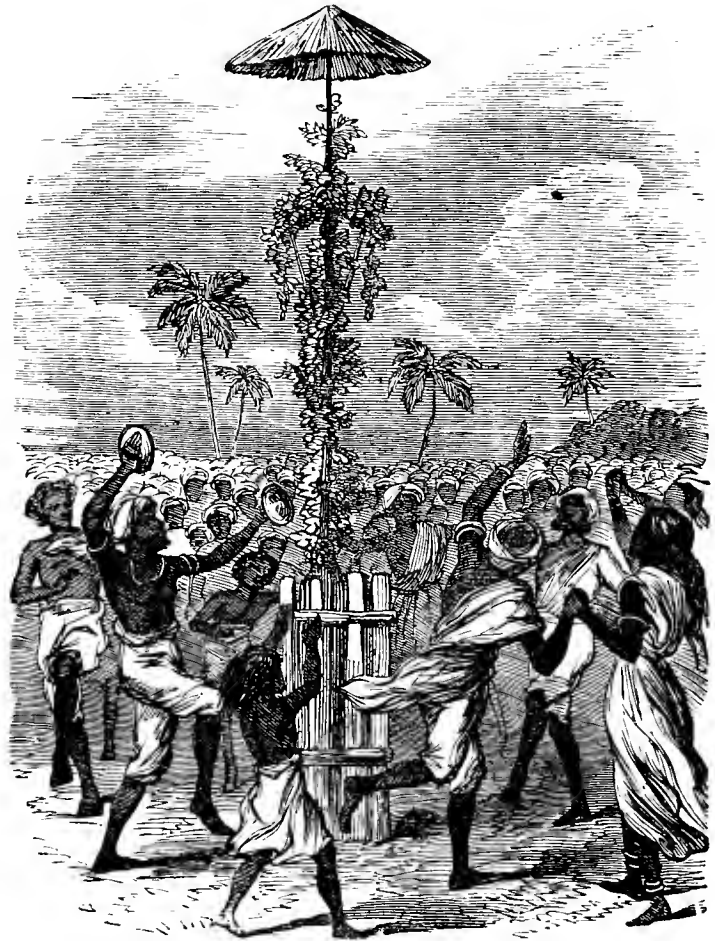
Then the builder came, and there was a great deal to talk over, not only about the eight rooms in the mission house, but about the huts for the servants, and the stables; then there was to order a *chuttah*, or grass fence, to be made round the Bible-woman's house, and many other details—amusing to me because so unlike England. When all the directions had been given, we found our rested horses and *sais*, had a little rest ourselves outside a *serai*, or native inn, and started off feeling quite fresh.

I never remember having such an amusing drive as when we were

returning—there was a fair going on, and every bullock *gari*, or native cart (*ekka*) was out : more than once we had to come to a standstill, the wide road was so crowded. As far as I was concerned nothing could have been better : there were gaudy reds and yellows, and every bright colour, just like a bed of tulips. The *ekkas* were sadly too full for the poor horses, with ten, twelve, or even thirteen persons crammed in ; but fine colours flashed and jewels gleamed, while the bells round the horses' necks made a cheerful tinkling ; it was thorough holiday-keeping to the natives.

The roads were lined with sellers of toys a *pice* apiece — even grown-up people return from a *mêla* carrying one of these toys in their hands. We could not stop, the road was too full, but the *sais* good-naturedly jumped down and bought three or four for me to bring to England.

Then we came on the sports, men running with long, dressed-up bamboo poles, and flying kites. I do not think I ever laughed more than when we saw the roundabouts, swings with four seats, and in each seat four or more grave, turbaned men going up and down, with as much of a business-like air as if swinging were one of the gravest and most important duties of life.



THERE WAS A FAIR GOING ON.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

A.L.O.E.*

SOON after reaching Amritsar we greeted Mr. Clark on his return from Batala. We had a pleasant time before dinner whilst he told us stories about A.L.O.E (Miss Tucker).

Mr. Clark was very anxious I should accept a kind invitation from A.L.O.E., and said he would drive me the twenty-four miles to Batala ; but there were no days to spare. It did

seem a pity not to see what Mr. Clark calls "the brightest spot in India." A very good name for Miss Tucker would be "the main-spring of Batala," for certainly she keeps all the work going. Since she has been in India she has written fifty-four books, and besides this, gets time for her Bible, goes for some hours daily to the Zenanas, and now, whilst Mr. Baring is in England, looks after the boys in the school. How happy those boys are to have Miss Tucker with them ! Whether it is work or play, she will always help them.

Young as the boys are, many are ready to work ; they go to *mêlas* to sing and attract a crowd. The hot sun which tires English missionaries does not make their heads ache, and often they will speak to the people

* A.L.O.E. A lady of England.





A BANYAN TREE.

around them of their Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ. Will not these boys make capital missionaries when they are older? Miss Tucker always makes time to play the harmonium or teach the boys new songs or hymns, and is deeply interested in their cricket and other games. There is a general feeling that nothing can be done without her; she keeps everyone around her happy, and is always happy herself. The true secret of being cheerful is to make sunshine for others; no one can really do this who has not her heart full of the love of Jesus.

Miss Tucker is very pleased to entertain guests. In honour of Mr. Clark's and Mr. Wade's visit the boys had a concert, and Miss Tucker wrote them two new songs. One will be sung as a welcome when Mr. Baring comes back, and these are the words of it:—

“ What welcome sound now meets my ear?
 He is coming again, he is coming again
 Oh! welcome sounds, to me how dear,
 We'll see him again, we'll see him again.
 Baring *Sahib* has been long away,
 Far from his school, far from his school
 For his return we humbly pray,
 By love to rule, by love to rule.
 Then gather, gather, ye boys of Batala,
 To see him again, to see him again.
 Let *Aurakah** resound with the strain,
 He is coming again, he is coming again.
 We've missed him in our study time,
 And in our play, and in our play,
 When up steep learning's path we climb,
 To lead the way, to lead the way.
 We've proved his kind paternal care,
 In weal or woe, in weal or woe.
 And still remember him in prayer,
 Who loves us so, who loves us so.”



