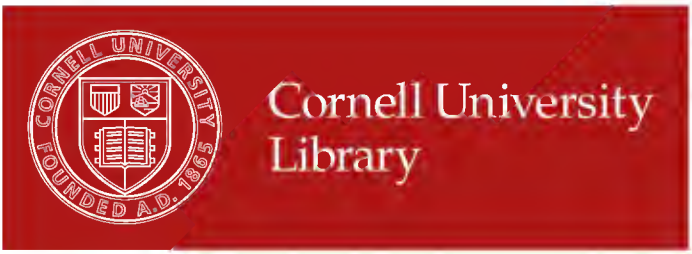
A BLUESTOCKING IN INDIA

BY
WINIFRED · HESTON · M·D



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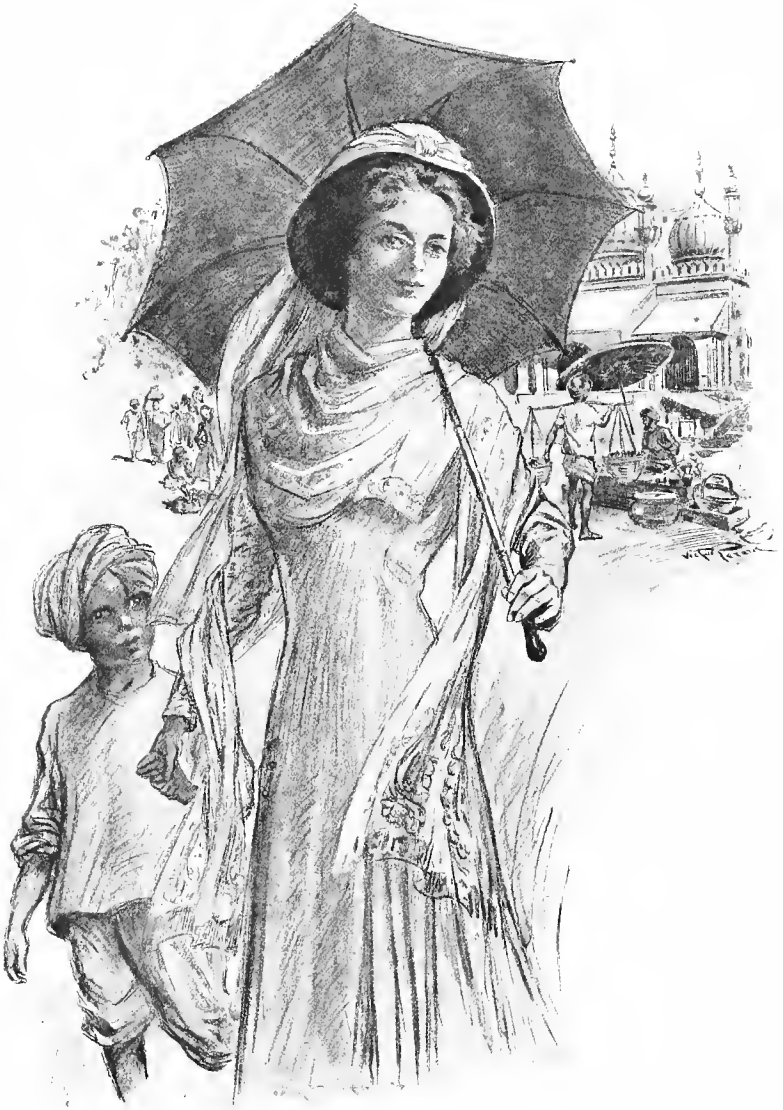

A BLUESTOCKING IN INDIA

Her Medical Wards and Messages Home

By
WINIFRED HESTON, M. D.

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To
MY MOTHER

THESE letters afford so personal a glimpse into a certain phase of life and work in a particular mission field that, in presenting them to the public, it has been deemed wise by the writer to change the names of the persons and places most concerned. She would also take this opportunity of expressing her gratitude to "Eleanor" for a kindly assistance in preparing the book for the press.

W. H.

A Bluestocking in India

On the Atlantic, Oct. 20, 19—.

My dear Eleanor:

At last the bluestocking is launched upon her career, even as she is upon the briny deep, and with big and curious eyes is looking eagerly into the future for fame and name—not wealth, the Fates forbid!—but seriously, for usefulness and service to womankind.

I am all agog for experiences in any guise whatsoever, and as you have insisted upon my complete confidence as well as upon a record of my least impressions, I will try to keep you generally informed as to my progress towards the beatific state of the approved and perfect missionary.

Your letter to the steamer was a godsend. I received such a stack of farewell mail that I decided to read it in relays, and to-day, by good fortune, I turned up yours.

It was too bad we could not meet before I sailed, for I had so many things to say to

you; but what with the rush of your literary career and the strenuousness of my student life, it seemed to be absolutely impossible. Nevertheless, I want to tell you right now, that I can never forget nor cease to be grateful for the days of "auld lang syne," when you alone of all my friends refused to laugh at my aspirations. You took me seriously—more so, perhaps, than I did myself—and by doing so you encouraged me to believe in myself and in my possibilities.

All through the last four years I have had the same battle to fight among college mates, medics, doctors—in fact, every one, everywhere. My special friend among the medics used to say that I was a pretty specimen for a missionary, with my fondness for dainty dresses and things of the world generally, and was eternally asking, "Why don't you put on black and sober down a bit?" But I only laughed and tossed my head—until she began to speak slightingly of the work, and then I whispered into her ear some of the agonies of a woman's life in the thick darknesses of heathendom, till she became very quiet, maintaining thereafter a strictly reverential attitude towards my future career.

In time I became quite inured to the jokes of the girls, and to such songs as:

"Would I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I'd eat a medical missionary,
Bible, bones, and hymn-book too."

Tell me, do you always think of the "female doctor" as wearing short skirts, short hair, a budding moustache and talking in a deep *basso profundo* voice? Among all our students there was but one such. Please, dear, remember me just as I was when last we met, excepting the slightly more severe and tailor-made aspect which professional duties have compelled me to affect, but with home and evening gowns just as frivolous as in the days of yore, and with just as much love and fun in my heart as when we were youngsters together.

What a time I had leaving the hospital, where my interneship had won for me such splendid friends! The great surgeon, Dr. Stanley, actually swore, and called me a fool for going to India, saying I might have had a career in America. Dr. Foraker asked me if I were going for the trip—but he is an agnostic. In fact it has been difficult for me to make my motives understood—the more so since it is impossible for me to act piously or to give any impression whatever of religious tendencies. But there are noble men

on the hospital staff, and at bottom they are religious, though they would scorn to call themselves so.

October 23d.

The wind moans through the rigging and a gray sky bends to meet a grayer sea. It makes me feel the same colour—a horrid blue-gray which refuses to be shaken off—nor is it conducive to the cheering up of the Collinses, my travelling companions, who have left their little ten-year-old daughter in America. Their parting on the wharf the day we left New York was truly sorrowful. The child—an only one—is dearer to her father's heart than life itself, and is her mother's light and joy. The poor little thing was convulsed with sobs, and had to be supported between two friends as her parents tore themselves away for the last time and dashed up the gangplank just as it was being removed. It was a pitiful sight to see them waving their handkerchiefs as long as they could see each other, and then the desolate parents disappeared below, to spend the remainder of the day upon their knees in their stuffy little cabin, in the throes of the greatest of all the great sacrifices they have made for India.

To-day is the Sabbath, and Mr. Collins conducted a service in the salon this morning, very sweetly comparing our embarkation at New York with our initial step into a life with God. As we had only to board the boat to be borne without further volition down the river, out of the harbour, and thence upon the broad ocean, so God will see to it that we are borne out and away upon the great ocean of His love into His own limitless, infinite Life.

The consecration of that man is marvellous.

* * * * *

I love the sea in all its moods. "'The sea is His, and He made it.' The wideness of it!—emblem of God's mercy. The wonder of it—God's wisdom. The horizon of it—we know not what lies beyond. The sorrow of it—separation and death. The promise of it—'There shall be no more sea!'"

Ah, yes, to me it spells so much—separation, loneliness, but withal a buoyant hope, for I am young yet, and the world is all before me, a world of promise, a world of work!

I wonder how your American independence would swallow second-class travel and twelfth-rate boarding-houses? Mine has been in a state of surprise—to apply no worse epithet—for some time, from my advent into a stuffy hall

bedroom, engaged for me by the kindness of the Board, on the top floor of such a boarding-house as is mentioned above, to my further experience in an air-tight, second-class cabin away down in the hold of the ship. You can believe the latter did not hold me long. One glance and I fled up to the light of heaven, and there was no peace until I was transferred to deck level, where winds careen and waters dash.

All the refinement of the second-class is collected at our table in the salon. Sitting next to me is a French *bourgeoisie*, very home-sick and eager to see his sunny France once again. Opposite is a dear old Italian priest with a face like a yellow cameo and almost wearing a halo around his fine, old head. He is accompanied by a blond youth preparing for Holy Orders.

A fat little German serves me at table, and as he knows not a word of English, while my linguistic lustre has long been on the decline, we have very amusing times. Between meals he drags about a bass viol which might be his twin, so short and stout are they both.

I survey the first-class passengers across the bottomless pit placed between our promenade decks, and several of them reciprocate with interest and an interrogation point.

When darkness falls, and the orchestra plays, I do a two-step *toute seule* in the shadow of the deck canvas, and play that I am *erste klasse.*

To-morrow we land at Cherbourg. We shall spend a few days in Paris, and then take ship again at Marseilles.

November 8th.

Here we are in the Red Sea—gasping for breath, perspiring in the thinnest muslins, stretched across our deck-chairs limp as rags. I never knew how to spell the word heat before. I am thinking of asking the captain to turn backwards for a space to catch some of the speed breeze we have created during our progress down.

The visible shore on our left consists of mountains and desolation. Yesterday we passed the Sinaitic Range, any one of whose fifty peaks you are at liberty to select as that upon which Moses stood.

The sea is so blue that it looks as if it were coloured with Diamond Dyes—doubtless the reason for its being named Red. And the sunsets! Not gorgeous, like those at home, where the sun dips down into the lake, but just a wonderful blend of greenish lemon and delicate rose which is warm and soft and

tender, and so near that you seem to be included in the affection of it. And the nights! There is such a lack of atmosphere that the stars seem near enough to tempt you to stretch forth a hand to clutch one.

There is no use in my trying to tell you of my trip across the continent, or how I bit my lips until the blood came in order to keep back the tears when, at Cherbourg, we bade farewell to our Atlantic steamer—the last link between me and home. My heart, my past—everything—seemed then to have been left in another world. In the future I must spread my sails upon untried seas.

Paris was a dream of joy. In the Mediterranean, instead of sunny skies and placid waters, we experienced a terrific storm. Only a half-dozen men and myself were seen above deck, and I had finally to succumb, after the wind had picked me up bodily—chair and all—and hurled me against the railing. It was fascinating to see the sailors prepare the boats for emergencies. The Hindu *Laskars*, who had appeared so picturesque in Marseilles Harbour, with their blue mother hubbards, yellow sashes and red turbans, now looked pinched and frozen in one blue jean garment, with uncovered heads and bare feet.

At Port Said we went ashore, and had no

sooner made our appearance than we immediately became the targets for the maimed, the halt, the blind, street venders, guides, cabmen and what not. But we took neither carriage, donkey, camel, nor tram. You should see the tram! It is the funniest little plaything imaginable. The track is no wider than my two feet are long; the car is drawn by one lean, little pony, and if you want to stop him, you rap violently with your umbrella upon whatever is nearest at hand.

The Suez Canal presents another study of the West in the East, for here a noisy train dashes along, without, apparently, disturbing the serenity of the camels that pace along in stately fashion, bearing one or two Arabs on one or both humps. At sunset time an Arab camp may now and again be seen outlined against the sky, the camels contentedly munching, and the dusky-skinned men kneeling with their faces towards Mecca.

My newly-made English friends are a never-ending source of delight. One of them is so glad of an opportunity to learn the pronunciation of some American names —she has always given to Illinois, Joliet and such the proper French, and has called Michigan "Mitchigan," and Missouri, "Miss Sour Eye." My cabin mate is an especially charm-

ing girl, and we usually close the day with a pillow-fight as a fitting expression of our mutual contempt. I have to be constantly on the alert to understand English as "she is spoke," and have resigned myself to the distinction of speaking in an unknown tongue.

Yesterday, one old lady of quality took me aside to labour with me about the folly of throwing away my life in India. She has no use for missionaries, it seems, but likes me very much.

At this moment I know you are sound asleep, and the old sun, which is scorching us so zealously, has not yet penetrated into your corner of the earth. Sleep on, Liebchen, and rest, and be ready for your lonely little doctor after the years have passed.

Hotel Esplanade,
Bombay, Nov. 20, 19—.

Eleanor dear:

Bombay is the most fascinating city you have ever dreamed of! Why, I could sit here on my little individual balcony all day long and do nothing but gaze at the changing, brilliant throngs in the streets below. There are coolies with baskets on their heads; road-workers clad only in a loin-

cloth ; beggar boys with a whine ; men wearing white turbans, black English coats, with brown legs bare ; men with white drapes and yellow ones ; market-girls with jewels in their noses ; Parsee women in dazzling and costly raiment ; English and native officials rolling about in their carriages ; horse-cars laden with soldiers and natives, and bullocks drawing cart-loads of strange-looking individuals of many sorts. Across the road is a beautiful garden, where hoarse-voiced birds dart among the trees ; to the left may be seen the blue waters of the harbour, dotted with sails—and all under a cloudless sky.

On the pavement below a snake-charmer has just finished his performance, and now looks up at me with expectant eye and outstretched hand. His cobras, with their awful hoods outspread, and his boa constrictor, make my very blood run cold, but in their sham fights with a fierce little mongoose, the mongoose always came off victorious. It is remarkable how these magicians make a mango-tree grow up before your eyes, and bear fruit, too, which the performer always eats. He murdered a baby, thrusting it through and through with a knife, and then suddenly it sprang up quite intact. The grand *finale* was his climbing a rope sus-

pended from nothing, both he and the rope finally disappearing in smoke. Oh, I am in the Orient all right, without joking!

I scarcely get myself comfortably settled to write a letter when I must up and away to eat—that being, apparently, the chief occupation in this city. There is *chota hazri* (little breakfast) at 6:30; breakfast from 9 to 10; tiffin from 2 to 3; tea at 4:30, and dinner at 7:45. The last is quite a festive occasion, with all the men and women in evening dress, while the servants, dazzling in gaily coloured turbans, and purple and gold belts over their white suits, glide noiselessly about on their unshod feet. Punkahs, suspended from the ceiling, and worked by coolies outside, serve to keep the air in motion. These are the days when I am glad of my pretty frocks.

My room is high and airy, with a white catafalque for a bed. The hall is full of servants, representing many castes and divisions of labour—one to answer the bell, another to make the bed, another to bring tea, still another to prepare the bath, and so on.

Last Wednesday I took tiffin at the university settlement, where four young women from Cambridge are living and working

among the Parsee students. There are forty of these Parsee young women now studying medicine in the city, besides many more taking the regular literary course in the university and colleges. The same day I visited the mission blind school. It is such an interesting, sad, bright place, where the children—all left-overs from the last famine —read, and sing, and play the baby organs remarkably well. One dear little thing had been left by the roadside to perish by her unfeeling parents, and she looked at the sun so long that her eyes were completely ruined.

Yesterday I received a call from some antiquated-looking Americans—members of my own mission—who gave me a most hearty welcome. Each wore a frock indicative of the year she came out, and spoke the particular twang of her native state, strangely modified by broad a's and quickly clipped last syllables. In the evening, Miss Skinner —the short and fat—and Miss Bouncer—the tall and thin—took me for a drive, and I discovered them to be the jolliest, loveliest bodies imaginable. The drive was a continuous delight, through kaleidoscopic changes —past corpses wrapped in sheets and borne of four; past pariahs, students, Parsees, the Hanging Gardens, the Towers of Silence,

where the Parsee dead are devoured by vultures, then on by the pretty bungalows on Malabar Drive, and at the end feathery palms against a lurid, sunset sky. We drove home under the new moon.

You would laugh to see me in dark goggles, a huge solar topee which sits way down over my shoulders, and with my umbrella with a white shroud on it; but Miss Skinner insisted upon this accoutrement as soon as she learned of my severe headaches. She says it is the sun. If I *should* get softening of the brain!

Miss Bouncer conveys me to my station up-country to-morrow. She is of the heroic type, which wades rivers infested with crocodiles; pursues burglars who run off with her strong box; preaches in the strongholds of heathenism, and considers herself peculiarly blest if she gets a stoning or two thrown in. (Inwardly I am thanking my lucky stars for that revolver which was given me years ago.) I am sure she is disappointed in me—she is so serious, and has no use whatever for things frivolous.

Dr. Jenkins, of our mission, is down with bubonic plague—happy prospect, eh? Of course he will die. I had not anticipated the proximity of plague, but Frida will be found game, never fear!

Madhole, India, Dec. 30, 19—.

My dearest Eleanor:

After many days! Although I am really not doing anything aside from studying, my time seems to be too full for writing many letters. What will it be when I am really into the work?

Madhole (appropriately named, if it were not pronounced Mudhole) is a wretched little town made up of adobe huts and cactus-bordered lanes. The mission compound is, fortunately, in the suburbs, so that we escape, to a large extent, the disgusting sights and smells of native life. There is a large Christian community here; all of the people are very friendly, and are eager to shake hands *à l'Occident;* but when one becomes aware of their divers skin diseases one is not very anxious to reciprocate. We have a pleasant household—Mr. Gray, a jolly, little, old man who keeps us all from becoming morbid; his daughter; and three spinsters besides. My never-ending source of amusement, however, is the pundit Bhow, a dignified and stately Brahmin who comes every day to give me my language lesson. No matter how many terrible blunders I make, he always assures me that my accent is perfect, and that, under his choice tutelage, I shall soon speak like a

native born. It is my private opinion, however, that he is much more interested in improving his English than my Marathi. I love to hear him talk. He says that dear, jolly, little Mr. Gray is a fierce and angry man, whom he fears very much. He hates the English and Mohammedans, but says Americans are pious fellows, who sent corn to India during the recent famine. He does not, however, approve of American women, who, he says, are much educated, and quarrel with the government for a seat in Parliament, while a Hindu woman disobeys her husband at the risk of a beating, or even her life. One day he took Miss Gray and me to see his garden on the outskirts of the town, where banana and fig trees alternate with masses of red and white oleander bloom, beautiful roses and fragrant jasmine, and a deep well looks cool and refreshing in the shade of a group of mango trees. As we were taking our leave Bhow presented us with some sugar-cane, throwing the stalks at our feet. I was too indignant to pick them up, but Miss Gray, who is better trained in the customs of the country, did so without hesitation, explaining to me that the man's caste would be irrevocably broken if he actually gave us anything with his hands—so holy is he, so vile are we.