In the garden at the Medical Mission Bungalow, Miss Hewlett showed me a large banyan tree, which has two offshoots belonging to it. The tree is called Amritsar; the larger offshoot Batala, the other Jandiala. Do you not hope there will soon be many more shoots to the tree which can be called after other Zenana Mission stations in the Punjab?

* Bud of pomegranate. The name of the house.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STORY OF NĀNAK.



IF I tell you a little about the Sikhs, you will care more to hear what we saw when we went, as everyone does, to the Golden Temple of Amritsar. At the time of the Wars of the Roses in England, and fourteen years before Martin Luther was born in Germany, a baby was born to a poor tradesman in India. At the age of seven the boy was sent to school; the teachers there thought him clever, but could not understand him, he was too fond of talking, or, what he called, prophesying.

When Nānak left school, his father wished him either to become a merchant, or to work with his hands; but the boy said that he could not do it, and still went on saying such strange things that his father sent for the doctor, who said “the boy is mad.” The father said, “I will make the boy work, and then, perhaps, he will not think and talk so much :” so he sent him to an office.

One day whilst Nānak was bathing in the canal, he said some angels came to him and brought him a cup of delicious drink, made of the honey out of plants, and told him to go and talk about God to everyone. I am afraid Nānak may have made up this tale, because he liked talking better than work; but a great many people believed in him, and became his disciples, or, as they were called in that country, Sikhs.

Poor Nānak did not know much about God, so he made great mistakes when he tried to talk about Him. He found fault with other religions, and said to his disciples, “I will teach you a right and true way.” More and more people listened, and they used to repeat to one another the wonderful things Nānak said. He wandered all over the country, always talking—sometimes sense, but oftener nonsense. The last words he said just before he died were his best ones: “Have mercy upon me, the lowest sinner. Blessed be the Lord.”

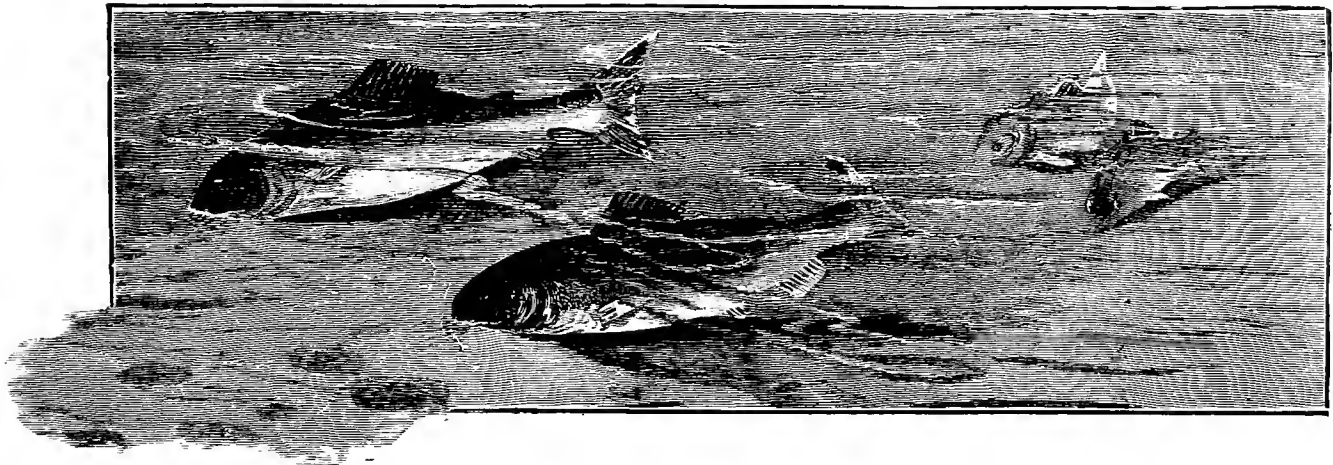
After the death of Nānak, who was the first teacher, or *guru*, of the

Sikhs, there were other *gurus*, but all of them spoke of the prophecies of Nānak. At last, when he had been dead seventy or eighty years, a book was written of all his sayings which could be remembered, and when the men could not remember, they made up, or got an old poetry-book, and copied out a bit. You will think it must be a very dull book, and you are quite right; but the Sikhs are very proud of it, and call it the Sacred *Grunth*, or book.

They have built a temple for it, which is so grand that it is called the Golden Temple. This temple is of white marble, and stands in a huge tank, or small lake, in which are many fish. The roof is made of copper, covered with gold. All round the pond is a marble courtyard, and you reach the temple by a marble pier or road, edged with golden walls and lamps.

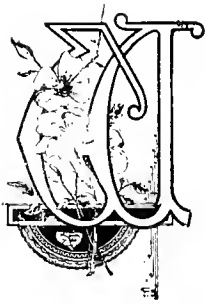
The doors of the temple are silver, the windows golden. It is all dazzling in the sunshine, and looks very grand reflected in the blue waters of the lake. The marble floor inside is inlaid with stones, and wherever you look are fine colours and gilding.

Many persons feed the large fish in the tank at the Golden Temple. I will tell you the way this is done. The name of Allah, or God, is written out perhaps 300 times, then a number of dough pills are made, and in each pill is a bit of the paper which has the sacred name on it; the fishes are fed with this *holy* food. The poor people say, "We consider that feeding the fishes is a good and holy work. When the fish has swallowed the pill he has the name of God inside him, and he will pray for us, and bring us a blessing."



CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT WE SAW AT THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.



WHEN we arrived near the Golden Temple and got out of the *gari* (or carriage) and went down the steps to the tank, we found three things : first, very bad smells ; second, a great many worshippers ; third, crowds of beggars. It seems that if a man has lost an eye, or a hand, if he is a dwarf, hump-backed, or disfigured in any way, he goes to the Golden Temple and begs. I thought of the man in Acts iii., who sat by the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, and asked for money from those who passed by.

The first thing we had to do was to sit down and have our boots pulled off, and have velvet or red flannel shoes tied on instead, lest the dust of our feet should make the holy place unholy. We were shown a printed Government notice saying whoever would not take off his shoes would have to go back. The boots were very large, and almost threw us down, but on we trudged. Never in one short hour did we see more to sadden us—not even in Benares.

All round the marble courtyard were men selling all kinds of rosaries and combs, which are worn by the Sikhs. There were also sellers of pictures of idols, and others who had flowers and rice, offerings for the sacred *Grunth*. There were swarms of people, groups of from twenty to two hundred sitting round priests who read aloud the book to those listening people. What a sad mothers' meeting ! I thought, as we came on a large group of poor women with their work and babies, sitting on the ground, listening to much sad rubbish. The sacred

Grunth is right in one way, for it says only one God should be worshipped, but, perhaps, the next thing read to the women may be that the cow is a sacred animal, or that if they will carry a present of sweetstuff made of flour, sugar, and butter to the Golden Temple, the spirit of Nānak, who died three hundred years ago, will come and talk to them.

When our guide took us inside the temple, we saw about two hundred persons worshipping. When they get inside the door, they throw themselves on the ground and rub their foreheads in the dust, and then come forward and fling rice, money, flowers, or put a *lota* of water on a carpet before the book. Several sparrows hop over the carpet and pick up a good living from these offerings.

Over the book there are thrown many silk coverings, and a grand canopy so that we could not see it; men are employed all day with long dust brushes to switch the flies away, and the book is “kept happy” (?) by a horrible band very much out of tune, and loud howling which may have been meant for singing.

All the time we were in the temple our great sorrow was for the sad-looking people around us. The place was full, and the scene always changing—but always sad. Processions went round and round the temple: old men creeping slowly and painfully, and little children, brought by their mothers, their tiny hands held while they were taught how to throw the offerings. Before they went out of the temple, children and all present rubbed their heads on the ground, or took the dust upon their fingers and put it on their foreheads.

We had another smaller temple shown us, but did not go in. There is a procession to it each night, when the book is taken to bed, and when it is brought back in the morning.

The Sikhs are a very fine race of men, and have always been brave and warlike. They have some curious fashions. For one thing, they wear a good deal of iron about them, bracelets, and also little knives stuck in their turbans; they say the knives frighten away evil spirits. Like the Nazarites they do not cut their hair.

There were many Sikh *fakirs* near the temple, who were painted and streaked with dust and white chalk until they hardly looked as if they were living men. Their hair is done in almost endless narrow plaits,

and hung as low as their waists; on each side of their head was a short white comb. We saw altogether about a thousand persons in and near the temple, and it was certainly a great relief to turn away from this sad, sad place and escape in our own boots to the *gari*. Even to the last we were followed by the lame, the halt, and the blind, and by others who were, or who pretended to be, very hungry.

Oh! the dreadful smells in Indian cities, and almost worst of all in Amritsar. Can missionaries ever get so interested in their work as not to mind it? it does need love to God and to the heathen to be a missionary. We in England, who have clean streets and good drainage, certainly ought to think about the best ways of helping missionaries who are in dirty, unhealthy places.

Last days come very quickly in India, and now having parted from Miss Clay and Miss Hewlett, and other friends, I was travelling again, and this time had to settle in for a long journey of forty-eight hours to Jabalpur, to see Aunt Fan, who was in bed with her broken shoulder and arm.

Some things happened on the journey that were very pleasant. Father joined the train at Cawnpore, and told me of all he had seen at Lucknow. One of the Agra missionaries came fifteen miles by train that we might spend an hour together. We had a stop, too, at Allahabad for an hour-and-a-half, and called on the native pastor, who was sitting in his verandah overlooking a garden gay with flowers. He looked very unlike an English



clergyman, as he sat there in his padded coat of gaudy colours, his Indian cap, and with bare feet. The poor man was sad about some quarrelling amongst his teachers, and I think it comforted him to tell his troubles to father, who promised to pray that a loving spirit might come amongst them. This good man, the Rev. David Mohun, has excellent schools, and a good church.

The streets of Allahabad are wide and handsome, with trees on each side. It looked funny to see a row of *doolies* with the other street cabs. We looked with interest at the place where Mr. and Mrs. Hooper and Mr. and Mrs. Hackett are to live and have the Training Home for Native Pastors.

The long journey seemed very hot and tiring, and it was good at last to know we had reached Jabalpur. Yes, there was Miss Williamson who had come to meet us, and then we hurried off in the *gari* with a very home-like feeling. Jabalpur was an old friend to us, there were so many to hear news of, and then, best of all, there was Aunt Fan. I was to spend three whole days with her, whilst father went on to Bombay.



CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SICK MISSIONARY AND HER NURSE.



AFTER two nights in the train, it was delightful to creep under the mosquito curtains in the spare bed in Aunt Fan's room. The old *ayah* slept on the floor, and then we quieted down for the night. Aunt Fan says that India is a much more amusing place to be ill in than England is ; your bed is in the middle of the room, and through *chicks*, or grass window-blinds, you can see all that is going on on the verandah, and see a good deal of the compound as well.

Early in the morning you sleepily watch the *khidmatgar* (cook) and *ayah* hovering over the little stove, and you get a comfortable feeling of tea and toast, and know you are to stay where you are till it comes. After the *ayah* has potted in and out two or three times, you sit up in a shawl to *choti-házari* (little breakfast). Whilst you eat, the *mehtar*, or sweeper, is seen sweeping the verandah with his short grass broom, or the *bhistie* goes by to fill your bath and *gurrhas** from the skin of water he carries on his back.

The *bhistie* and his goat-skin have gone now ; but who is this smart man in green clothing and a brilliant *chuddar* ? There is no servant as grand as this in missionary homes. Aunt Fan says it is most likely the *mali*, or gardener, of some great man near by, who has come to bring flowers to the Zenana Mission. Aunt Fan must have been right, for there sits the Zenana Mission *mali* on the verandah, surrounded by flower-vases ; by breakfast-time he will have the whole room bright with these brilliant yellow and red flowers, all ready to cheer Miss Branch when she comes home ; for before I was dressed we heard the hoofs of her pretty pony, and saw the bare legs and pink *pyjamas* of the *sais*.