It is a poor rule though which will not work both ways, so the next day, instead of handing him the reading book, I threw it on the floor at his feet. He very angrily picked it up, asking me why I had done that, and I replied that from the previous day's experience I had concluded that he preferred that custom. Evidently, however, he does not, for he remarked that when in an American's bungalow he conforms to American customs.

Last week I suggested to him that he go down to a native Christian dinner where they were serving some very savoury meat, but he was horrified, and exclaimed: "Ah, you eat our gods! All India weeps for her cows, which you Europeans are killing! Yes, you eat our gods—cruel people! But it is through ignorance—some day, when you are educated, you will know better!" I could not resist citing Swami Vivekananda as a shining light of his religion, for you remember how he used to enjoy his beefsteak dinners in the Chicago restaurants during the Parliament of Religions in '93. It was a terrible shock to poor Bhow, but he rose to the occasion, and said the Swami had reached such a degree of holiness and perfection that he could do anything and it would not be sin. Hence he could lie about it without

hesitation after being restored to the bosom of his caste in India. Yet it is some satisfaction to know that he was not restored to that select and holy estate without having partaken of the five products of the holy cow.

It is awful to have the fact forced upon one that these people do actually worship the bovine species. I have seen boys of twelve years reverently bend and fervently kiss the tail of a cow in the bazaar streets, where the animals are permitted to invade the grain booths and to help themselves to such choice morsels as their appetite demands. It is a crime to kill a beef in this native state, so we solace ourselves with goat.

Two weeks ago this mission celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by holding a great feast in an ancient grove ten miles away. There were about a thousand Christians there, of whom the women were perfectly and superbly oriental, with their splendid eyes and curving lips; and wearing their brilliant-hued saris, silver anklets, glass bracelets, and nose and earrings with a charming grace. It was as good as a play to see them there, against a background of ancient trees, from which monkeys peeped chattering down, while the bright sunlight flickered through the branches and quivered over the leaves.

I have avoided all professional work the better to study, but one night soon after my arrival I accompanied one of the sisters to a neighbouring village to see some very sick folk. We rode over on bicycles, and had no very great mishaps, though I once plunged headlong into a huge cactus-bush, scratching out both my eyes—upon which I did the classical act of scratching them in again. I can feel those thorns yet! It was as much as our lives were worth to get into the native huts, and I had to call some one to hold the buffaloes and goats as I stepped gingerly past. The family, numbering anywhere from six to twenty—with the quadrupeds and chickens—made quite a roomful.

Yesterday I went to a native Christian wedding. Many guests had assembled, and the ceremony had progressed to the point where Mr. Gray asked the bride: "Do you take this man to love, cherish, and obey"—when the young woman in the case responded with a surprising and unmistakable "No." Mr. Gray laboured with her in an undertone, but to no avail. The marriage had, as usual, been arranged by the parents, without consulting the daughter. But it is an almost unknown thing for a girl to be so

bold and disobedient—I predict a great future for her!

Mr. Gray then explained the situation to the assembled guests and asked for volunteers to supply the vacancy. A young lady promptly came forward, and the ceremony proceeded as if nothing had happened. Afterwards, the bridal pair left the altar by different aisles to hold a reception under a tree, where congratulations and rice were poured upon them. The groom placed a silver ring upon the great toe of the bride's left foot, while a "best man" tied the former's neck-scarf to the end of the latter's flowing garment, and thus they sat in state for some hours.

Christmas was too forlorn a day for me to tell you anything about it.

February 3d.

I am learning of enough tragedies in this dreadful land to keep my hair standing on end three-quarters of the time. I do not know how it happens that there are so many girls from heathen families here in the mission school, but I suppose it is on account of the commercial spirit of the parents, who are glad to escape the responsibility and necessity of supporting them. Many wee things,

reputed to be orphans, were left here during the recent terrible famine, but when those panicky days were past the parents appeared, in the hope, I fancy, of personal profit, or possibly they were actuated by a latent spark of parental affection.

An awful thing has just happened. One of these girls, about eleven or twelve years old, unusually bright and attractive, and beginning to call herself a Christian in a timid, pretty way, has been taken by her old heathen mother for a religious sacrifice. Would to God it had been to be crushed under the wheels of the car of a Juggernaut, or to be cast into the arms of a Moloch! Either would have been bliss compared with what she has before her. The rite is called marriage to a god —an ugly little stone image sitting in front of an ugly little temple—which introduces the poor thing at once to a life of shame. Henceforth she has no hope, no redress, no choice; she is bound there in the chains of caste and custom, and a vile ignorance. And she so young! She will not live many years, and that is our only comfort. Mr. and Miss Gray tried in every way to save her, but the brutal mother has the law, the sentiment of the people, and the religion of the country on her side, so she took the child by force, and we

are helpless. You cannot conceive of the moral degradation of this people, indicated by the low castes in such ways as this, and by the higher castes in ways which I have yet to learn ; but it is always a matter of religion and most religious rites are accompanied by the most immoral sentiments and deeds. Every day I go for a walk across the maidan. At such times the very atmosphere seems pregnant with evil, pressing against one like a tangible thing, and crushing down one's spirit like a weight of blackness. The very earth cries out—to me it seems soaked in the blood of innocent children sacrificed to the lust and crime of an effete people.

But in spite of the country and the inhabitants thereof, a glorious moon rides serenely in the heavens at night, enveloping the land in a silver flood and making a shimmering fairy domain of the pitiless, God-forsaken place. The days have been so hot lately that we have taken to playing badminton by moonlight, and it is great sport.

We are having delicious eating these days —bananas, oranges, guavas, custard-apples, papayas, fresh beans and peas, and many other good things, most of them growing in Mr. Gray's tiny garden, which flourishes back of the bungalow.

From the town comes constantly the sound of wailing—mourning for the dead; for plague has not spared this village, and now bids fair to depopulate it.

Walking through a cocoanut grove last evening we were severely pelted by a band of monkeys, whether in fun or in anger we were unable to determine. In any event, we should have had no redress—since the people hold this handsome animal sacred, and would have mobbed us had we lifted so much as a finger against one. It seems that monkeys were instrumental in helping the god Ram out of sundry scrapes while he was dwelling upon the earth—hence the worship.

We go to the hills in March, for the heat is already very oppressive, and my head aches at the slightest provocation.

Norheim, Mahableshwar, April 2, 19—.
Beloved:

Has not that a homey look? And it is a homey place, with the most gorgeous view you could imagine! Nature has cut out an immense cleft from the rocky range directly in front, so we seem always to be looking at a framed picture of distant hill and valley, where lights and shadows play hide-and-seek, and the mists creep softly in

between. At twilight all below is a sea of billowy clouds, all above a mellow, golden glory.

Now that I am settling down and becoming dignified and serious, some of my *confrères* have told me their first opinion of me, to the effect that I should much better have chosen the stage for a career than the mission field. How is that for an aspiring M. D.?

This morning I was giving vent to my feelings at the baby organ—some of those songs, you know, which take a rather high lilt—when I saw the shadow of my new and stately pundit pass the window. I finished my strain before going to the door, and what do you think I saw? He was leaning against a veranda pillar simply convulsed with laughter! I had never known him even to smile before, but my performance had been too much for his gravity. We amuse them as much as they do us. I shall never forget the first native singing I heard at divine service in Madhole, when I could only save my face by burying it in my topee, whence it emerged wet with tears incident to excessive laughter. The brethren thought it had been a wave of homesickness.

These certainly are the craziest people! The tailors sew from them instead of towards

them; their affirmative motion of the head is our negative; their beckoning with the hand is our gesture of repulsion. They put all the door-latches on upside down and on the wrong side of the door, and everything is backward, twisted, perverted.

There dines with us to-day a faith missionary who is noted for her ability in praying down money and all sorts of blessings for her famine orphans, but who always forgets to pray down any luxuries for herself. She has grown entirely out of the ways of the world; has nearly forgotten the English language, and so can scarcely converse with her own kind, but she has a sweet, spirituelle face—it is the face of a saint. Can you think of me as ever being like that?

We of our own mission are a sorry lot, for all the old ones are on their last pegs, and the young ones are convalescing from plague, whooping-cough, measles, or some such thing. Even I am losing the smile which formerly would not come off. Such is life in India.

Karad, July 1, 19—.

Dear, blessed Eleanor:

If it had not been for your cheerful letters I should have died a thousand deaths long ere this. I used to think I was a pretty

hard-worked girl while taking my medical course and interning in the city hospital, but it could not hold a candle to this. I get up every morning at six o'clock, swallow my chota hazri, rush over to the hospital annex to deliver a lecture to the medical students, make hospital rounds, go to dispensary, have breakfast, then go to the operating-room, after which I have tiffin, tennis, bath, dinner, and preparation of lecture.

At present I am demonstrating myself an oracle on the subject of chemistry and talk an hour every day in pursuance thereof, with an occasional quiz interspersed. The boys ask the most absurd questions, and during the first days would rise in a body as I entered the class-room, greeting me with "Good-night, sir."

All new missionaries are supposed to take the first year for the acquisition of the language, but I was so eager to begin work, and so at a loss to fill the days with anything else than study, that I took my examination at the end of six months. It has served one purpose at least—to convince the pious that though wofully lacking in grace, I may possess a little gray matter and so be of some use upon the face of the earth.

Last week we attended a formal dinner

given by the premier of a neighbouring native state. All the guests were Europeans excepting two or three Brahmins, who, however, would not pollute themselves by sitting at table with us. An orchestra, concealed behind a bank of palms, played some lively airs, and I shocked my neighbours on both sides by audibly expressing my desire to dance, while the good sister opposite me sat with an open Bible in her lap from which she extracted texts for the edification of her escort. I hope she did not call him a lost and miserable sinner, and that he did not suffer from a subsequent attack of indigestion induced by an unhappy frame of mind.

In the midst of the tiger jungle and cobra's den, I am living in a tent, and shall continue to do so until the present congestion of the station is relieved by some one's going on furlough, when I shall have a roof to protect me from the sun by day and the moon by night. This canvas roof affords but little protection from the fierce tropical sun, to which I find myself very susceptible. Not long since one of our men had to leave this latitude forever, having suffered so many sun attacks that he could not bear even the light of the moon, and always had to wear his solar topee on a bright moonlight night.

I like my little tent nevertheless. I have all my boxes and trunks draped with brilliant-hued rugs, and it looks very oriental.

The natives are a constant delight. When Mrs. White gave an At Home to all the students, nurses, and medical helpers, they came in the most picturesque costumes. The nurses wore sombre, gracefully hanging garments, while the men appeared in all the colours of the rainbow—turbans of purple, red, blue, and orange, and flowing white robes or ill-fitting English coats and trousers. As we sat watching them a sister gave me some of their histories. A good-looking lad, who attracted me very much, has a Christian mother and a heathen father. When the mother was converted her fond husband thought to avert such a family disgrace, and threats and beatings having availed nothing, all but cut off the poor woman's nose. She managed to wrench herself free before he had quite completed his diabolical job, and escaped, bleeding, to the mission bungalow, where she found a refuge, and a quick operation saved her nose, though leaving an ugly scar. She never returned to her cruel husband, and has developed into a rare Christian woman and an efficient helper.

Karad, Sept. 13, 19—.

All the world is lame, halt, blind, sick—mostly from deliberate violation of Nature's laws, and God's. Somehow we all seem to be strange perversions of a good plan, and life is such a Chinese puzzle that it makes one frantic to think of it.

Still I love my work—it would be unendurable, maddening, if I did not. And those blessed boys in the school are adorable! From their manner, you would think that the only function of their otherwise worthless bodies was for my seraphic feet to tread upon. Twice a week they come to the bungalow for vocal exercise, and it is great fun, for they are very ambitious to sing in the English fashion. Occasionally they render some native music for my express benefit, and such screaming and trilling, gestures of hands, and expressions of eyes, you never saw, to say nothing of the booming of their drum accompaniment, and the thin picking of their stringed sathar.

It seems odd, some way, to find that these dark-skinned people have the same feelings, hopes and aspirations as ourselves; that they love and hate, and respond to any interest shown in them, exactly as we do. The senior hospital interne is the dearest boy,

and though black as the ace of spades, his soul is as white as a woolly lamb.

Among my private patients is a lady of quality, who comes to see me with "rings in her nose and bells on her toes," and anklets and bracelets a-dangling. She is a retiring, modest little thing, somewhat afraid of me, not knowing—in view of my career and bold ways—whether I am a real woman or not. I long for the time when I can be on really intimate terms with such as she, but they are veritable children, with no interest above buttons, and hobnobbing together would be as difficult for me as for them. Their conversation consists of such questions as, "Are you married? Where is your husband? How many children have you?" and all sorts of things concerning your dress, hair and shoes. The blessed state of spinsterhood is absolutely inconceivable to them, besides being a terrible disgrace, and I find myself trying to excuse this awful condition of affairs by intimating that it has not been from lack of opportunity but from choice and devotion to my profession. But they cannot understand that. Matrimony is their salvation, without which they are eternally damned. By worshipping and serving a husband they may possibly obtain a taste of heaven—not

otherwise. You know Dr. Barrows said the Hindus believed in the sisterhood of cows and the damnation of women, and it is true to the core.

It is full moon now—you cannot dream of the effulgence and brilliance of it, nor how it touches up this dreadful, cactusy country into a poet's idyll. Last night I was sitting out in the garden drinking in the beauty of it all, when a strange procession passed, consisting of about fifty white-robed men carrying black umbrellas. I wondered if they were moonstruck, and wondered still more when I discovered that every native was doing the same, excepting the Christians. To-day the mystery was explained to me. It seems that once upon a time the god Ganpati was taking a nice ride upon a rat, when an ill-motived cat pursued the rat, and Ganpati ignominiously fell off his noble steed, whereupon the moon, riding full and high in the heavens, laughed at his discomfiture. Filled with rage, the god swore that the light of the moon should nevermore shine upon man. Hence the umbrellas. Think of it! And these grown men, among them Brahmins of wealth and culture!

Last week we were invited to see the ceremony of adopting an heir to the throne—

quite a common custom in native states where there is no male issue. When the late chief died, his widow did her best to introduce surreptitiously an imported babe and pass it off as her own, but this oriental trick did not work with the British government, so perforce the adopted prince. The ceremony was not much in itself, but the oriental aspect was a great deal to my Western eyes. As we drove through the court in a state carriage, we could see on one side a regiment of sepoys, flanked by a turbaned crowd, and on the other, guards mounted on splendid Arabian horses. At the entrance of the durbar hall stood two huge elephants, their trunks decorated with landscapes and temples done in gold paint, and with trappings of velvet and gold. Within, the ceiling was a mass of chandeliers and crystal pendants, beneath which were two galleries for the native women, though the foreign women sat boldly below with the men.

The chiefs were decked out in the finest of white muslins, the richest of turbans, and jewels galore. The little prince who was being adopted wore rich cloth-of-gold made into coat and trousers, instead of the graceful costume of the country, with stiff English shoes on his unaccustomed feet, but his

turban was wrought with pearls and diamonds. He conducted himself with the utmost gravity, and it made my face ache to watch the solemnity of his. The grand finale consisted in our all being garlanded with jasmine, anointed with sandal-wood oil, and sprinkled with attar of roses, after which we went outside to see the games.

Karad, Dec. 15, 19—.

Well, Eleanor dear, a year is past and over, and I still live to tell the tale; but let me whisper in your ear right now that if the ensuing year proves as strenuous as the past, it will be but an animated corpse going about her duties out here and not Frida at all, at all. Perhaps I was never intended for a bluestocking—at any rate my constitution does not seem to be made of cast iron, nor am I absolutely devoid of nerves or feeling. Why, the other day I had to remove some stitches from a poor little childwife, and it hurt her so that I nearly died. When it was over I just went and put my arms around her there on the operating-table and cried and cried. She, poor thing, seemed to cheer up the more I wept until smiles broke through her own tears and she began to comfort me. I don't mind these things when the patient is

anæsthetized, or when it is a big strong woman, or best of all, a man; but a wee, little victim of fate like that, doomed to suffering through ignorance and superstition, is more than I can stand.

Oh, Eleanor, what if, after all, I am not fitted for a career? What if I prove a weakling, with too much sympathy and too little nerve? And after all the study, and aspiration, and sacrifice of home and love, and everything that a woman holds most dear! If I ever survive to come home again you will not love me any more—when you see my white hair and wrinkles, my ghastly complexion, wooden leg, and glass eye.

But I am blue to-day; I need a little change, and if any one can be beguiled into accompanying me, I shall certainly go off for a little jaunt soon. I have taken up my language study again with all the rest of the work, and that, I reckon, is the last straw which is breaking the camel's back. I shall try to do the year's required study in six months as before, so as to get it off my hands, after which I can take my full share of the medical and surgical work—how I shall glory in that! I am already desperately fond of the filthy old women and shrieking babies who crowd my daily dispensary. One

little boy "possessed of a devil" makes himself generally interesting whenever his mother brings him. I have not yet developed the powers of an exorcist, though this land of the mystic cults ought to develop them.

Every Sunday evening we have the students at the bungalow, when we sing, and repeat Scripture texts. Last Sunday Peter the Bold sat gravely in front of us all, and when his turn came said, with great emphasis, "I have more understanding than all my teachers." I nearly burst. He is in process of being tamed and is very promising.