* *Gurrhas*, earthen water-vessels.

Yes! it was a very Indian view Aunt Fan looked at—the earthen *gurrhas* scattered round the *peepul* trees; the squirrels, with their pretty striped black and grey bodies and long tails, chasing amongst them. Poor little things! they seemed always in a hurry, and yet we could never make out what business they were after, or why they sometimes seemed too pressed for time to run at all, but would take long flying leaps from bough to bough; they no more kept still than little children do in a nursery.



There were long, low, wooden boxes near the verandah, and in them, on them, and hopping over the compound and verandah were blue pigeons—dear, gentle little creatures, you would have loved them! They cooed all day in a quiet, sad voice, as if they were sorry for Aunt Fan, and were trying to tell her so in pretty bird-language.

There was one thing about dear Aunt Fan: she was willing to be made happy by every little pleasure, and used to say how nice it was not to be shut up in a bedroom at the top of some high house, but just separated by a curtain from the dining-room. We could hear her singing hymns whilst we were at dinner.

The *ayah* considers herself Aunt Fan's head nurse; she is such a kind body that I cannot bear to remember she is still a heathen. I wish I could describe her to you: she wears a skirt, and has over her head what looks like an old blanket, but I am told it is a Simla *chuddar*, and the joy of her heart—a keepsake from Miss Branch. She has a wrinkled-up, old face, and one tooth. I wished for her photograph the other night, when she was chasing mosquitoes under the curtain of Aunt Fan's bed; she gave such flicks and flaps that it must sadly have jolted her patient. She is, however, very attentive, and waits on Aunt Fan beautifully, and indeed on all the missionary ladies.

There is a young convert in the house called Lydia, who is useful; but the old *ayah* tells you quietly, "Iddy no good," and really believes nothing could get on properly without her, so she trots about all day,

and then, at eight o'clock in the evening, rolls herself up in her *resai*, and is soon so fast asleep that Aunt Fan has to call two or three times to rouse her.

The old woman was greatly pleased when I turned out everything collected since I was last at Jabalpur to show Aunt Fan; she was particularly amused that I should care to carry a sweeper's brush to England. The toy ornaments quite took her fancy; she tried them all on with great glee, and then held up her decorated foot for us to admire. Aunt Fan liked to listen to the stories of Amritsar and other places we have seen. She is never alone or lonely, for besides the *ayah* there are the dear missionaries, who are as kind as sisters, and then Daph, the dog, is always coming to see her; he gets on the bed and lays his nose close to her hand, or lies under her bed.

Mr. Hodgson's house looked sadly empty; he was away visiting in the villages, and had taken his servants and dog with him. All his goods were comfortably packed on buffaloes, but when the creatures had gone only a short distance they did not see the sense of being burdened, spun round and round like tee-to-tums, and the tent and all the other precious things were thrown on the ground. Here was a hindering beginning to a missionary journey! I quite agree with some one who has worked for many years in India. When he was asked, "What is the first need of a missionary?" his reply was, "Patience." "What is the second?" "Patience." "What is the third?" "Patience still; it must be nothing but patience from beginning to end."



DAPH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FOUR BABIES.



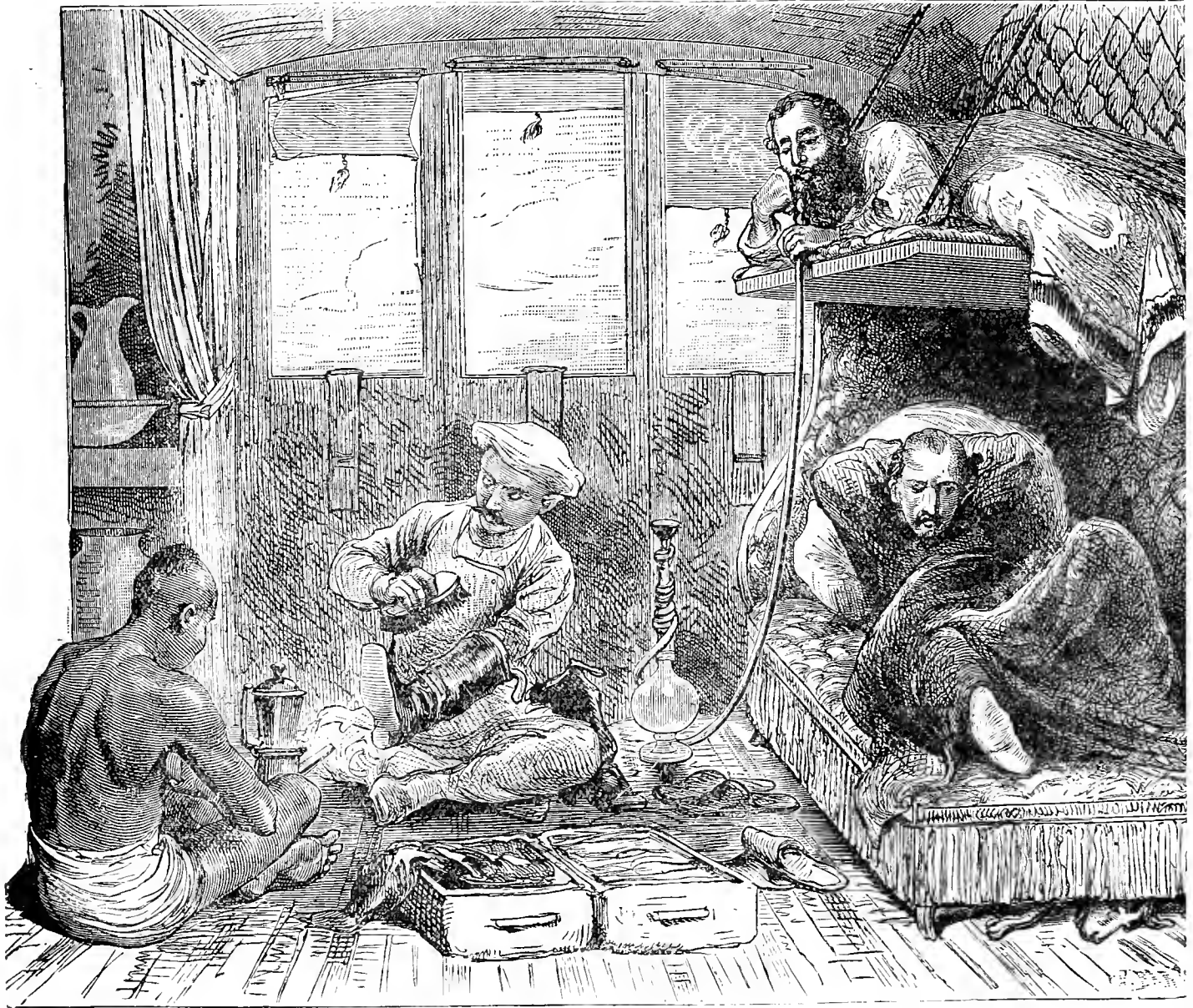
MISS BRANCH took me to see three new babies who had been born since we were last in Jabalpur. The first was a little sister of the child who brought her dolls to call on me. Another was a new baby sister for Sarah, the little girl of four, who did such wonders in school in six months. In the third house, the little mother looked more fit to nurse a doll than a baby ; she was so young that she did not know how to take care of her dirty, miserable child, and soon after the day we saw it the poor little thing died.

We came home to see another baby—the child of Aunt Fan's *syce* ; it had been screaming all day. Miss Branch and I gave it a little dose and soothed it, and then popped it down on Aunt Fan's bed that she might have a look at it.

The last night had come, but it was not easy to sleep much. February and March is the season for weddings in India. The old *ayah* was away at a marriage feast, or what is called a *tamasha*, and as Aunt Fan was restless, we heard guns and *tom-toms* all night. There was also a good deal of thunder. You need to be in India to understand the joyful sound of rain ; all the ground is dry, dusty, and thirsty ; your dresses are dusty, so are your books and everything you touch ; you seem to taste dust. Then comes the rain. About February there are what are called “ mango showers,” because they are showers which come for a day or two just as the mango fruit is forming. Perhaps this rain is all there will be till July. When you open the doors again after the mango showers, the peculiar, pleasant, refreshing smell comes in that you have in England

when the water-carts have been down the road on a hot summer day.

Good-bye is a hard word in India. Aunt Fan had looked forward to our visit as the last bit of England, and though it is over now, we each feel richer, and have a fresh happy memory for which to thank God.



RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

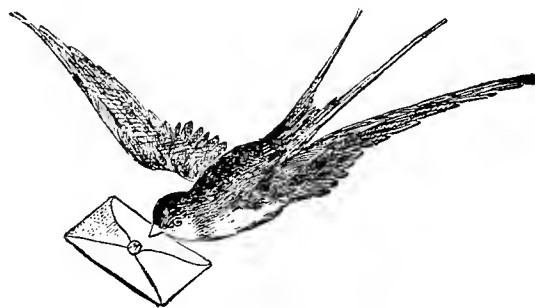
We are sure that the text Aunt Fan gave me will be true for her, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him."

God's Indian world had been very much freshened by the showers, and was full of brightness in the early morning. There is a glow in Eastern skies you see nowhere else. The sun as it rose showed all the beauty of the graceful, waving bamboos, and brightened up the cactus hedge, the trees of large scarlet blossom, and the strange birds of curious plumage. The words came into my mind, "He shall come down . . . as showers that water the earth." When hard, unlovely Indian hearts love the Lord Jesus Christ, and have His Holy Spirit, they will become beautiful, and praise Him just as the freshened earth does after the rain.

The long day wore away at last, and then the night, and when the next morning came I was still in the train and looking again at the rosy sunrise, this time on the Northern Ghats. We are nearly at the end of February; just the time of year when the trees are greenest and the crimson and white bunches of flowers look their best, especially when seen in early daylight—the prettiest time of the day.

All this beauty was a pleasant ending to railway travelling in India. Dear father was waiting to welcome me at Bombay. Since leaving it six weeks ago I had travelled 3,309 miles by rail. If I had been as many miles as this at home, how many times could I have gone from London to Edinburgh?

A hot bath, a waving *punkah*, and fruit for breakfast were refreshing, but much more so were the love and pleasant cheerfulness with which we were welcomed. "Now you must rest," said the dear, motherly Mrs. Fallon; but we said, "the greatest rest would be to sort over our luggage"; so she let us strew our goods over her room, and set her servants to sew up parcels and run about for our convenience, till we felt we must have known her many years instead of only a few days. We had a great deal to do, and had to be quick, for Miss Fallon had arranged to take me to a party after *tiffin*.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PARTY IN BOMBAY.

AS this is the grandest party I am ever likely to be at, you must hear all about it. Miss Fallon and I dressed in our smartest clothes, but we looked like sparrows amongst peacocks, by the side of all the wonderful garments we saw that afternoon. We comforted ourselves that nothing could look really *odd* where there was every variety of Persian, Turkish, Indian, Arabian, and Algerian dress.

The occasion of the party was the betrothal of a Mohammedan Persian lady of very high rank, one of Miss Fallon's pupils. When we arrived at the house we found the road lined with carriages, the coachmen dressed in pink, blue, yellow, and red, and the horses decorated in the most lively manner, with their manes dyed, and bright-coloured harness. Some boys were frolicking before the door—children belonging to the house, and little guests. I cannot describe all their dresses. One of them, I remember, had a green satin cap embroidered with gold, a fringe of gold coins all the way round it, a satin and gold tunic, and an ornament of several chains of gold coins. I could not understand how a child so laden with riches could be trusted to play in the streets. He looked a very suitable little boy to be stolen by gipsies; but perhaps there are no gipsies in Bombay.