I have discovered that this little old town is a place of interest if not of beauty, for it was a city in the year 1 B. C., and its fort and citadel were mentioned in history in the year 1493, when America had hardly put on its swaddling clothes. The strange thing about it all is that everything is the same to-day as it was thousands of years ago; the same names, the same primitive customs and graceful styles. No wonder these people are driven to worship their past—that is about all they have; at least I would not give a picayune for their present.

Could you ever have a cold, shiny, slippery lizard for a pet? I have many of them, and

it is no end of fun to watch them play tag on the wall or to see one leave his tail a trophy to the foe—he soon grows another.

To-day a Jain funeral procession passed the compound. The corpse, swathed in white, was sitting upright upon the bier, which was carried by several men. He had for decoration a floating banner of red, and some branches from the plantain tree, and for a funeral dirge the monotonous tooting of some wind instrument. He was buried in a shallow grave, still sitting.

Rites of another fashion were performed just outside the compound the other day, where a band of rovers or gypsies from the mountains were encamped. One of them was ill with plague, and his clansmen spared nothing to compass his recovery, which means that a sacrifice and its attendant ceremonies were performed under our very eyes. Amid great noise and frenzy on the part of the women, eight goats were slain, while incantations and mad dancings progressed without interruption. The poor plague victim, who had been made to walk to the scene of this wild orgy, and stand during the ceremony, died within a few hours, and his demise was announced at midnight by the wildest cries and the weirdest chants.

Now I must go out "to eat the air," as the natives have it.

December 17th.

A rest is in view! Miss Pentup has consented to go with me for a holiday and we shall have a great lark.

Cawnpore, Jan. 2, 19—.

My dear Eleanor:

I have been trying ever since Christmas to write and thank you for your part in that adorable box. Anyway, words cannot express all I feel, but if I had you here as well as a few other people, I would squeeze you all within an inch of your lives. It came two days before Christmas, and in spite of the fact that we are limited as to luggage when travelling, I managed to pack some of my new things to bring with me.

Miss Pentup and I had Christmas Eve in our station with the rest, taking the train for Bombay at ten o'clock. Tell it not in Gath, but we are travelling third-class because it is so cheap—less than one cent per mile—and we are going so far. On a third-class ticket you can take hand-baggage only, and you should have seen ours! An immense roll of bedding, with rugs and cushions, three dress-suit cases, two small grips, two tin hat-boxes;

umbrellas, sun topees, and lunch boxes. In this country we omit the cat and the canary.

We travelled all night, arriving at Bombay at ten in the morning. We put our stuff in the care of the ayah at the station ; changed our clothes ; took a carriage, and started out to celebrate. As we drove past the cathedral whom should we meet just coming out from service but the McFaddens, acquaintances of last hot season. They pinned us down until we had to tell our plans, so what did they do but insist upon our going up to their lovely bungalow for tiffin and tea, sending us to our train later in their private carriage.

We remained three days at Allahabad, and had a glorious time visiting a friend of mine who kept us busy with drives, teas, and At Homes. In the native quarters great preparations were going on for the annual pilgrimage. We visited the scene of the fair which, two weeks later, would be swarming with millions of Hindus. Many tiny flags were floating in the breeze, each one indicating the location of a holy man, some with their platforms of spikes ready to sit or lie upon, others cataleptically fixed in strained positions—often an arm has been upheld until it becomes withered and useless. Some of the fakirs were sleek and well-fed, and

covered with ashes, basking in the sun. Others were thin and wasted, having measured their length in the dust some hundreds of miles. Here and there would be one with an iron thrust through his flesh.

But enough! With such ideals how can these people be anything but liars, thieves, adulterers, murderers? If enthusiastic American theosophists would come and see their cult in all its practical workings, they might sing a different song.

But on to Benares—Oriental, crowded, insolent. Fortunately, however, we could not understand the insolence, since they spoke in a tongue unknown to us. The only way to keep them to the smooth and oily manner which we are accustomed to expect in other parts of India is to scatter silver with great prodigality, and this is, of course, impossible to poverty-stricken missionaries.

First we went to the steps along the banks of the Ganges, where we engaged a queer-looking boat and were pushed out into mid-stream. The view was great, and I got some fine snap-shots.

It was a strange picture, teeming with stranger life. Multitudes were moving up and down the steps, and the brilliant sunlight on their gorgeous garments and reflected from

the gray-white masonry made a dazzling spectacle. In the river men and women were bathing, or washing their clothes, or scrubbing their mouths, or drinking, or filling prettily-turned water-pots with the holy water to carry to their homes—many of them hundreds of miles away; for pilgrims come to the holy Ganges from all parts of the country.

Upon the burning steps were several bodies in the process of cremation, their feet just touching the water of the river, into which they are cast when partly consumed—sure pathway to bliss. The presence of charred corpses and the filth from constant clothes-washings doubtless contribute the flavour so highly prized by the worshipful Hindu! A cholera germ cannot live in the water, and no wonder! Blessed thing, too, for the land would certainly be depopulated should cholera and bubonic plague form a combination.

After leaving the river we strolled past the cesspool called the Well of Knowledge, but did not drink thereat; then we went to the Golden Temple, which foreign devils are not permitted to enter, but they may purchase idols on the outside. All this time we had in our wake a half-clad priest and a sepoy, the former for the purpose of extracting coin, and the latter—presumably—for protection.

At a monkey temple up-town the altar was still dripping with the fresh blood of a goat slain as a sacrifice that morning. We feared for our lives as we started to leave the place, for the priests had thrown garlands about our necks, assuring us that most Americans gave no less than a gold piece for such an honour.

In Lucknow I was impressed by the pictures of all the kings of Oudh, which we ran upon in one of the rooms of a hideously modern clock-tower set up in the midst of ancient Hindu architecture. They are too funny for anything, with their fierce mustachios and full skirts, which latter certainly must have been crinolined. I feel like an abridged edition of a Baedeker's Guide-Book, but I cannot nauseate you with the details of all we see as we rush madly from city to city, and from temple to palace. Some things, it seems to me, I can never forget, and with these must you be persecuted. Over all is the dazzling sun, and through all a cold, penetrating wind, which is rather more stimulating than our eternal balminess south of Bombay.

To me, the only thing of real interest in Lucknow was the old residency and its grounds. The ruins are most picturesque; only the walls are standing, and they are

overgrown with ivy. All around are beautiful trees and green grass, and every now and then you come upon memorial obelisks and monuments to the brave who fell in '57. The siege of this place and its brave defense constitute a story that makes one's heart ache, for there hundreds of English—men, women and children—took refuge from the enemy, when disease wrought havoc among all, and men were shot in their beds. I could have spent a whole day in the little cemetery, so sad and sweet and still, where are laid away the brave and the fair, whom God Himself must have respected when He saw how much they were able to endure.

Late in the day we drove through the native bazaar behind a pair of steeds which, to judge by their skin-and-bone appearance, must have been subsisting upon one straw a day. The fact that they finally registered a protest by balking persistently, and that the coachman belaboured them most cruelly, caused us to spring to the ground and turn our backs upon the offenders, only to find ourselves in another dilemma, for there was not a soul near who could speak or understand English, and we do not know the language of the north. Soon we were surrounded by a heathen crowd, all of them

shouting directions and advice while the vociferating coachman ordered us back to the carriage. We were helpless, and were beginning to feel considerably frightened when I espied two Eurasians approaching in an ekka. They stopped at my frantically waved hand and helped us out right royally, giving us their own chariot, with explicit directions to the driver.

An ekka is the funniest thing to ride in you ever saw—two wheels, atop of which is a tiny platform, on which you perch *à la Turk*, while you are shielded from the sun by a shade made of gaily-coloured calico trimmed with frills. The one little pony goes at breakneck speed through the narrow streets, and you have to hold on for dear life to escape being hurled to the ground.

We spent New Year's Day here in Cawnpore with the most charming people—young missionaries just married. The bride is one of the most exquisitely beautiful Americans I have ever met.

I shall have to hurry to finish this letter before train time, but fortunately there is not much to tell about Cawnpore aside from the mutiny reminders. At the Memorial Church the soldier guard gave us some of the flowers from the altar, which are placed there fresh

every day. The church marks the spot where one thousand English were huddled, exposed to the terrible tropical sun and the deadly fire of the enemy. When they were offered a safe passage to the river, they left all their possessions and proceeded to the boats, but no sooner had they embarked than a murderous fire was opened upon them by sepoys concealed in bushes along the banks. The boats were then fired, and the wounded were burned to death or drowned, while the rest were put to the sword. After Nana Sahib's men were sated with blood, some of the women were marched back to prison, only to be butchered later and cast—dead and dying together—into a well, over which now broods a marble angel whose face droops slightly on one side with tragic sadness, and smiles on the other with the joy of the resurrection. No native is permitted within its enclosure to this day, nor does a horse ever trot within the cemetery walls. It is the saddest place I ever saw. It is enough to break an American heart—how can the English live here at all? The city is a constant scene of unrest and riot, hatred smoulders in the breasts of the natives, and scorn in the hearts of the English.

We start for Agra in exactly one half hour.

Agra, Jan. 7, 19—.

I have seen the Taj! Oh, Eleanor, you cannot even dream of the wonder of it! It looks like a bubble glowing under the brilliant sun, whose fierce rays are reflected from a thousand points. It shone, it throbbed, it seemed to float, and every moment to threaten to vanish from our sight. The effect is indescribable. I sat entranced, while my eyes ached with the glare. But within is a cool, quiet light, mellowed by passing through marble screens which serve as windows and make the place a charming retreat.

The screen surrounding the cenotaphs is a marvel of the filmiest, foamiest lace effect, with delicate borders of flowers inlaid with jade, topaz, mother-of-pearl, lapis lazuli, and what not.

I had always thought of the Taj Mahal as being a tiny bit of perfection, but you have only to see it by moonlight to realize how grand and massive it is. The polished marble surface reflects the soft light until you think there is a halo there; the silent river rolls past with its mirrored moon and Taj; the four corner towers reach up to meet the sky; the distant gateways with their cupolas, the feathered palms of the garden, the fragrance-laden air—oh, Eleanor, the

beauty of it all is oppressive! Shah Jehan must certainly have loved his "Pride of the Palace."

Yesterday we met an American globe-trotter who has been "doing" India. We asked him if he had yet seen the Taj, and he said, "No, what's that?" "Oh, a tomb," we replied, and the poor fellow, surfeited with Indian tombs, exclaimed, "Uh! don't talk to me about tombs! I have not seen anything else since coming to India, and I don't want to see another as long as I live!" And he actually left the city last evening without having seen the most perfect bit of architecture in the world.

During our second visit to the grounds we heard another American comparing it with Grant's tomb, quite tipping the balance in favour of the latter.

Dear old Dr. Hunt, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the McFaddens, has shown us most of the sights, and has been a perfect jewel. Occasionally a young professor from one of the colleges has also accompanied us, and we feel semi-civilized once again.

I was beguiled into visiting an orphanage —oh, dear, the poor waifs! I would rather be a heathen any day than be shut up in one

of those cheerless places. But there was a real attraction there in the shape of a wolf-child—a human foundling which had been reared by a mother wolf with her cubs. It was discovered by a huntsman and brought to this place of refuge, but they have not succeeded in teaching it much of anything—in this case environment has rather overshadowed heredity.

Of course we visited the fort, within whose high walls is a wilderness of magnificent carving in red sandstone, marble, and precious stones. The pearl mosque reminded us by contrast of the hideous Hindu temples, whose interiors are always dark and forbidding, and out of whose gloom peers some vicious-looking image; for here all is light and airy; the whiteness suggests purity; there are no furnishings excepting the three marble steps which serve as a sort of pulpit for the leader of prayers. One side is open to the air, and at the sunset hour—the time of prayer—all is beautiful, still, and worshipful.

Near at hand is Grand Armoury Square—aptly called "Place du Carrousel" by keen observers. Here is the hall of public audience and a carved throne upon which the great Mogul used to sit when administering justice

to the poor dogs who prostrated themselves at his feet.

In the open court of the palace is a black throne, opposite which the court jester used to sit. There is a long fissure in the black marble, which appeared when some foreigners usurped it, so the natives say, and the bit of iron rust upon it is blood shed by the stone in its sorrow and shame.

When you see the lovely apartments of the women, all wrought marble and gems, the basins for the fountains, the dear little verandas and retiring-rooms, you cannot help thinking that the inmates of the harem must have had a jolly good time after all. Still, marble screens and jade would scarcely be the price of freedom to us.

One afternoon we drove out to Fatepur Sikri, the ancient capital of Akbar—twenty-two miles distant. On the way we saw a group of the most beautiful deer not far from the road, looking so timid and proud, with their heads high and eyes alert, that I could have hugged them.

There are many interesting things at Fatepur Sikri, but if you want to know about them, just buy a guide-book. In the stone floor of the court is laid out a parcheesi board, on which Akbar used to play, using slave

girls instead of the wooden men. The house which belonged to his Turkish wife is exquisitely carved with flowers, birds and beasts, while that which was occupied by his Portuguese Christian wife has a decoration representing the Annunciation.

En route to Bombay from Ajmere, Jan. 12, 19—.

Well, Eleanor dear, a few scratches of the pen, and you will have been bored with all the history of our little outing. At Delhi there were more reminders of the mutiny, more tombs, more marble. The only thing we sighed for was the peacock throne, which is no longer in the hall of private audience at the palace within the fort, but graces the royal palace at Teheran.

As at Agra, the women's apartments are like fairy-land, with their pure white marble all inlaid with designs in cornelia, topaz, and pearl. Delicate marble screens are there, and cool, pillared balconies. Through the centre is a marble channel where living water used to flow, making the mosaics below sparkle and gleam. The baths, too, are exquisite, with a reservoir in the middle of each room in which fountains were once wont to play.

When we visited an old mosque in the suburbs, we were stoned by some native children because we did not tip liberally enough the raft of urchins and the old man who waylaid us.

We also drove out twelve miles to the Kutub Minar, where is a solid, wrought-iron pillar, erected in the year 319. Some of the carving on the ancient pillars would make an archeologist crazy with delight, but as we were tyros at that sort of thing, we did not get much out of it. The thing which fascinated us and froze our blood at the same time was the sight of men and boys hurling themselves into an old well more than eighty feet in depth. They always struck the water unharmed though, and I suppose they must do something to gather in a few pennies.

As we returned late in the day we encountered throngs of people who were going to, or returning from, a great Mohammedan feast. You never saw such gorgeous costumes on men—silken scarfs, gold-broidered caps, velvet jackets; and in all sorts of conveyances—carriages, carts, ekkas, duminies, everything. Everywhere were venders of sweetmeats and of "smokes"—a festive hooka being placed at the disposal of any one

who can pay the price, for which he gets one long, hard, delicious pull.

Our next point was Jaipur, where we had a right jolly time. Although the McFaddens had given us letters to a pleasant family—the McKenzies—we put up with two dear little old missionaries—or at least one of them answered to this description, while the other was a dear little young one. They took us everywhere. Jaipur is certainly an interesting city, with its lovely gardens, fine museum, and well-stocked menagerie. I never saw such tigers in my life. Great, splendid creatures—one of them just fresh from the jungle, whose roars seemed to shake the very foundations of the universe, and who sprang for us in a mad rage as we approached. My heart quailed within me, in spite of the strong iron bars, and I was glad enough to put some distance between myself and him. Think of meeting such a fellow in the jungle!

As we drove home at night a wild boar dashed across the road just in front of the carriage; it is like living in the *Arabian Nights*, or like a multi-coloured dream, is life in Jaipur. The streets are wide and hard and smooth; the yellow, green, blue and red shops are all two-storied; and such a moving panorama as those boulevards afford!—car-

riages, splendid Arabian horses with orientally-draped riders, huge elephants, camels, bullocks, with here and there a cheeta and his keepers—oh, I could stand for hours, nay days, doing nothing but watching them.

The McKenzies had us all to dinner. They live in great luxury, and it does not cost much either, here in India, if one prefers Persian rugs, gold embroideries, brass and wood carvings, ebony and sandal-wood treasures, and all that to the modern conveniences of the West.

Our host, who enjoys the favour of the Maharajah, obtained one of the royal elephants for us to ride out to the ancient capital the next day. We mounted our huge steed, Rampir, in great glee. He knelt at the command of the mahout, but even then we had to ascend a ladder to reach the howdah. One of the ladies kept us in convulsions of laughter with her mixture of Scotch and American, calling our immense beast "Wee Wifie," and crying out with enthusiasm every now and then, "Ain't he cute!" I wanted to seize the mahout every time he jabbed that cruel-looking iron instrument into Rampir's neck, but his back looked so non-committal as he sat there just behind the flapping ears that I refrained.

There is nothing like an elephant's back for point of view! In the near distance on one side were the trees, domes and minarets of Jaipur, while new views constantly opened before us, until we had passed through a mountain gorge and had come upon a tiny lake of wondrous beauty nestling amid the fortified hills. The royal palace was, of course, deserted, except for a few attendants. It did not differ perceptibly from other palaces, but here we found a valued collection of Hindu art, to describe which no words of mine are adequate. If you can remember the days of your childhood, when you depicted upon your slate soldiers with jointless legs and arms, and fair ladies in crinolines, and babes with moon faces, you have it. I could with difficulty maintain the gravity necessary to express my proper appreciation to the guide, who revered the things as you would one of Raphael's masterpieces.

In many respects the Maharajah of Jaipur is quite up to date. He it was who planned the modern city, with its wide boulevards and public gardens. He supports a fine brass band, which plays very well.

We could scarcely tear ourselves away from Jaipur, but telegrams from Karad in-

formed us that some of our confrères were suddenly ordered home on sick leave, as a consequence of which every one's work was doubled up, and so we hastened our footsteps towards the sunny south, spending only one day at Ajmere, a pretty little place surrounded by low mountains. A beautiful lake is cuddled by the hills, and on its banks are lovely pure marble pavilions. Here is a college for native princes built entirely of white marble, where the scions of ancient dynasties are taught to play tennis and cricket, great care being taken that they do not incidentally learn anything of statesmanship or the science of government.

Karad, March 1, 19—.

My dear Eleanor:

"I do now take my pen in hand to say that I am well and hope this will find you the same," but how long it will remain in hand is not known to gods or men, for you never saw anything like the amount of work we have to compass in twenty-four hours, and as for sleep, that is a luxury which I, for one, am beginning to eschew almost entirely. Furloughs and sick missionaries are contingencies which must ever be reckoned with, and what with the additional work thereby

entailed, and the constant temptation to step into new openings at the proper psychological moment, it is simply more than human shoulders and hearts can carry. Fortunately the missionary enterprise was not instigated nor intended to be carried on by human agencies to the exclusion of the divine, so we always manage some way or other to "get our second breath" and stick to the race until the end. The physical end is surely hastened, however, but it is better to wear out than to rust out, and there is no danger of our rusting in this work.

With all the rest, I have had the temerity to organize a Y. W. C. A. among the nurses. The girls needed something, for their lives were absolutely monotonous. They have none of the feast and gala days of the heathen, and have had to derive their recreation from church and prayer-meetings, with never any fun. I could not exist that way. I only wish I had the cash to build a gymnasium for them, with a dance-hall and play-room and everything to do with.

Well, you could never imagine what a difference it has made in them. We apportioned the work among the sisters—one of them is teaching the girls music, another English, another Bible; I give them physical

culture, and Miss Pentup things which pertain to nursing. Once a week we have a little heart-to-heart meeting, and every now and then a tea or something of that sort. The poor things need especially to be consoled for their spinsterhood, for you know single blessedness after the age of twelve or fourteen is considered a curse out here. We cannot have mixed parties because the custom of the land does not sanction it, and if we attempted it the boys would range themselves fiercely and superiorly on one side of the room, while the girls would blush and titter opposite, with no hope of an ultimate thaw.

But they do their physical culture right well, being naturally graceful, and it does my heart good to hear their shrieks of laughter at attempted feats—I never knew they could laugh before. Sour faces have become happy and bright; slow and spiritless obedience quick and cheerful; and irresponsibility has been replaced by a desire to be trusted.

And so I have my girls to love and my boys to train. The other day in Sunday-school the moral question arose as to which son did right, he who promised to obey his father and did not perform, or he who refused to obey and later repented. They all insisted

that the first, because he was polite and showed respect unto his father, did right. Thus do they regard form and not substance.

You would be amused to see me conducting women's meetings in the wards, teaching Sunday-school classes, and telling the children stories, all in my broken Marathi, which they seem to consider very funny, but they are usually too polite to betray their amusement until my back is turned.

Yesterday I had an experience which made me feel pretty small, I can tell you. It was one of my first cataract cases; the woman was absolutely blind, had not seen a thing for years when she came to me. I did the operation on both eyes at one sitting, bandaged them, and sent her to the ward. When the day came for the removal of the bandages, I found her in the woman's general ward, which was full to overflowing with patients. She was eager for her release, so I told the nurse to loosen the dressings and then applied the counting test. All those women were still as mice, holding their breath to learn if her sight was really restored. You could have heard a pin drop. Holding up my fingers before the long sightless eyes I asked her to count, and she did so: "One,

three, two, four." The women whispered from cot to cot, "She sees! she sees!" while the poor patient herself fell at my feet in a transport of joy and gratitude, and embraced them, kissing the hem of my skirt, and calling me all the endearing names which her vocabulary afforded. She would have worshipped me then and there, so deep was her feeling, but I lifted her up and led her away to tell her of One who alone is worthy of worship, and whose greatest desire is for her happiness and good.

Yes, I used to say I was not coming to India to preach, but to practice medicine; but when an event like this drives you down into the depths of the most abject humility—remembering what a mean, selfish, despicable creature you are—you just cannot help telling the poor ignorant women that after all there is something which is worthy of love and worship, that there is One who is absolutely pure, and holy, and merciful, and who loves every last one of them with a perfect love. Every body has a soul, and I am beginning to find out that my chief concern is not, after all, with the body.

These things are happening constantly. Nothing seems to stir their pulses like a brilliant coup in the surgical line, and it is

remarkable how they spread the news of such by word of mouth to the uttermost parts of the earth. One woman comes every week to garland and bouquet the lot of us. It is pleasant to know that our efforts are not unappreciated—with the taste of gratitude on our tongues we can give our bodies to be burned with good grace.

I am becoming thinner and thinner. They say that in India one always goes to one extreme or the other—I think I must have chosen the other. Some of the brethren—or sisters, as the case may be, are so fat they can scarcely waddle, while all the rest are so thin as to be translucent. Of course it is not so bad when a conjugal pair balance things by combining opposite extremes, which is usually the case, and right comical do they appear.

Last evening we had a sand-storm—I never saw such a gale; the atmosphere was opaque—in my room I could cut it with a knife—and to-day everything is gritty to the touch.

Outside, so far as the eye can see, is a dry, sandy stretch, but the trees will soon put forth their new shoots, furnishing another illustration of the reversed order of things in India. Why do they not wait until the beginning of the rainy season?

Karad, March 11, 19—.

My dearest Eleanor:

"The shades of night are falling fast, Upidee, upida," and right glad I am to welcome them after the brassy sky and furnace heat of the day. I am snatching a few minutes to write before taking a plunge into study preparatory to to-morrow's lecture. This time it is physiology. The other day one of the sisters who was a school-teacher at home remarked that it was nothing to lecture on physiology—she used to teach it in Pittsburg. Think of it! Comparing grammar-school smatter with the real medical university thing—for we use the same books here that they do in the medical colleges at home. Why, for to-day's lecture I had to prepare a whole section on anatomy, look up a few pages of *materia medica*, remember all my college physics, explaining pneumatics and hydrostatics, give the theories for osmosis, and the chemical formulæ for hæmoglobin, leucin and tyrosin, explain the psychological principles involved in the execution of sundry bodily functions, go minutely into the nervous system, and finally sum up the function under consideration, and then cap it all by the forcing process of compelling those boys to see the points! It is all in English, you know,

and they are naturally a little slow at taking it in. These are the days when I spend what few spare minutes I can get regretting the time wasted while taking my medical course. A few less theatres and late suppers—in fact, a general cutting out of larky times—might have contributed to turning out a "dig" who understood some of the underlying principles of things. As it is, I have to study until I am black in the face in order to understand the subjects well enough to demonstrate them clearly to the class.

This morning I had an experience in dispensary which at first amused, then disgusted, and lastly almost nauseated me. A patient came for treatment, tall and mannish looking, but wearing women's clothes. I was suspicious of the case, but as it was one requiring surgical treatment of the shoulder, sent it to the hospital, where it was readily discovered to be a man. I had never heard that it is a common thing in this country for men to take some sort of vow, don female attire, and thereafter haunt the temple of some goddess which is frequented by women. The same is true of the opposite sex, for not long since a woman in men's clothing—the devotee of a god—came to the men's dispensary for treatment. The things which are

practiced out here in the name of religion make one heart-sick and faint.

To-day is the last day of the Feast of the Holi, a religious festival lasting the greater part of a week. At this time all caste regulations are set aside, the ordinary restraints of Hindu society are removed, and the whole population gives itself up to the realization of the vilest imaginations. One day is given over to swearing and all sorts of profanity, the reviling of neighbours and friends, and insolence of the most disgusting type; another to lying, another to throwing mud, another to throwing red ink, when the whole community looks as if dipped in blood. The grand climax comes on the last night, which is now, and as I write I am glad to have the shelter of four walls, the assurance of protection, a moral heredity, and an enlightened conscience; for above the stillness of the night come the sounds of heathen revelry, and as I glance out the window I can see the dull glow of flames against the darkness, and I know that out there, in front of a not distant temple, women are dancing and circling around a huge fire, and that preparations are being made for the debauchery of the night.

Is it any wonder that they have no moral

stamina, no strength of character, no idea of right and wrong? And yet here is a civilization centuries old, and a system of philosophy and religion plausible in appearance. Oh, India, India! how my heart bleeds for thee!

A few days ago the Mohammedans also celebrated a feast in commemoration of the offering up of Isaac by Abraham, and because a sheep was sacrificed instead, they bought up all the mutton and we had to go without. It is a great land!

I had not intended taking any hot season vacation this year, but it is so difficult to find time for language study that I am going to go to the hills for a short time, secure a good pundit, and put in some eight to ten hours a day on grammar and translation. I shall then take my last examination, and if I pass shall say good-bye to pundits for a time. It has meant hard work and application to get it off in six months, but I have had no alternative—I am possessed with a perfect frenzy to get all merely preparatory things out of the way, so as to give my whole self—soul and body—to work for these people. I long to rend the veil between us, to come to an understanding of them, to see their point of view; but every one says it is impossible, that between them

and us a great gulf is fixed; we cannot cross to them nor they to us, even after they have become Christianized. It may be so, but I doubt it. At any rate, I shall not leave any method untried to bring myself *en rapport* with some one of them at least, and if one is understood, that will be a sure gateway to the rest. It is not strange—they are perfectly antipodal to us. Their different heredity, history, mental processes, moral nature, climate, training, religion, their fatalism, mysticism, laziness, lack of initiative, their abstractions, philosophizings, their physique—in fact, in no particular can a point of contact be found. But I believe that in a common religion—that is, in Christianity—a point of contact may be found.

Mahableshwar, May 27, 19—.

If you have ever dreamed a dream of old flesh-potty Egypt! The sun is darkened, the atmosphere is red, every green herb has disappeared, and from all points of the compass your ear is greeted with the sound of the locust in the land! Trees which I suppose to be covered with a peculiar red moss prove, upon approach, to be packed—like sardines—with locusts. The lovely walks and drives which last year were through

bowers of wild-roses and greenery, lead this year only through barren wastes. The other day while out for a long walk I ran into a bunch of them migrating, and I had simply to beat and fight my way along for a distance of two miles. They would strike against me in myriads, into my face and blinding my eyes—how many more plagues, oh, Lord, must this wretched land suffer?

The strawberries for which this hill-station is particularly famous, and the green vegetables, are only preserved by constant vigilance on the part of the natives.

Life still has its compensations, however, and I have many a delightful walk "over the hills and far away." This morning I followed a path leading through a shady glen and along a torrent bed, which is a raging river during the rainy season, to a tiny fall, the music of whose voice recalled that dear little old Brown's Creek where we used to wade and play, and from whose moss-grown logs and velvety banks we used to pluck wild violets and trilliums.

These remote nooks are always vibrant with life, lizards sunning themselves on the stones, squirrels scurrying to the shelter of the trees. The sweet notes of the Indian thrush break the stillness, while the constantly-

recurring theme of the bulbul, and the responsive quaver of an unknown bird create a perfect antiphony of the woods.

As I sat on a jutting shelf half-way down the gorge, the clouds crept up from the valley below, first in tiny fragments like scraps of fairy draperies, then suddenly I was completely closed in with the mist, and felt as if I were sitting on the edge of the world. The stillness was intense, broken only by the sad sough of the wind in the trees, and I began to be genuinely frightened, when it all lifted, giving me such a view of the sun taking a nap in a bed of nice, fleecy cloud, and distant range upon range of mountain, with a poor little forlorn monkey whimpering upon a neighbouring slope.

A week or so ago we had a larky little expedition to Pratapgarh, which is an important feature in the landscape and also an important historical land-mark, for here the Marathi Empire had its birth in the year 1656. At that time the Mogul power had embraced pretty much all of India, but among the brave Marathas rebellions were frequent, outlawry was common, and plots were constantly on hand for the overthrow of the hated infidel rule. Shivaji, a bandit, had kept the country in a turmoil for years,

yet by his subtle ways and choice lying had succeeded in escaping the clutches of the ruling powers and had even persuaded them of his loyalty. It was finally learned, however, that he was collecting a large force in the mountains, and Afzul Khan, a Mohammedan general, was sent out against him. As he approached, Shivaji retired farther and farther into the mountain fastnesses, the people seemed non-resistant, and the Khan's progress resembled nothing so much as a triumphal procession. He finally penetrated to the narrow valley beneath Pratapgarh. The time was ripe. Shivaji sent a message savouring of surrender, and asking that the two commanders should meet half-way between the camps, unarmed, and with only one attendant, to arrange terms of surrender. Afzul consented, and clad in white, weaponless, and with only a weak old courtier as attendant, approached the place of rendezvous. But the treacherous Shivaji wore a coat of mail beneath his snow-white robe, and carried in his false hand a weapon known as the tiger-claw—a series of sharp hooks strapped to his fingers, with which he tore out the vitals of Afzul Khan as he went to embrace him. Then it appeared that the bushes, trees, rocks, were all alive with the concealed

Marathas, who rushed upon the enemy and slew them without any quarter. It is said that even the women poured boiling water from the walls of the fort as the Mohammedans recklessly attempted to scale them.

Our people simply worship Shivaji. He is their highest type of valour, courage, manhood, and yet he was a robber, a liar, a murderer and a traitor. With such ideals, what can one expect their own characters to be?

The drive in the early morning, down into the valley from Mahableshwar, was a perfect delight. At the foot of Pratapgarh is a cozy little traveller's bungalow, where we lunched and lounged until the sun began to sink in the west, and then began our arduous climb.

The scenery is magnificent—a fertile valley curving close to the bases of the eternal hills, cultivated to the last degree, while jagged and seamed old mountains rear their bulk to the azure sky.

There is but one approach—such a perpendicular hill I never saw—and the top is one continuous overhanging bastion, with openings for cannon, and with here and there watch-towers and lookouts.

Within the fort there is nothing much—the usual temple containing some old idol, and a perennial candle-light, a tower or two, some

native huts, and a few natives intent upon graft alone.

The view from the bastion would have held me for hours, but we had to tear ourselves away. We flew down the mountain-side by the light of the moon, had our dinner at the bungalow, and drove home in the mystic stillness, creeping along the beetling rocks and winding around the jagged projections.

Karad, July 4, 19—.

And this is the glorious Fourth! I suppose you are lying low within doors while all the small boys make the hours hideous with their explosions and so-called patriotism. Do you remember how in pinafore days we used to peep in at the bowery dances and watch in glee the gyrations of our country cousins? And then our imitations!—which brought down upon our innocent heads the reproaches of outraged relatives! Ah, so long ago! And no more to be found even in our quiet little town, which in those days depended upon the Fourth for its annual excitement.

We have attempted to celebrate the day. At the station dinner this evening we were as stylish and witty as possible, and told

all our stale jokes, laughing uproariously thereat.

But there is no use trying to be gay in this letter. We seek to put on a smile, and forget for a brief space our gruesome surroundings, but it is a thing that cannot be done. This country and these people have become a part of our lives, and everything that affects them affects us. Just now the vulture's wings are darkening the heavens, and they are even worse than a brassy sky. This morning twenty-three corpses were found on the road in front of the compound, having died there during the night. And the reason is this: a great pilgrimage has been in process—the annual fair at Pandrapur, a very holy city some little distance from here, situated upon a very holy river. The papers have it that between three and four hundred thousand people attended this year, some going by rail in the cars fitted up like cattle-pens, in which the rate is less than third-class fare, some in bullock-carts and some on foot. Hundreds who travelled in carts and on foot passed our bungalow, bearing banners, tomtoming on their drums, with constant shouts of victory. To them it was a journey of salvation, and they were filled with a great hope and faith in the benefits to be derived

from it. Arrived at Pandrapur, they would crowd in between the temple walls and struggle to reach the inner precincts, where they could fall at the feet of a stone god and kiss the impression in the stone floor made by the priests, pay their money, and, if they could escape the throngs without being crushed to death, go to the holy river, have a bath, wash their clothes, and take a good drink. Of course there are no sanitary regulations there, and it is a perfect breeding-place for cholera and kindred diseases.

For the last few days they have been returning, but oh, to what a different tune! The vultures and crows provide the dirge, and form the advance and rear guard of the endless funeral march. Sometimes there will be a cart whose driver sits up to his task, guiding his bullocks with his stick and hurrying them by a twist of the tail, while behind him are lying one or two corpses, and one or two sick and dying. Now and then a cart passes whose driver has succumbed, and the bullocks follow along the road according to their own sweet will.

This evening Miss Pentup and I went for our usual walk towards the river. By the roadside we came upon a woman, seemingly in the last stages of cholera. We approached,

hoping to be of assistance in some way, but she still had life enough to motion us away—she would not be defiled in her last moments by any contact with such as we. She was dying in a holy cause, and gloried in it! We were helpless before her caste and religion, and turned away, sick at heart. She was completely covered with ants, which had already begun the awful work to be finished a little later by the vultures.

We walked on to the river, and found a cremation in progress, the victim having been a Brahmin, and hence worthy of some attention. He was nicely packed in the middle of a square pile of wood, kerosene had been poured on, and the whole lighted, while two Brahmins marched around the pyre, reciting mystic formulæ in Sanskrit. They continued until the skull burst, then took a ceremonial bath in a neighbouring well and went home. Held by the weird fascination of it all, and unmindful of the gathering darkness and the approaching dinner hour, we watched the blazing heap until it died down into a mass of glowing coals.

Some of the pilgrims have applied at the hospital for entrance, but we cannot take them in and expose our patients and the whole plant to this dread disease. We can

only advise them to go to the government segregation hospital, which they will scarcely ever consent to do. To such as have gone, we send milk and medicine by the good Christian boy who scrubs the operating-room, and he goes gladly, with never a thought of his own danger.

Not long since another variety of celebration took place—a two days' feast called the *Nag Panch-me*, when you see rice and sugar at all the snake-holes, and cobra images at all the shrines. And yet, in spite of the worship, the cobra persists in using his fangs—we keep anti-cobra serum in the hospital all the time.

Does it not make you sick at heart? And to feel so helpless against it all, yet with a terrible conviction that there must be no giving up, that we must fight on to the bitter end!

Karad, Sept., 19—.

I am sure, my dear Eleanor, you must at times become extremely weary of my professional shop-talk, but when one's career is made up of the worst tragedies of life, it is rather difficult to talk around the edge. Of course I cannot, in the very nature of the case, tell you many of the particulars of this

absorbing work out here, nor can I mention many of the individual patients in whom I have become particularly interested. We spend from two to five hours in the operating-room every day, going through the usual routine of cutting, sawing, sewing, bandaging, and all the rest. Since passing my last language examination in June, I have not done a word of studying, having been compelled to give all my time to the actual doing of things. I really need ear practice more than anything else, and I am getting plenty of it, in spite of the fact that all the class-work is in English, as well as all the prescriptions and directions to the nurses. I have not given up my ambition to tackle Sanskrit, however, and shall begin it during my next hot season vacation. It is taught in all the schools here much more commonly than is Latin at home, and it will be perfectly easy to secure a good pundit. You know it is essential to one's sanity to ride a hobby in this forsaken country, and I have about decided that mine will be languages.