A grandly-dressed man opened our carriage-door, and then in the porch was what was called a "Europe band," supposed to be like the German band that you hear play on the pier at the sea-side, but really only several out-of-tune instruments playing discords.

We climbed the stairs, and at the first storey looked through the open door. The great men of Bombay were sitting on the floor round



the room, with turbaned heads and large *hookahs*, just such *hookahs* as you see now and then in Turkish pictures.

Our next sight was much more splendid, when we passed through the landing, on the top storey, to the *Zenana*. Cushions or chairs were against the wall, and below there was a long stuffed seat, called a *divan*. On this seat there were, during the afternoon, one hundred ladies or more. I could not describe the blaze of jewels, the silks and satins, the flowers and the paint! The eyes of the ladies were blackened all round, there was a streak across the forehead, and a jewelled star in the middle; whilst finger-nails and cheeks were dyed pink or red.

The ladies' skirts had twenty yards of silk or stiff satin in each of them; they were very short, and stuck out in an absurd fashion. Can you fancy what one of these skirts looked like, worked all over in cross-stitch with birds of paradise; or another, bright crimson satin worked with roses; or shaded blue and gold; or red and green? A jacket would be worn of quite a different colour from the skirt, generally with a lovely golden bordering, and then a gauze *chuddar*, or, perhaps, a Parsee handkerchief.

I wish you could have seen the strings of pearls hanging in the hair, and the rows of precious stones across the foreheads of the women. They were weighed down with jewels, even wearing anklets over their silk stockings, which were of every smart colour, and worked in silk with flowers and birds up the fronts.

There were a good many children who were dressed quite as grandly as their mothers were. They must have been very uncomfortable, poor little dears!

There was very little going on. The ladies had two or three *hookahs* mounted in silver, and would smoke a little now and then, or would get up and change places, and be very noisy over it, much as you would be in playing "Post." In one part of the room were musicians, who sang wild songs, whilst a woman, dressed in striped yellow and black trousers, and pink and green, played a *tom-tom*. Another woman, with "rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes," or rather round her ankles, kept up a monotonous dance, or what looked more like a calisthenic exercise; she waved her arms, jogged a few steps on one side, and then on the other, changed feet a dozen times, and began again.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LITTLE BRIDE.



WHEN we looked about, we saw at each end of the large room where we were sitting that there were ante-rooms, separated from us by a *purdah*, or curtain. In front of these crimson cashmere curtains were several curious arrangements. Two huge candles and four smaller ones, covered with gold-leaf, a bolster, a pot of incense, and some other brass vessels, with sweets of various kinds, these were the preparations for the little girl-bride. In another part of the room were many brass trays, covered with little cashmere shawls, or silk coverings with smart borders.

The ante-room at the further end of the drawing-room was the centre of attraction; we peeped in, the bride sat there in state. The mother told us we might go and see her, but the other ladies were rushing in and out frantically, and the poor child had such a throng round her divan that it seemed to us kinder not to add to the crush and general excitement.

The press towards the little room was on the increase. "What is going to happen?" we asked; and almost before we had the answer, "The bride is coming," there was a barbarous and unearthly yelling, meant to frighten away evil spirits, and the poor little bride was led forth. She was well hidden that hot afternoon by a *chuddar* and a large cashmere shawl, and was led to the bolster, and we all gathered round to see what next.

But you will naturally ask, where was the bridegroom? I believe at Lahore, miles and miles away. The bride has never seen him, and will not do so until the wedding-day, which will most likely be some weeks hence. He has, however, declared his intention of marriage, and has

sent the usual presents—a pair of shoes and a looking-glass. As soon as the bride was fairly seated on the bolster a copy of the *Koran* was given to her; then her heavy wraps were taken off, and under the lighter ones she sat muttering over the open book, apparently quite unconcerned about everything that was going on. She behaved indeed as quietly as your best doll would do if she had to go through such a ceremony.

Some of the ladies pulled off the bride's stockings; the red paint on the soles of the feet and the reddened toe-nails were very fine. The pointed red shoes given by the bridegroom were next put on. Opposite to the bride was the looking-glass; then candles were lighted, and the fumes of incense ascended.



Two bridesmaids or near relatives performed a very curious act. They had two sugar-loaves, and all the time the ceremony was going on slowly ground them together over the bride's head. They had some respect for her clothes, for they held a plate to catch the sugar-dust. There was a *mullah*, or

Mohammedan priest, behind the crimson curtain. When the right time came, he read for ten minutes from the *Koran*. Then the question was asked, "Will you have this man for your husband?" All the ladies' heads were bent forward to catch the answer, but none came. Loving friends tried to coax the girl to speak, but still there was no answer. Once more the loud screaming and howling began—it was fearful! A pause and the question was repeated again and again, and then the girl, having recovered from her pretended

shy fit, spoke the needed word, "*balad*." At once squeals rent the air, the *tom-tom* and singing began, and the bride had showers of sweets thrown over her, which sweets we crushed under our feet as we walked about for the rest of the afternoon.

It was time now to take away the bride's *Koran*, and she was led back to her ante-room, again covered with shawls, and the looking-glass carried in front. Poor little thing, we saw her half-an-hour later with her beautiful face fully in view as she lay back on her divan. She had fainted with the heat and excitement, and needed to be revived and fanned.

Let me tell you what her dress was: a crimson satin skirt worked all over with golden turkeys; a pink gauze jacket worked in gold; a *chuddar* covered with blue and green stars; another red *chuddar* with gold stars, and over all a crimson cashmere shawl. All the jewellery was of gold and emeralds.

Some of the guests had learned a little English from the missionaries, which was greatly to my comfort. When I told one pretty Persian girl she ought to go to England because she knew so much English, her reply was, "No, I cannot go, we must not see the gentlemen."