I have had my heart torn to shreds in the last two months over a case which came to my dispensary one morning: a poor, little, wizened, old-looking face, with a timid, shrinking soul peeping out through fright-

ened eyes upon a cruel world, atop a tiny, immature, mutilated body of ten years. The wicked woman who brought her seemed eager to be rid of her, and offered no objections to my suggestion that she remain in the hospital for treatment. The poor little thing was loathsome to touch, and equally so to the olfactory organ. After cleaning her up, we found that she could not be operated upon without some weeks of preparatory treatment and feeding up. So we put her on a course of baths, medication, three meals a day, and attendance at the school for outcast children, which is held back of the compound. She comes from a good caste, which may account for the brightness she displayed as her fear and sickness gradually wore away, and the avidity with which she devoured every bit of learning that came her way. Nearly every morning I would see her poring over her lessons on the back steps of the hospital, and strangely enough, the thing she studies most keenly is the little Testament that I gave her when she began to learn to read. Her young mind is bent upon finding out for itself what it is that has made us her friends, willing to take her in and ready to love her without money and without price.

After a few weeks her face began to look round and young, and outside of school hours she would help Miss Pentup in various ways about the hospital. Then one day an awful crash came, in the person of her mother-in-law, who, with the most dreadful menace, ordered her to accompany her home. Soondri came running to me in terror, hid herself in my skirts, crying bitterly, and begging me to save her. What the wee child must have suffered in days past we learned from what the old hag said, as she gave out, in a voice shaking with rage, threats of beatings and hair-draggings and other half-killing tortures. I listened dumb-founded for a few moments, and then my own wrath moved that woman out of the door and off the compound, with a power which she could not resist. After a few days the husband—a great brute of a man, some thirty years of age, with the face of an animal —came and demanded his wife. Soondri cowered in a dark corner, trembling with fear, and afraid to come out even after Miss Pentup had disposed of the man. She had finally to lock her up in the linen-room in order to assure the child that her lord and master could not take her away. Indeed, the man came again and again, the last time with a native pleader,

and then Dr. White, to stop further persecutions, threatened him with arrest and prosecution if he dared to set foot upon the compound again. It happened that he was liable to prosecution, having taken his wife unto himself when she was only nine years old, the British law fixing the age at twelve years.

Well, the man was arrested, and upon the day of the trial Dr. White took Soondri and went to court. When the judges asked the child by which of her household gods she would take the oath, she lifted her head proudly and said that she would swear by the Christians' God! Was not that a brave thing to do?

The hearing brought out the most dreadful things—too horrible to put into words, or even to think of—that she had suffered. I wonder that she lived through it all! Dr. White said that the whole sympathy of the court, however, was with the husband—they cannot understand that a woman has any rights or any soul, or that a man should not work his will with his own, even to exercising the power of life and death. But because the case was brought by a white man, and also because the judge was a rather liberal-minded, philosophical Brahmin—head and shoulders above most of his ilk—the prisoner

received the full extent of the law, and was sent to prison for a year.

Since that time we have enjoyed some sense of security, and Soondri waxes happier and happier every day, confident in our omnipotence.

I have had to give up wearing my flower-garden leghorn hat to church, for the natives simply cannot become accustomed to it; they give their undivided attention to it at the expense of the sermon, and derive no end of amusement from it.

The other evening Mrs. White had the students in to dinner, and such a time as we had! These functions are supposed to be a part of the educational process, but I, for one, despair of ever tacking any occidental manners upon their oriental customs. Polite? Oh, yes, their politeness is A Number 1, but when it comes to managing soup with a spoon, without audible gustatory appreciation, and to cutting with a knife, and conveying with a fork, it is too much! It was laughable and pitiful, all at the same time; the more so, as they had a prospect of leaving the table ravenously hungry, for they could only play at eating with those fiendish instruments. A propos of which our first assistant, a native, of course, says that the

reason we are such skillful surgeons is because we handle the knife so well at table!

When the rice and curry course came on, we thought it time for the tables to turn, and so we all fell to with our fingers. The boys filled up with speed, being adepts at the use of these implements, while we were most awkward, and did not surround much rice, I assure you.

The evening was devoted to native and English music on native instruments and the baby organ, and after a most strenuous two hours we crawled into bed, exhausted with the stress of social life.

Paradise Lodge,
Mahableshwar, Oct. 30, 19—.

Beloved Eleanor:

Ah, but I was glad to receive your letter! You do not write very encouragingly of sister, but I am sure she will pull through all right—I never saw a girl with such a constitution as hers! Of course I know she works entirely beyond her strength at her music, but she has such a passion for it; it would be like cutting off her life to take it away from her. How proud I am to have such a genius for a sister! I hope she will

not be ashamed of her old bluestocking when I come home.

Annual conference is sitting on the hills this year instead of in the valleys, for there is so much plague in our state, and the restrictions upon travel and the quarantine are such that it seemed best to flee to the mountains, where we could incidentally tone ourselves up with a little oxygen.

You never saw anything like the beauty of the hills just now at the close of the rains. The red earth of the roads winds like a brilliant-coloured ribbon among the forests and compounds, the latter a mass of flowering beds and greenery. As for the woods, they are a perfect dream! A green veil of fine moss shrouds the banks and braes, wild sweet peas, roses, bluebells, and heliotrope bloom everywhere. The forests are full of the stately white flower of the arrowroot, and as twilight falls, the deadly nightshade spreads its white cup to the moon. Trailing vines creep up the tree trunks, and sweet-voiced birds trill from their branches.

From our back veranda we can see away out and across Blue Valley, always filled with a mysterious misty haze that always draws me with a wonderful fascination. At hot season time I have often wandered down

there to the point where all the blue mist disappears, and the dazzling sunlight brings out into bold relief every boulder and shoulder and crevice, sparkling on the silver cascades; but I have never seen it in all the luxuriant growth and bloom of the rainy season, so I determined to steal away down there some sunny afternoon.

The day came. I cut mission meeting, donned my walking skirt, took a stout alpenstock in my hand, and sallied forth. At first you follow a woodland path leading downhill all the way; then you travel on the high-road for a half mile or so, and then plunge again into the forest. I was in great glee, for I love to walk alone, when I can think my own thoughts and dream my own dreams. I did not meet a soul until reaching the road, when two horsemen cantered by upon the most splendid steeds—they were all in shining leather and correct habit, so I knew they must be attachés of the government or officers of the army. I had no difficulty in incorporating them into my dream, but they were soon lost sight of in the strange new beauties of Nature which met me at every turn.

By following a path which skirted the brow of a steep hill I came to an old temple in the wilderness, far from the haunts of men, but

with faded flowers decorating its altar, and stiff little bouquets before the shrines. The stone gods looked at me severely as I invaded their sanctuary, so I did not linger long, but pressed on towards the brink of my beckoning valley. Once there was a great commotion in the tree-tops, and I saw scores of migrating gray monkeys, leaping from branch to branch, and emitting their peculiar cries. The path wound and doubled upon itself until it led me out upon a high ridge of the valley for a new and wonderful view. All was still: the music of falling cascades was far below, where spraying water gleamed. The sun glinted over a high peak, not a breath of air stirred, occasionally a huge bird swept across the sky, and here and there a drifting cloud made a slowly-moving shadow upon the quiet slopes.

I sat down to drink it all in; how long, I do not know, but I must have forgotten time and space and everything else, for the first thing I knew the sun had set, leaving a crimson glow behind, and the mountains were already glooming at the approach of night. I sprang to my feet and fled for all I was worth over the winding path, not allured this time by the darksome shadows of the forest, whose retreats, I knew, sheltered the deadly

cobra, the bear and the tiger. I should have kept to the road after leaving the first forest, but thought to save time by following the shorter path, and flew confidently on, noting how the arrowroot flower gleamed out of the thicket, and how the stars shone with unusual lustre. But suddenly I found myself in a maze of paths worn by animals through the jungle. I followed one, but soon discovered that it was leading down into a valley instead of to the heights, and at a sudden turn the sound of falling water smote upon my ears. I stopped in dismay; for no stream should be tumbling its waters at that stage of my supposed progress. I concluded to retrace my steps and go home by the long way. By this time the night was black—I could see only a few feet ahead of me. Everything became confused—a network of paths leading nowhere—I knew I was lost!

There was but one thing to do—to take my direction from the stars, and keep it regardless of paths. With my eyes fixed upon Jupiter I plunged into the jungle. By daylight I could never have been persuaded to attempt such a thing, but I could not see what was before me nor realize the dangers which menaced me. I did not recognize hedges of interlaced thorns until I had fallen

into them, and then I extricated myself only with great patience and care and delay. I knew not the lay of the ground until I had stumbled over stones or slid down abrupt declivities.

I was torn and lorn, and after falling and reeling and climbing, with scratches and bruises galore, I came to a clearing, over whose stony ground I scrambled in a mad search for a road, but there was none—just an interminable wall of jungle; and I sat down, weary and ready to cry, when suddenly my ear caught the sound of horses' hoofs from afar. I held my breath—nearer and nearer they came; there must be a road just beyond the jungle fringe! As they came opposite me I gave a cry—be my rescuer robber, bandit, or what, I would be saved from the unknown dangers of the woods! Then the hoof-beats became slower, and, happy fortune, an English voice replied.

He was tall and decidedly English, but very kind. He suggested that I mount his horse as I must be very tired, but I refused when he assured me that Paradise Lodge was less than a mile away, being too excited to realize how weary I was. So he hung his bridle over his arm, and we walked together under the friendly stars. I found myself dreading

the revelation of myself beneath our veranda light, for my hair was all but falling down, my clothes were torn, my face and hands were scratched and bleeding. As it was, his cold blue eyes looked amused as he beheld my plight, but he took himself off in a manner as faultless as was the style of his very correct riding appointments. I was sure he was one of the knights I had passed upon the road earlier in the day, for his bearing was military.

Well, the family were not even worried! They thought I had gone to a neighbouring bungalow, and would be along presently with one of the servants to carry a lantern.

Karad, Nov., 19—.

My dearest Eleanor:

A pretty kettle of fish I have been in since writing you last! If variety of a certain kind makes life spicy in the foreign field, mine must be an enviable lot! In the first place, a few days after coming down from mission meeting, we had a snake episode, the mere thought of which even yet makes my blood run cold. We were at tiffin when suddenly Mira, the house-servant, appeared with blanched face and frightened eyes, whispering that there was a large cobra in my room. Whether he had come in by way

of the bath room water-escape, which is merely an opening in the floor to carry off the bath-water, or had established himself during our absence at the hills, and had just decided to make his presence known, I did not stop to conjecture, but I did take time to shudder at the thought that very likely I had been sharing my room with the reptile for a day or two. Dr. White armed himself with a stout cane, and in spite of his protests I did the same, and followed him into the room. Unknown to us, Mira had provided himself with a good-sized stone, and creeping up behind me, hurled it with all his might at the cobra, just grazing its head. Immediately filled with fury, it spread that dreadful hood, and rising on its tail, started for us with fangs extended. Mira had crouched behind my skirts, the missile had been sped from my direction, and so straight at me it came. I cannot tell you the horror of that instant, but it was accompanied by an almost supernatural calm, and I instinctively clutched my stick with the purpose of fighting for my life; but just at the critical moment, Dr. White raised his cane, and brought it down with a quick, sharp blow upon the back of the cobra's neck, and it fell, the neck broken. I was terribly unnerved! Mrs.

White said I was perfectly ghastly all the rest of the day, and that night was indeed a nightmare of snakes and struggles and fights.

Do you remember how we used to run screaming at the mere sight of a little garter snake? I have never recovered from my fear of their kind, and have been, up to this time, peculiarly fortunate in not coming into contact with any, always closing my eyes and thoughts to possibilities, on the principle, I suppose, that you always find what you look for in this world. To illustrate the truth of which principle I must tell you that Miss Grant, of Madhole, is always hunting snakes, and invariably finds them—sometimes coiled up under the bed, or in her shoe, or in the lee of the bath tub.

Only two days after the snake episode one of the nurses—a new girl whom we had recently taken on—decided to avenge herself upon some one by committing suicide. It was an awful tragedy. She swallowed a bottle of strychnia solution, and her convulsions were terrible. We worked over her like mad until she breathed her last, hoping against hope that we might save her after all.

It is customary among this people to attempt suicide upon the slightest provocation —without any intention of dying completely,

but as a sort of ruse to excite sympathy, or to perpetrate revenge, as they call it—the poor deluded things—as if it made such a tremendous difference to any one else after all! In this case the dose was accidentally too large to leave the victim any possibility of enjoying either her revenge or the sympathy which she may have succeeded in arousing.

The funeral was the saddest thing you can imagine. Wrapped closely in a white sheet, she was conveyed in a wooden box on an ox-cart to the cemetery, with a few of us straggling behind—no flowers, no beauty, no sweetness, but only stern, grim reality. It was twilight when we laid her away in the little enclosed lot upon the dry, cheerless plain, not a green thing in sight, not a blossom. She was removed from the rough box —which could thus be utilized for some other corpse—and lowered into her earthen bed, with only the sheet to protect the body.

Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor! What did I ever know of life in free, happy America, where our very griefs are dressed up to please the public eye, and all the scars and seams are concealed beneath smiles and honeyed words? There is no disguising reality out here in this desert place, where no water is,

and no fresh herb or blade of green grass is seen for eight months in the year. How could mankind be anything but perverted in such a place, amid such surroundings?

It is likely to drive you either to the devil or back to God, and I should certainly go mad with it all if it were not for the constant assurance I have within myself that God is right here to help, that the warfare, after all, is His. There is a still small voice out here that I never heard in happy American days, and it is the only thing that makes life worth living.

Within another three days Dr. White came down with typhoid fever, and the work has been piling up until I do not pretend to see over it—no time to worry or to be sad, but just work, work, work, day in, day out, and far into the night.

The weather seems to be in league with all the rest of the evil spirts, for the heat is exhausting, and sickening, too, for it goes right to the solar plexus. The sun looks down pitilessly, the sky is brassy and cruel; crows "caw-caw" ceaselessly around the bungalow, hoarse cries from unmusical tropical birds issue forth from the dry trees,—the weird shriek, like a death call, from one of them fairly sets the teeth on edge—while the

endless beat, beat, of the fiend which must surely be the brain-fever bird keeps up across the way. Nearer at hand is the constant rustle-rustle of white ants under the matting—there is no telling how soon they will have consumed me and all my possessions.

Karad, Christmas Day, 19—.

My beloved Eleanor:

Oh, these tears! these tears! They blind me so that I can scarcely write, but in spite of them I must tell you how much your sympathy means to me, what a comfort your letter was. I never dreamed for one moment that this could come—sister had always been so well, and bright, and happy; and on this Christmas, all the day long, thoughts of other Christmases have been trooping through my mind, when sister and I were together, carefree and gay. The news of her suffering for the last few weeks had made me wild, but I did not dream that death could come. And she so young, so gifted! And now she is gone. Oh, the pity of it!

To think that I am ten thousand miles away—and the music of her laughter no longer rings through the old house, her springing footstep is no longer heard in the

corridors. No longer does she linger over the old piano as twilight falls, her fingers lovingly drawing out the soft cadences prompted by the hour.

Oh, it is too sad! But I can only be glad that the suffering is ended, that now she is happy, with a glorified body which feels no pain, that she understands and knows all those things which are mysteries to us.

These are the days when we learn to pray, when our hearts are overwhelmed. And I still pray for her, forgetting that it can no longer help her, and yet, some way, I cannot help breathing that, now she is with God, He will keep her close and very joyful, that the present may make up for all she missed in the past, and many, many times more.

Such a rare musician she was. But no earthly music can satisfy her, for she always had that of heaven in her ears. How she must love it!

I try to think of the place where she is laid, and make it all to suit my fancy, with grateful shade and abundant flowers; for drifting snow and winds moaning through the tree-tops are unthinkable beneath this burning sun. I hope it is where the sound of the waves breaking on the shore can be

heard, and where the leaves whisper together in the summer breezes.

How we learn the lessons of sorrow and loss as life goes on, and how little we are able to bear it by ourselves alone. I look out across the veranda into the open; the full moon makes the arid landscape a silver sea, and I wonder if ever a flood of light and love will be able to change my life like that.

But there is no time for weeping—unless in the wee hours of the night. The work crowds out the sadness of the days; it is rush, rush, from morning to night and then often through half the night.

As soon as Dr. White had recovered sufficiently to travel, I packed him, with his family, off on furlough, which was nearly due, with the expectation that the sea voyage would restore him to complete health and vigour. They will return next December, and in the meantime expect anything or nothing in the way of news from me. Fortunately, the students are just now having Christmas holidays, which gives me a chance to catch my breath. With only native assistants it will be a hard pull, but I have a good helper in Ramaji, who is as faithful as the day.

Karad, Feb., 19—.

Dear Eleanor:

I am wound up to such a pace that I feel as if I could never stop, or if I did it would be "short, never to go again," like grandfather's clock. It would not be quite so maddening if extras could only be dispensed with, but of course one can scarcely expect that in a medical career anywhere. The daily routine continues unaltered, but the minutes between, which you plan to give to a much-needed snooze, or to reading, or a bit of music, or exercise, you have to use in rushing instead off to a case in town, or in flying to the hospital in an emergency, or in breaking your neck bending over a microscope to settle a questionable diagnosis—these incidentals are the last straws which break the camel's back.

Last week Thursday I received a telegram from the Merwins whom Dr. White had sent to the hills some time ago. Mrs. Merwin, overcome with the long strain and anxiety of caring for her sick husband, had completely collapsed, so I planned to take the first train at eight o'clock in the evening. You can imagine that I did a land-office business in the intervening hours. To get off all the necessary correspondence, to finish

up the surgery, to leave specific directions for every patient, to complete all necessary laboratory work, to reiterate directions for the evangelistic services, to bring records up to date, and leave everything shipshape, meant steam-engine processes to say the least. When train time came I was as unready as possible, and could only throw a few books and necessities into my suit-case, slip my warm winter suit on over my muslin frock, seize my medicine bag and run. By galloping all the way our poor little bony horses made the train, and I settled down for the night. Long before we reached my station, at two o'clock in the morning, I was quiet and full of plans. I try to control circumstances and my work, and not let them control me, but when there is so much to be done one can scarcely avoid a spirit of haste. I see my finish though, if I do not calm down a little and secure more sleep. I wonder how long one could keep the pace and sanity with insomnia? From Watar I had to drive forty miles in the mail-tonga, a perfect contrivance for human torture. Every few minutes the driver would wind a blast on his bugle like the knell of the Angel Gabriel awakening the dead. As we ascended, the mercury dropped lower and lower, and from

a hot summer day of twenty hours before, I found myself, upon arrival, blue and shivering with the cold. All that day and night and the following day I worked with my patients, and then, having heard of the arrival of a government civil surgeon, I sent for him, placed the cases in his hands, and started for Karad in the late afternoon, just as the sun sank behind the purple mountains, lighting up the rim of sea forty miles distant with a crimson glow like wine.

I had hired a private tonga to bring me down, and we flew along the descending road as if possessed of wings.

Half-way down the mountains is a Congregational mission where is located a Wellesley girl I know; there I stopped for dinner, and a right jolly time we had. At nine I called up my coach and started under a full moon for the midnight train. The driver and runner whispered together a good deal as we got under way, but I thought nothing of it until the former started out upon a certain and very suggestive tack, saying he could not possibly make the train and asking what I would do in such an emergency. I assured him that it would really make very little difference to me, as I should love to return to my friends whom

we had just left and spend Sunday there, suggesting, however, that he whip up his horses a little. After a while he revealed his plan by inquiring how much money I would put up if he arrived on time. In reply I intimated that the horses had better hustle. Meanwhile the glances he gave me were intended to congeal my blood with fear, and they nearly succeeded.

After a time a different subject was introduced, and my blessed driver told me tales of the carnage and theft that had been perpetrated on that road, saying that soon the robbers would appear, seize him, and do what they pleased with me and the tonga. This was one too much. Reaching for my medicine grip I deliberately drew forth my five-shooter, and letting the moonlight glitter murderously along the silver barrel, I aimed it at an imaginary thief and told the driver never to fear, I would protect him. I would shoot dead on the spot any one who dared to molest us. At that moment a weary pedestrian appeared in sight, and taking aim, I asked if he were a thief and if I should fire. The man at the lines cried out in trepidation and besought me not to kill, as the creature was but an inoffensive farmer.

At every wayfaring man I flourished the

gun—they, of course, being quite unconscious of their imminent danger—but the effect upon Monsieur the driver was quite magical. He assured me that he feared nothing with me and my weapon so near, and besought me to put it back into the bag, which I declined to do.

He was scared to death, the atmosphere cleared, the horses fairly flew, and we arrived in good time.

How was that for a bluff? I shall never cease to bless that little revolver!

I reached Karad in the early morning, snatched a little sleep, and have been working like a Trojan ever since.

There has been little time to think, or to dream, or to be sad, but sometimes my "finite heart yearns" so in the stillness of the night that it seems to me I must give it all up and fly home to you all, or die. It is a strange life which leads to the separation of loved ones by distance and death. But we are learning its stranger lessons—or at least I am—line upon line: how real it is, how earnest, what its goal is.

Karad, March 25, 19—.

All that is necessary for a Turkish bath today is to linger for a few moments on the burn-

ing ground under this burning sun. The thermometer, however, registers only ninety-eight degrees in the shade, and that is frosty weather compared with one hundred and twenty.

It was good of you to send the fashion-book. I am wondering if you were instigated thereto by the little snap-shot I sent you, and if my style is so very terrible. I continue to dream that the clothes I brought out with me are in the height of fashion—sad will be my awakening when the day arrives for me to enter once more the bounds of civilization! How absurd the style-plates appear. The charmingly graceful sari which the women of this country wear, and which never changes from generation to generation, has so fascinated me that I only regret the impossibility of adopting it as my own costume.

The students have just finished their examinations—you would be amused at their English, but it is difficult to give you examples which are not of professional flavor. How is this—"First act of metabolism is to take in, as food." "The function of the cerebellum is the coördination of the muscles' staggering gait."

They have done remarkably well, considering their lack of English in the beginning, and the difficult nature of the medical vocab-

ulary. I am so proud of them, that I am ready to burst, and they also are quite puffed out with appreciation of themselves. After it was all over they celebrated the occasion by giving a play. They are natural actors, completely free from self-consciousness, and yet with a fine eye for effect, and they enjoy nothing better than entertaining an audience far into the night.

The next morning I took their pictures, and they all "looked pleasant" in the most accommodating manner. Their combination of the oriental and occidental is most pleasing; they never see me without jerking off their hats—they would as soon think of sitting in the presence of the queen as of me—they spring to serve me at the slightest provocation. Yet this in a land whose customs demand the removal of the shoes as a token of respect, and make woman the natural servant and burden-bearer of man.

The same day I took a picture of the nurses sitting in a row, with parted hair and folded hands. The dear, timid, self-effacing girls—how they, too, have grown.

March 26th.

Ye gods and little fishes! My servant has turned out to be a well-developed leper

and not a soul has known it. And he has been on familiar terms with all the household appointments, to say nothing of washing the dishes and serving at table. Do not think I am worrying about myself—not a bit of it! But I could weep for him, poor boy. He could not understand why he must go and live apart, but it had to be done. He is a tall, handsome fellow, not showing the disease on his face or hands at all, and he has always taken great pride in his personal appearance. Now he must go out-of-doors to work, and I have helped him to fit up a little matting hut where he can live by himself. It must be perfectly dreadful to feel that no one wants you near, and that every one is afraid of you. He will eventually, I suppose, become an inmate of the leper asylum near by, which is under our jurisdiction.

You ask how it feels to live on intimate terms with smallpox, leprosy, cholera and plague. Well, we do not stop to think of feeling, but just forge ahead, do the thing that turns up next the best we can, and then rush on to something else.

To add to my trials and tribulations, a dear little Christian boy who had been very ill in the hospital, but had reached the convalescent stage, was stolen away last night

by his heathen grandmother. She will have buried herself in the fastnesses of heathendom and there will be no use trying to search her out. The mother, who is a Christian, is frantic.

This is a patchy letter, but I have been constantly interrupted.

Mahableshwar, May 25, 19—.

By turning my head slightly on the pillow I get a lovely sea-green view of mountains which would be all high lights and purple shadows if the green bamboo curtain at the door did not give its own tinge to all things beyond it. A lovely breeze is stirring the tree branches and eliciting a melodious squeak from my half-hinged back door. For here I am flat on my back, taking rest cure with overfeeding. Do not dream for a moment that I am taking a hot season vacation. Not I! Life is too strenuous for any such dallying, and I am not shirking the white man's burden. I had to come up four days ago to operate on a missionary, and while he convalesces I take the cure; which means that I have my meals in bed and spend five days lolling thereon, except when I have to rise to make a professional call upon this same brother. Ten days' attention to him will

suffice, and then I descend to that place which is like unto Hades, where hot winds tear up the works from dawn till dark, and where even the adder and cockatrice seek coolness and a refuge from the burning sun in the dampness of my much besplashed bath-room, though the mercury stands at only one hundred twelve in the shade.

The mists have been rolling up these last few days, following in the wake of some very severe storms. The views have been magnificent—the whole sky black save for a rim of light where the sun sets, which burnishes up the mountain peaks and gives the whole landscape the most wonderful tinge. The colour of the atmosphere has been a study; not exactly green or saffron, but as if painted with an invisible brush, and I feel like stretching out my hand to touch it, or to stir it with my finger. The bulbuls come to bathe in the pools of water standing in cups of rock just beyond the veranda.

June 2d.

The picture which I enclose is in celebration of my departure from the rest-cure, gay as ever, having given dull care the go-by for a few brief days. It was taken in a mountain fastness known as Arthur's Seat, thus

named for reasons known to heaven alone; for so far as sitting purposes are concerned it is simply impossible. Who Arthur was or why he risked his life by attempting such a pose, is beyond my ken.

The fat man is a professor from a Bombay college, whose face runs down with water at the mere sight of a woman, in whose presence he at once begins to puff and look about for a way of escape. Hence I am very fond of him, and enjoy nothing better than talking to him *tête-à-tête* while studying the triumphs of perspiratory glands. He is a good old soul, nevertheless, and brainy.

The fierce one is another professor of the same college. His murderous expression is not due to an intent to kill, but to the sun shining directly into his eyes. I will not vouch, however, for his mental state—he doubtless thought Miss Pentup and me "pushing," as "most Americans are," and we may have pushed at that particular moment, as there was no place to stand or sit, and a sheer precipice below of I do not know how many feet.

These are precious days at the hills—how I dread the plains again with their interminable grind! To-day the wind is howling among the trees, making it seem like No-

vember at home; every evening a mass of cloud hangs over the hills like a pall, and the mists shut out the world beyond our stone wall. Whenever I go through the woods I find at least one beautiful orchid clinging to a moss-grown tree, and the ground is dotted with white jacks-in-the-pulpit.

Yesterday a friend and I clambered down a gorge where monkeys were playing; kites were soaring in the blue, birds were chirruping in the trees, and away down in the depths of the forest below us two whistling schoolboys were idling away their time and fingering the marbles in their pockets. You must know that the whistling schoolboy is a bird with the most ravishing notes—I have never heard anything so rich and full and melodious in my life. As we sat there on a rock, expectant, still, breathless, we caught a glimpse of one, deep blue on head and neck and black beneath.

I go down Wednesday. Report says the plains are suffocating,

"But women must work and men must weep,
Though rain be hidden and dust be deep."

Karad, June 29, 19—.

My dear Eleanor:

Two weeks ago one of the brethren pumped his bicycle tires full of water and

started out to sprint, mercury at one hundred and ten degrees. He had not gone far before the heat of the sun-scorched soil transformed his water into steam, and the whole thing blew up with a great explosion. The brother still lives to tell the tale.

But all that is changed now ; the thirsty land has become a pool, and the burning sun is hidden behind a blanket of cloud. This is the season I love, the time that I can sleep and sing and be happy. A bulbul has built his nest in the vines which run over the veranda and makes every morning glad with his little song of praise. Mrs. Bulbul sits on her eggs nearly the whole day, and soon some little birdies will be stretching out their scrawny necks and opening their absurd little bills for food. Every day I scatter crumbs in the vicinity of their home and they are becoming quite neighbourly.

At the risk of boring you terribly with more shop, I am going to tell you of a case which interested me very much. It was a new experience for me in the eye line. It seems to me that I must have done by this time every operation which can be done upon the eye, and cataract extraction is a daily occurrence, but this was a couched lens. In remote parts of the country where Western

science has not as yet penetrated, are native doctors or hakims who often operate on cataracts. They thrust a fine needle through the cornea, tip the lens over so that one end floats back into the vitreous, while the other comes forward into the aqueus. This leaves about half of the pupil clear and gives the patient fairly good vision. The sequellæ are never good, however, for the operation is always followed sooner or later by inflammation and total loss of vision.

The case of which I write had not only the lens couched, but it contained a calcareous deposit, and the iris was adherent to it all around.

I had operated on the other eye a few days before with a perfect result, but when one is in this shape you have to make a very large incision and go in with a scoop. In this case the adherent iris held the lens back, and it simply refused to deliver, but finally the capsule broke, I fished out all the *débris* with scoop and iris forceps, and the patient has a splendid eye. Surgery is getting to be an old, though always interesting, story to me, but when something unusual like this comes along, it stirs up my ambition not a little.

I shall never forget how a cataract extraction used to impress me in the old days of

interning in the hospital at home. In the light of experience I can even be amused. I never wanted to have anything to do with one, I was so afraid of it, but I always watched every step with the eye of a cat, fairly holding my breath until the safe delivery, and then gazing with worshipful eyes upon the paragon of skill who had accomplished such a feat.

And the after treatment! The patient, not permitted to raise his head for three days, was fed through a tube and all that, while we permit our patients to walk from the operating-room—unless there is something unusual to contraindicate it,—and to eat his regular meals and amuse himself as best he can.

The hospital is full, but I manage the work very well in this weather, though I am sure if it were dry and hot I should be completely distracted. Ramaji is such a splendid help, following me about like a faithful dog, and carrying out my orders and wishes to the letter. Now and then, when there is time, I help him with his English and mathematics, for he is studying for the government matriculation examination, hoping to work out an arts degree in the dim and distant future. He is a splendid Sanskrit scholar and gives me some aid occasionally, though I do very

little studying except for the medical lectures.

There comes a call, so *au revoir* for a space.

Two days later.

It was a frightful case of which I cannot tell you, but which made even me, practiced hand that I am, shudder and grow cold—a patient brought tardily to me to ward off death with my Christian instruments and antisepsis. But do you know, these cases alone furnish plenty of *raison d'être* for missions. The successful treatment of them opens an avenue whereby Christianity, cleanliness, hygiene, physiology, and civilization may be marshalled in, though the marshalling process depends very vitally upon the amount of time the missionary can eke out for simple lecturing now and then. There ought to be a course of illustrated lectures carried on from day to day for the benefit of the convalescents.

But I must not weary you with any more shop. Instead, here is variety for you in the shape of "A Narrow Escape from Death by a Mad Bull." As a matter of fact, there was tremendous danger, but Miss Pentup and I are so accustomed to meeting all sorts of

animals in our walks that we never think of being afraid.

We were resting upon the parapet of a bridge, which crossed an empty river-bed some twenty feet below, watching the throngs return from the bazaar, when a magnificent bull, led by his owner, espied us. The sight seemed to arouse all his Eastern prejudice and antipathy and he swooped down upon us with snortings and flashing eyes.

Miss Pentup slipped around the end of the bridge and down the slope of the river bank, but I was not in a position to do that and so could only execute some sort of a somersault over the parapet, to which I clung by my finger nails. The beast was within a foot of my face, but the man interposed, and while beating him back with a stick, seized me by the arm and dragged me up over the bridge, fearful, no doubt, that I would be killed if I dropped down to the stony river-bed.

While the infuriated creature chased my rescuer down the road I managed to stagger into hiding beneath the bridge, where Miss Pentup and I cowered until the bellowings and pawings ceased, and we saw the hero of the hour lead away his vanquished property.

When we emerged we reflected each

other's pallor, I imagine, and I still feel my bruises.

If I can discover who our brave rescuer was, he shall have a reward.

Karad, Aug., 19—.

My dearest Eleanor:

I did not intend to let so long a time pass before answering your delightful letter, but you know how it is with me, so no explanations are necessary. If you could see me doing not only my medical work and laying down the law to coolies and servants, but attending to all sorts of business and correspondence, sending telegrams, writing orders and checks, paying bills, and I do not know what all besides, you would wonder how I ever find time for a friendly chat with my old girl.

You certainly seem to be making a success of your literary career—I cannot tell you how thoroughly I enjoyed your last book. See that you do not fail to send me a copy of every one. You seem to have harnessed up literature and matrimony into a pretty good team, both trotting along at a most satisfactory pace. May the gods be with thee! I gloated over your bright newsiness, regarded with respect your common sense, and tried to

swallow your sage advice. But there is no use talking about living upon the interest of one's health capital in this climate and with this work. It is impossible. I have already used up my interest and have begun to draw only too surely upon my capital. My hope is, however, that an occasional outing with complete rest from my labours will be sufficient to restore the capital periodically.

There is no rest for the wicked at present nor until the Whites return from furlough. I am beginning to anticipate their arrival by having the bungalow whitewashed and rematted.

Little Nancy, the baby at the manse, has just recovered from a severe illness, and they think I am the whole thing for having pulled her through. I should have died if she had, for the anxiety which comes from treating missionaries is more wearing than anything else I have. There have also been sick children at a neighbouring station, and I have had to drive over there every day for two weeks. The Merwins I have sent to Australia. I pleaded with them to go home to America, but they refused because they knew they would not be returned. Their hearts are in their work, they have practically laid down their lives for it, and they wish to complete

the sacrifice by dying in it. As a matter of fact I do not know what they would do if they did return to America, unfitted for any occupation there as they are, unless it were to take up their abode in a charitable institution, which would indeed be a pity. And he with all those degrees, to say nothing of his culture and braininess, and she with a voice which might have brought her a fortune!

Well, as I could not sit down and see them die, I compromised on a sea voyage, and they consented to go to Australia. It is sure to accomplish something for them.

Many of our missionaries are at the point of breaking down. They think they must remain in the field the whole term unless actually bedridden, so they go on and on until they reach the breaking-point and then snap goes a good and well-trained man or woman. It is strange that the Board does not see how much more economical it would be to insist upon a missionary's taking a good long furlough say once in five years and thus keep him able to work throughout a long life, than to be constantly having to set aside experienced preachers, teachers, and physicians for health reasons and as constantly going to the expense of equipping and training new ones.

I can put my finger on six people who practically have one foot in the grave, and yet they are planning to remain out here another year because they think they must.

The strain upon them all is terrible. Each one doing the work of ten men in this climate and amid these unnatural conditions. You cannot imagine how the life affects one. With our peculiarities accentuated from failure to rub up against our own world, we all become queer and freaky and full of notions.

But to return to the weather; snakes are everywhere. The other night I took out my mandolin for the first time in months, and after I had played a little, all sorts of creatures —centipedes, spiders, crickets, and what not came to the concert. They were not very welcome, however, and I soon fell to slaying them.

Day before yesterday Miss Pentup and I were out for our usual constitutional, when we met two men going at a great rate on camel-back—you know the camel is a very fast trotter—and we fell upon our faces and entreated the boon of a ride, which was granted with very good grace and elaborate salaams. The sensations are something fierce. You know the beast kneels for the riders to mount; but the rising thereof! It

is like the rearing and plunging of a storm-tossed ship, with first a lurch to starboard and then a lunge to port. But finally we found ourselves in the air and borne along the king's highway at a slow and stately pace. We were not a little alarmed by the vocal expressions of our noble steed and the inquisitive and disapproving turnings of his head, but were reassured by the driver, who led him by a rope attached to a sharp iron that had been thrust through the poor beast's nose.