It was curious how the *ayahs* and servants ran in and out amongst the ladies, shouted, and gave directions. Everything that the grand folk wore in satin, silk, and gold was imitated by them in blazing coloured prints, dyed muslins, and pewter. An old woman (Aunt Chloë we called her) was very amusing with her full trousers and short jacket; she had a *chuddar* or a turban, we never knew which, as she never had time to put it on properly, but tore about the whole afternoon with many yards of muslin floating behind her, like a long tail to a kite. This woman filled the *hookahs*, had a smoke herself now and then, gave the signal for all the cashmere handkerchiefs to be whisked off the brass dishes, and the refreshments handed to the company. Tea was served in the ante-room after the *mullah* had retired, the ladies sitting round on the divan, and the cups on the floor. Miss Fallon and I each had a tumbler of rose-water to drink, and then, having bade good-bye to our friends, we left. They, poor creatures, sat on till nine o'clock at night. You can hardly imagine anything more stupid and tiring, for though the strange dresses and jewellery were a novelty to us, they must have

seen them many times before. Miss Fallon said a word or two for Christ, as she was able, during the afternoon; but it was quite too tiring and hot for her to sing as the women wished her to do.

During the eight years she has been in India this is the first time she has been invited to such a festival. We are glad we have been, but should not care to go again. We fancied all the afternoon that we must be with people who were acting charades—it was all so curious and unnatural. Our hearts were very sad for the poor little bride. We longed for the Gospel to reach these women; then they will understand what a happy thing it is no longer to live for themselves—for paint and jewels and dress—but for Him who died for them and rose again.





“ A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL CAME WITH HER MOTHER.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

GRAND DOINGS AT A MISSIONARY HOUSE.

AFTER leaving the party, auntie and I met in the city, and spent the rest of the afternoon with a cousin who is working at a hospital in a distant part of Bombay. From the dispensary we looked down on one of the native courts, where at night there is much quarrelling and shouting, of which our cousin gets the full benefit as she paces up and down the ward, soothing some fretful child, or hushing the babies to sleep. We were told it was a life of great privilege; and this is true, for the greatest privilege we have is to go about doing good like the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a busy place Mrs. Fallon's house was on February 23rd! You will like to hear what made us all so busy. Mrs. Fallon was going to England in a month, and was going to have a farewell party of native ladies, and a prize-giving for her school of Parsee and Mohammedan girls. The drawing-room at the Mission-house is splendidly airy—in every way suitable for a large gathering. I do not know how many guests were invited, but a hundred and twenty came; of these forty-six were Europeans, and the rest were Turkish, Arabian, Persian, and Indian ladies. But I must begin at the beginning, and tell you about the preparations. Lovely flowers were sent by many native and English friends, and these were arranged beautifully with mosses and ferns. The staircase and large hall looked lovely with palms and flowering shrubs in pots. There were marks to add up, names to write in the prizes, and a list of the girls who were to have prizes to be made out for Lady Fergusson, the Governor's wife, who was to present them.

The room had to be arranged with forms and chairs, and refreshments put on a side-table for the guests. I will tell you what the refreshments were—rather rich cake, biscuits, and ginger-bread for the Europeans; and, for the native ladies, a variety of sweetmeats, pistachio and other nuts, biscuits, cocoa-nut paste, and many other odd things of which we did not know the names.

The guests began to arrive about five o'clock. It will not interest you very much to hear about the English visitors. The boarders at the school looked very pretty as they sat together, dressed alike in the softest Indian muslin *saris* edged with a blue silk flower on gauze ribbon. Then came in the Parsee and Mohammedan children, with their pink, mauve, blue, or crimson satin jackets and caps, worked with gold birds and flowers, and their fine muslin shirts falling over silk or satin trousers. Little boys and girls in England would not like to have their ears pierced all round for ornaments, nor would they like to have dozens of tiny plaits made of their hair, and have all finished up with gold thread, coins, and jewels. Indian children must be very patient.

Before the native ladies arrived, father and all the men-servants had to leave the house; there was no man to be seen, but each lady came upstairs covered entirely with a large dark silk garment called a *bourkha*. When it was taken off the sight was wonderful. It was like a butterfly coming out of a chrysalis; the dresses were quite as grand as those at the betrothal, and the *saris* and *chuddars* were so brilliantly worked with gold thread, that when the gas was lighted the ladies glittered finely.

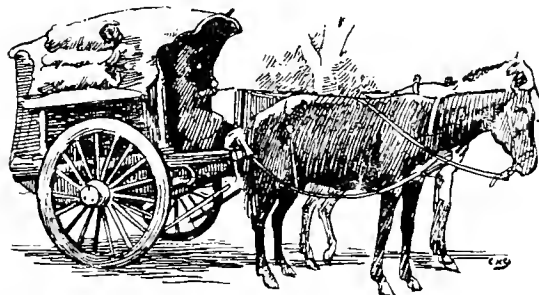


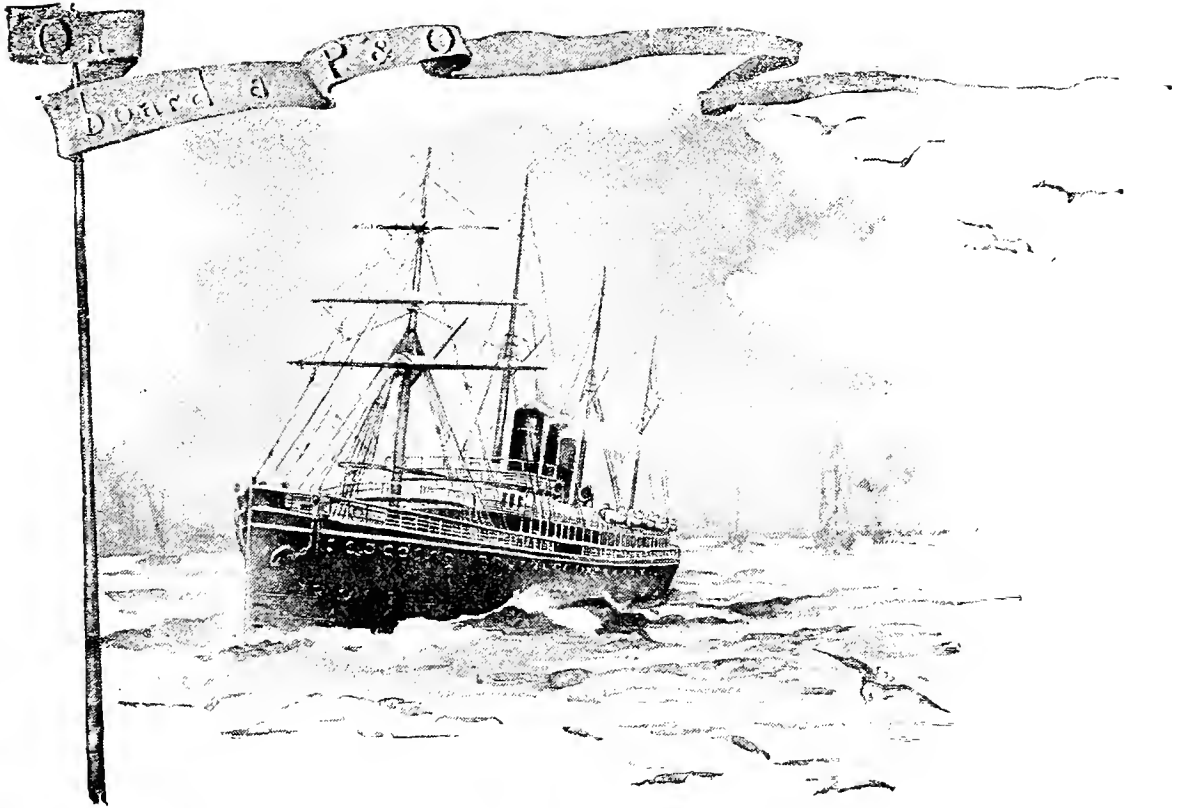
This was the way Mrs. Fallon entertained her guests. The girls of the school sang several pieces ; the prizes (which were English books, desks, or work-cases) were given to them ; the sweets were eaten, and photographs looked at. The greatest treat of all, however, was being introduced to Lady Fergusson, they all said of her "She looks so kind," and they were right. Some English children came with their mothers and helped to hand the sweets. One dear child was particularly pleased as one plate after another was emptied. "This is my number six," or "number eight," she would say, and went on perseveringly until she came to her tenth. She was a great favourite with the Indian ladies, because she played to them ; it was only a tune out of an instruction book, "In a Cottage near a Wood," and played with one hand, but they were delighted. I thought two of them would be tired with laughing. Mabel was so pleased to see them happy, that she sang an old nursery song, and this was also a great success.

The ladies left about 7.30 ; what a rush about the poor missionaries had, helping the *ayahs* to robe the ladies and finding them their right *garis*, for, as the servants had been sent away, everything was on their hands.

There is only one reason that makes us feel we shall be glad to leave Bombay, and that is the tormenting mosquitoes. There is a worse plague of them than there has been for several years, and they are so poisonous, that when you are bitten, you feel as feverish as if you had an illness.

The dear little school children were not unsettled by the breaking-up, and the morning after the party were very good and attentive when I gave them a Bible-lesson on the Good Shepherd. They can understand English, and answered nicely. You know that Jesus calls the lambs of many folds, Indian as well as English, and that if they hear His voice and follow Him, He will give them eternal life.





CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE STORIES END, BUT STILL GO ON.

THE day had come for us to leave India, for the P. and O. steamship *Surat*, in which we had taken our passages, was ready to start. We went away richer than we came; India is full of interest and friends, and we are glad that as in future days we read reports in missionary books, we shall see God's answers to prayers that are now offered for many of those whom He loves and for whom Jesus died. We shall watch with our dear missionary friends till these answers come.

* * * * *

Since the Note-Books were written, years have passed away. Some of those of whom they tell, such as dear old Susan, Aunt Fan, A.L.O.E., the Pastor of Allahabad and Jabalpur, and many others, will never say "good-bye" again; they are now in the Land of Welcomes with their Master Whom they loved, and, when we meet again, it will be to sing with them, and with some of those whom they

taught, the glad song of praise, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

You can still read about Mr. Clark, Miss Branch, Miss Hewlett,

Miss Bland, Miss Fallon, and the other missionaries, in *The Gleaner*, and in *India's Women, Daybreak*, and *The Zenana*; there you will see how God makes little seeds grow into strong and sturdy plants. These stories will, I hope, encourage you to begin to do things for God, because, if you do, He will make them prosper, and you will bring glory to Him, and that is the very best thing anyone in heaven or earth can do.

I want to tell you a Bible story, as well as all the missionary stories, or, rather, I will ask you to read for yourselves the parable of the Good Samaritan in St. Luke. There one who saw the man lying in the

road, wounded by the thieves, passed by on the other side; another pitied, and did nothing; the third man helped his neighbour, and so pleased God. Now, which of these three men are you like? As you read or hear missionary stories, is your head so full of other things that



you do not take them in? or do you feel very sorry for the poor heathen, and yet do nothing? or are you willing, like the Good Samaritan, to give your time and money and prayers? Would you go without chocolate and *Tit-Bits*, or a new hat for your doll, or putting pence into a slot at the railway station, to help those who are in need? Are you willing to give up your time to make work-bags and picture-books for Indian children? Do you pray for them? In these stories you have read of work in cities and villages, of schools for rich and poor Indian children, of visits to Zenanas, and of work amongst those who are ill; try and remember one of these things each day in the week. Get your pencil and make a list from this book of the places, and pray for the people in them, and then, as you read the magazines, add to your list.

Think of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was rich and happy in heaven, rejoicing with His Father, and surrounded by angels to wait on Him, but in His joy He did not forget us. Jesus did not look down from heaven and say he was sorry for us, and then leave us in our sins; but He emptied Himself of all His glory and came down, and gave up everything for our sakes, even His own life. "Beloved, if God so love us, we ought also to love one another."



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