Karad, Sept., 19—.

I am just home from a dinner-party, and the unwonted dissipation renders me communicative to a degree. It was given by one of the nurses, and the guests besides myself were two sisters, the native pastor, and the head chemist. I was enthroned upon the only chair in the room, while the others occupied boxes and the floor. The first course, consisting of some sort of sweet stuff served in long white streamers, and prepared by pressing a sweet dough through a porous basket which has previously been scoured with holy cow-dung, is considered a great dainty, and I ate a bit of it with considerable relish, not having learned until

afterwards the technique of its preparation. The second course was rice and curry, the latter so hot with red peppers and various seeds that it burned all the way down and for a long time afterwards. Then came thin cakes of special Indian make, and lastly, *pan-suparri*, which renders the lips and tongue a fiery red and contracts the mucous membrane of the mouth like alum.

The head chemist is an elder in the church —you ought to see him. He looks like a fiend incarnate, and occasionally indicates that appearances are not always deceiving. His sins are those of Bluebeard. At the last communion service he thought to remove every objection from the taking of the common cup by carefully wiping the rim of the glass with his pocket handkerchief after each individual sipping. That article was terribly soiled and wrinkled, but his intentions were good—there is no doubt of that.

To-day such a pitiful little case came in—a child whose arm had grown fast to her side as the result of a burn. It is a common thing for them to fall into the open braziers of coals which the natives have in their houses, it never occurring to the parents afterwards to pay any attention to the way healing and contraction are taking place,

until they have a marked deformity. This arm had to be dissected up and skin-grafting done, and the remarkable thing about it all is that the mother offered her own skin for it. In all the previous cases of this kind which we have had, I have never seen such an instance of self-sacrifice.

The monsoon has not amounted to much on the whole, and one hears all sorts of dire predictions about famine. The heat makes the work triple the burden, and we are all just about worn out. Miss Pentup looks like a corpse, and the nurses are simply worked to death. The other day one of them fainted while helping me in the operating-room.

Karad, Oct., 19—.

I am as blue as a whetstone and wish that the whole world had a single head that I might chop it off at a blow! It is work, work, work, from dawn till dark, without a single pause excepting for hurried meals. It does seem as if all the people would eventually get themselves cut and sewed and give us a rest. I love my work, and the harder it is and the more of it, the better my soul is satisfied, but it is more than one's body and mind can endure with never a respite, and it

is pretty difficult to do everything justice in such a rush.

You say it is madness, and advise me to let the extras slip, but that is impossible. If you were here you would understand that so long as you are able to crawl you cannot refuse to minister to these poor, suffering, hopeless specimens of humanity.

The children's hospital is full to overflowing, babies in the beds and all over the floor, shrieking until the place is a perfect Bedlam. Pathetic? Well, if you want real pathos without any alloy, just come and take a glance at their poor little shrunken bodies, some deformed, most of them half-starved, with their drawn, pinched little faces, and patient, solemn eyes. Sometimes I rush out in a mist of tears, and go back to the helpers' quarters to restore my equilibrium by playing for a few brief minutes with the nice little brown rolls of fat which demonstrate the quality that India can produce in anti-starvation circumstances.

Last week I had to go up to Poona on business, so I took occasion to run down to Kedgaon to see Pandita Ramabai and her work. I was charmed with the Pandita. She is rather short and stout and always wears the native sari in white. She has a

round, pleasant face, lighted with keen, blue-gray eyes which can look volumes of love and sympathy when occasion offers. Her dark hair, now threaded with silver, floats back from a noble brow which shelters a mine of learning and wisdom. Of course you know her history—how she was the daughter of learned Brahmin parents, who taught her as they would a son; how she was left an orphan during one of the terrible famines, and wandered, starving, from shrine to shrine throughout the length and breadth of India. Then she lectured upon the condition of Hindu women; went to England; occupied the chair of Sanskrit in a woman's college there, and at the same time pursued studies in English and mathematics; she was converted to Christianity; visited America; and returned to India with money for a work for women. Her books, her lectures, her prayers, her labours have wrought greatly. She has now an immense plant at Kedgaon, with good buildings, schools, and industrial instruction, where more than fourteen hundred girls and women are cared for.

At present they are having a great revival in their midst; you never saw anything like it. About a thousand of these girls get to praying aloud all at once, and all a different

prayer. Some have writhings and some shudders and convulsions, while occasionally one falls upon the floor senseless. They say that the movement is attended with great demonstrations—visions and dreams, tongues of fire, and speaking in unknown languages. Certainly the effect upon the girls, spiritually, has been most remarkable, transforming lives and character in a marvellous way.

Karad, Dec., 19—.

The Whites have been back three weeks. You can imagine how glad I was to see them and to turn over some of my responsibilities. As a matter of fact, however, my actual work is not lightened at all, for the patients are so numerous that we have to keep going up to the limit, and with much more help would scarcely get any time to breathe. When I make my rounds at night I have to pick my way among the patients sleeping on the floor and carefully step over them, so crowded are we. In the operating-room we have not yet found a solution for our difficulties. At first I assisted Dr. White with his operations, and then he assisted me with mine, but that consumed so much time that we are now running two tables at once, dividing the instruments, internes and nurses, and keeping

things humming generally. I like it tremendously, and feel that I have found my sphere in life. There is nothing in all the world like a surgical career, and I can scarcely think or speak of anything else, a fact of which you are doubtless only too well aware by this time, if you judge from my letters. I am planning to go away soon for a week's rest and recreation, having received yesterday a letter from the husband of a G. P. (grateful patient) containing an invitation to the mountains, with a shooting expedition in prospect. It did not take me long to decide to cut loose for a few days from the diseases of women and children, lectures, anorexia, insomnia and neurasthenia, for the sake of taking a rest on the mountain top.

We are enjoying the full fruitage of the scant rains, for not only has the price of grain tripled, but a water famine has overtaken us. The fields show drooping, sickly crops, the plants and vegetables of our own compound have withered away; the hospital is smelly and steamy, the wards reeking with unwashed patients. What little water we must have is drawn a long distance on carts, and is as precious as silver or gold.

At Shahapur the beautiful gardens are a

wilderness of dry sticks; it will require years to restore them to their original beauty. Cholera has been raging there, but is better now—only forty deaths a day, while a week ago the average was one hundred and one. The water famine is the cause of it all. It is a wonder the government would not put in some irrigating works, instead of which, however, the Maharajah has set up a golden image on a hill whither the people flock to worship. A few sanitary measures would also be quite appropriate to the time and season, but that does not occur to the royal mind.

Karad, Jan., 19—.

Dear old Girl:

Whenever I stop to think of it I am sick and faint with an exultation which seems the most unreal thing in all this unreal life out here. But I must tell you all about it from the beginning. I went to the mountains and had my shooting expedition as longed and planned for. The day of the hunt dawned bright and clear; a stiff breeze blew up from the east, but it would have taken more than an east wind to chill my ardour, for in my veins was leaping a great excitement.

Reports of my professional prowess had reached the indulgent ears of the Chief of Vishalgurd, who forthwith called upon me with all his retinue, bringing for my use all manner of shotguns and rifles and ammunition, and a noble steed to convey me to the edge of the jungle. So on this day, aglow with the primitive impulses of the chase, I made ready for the fray, donning my only coat—silk-lined—and white kid gloves—last American remains—stout shoes and a solar topee. With glee I mounted the steed and joined Mr. G. P. and son Bobbie—aged twelve—and a half-dozen other knights of the chase. As we proceeded on our way the party was frequently augmented by sombre, blanketed figures, which arose out of the ground and silently plodded along in the rear, until the procession numbered some hundred odd individuals.

At the edge of the jungle a halt was called, the blanketed spectres cast off their robes and stood at attention, wearing black skin and a belt. Much good-natured parley ensued as they were divided into groups to begin their howling and beating of the jungle. I looked on with a smile. Time was when the mere sight of one of these fierce-looking mountaineers would have filled me with a haunting

fear, but now I would trust any one of them with my life.

It was a strange scene. Mine was the only white face, and I sat my horse amusedly in the midst of that gesticulating, laughing, hideous mob, while the mountains reared their bristling summits far above, and in front stretched an almost impassable jungle.

The groups of beaters separated in various directions, while the shooters moved on to vantage-points. After fording a swiftly-flowing river I bade farewell to steed and coat and gloves, and taking my gun by proxy of coolie, began to trudge the narrow path in the rear of G. P. and son. The jungle was made up of magnificent trees and festooning vines, where natural arbours invited one to a cool rest, and spreading branches shielded from the burning sun. High up the slope beside a brook-bed we sat down to wait; above was a leafy canopy, on every side stupendous trees with trunks creeper-clad. A white organdie butterfly, trimmed with black silk polka dots, fluttered near, while another of black chiffon poised delicately among the green, and a brilliant-hued humming-bird flashed from flower to flower. In the midst of the stillness my ears caught the sound of a deer sharpening his horns upon the body of

a tree. As the cry of the beaters was raised, fat jungle fowl swept slowly and heavily along just above our heads, giving a plain challenge to the guns. Three graceful deer came leaping over impassable fastnesses, and the sound of shot mingled with the yells of men, the smell of powder with the odour of wild-flowers.

After that we had a dinner of meat, curry and rice, rested in the grateful shade for a time, and then started for another jungle, for our blood was up and we sighed for more worlds to conquer. We had scarcely entered the thicket when suppressed exclamations announced evidences of a recent tiger prowl. *There were the tracks!*

Up and up we went through a path cut by a coolie's sickle, the shooters dropping off one by one to take post in a low tree or dense underbrush to await the prey. On a great rock with a commanding view Mr. G. P. and I perched. "Don't expect a tiger," he said as he handed me my gun; "they are gotten by decoy and stealth, but the beaters will likely scare up another deer."

The fierce sun beat down upon my back. On a distant hillside I could see monkeys playing tag in a tree. After waiting what seemed an interminable time the voices and

din of the beaters were borne to us upon the breeze as they gradually narrowed their circle, closing in towards the central rendezvous. Then there was a crash of underbrush, a huge tawny creature swept majestically into the open space below. My head swam. The atmosphere suddenly took on that intense calm which accompanies the advent of a crisis. The controlled excitement, the alert attention, the sharpening of all the faculties, gave me the feeling of a near tragedy, while at the same time I became unusually conscious of the rubbing of grasshopper wings, the twittering of birds, and scarlet jungle flowers in striking contrast to the brown desolation of the thicket.

As he caught sight of us he stopped short with his tail lashing his beautiful sides and his eyes turned up malevolently towards us. Quicker than thought I had brought my gun to my shoulder at G. P.'s whispered "Aim," and as the yellow eyes gleamed on either side the barrel, I pulled the trigger and took him square. He gave one awful howl of rage as he staggered up, lowering his head and crouching for a spring. In the meantime G. P. thrust his own gun into my hands, and as the wounded fellow fell back from the face of our rock, against which he had struck in his mad, blind leap, I put two more bullets

into him, and sank back, weak and quivering. Mr. G. P. dashed down the side of the rock, tearing through underbrush and falling over obstacles in the wildest excitement to the place where my tiger lay weltering in his blood, the sun picking out the fulvous stripes of his top side as he lay stretched in his last sleep—a fallen king.

Soon the beaters and others came up and had a great pow-wow over his dead majesty; whiskers and claws were appropriated as charms and souvenirs, but the skin is mine—all mine, and you shall lay your face upon its beauty when I bring it home.

At sunset time came the tramp homeward. A prospect of dinner and sleep lured us to human habitations. The sun touched the ridges with a parting glow—the long shadows of dying day overspread hill and tree; the evening air was heavy with the fragrance of the jack-fruit blossom; curious bulbuls tipped their cocked hats to us as we wearily straggled along, while a bird-of-paradise waved the long white satin ribbons of his tail in last farewell.

Karad, Feb., 19—.

What a land of sudden tragedies is this. How sweeping her calamities, how complete her disasters.

To-day a pitiless sun looks down upon another new-made grave in the desolate little tract of land which we call a cemetery—the last resting-place of dear Mrs. White. And even there all that was left of her to earth could not be permitted to sleep in peace, but the hallowed place must be desecrated by a heathen mob, the pitiful little indications of love in the shape of flowers and wreathes and wooden slabs for monuments must be torn and scattered, and the fresh-made mound levelled with the earth. I am sick at heart, crushed! I thought I was before, but this last has taken my very life, it seems to me. After all that she and her husband stood for in this place, and his work, to think that they could be so base, so ungrateful! You see the cemetery stands in the shadow of an old mosque, where once a year the Mohammedans go in great throngs to worship, covering the plain and bowing their foreheads to the dust as they cry "Allah, Allah," as it has been done for hundreds of years, at the same place, with the same mosque rearing its mysterious ruins in the midst of them, changing only in its increased decay from year to year.

We had supposed that in a sudden access of zeal, and to show their defiance and hatred of the Christians in the most violent way

they dared, they had invaded our sacred plot, but they aver that the Hindus did it under cover of the Mohammedan feast.

We have not pressed the question, but have sorrowfully mended the damaged grounds, wetting with our tears the barren soil where nothing grows.

Oh, this terrible land! The burning days, the brassy skies, the winds like blasts from a furnace! With the cruel, cruel vultures ever spreading their loathsome pinions to swoop down upon us even before we are dead. I could never lay one of my loved ones in that city of the dead, whose walls are guarded by carrion-hungry birds, whose stony alleys are the haunt of every venomous thing.

It seems ages that we have lived with this awful pall upon us, this shroud of death which refuses to lift, but it has been only a matter of days.

But three months back from the homeland, she was so refreshed and animated and gay, doing little kindnesses here and there for every one and devoting herself especially to sick missionaries, of whom we had some half-dozen here. It would have broken your heart to hear one of them pray for her, who had ministered so divinely to him, at the meeting for prayer we had on that awful day.

For there was but one day—from three in the morning until nine in the evening—everything which minds could think of and hands could compass was done, but cholera must have its victims and death his harvest. . . .

Almost immediately was heard the sound of the carpenter on the veranda fashioning the rude coffin, which early in the morning was covered with black cloth by the tailor, and lined with white. Flowers came from the state gardens and all the mission bungalows within reach. I hurried about as if in a nightmare, with dry, burning eyes and parched lips, with never a thought of breaking down, even when I, at the organ, had to carry the singing alone while every one else gave way to sobs. Dr. White was terrible in his calm, but when at the last he pressed a passionate kiss upon those cold, unresponsive lips, and rained tears upon that still, marble face, I could have shrieked.

They had come out in their honeymoon days, young and eager. She had borne equal burdens with him in founding the work, nursing in the hospital, and even in scrubbing and cleaning that all might be aseptic for the dawning surgery. What with that and the birth and death of little ones, her health was completely undermined, and for years she

had been a semi-invalid, until the last few months of her life.

The same day the dear though but little baby of the Stewarts died in Shahapur, and none of us was there to help or comfort.

But though our hearts are heavy, there is no time for grief. There were twenty-six operations yesterday, with wards full to overflowing, and more clamouring to enter. Coaching the students and reviewing for final examinations, keeping things stirred up spiritually among the Bible women and nurses—all these things I suppose hasten the closing of our open wound.

But I have no feelings of sweetness or softness or submission. I am consumed with a sort of horror; I scarcely know the drawn, white face that looks back at me from the mirror. Within, I am all ragged edges and irritability—you do not know what a fiend I feel. When I come home—if I ever do—to rest my mean, ugly head upon your loving breast, you will be disappointed and sad to find that your girlie is such a beast.

Karad, March, 19—.

My dearest Eleanor:

Your Frida has been to the bottom of the abyss, but is beginning, after many days,

to bob up serenely again. I have been ill. I thought I was going to die, and I reckon I did pretty nearly. It was a sensation, I can tell you, but when you are convinced that it is inevitable, a great peace comes into your soul and you would a little bit rather than not. After that phase passed I would lie there on the bed for hours, too weak to lift my hand, and dream of home and loved ones, the tears streaming from my closed eyes, while I dully wondered if, after all, life was worth the struggle, and telling myself how much easier it would be just to let go of the threads which held me, and "drift away to the silent sea where the muffled oar was awaiting me."

Girlie, I would burst if I did not have you for a safety-valve, but you will forgive my being just a woman without a career for a bit, frail and shattered, longing and loving. I will get over it when my strength comes back.

I wonder what you are doing—are you thinking at all of your far-away Frida?

A very disjointed letter is this I am writing in bed, and am propped up with pillows. Yesterday I sat up for a while and was rather too gay generally, which is probably the reason for my present languor.

Nasturtiums blow their sweet breath to me from the table near—how sweet and dear everybody is to me. Mrs. Pritchard has been my devoted slave, waiting upon my slightest wish, getting ice for me from Belgaum, and fruit from Poona and Bombay; I certainly ought to be sweet and patient among such kind and loving friends—God has been very good to me. How we are brought face to face with the fact that the wicked old world is full of good people after all, who are ready to inconvenience themselves to help one bear trouble of any kind.

You do not mean to say that you expect me home at the end of five years? It is the policy of this mission to send its members home only when their health is ruined and they are no longer able to work, or at the end of eight years. They are then returned to their friends and relatives for nursing and support, with absolutely no means of livelihood except that which may be inherent in them to sponge successfully. How do you like the prospect, eh?

To-day my boy has put things to rights a little, and what do you think he found in my hat, which had hung undisturbed on its peg these many weeks? A field-mouse with a large family of little ones, her nest having

been made of bits which she had chewed from my frocks suspended from neighbouring pegs. The mice were slain without mercy and I shall have to retrim the hat for style's sweet sake the coming hot season.

It is the month of marriages—the sound of tom-toms comes to my ears all day long, and I know that little girls are being bound to old men, and that, to satisfy the demands of custom, the fathers of daughters are going into such debt that they can never extricate themselves. So is the round of folly and grief and tragedy kept up.

You say Beatrice has drowned her prima donna ambitions in matrimony. Can it be that I am the only one who is true to her career? But it has its price, like every other love; the law of compensation never fails.

In a day or two I shall begin on the students with written quizzes and examinations from my room. Pediatrics will be the first subject. Then, as soon as I am strong enough, Miss Pentup and I start north—it is already one hundred and eleven degrees in the shade. We shall rest a few days in Bombay, spend a short time in Simla, take a run to the frontier, risk wild Pathans, and then have our real holiday in Kashmir. Every one predicts dire things for our return journey

if we come before the monsoon breaks, for it is not safe to travel in the heat of the day through the Central Provinces. One must lie off in travellers' bungalows—which are supplied with tatties and punkahs—and must travel only at night.

There is talk of transferring me to Shahapur after that, where I will not have such hard work. It will break my heart to give up my students and nurses and surgery, but I shall have the consolations of society, for there are a few military officers with their families living there, besides others; but society will be little compensation for the work for which one's heart is burning out. I feel, someway, that it all means farewell to my career in India. I can never be content in a less work than this, and yet there is nothing upon which I can put my finger as an accomplished thing. The patients with whom I have come in contact; the five hundred or more operations that I have done, ranging from the most delicate eye surgery to amputations and sections; the little suffering children I have coddled and treated; the Y. W. C. A. with its classes and improved spirit among the girls; the age of chivalry among the students, with their improved English and careful work; the dependableness of Ramaji

and other assistants, have not been due to my own efforts exclusively, for I could not have compassed any one of them alone. Nor do I know positively of any converts from heathenism due alone to my prayers or words of instruction and love. But God knows. Perhaps I am overly eager to get some credit for myself, but after three years of tireless labour it is discouraging to feel that nothing has been really achieved.

I am tired now—good-bye.

Simla, April, 19—

My dearest Angelica:

I am feeling so fine, all bundled up to keep warm in a little, low-ceilinged upper room of a tiny Swiss châlet tucked in the side of a Himalayan mountain. Breezes which have blown over snowy peaks come in at the windows and give us a smell of the eternal snows. I have been hoping to secure some pictures of things as they are to send you, but the cold weather has frozen up all my machinery, and the screw of my kodak refuses to turn. My hot water-bottle has the stopper frozen in so that it will not budge. Everything in my medicine case is reduced to crystal, and as for my nose, the less said of its purple hue the better!

Quite a contrast this, to the one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade through which we passed in the Central Provinces!

Coming up the mountain the third-class coaches are divided into three compartments, separated from each other by iron bars suggestive of a jail arrangement. The middle one was occupied by a Mohammedan woman with her children, all clad in brilliant colours, and chewing the betel nut, whose crimson juice they dextrously squirted out of the window. The woman had thrown back her bourkha, revealing a pretty face, with midnight eyes set wide apart, a short nose from which hung a golden pendant secured in each nostril by a golden screw, full, curving lips, and ears pulled out of shape by huge rings on which were suspended silken balls.

While watching interestedly this product of the Orient, we saw a sudden expression of horror cross her face, as she noticed for the first time two English soldiers in the compartment beyond. Though they paid no attention to her whatever, her Moslem modesty could not endure such proximity with uncovered face. But the thought of lowering her bourkha, and obtaining air only through the two little mosquito-netting squares for the eyes, was equally unendurable, so she

compromised by suspending this garment from the wire parcel receptacle above. It refused, however, to lend itself to the perpetuation of the purdah system and draped itself just so that the soldiers, whose attention had now been drawn, could see her frantic efforts to avoid them. Her futile struggles, the despair in her pretty face, the assistance rendered by her solemn, fat children, were decidedly too much for our gravity, and we shook with suppressed laughter.

In the meantime we had been steadily ascending; the palm had given place to the stately pine, and the rhododendron flared its scarlet blossoms against the clear sky. Soon we found ourselves seated in jinrickshas and borne by nimble men to our destination, Skipton Lodge. The government had just come up from Calcutta, so the narrow, steep streets were thronged with fine Arabian horses and 'rickshas, for only two carriages are permitted in Simla—those of the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief.

If remaining here for any length of time, one may send cards to Viceregal Lodge and invitations will be forthcoming to various functions, but we are not looking for that sort of thing. Walks, picnics, and bazaar explorations have filled the days thus far,

which must be few, as we are eager to pass on to Kashmir. Yesterday we went to see the opening sports of the gymkhana, where the horsemanship displayed was superb; the Viceroy's sixteen-year-old daughter tired out two fine steeds, while she herself appeared as fresh as ever.

I am feeling quite myself again—all I need to set me up is plenty of cold weather.

Later.

The mail has come from Karad—the first, after all this time. One letter is from Ramaji, which reminds me of an incident which you must know, since you are my father confessor.

The afternoon before leaving Karad I went up to the laboratory to see a blood specimen which Ramaji had mounted. If you were interested in malaria parasites I would dilate upon the beauty of those changing red cells, but you are not, so I shall have to content myself with telling you that I enthused over them *ad infinitum*. Suddenly I chanced to look up, and then I discovered Ramaji's gaze fastened upon me with such a burning expression of love, passion, adoration and despair, that for a moment I was startled quite out of my senses. I arose to go, whereupon he seized my hand with incoher-

ent words. I freed myself and walked away with great dignity, but words can never tell you what was going on inside. To think that my faithful Ramaji could have forgotten himself like that! I have practically ignored the fact that he has a human nature like the rest of us, and have treated him frankly as my faithful subordinate and friend, depending upon him in times of stress, and assisting him with his studies as I could. I suppose that my illness, and his not having seen me for so long, aroused his apprehensions for my welfare. Here is his letter, without date or heading.

"After a long period of silence between us I desire to open conversation by drawing aside the veil of gloomy attitude. I know and I believe this will be a poison in your sacred services. I had a great mind to see you personally, but my ill health and yours, too, did not allow our meeting, yet this vast and broad gulf of separation could be crossed over by means of correspondence. We are kept so busy during the day and a great part of the night that we have to give up thinking of our most dear and sweet friends. I believe you are enjoying your present business, and hope you could have enjoyed it more in company of your friends."

As I have said before, Ramaji's soul is woolly white; he has been indispensable to me in the hospital work, faithful to all his duties, and capable to a degree. I would have wished to keep his friendship.

Siranagar, Kashmir, May, 19—.

Beloved Eleanor:

I should have dated this letter "Heaven," for the absolute peace, beauty and grandeur of the surroundings, combined with the perfect rest and a delicious languor which permeates one's very soul,—as do also the fragrances and bird-songs borne upon the clear air—make life one enchanting dream from which it were cruel to be awakened.

We were weary enough, to be sure, for a deserved rest; for two hundred miles sitting in a tonga twelve hours out of the twenty-four, travelling at the rate of seventy miles a day, are not usually conducive to other than stiff muscles and a fagged spirit. All the way, however, we had our compensations. The air was tonic. The Jhelum River went foaming and eddying over the rocks, sending up a cool mist, and whispering tales of snows, eternal solitudes, and vast silences in the great heights whence it came. Sometimes it roared through a rocky cañon whose

bottom we could not see, so sheer and so close were its walls. Small streams leaped down from the heights to swell its volume, now and then floating out in lacy falls to the road, and then under picturesque bridges to the river below.

Words cannot describe the beauty of that drive! Sometimes the road led through a passage cut out of solid rock; the precipitous walls at our side would now be dripping with moisture, now covered with maidenhair ferns. Snow barriers shut us in before, the mountains had interlaced to cut off our retreat behind; but the road, crawling along the sides of the steep slopes, curving in and out, always found the way on and up the Jhelum Valley.

At last we came to the place where the narrow pass widens into the Vale of Kashmir, with its level green expanses, where the blue iris flowers riot, buttercups lift their faces to the sun, and scarlet poppies flaunt themselves brilliantly against the azure sky; where the turbulent river is widened to a placid stream, and the road stretches ahead like a white line between rows of tall, straight poplar trees.

But the things we found at the end of the road were like the pot of gold under the

rainbow's tip, for we are living in house-boats in the most ideal fashion, with an English woman who keeps a boarding establishment on a fleet. There is the large boat, wherein are dining- and drawing-rooms; a small house-boat, and two doongas, besides small runabouts or shikaras. Miss Pentup and I have a doonga consisting of bedroom, sitting-room and veranda, and the others are occupied by six young English women, whom we have found most companionable. One of them we call the Duchess, and they have already decided my nationality to be French, in spite of my American twang.

And so we have rested and lounged, drinking in the soft, cool air, our senses lulled by the gentle lapping of the waters against our boat as some skiff is paddled near, laden with exquisite embroideries, rugs, wrought copper and silver, or carved woods, or *papier-mâché*, and manned by a striking-looking Kashmiri vender, who plots the financial ruin of his victims beneath his polite and insinuating exterior.

Our boat-mongers live in the rear of the boat—three generations of them; but though we hear the babies cry, we never see them unless we call the men or women—the latter magnificent-looking creatures—to punt us up-

stream, or paddle the small boat upon a short excursion. They live upon the boat both summer and winter, and when chilly blasts sweep down from the hills, they warm themselves by tying baskets of coals about their waists beneath the flowing kimonos, and comfort themselves with the festive hookah.

We have climbed Takt, a mountain hard by the town, for the view. We have paddled up and down the river, on whose banks are ancient temples picturesquely situated in the chenar groves, and have idly watched the pretty native women and children working or playing in the water in front of the royal palace. We have been to Dhal Lake, through Apple-tree Canal and floating islands—where the air is blossom-fragrant in June—into the open waters whose clear depths reflect the purple peaks of the Mha Dev, whose banks were a fit place for the "Feast of Roses," whose gardens were aptly called the "Abode of Love." [1]

At the present writing we are punting up the river to Islamabad, between curving banks where cows browse in green pastures, stately herons fly low in the blue, and rainbow colours flash back from snow minarets and spires.

[1] Lalla Rookh.

House-boat on the Jhelum, June, 19—.

Arrived at Islamabad, we were suddenly seized with a madness to explore Liddar Valley and set foot upon the Kolahoi Glaciers, and five o'clock the next morning saw us in the saddle, with the boat-monger for cook and a tiffin basket between us and starvation. For the first three miles I was in such convulsions of laughter that I could scarcely sit my noble beast. You would have perished at the sight! The most disreputable, bony, thin, sad-visaged animals, tottering on their poor little legs, caparisoned with ropes, rags, and old straps, and we sitting upon the high native saddles in lordly fashion. Miss Pentup is nearly six feet tall, her feet dragged, though she kept herself doubled up as much as possible—and I was riding behind her, weak and faint with the violence of my emotions.

It was glorious going, through lovely green places and by rollicking streams, among the near and distant mountains. At breakfast-time desertions reduced our number to four. At night we laid our rugs at the foot of a spreading walnut-tree, our slumbers disturbed only by the occasional flash of a pilgrim's torch as he wended his way to an old Buddhist monastery which crowned a neighbouring height. At dawn we resumed our

jaunt with fresh horses—mine kicked at everything and everybody in sight, and tried to rub me off at every passing tree and boulder.

As the day grew we overtook a pair of pedestrians whom I had met in South India, taking their honeymoon in this fairy-land. They joined us, procured horses at the next village, and gave us a sense of security and dignity by their presence and tenting outfit.

As the day waned our path became a mere thread along the mountain slope; we had frequently to dismount and walk; we forded streams, struggled up perpendicular walls and cantered over green maidans. Once the path ended at a huge boulder which jutted out into the river, and we had to ride through foaming water a part of the way, and then crawl over the rocks while the ponies swam the remainder. Danger lurked in crevices and snow masses, and once, as we were crossing a torrent on a snow bridge, Miss Pentup's horse fell through, and she barely escaped with her life.

Just as the sun was hiding his face behind the frowning peaks, we found ourselves upon a bare, bleak hillside, where some magic seemed to be in the air, for there sprang out of the ground a fairy, posing for a "gentle-

man of the old school," who waved a wand, and forthwith rushed turbaned servants bearing biscuits, cakes, tea, and Turkish Delight. Warm rugs were spread upon the ground, and shawls protected us from the chilling winds. Later the wand brought us a huge camp-fire, a smoking dinner and a second tent to shelter us from a pouring rain.

He was a strange individual for fairy-land, for he wore a much patched Norfolk and knickerbockers, with a dirk at his side and a revolver in his belt. A troop of fine dogs responded to his call and fawned upon him, caressing his wrinkled face. He proved to be a military veteran out shooting bears.

The following day we crossed the Liddar River upon a frail bridge consisting of two logs with crosspieces tied on with ropes. It was too insecure for the ponies, so we left them behind, cautiously picking our way over the teetering structure, the waters tossing and foaming beneath.

The scenery grew ever more magnificent. It was a joy to pluck the rare *edelweis*, the violets and anemones; to walk beneath the ancient trees, to tread the ground familiar to the bear and leopard, across slippery snows, over boulders and turbulent streams.

But we could not reach the glacier. As

the sun rose high and bright, the melting snows swelled the streams to great rivers, which could not be forded, and we had to abandon our project when within a mile of our goal.

The next feat Miss Pentup and I had to attempt alone, as the English ladies were leaving, and the honeymooners preferred love in a house-boat. Silently we drifted down the Jhelum in the light of the quarter moon, the broad, still waters reflecting faintly the trees and banks of passing islands. We punted up the Sind to Ganderbal, where we moored our boat in the shadow of an old bridge.

The following morning our caravan, consisting of two riding ponies, three syces, two pack ponies, a coolie, Cæsar the cook, and a "boy," started in a pouring rain up Sind Valley. Thirty miles of lovely trees and fields, and then the mountains closed in, the path became steep and rocky, the song of the river deepened into a tremendous roar. We travelled anywhere from ten to fifteen miles a day, running races with thunderstorms or lingering by the banks of creeks which raged in white fury on their way to the valley. In the mornings we always left the horses with the men, to walk in the

ruddy glow of the dawn and drink in the power and mystery of these lovely solitudes.

At fifty miles we came to a sudden expansion in the valley, all emerald meadows and gentle slopes, having for a background frowning, snow-clad Sonamarg.

The path which led to Ladakh allured us, for we thought it would be interesting to see how the women of that polyandrous land kept their husbands in subjection, crushed-looking as they are, with their surprised, oblique eyes, perpetual smile and scanty beards and hair. But the temptation was resisted, and we pitched our tent by the river, as it rushed along in its greenish-blue haste, leaving flecks of white foam in its wake. Under a full moon we shivered beside a crackling bonfire, and contemplated the majestic, yet illusive works of Nature around.

We were very keen on the next expedition, which was to the Gangabal Lakes. Horses were practicable the first day, during which we forded rivers which swept us away downstream, so swift were they, and crawled along the edges of precipices, over slippery, rocky paths which threatened at any moment a headlong plunge into the crazy torrent hundreds of feet below. Horses discarded and seven difficult coolies hired, we began the as-

cent of Haramouk. The men were afraid, but we were determined. They looked for signs of relenting in our faces, and, finding none, proceeded to mutiny on the spot. The tiffin basket wallah deposited his burden in the shadow of an ancient temple, advising us to have our lunch at nine o'clock in the morning. I told him to move on, but he would not. Finally, having exhausted my store of eloquence, argument and command, I seized a small twig and started for him. He fled like a gazelle into the forest, I in full pursuit, but he disappeared and we never saw him again. The lesson was efficacious, however, and the rest meekly fell into line.

It was a terrible climb! Four thousand feet almost straight up, over slippery pine-needles which begrudged us a foothold, and then over bleak stretches where shepherds guarded their flocks and herds, and refreshed us with foaming goat's milk. The picturesque shepherdesses, in their Turkish trousers and red blankets, regarded us with curious but friendly eyes.

Wearily we turned in at nightfall. The next day we clambered over a rocky ridge which brought us to the snows, where we risked our lives on slippery frozen tracts sloping steeply to the turbulent river. Once

a coolie slipped and fell—as he shot down the declivity I thought he was lost, but he dug in his heels and saved himself, to carry us later across a furious stream which poured out of the snout of a not distant glacier. The icy boulders gave him but an insecure foothold, and he dipped a half of me into the frigid waters, but a winter's wind and a summer's sun soon froze and dried me off as I went on my way rejoicing.

That night we pitched our tent upon a tiny square of bare ground in the midst of a wilderness of snow, with the ice-bound Gangagal in front, the glaciers and snows of Haramouk descending steeply to its opposite shore. Scores of peaks in white desolation beetled against a lowering sky. On every side stretched great expanses of snow, relieved only by gray rocks and black caverns exposed on the wind-swept heights. We were silent, crushed with the vastness of it all, overcome with its terrifying grandeur.

It was the tenth of June, and a fierce snowstorm began to rage. No wood was obtainable, so our dinner was cooked over a few sticks brought from the lower regions on the coolies' backs, and chota hazri made over the charred remnants of the same. Cold and wet we crept into bed, while the storm raged

without our canvas house and thunder hurtled among the crags and peaks above and around.

But the morning! The glory of it! With the high lights, the deep shadows, the serrated peaks, the distant mists, the clear green of the glaciers, the cold blue of the sky—it was unspeakably, magnificently lovely! As the day grew the sunlight created mists to hang rainbows upon, while we trudged over disaster-filled, trackless wastes, scarcely aware of our bodies, so stimulating were the air and elevation.

By noon the sun had veiled his face, and we ate our lunch with a gray mist settling upon us, the coolies crouching about with faces grim set for the worst. The sound of a snowball rolling, bounding, to unseen depths, made us dizzy and faint. Once I fell, and slid several yards down a slope as steep as a roof, but saved myself by my finger nails.

Finally we tacked and zigzagged up the last ascent, which brought us to the head of a pass. But it was only to find ourselves face to face with an overhanging snow-drift twenty feet high. However, our brave men dug a tunnel for us, and with ropes and tent poles managed to land us on the other side—out of a warmish snow-storm into a freezing,

piercing blizzard, which penetrated to our very marrow. The descent was over untracked snow. The fellows crawled and stopped, considered and crawled, zigzag. One fell; he could not rise, so cut his pack loose and let it go. It bounded two-thirds of the way to the river and stopped. Then he let himself go and slid safely to a place where walking was possible. All followed. I sat on a blanket behind a coolie and off we flew. A glorious toboggan slide, and no one hurt, besides saving hours of laborious and dangerous walking! Arrived at the bottom we looked up at our perpendicular track from the clouds fifteen thousand feet above the sea. It looked like the path of a narrow avalanche.

By nightfall we found bare ground and wood, and had our breakfast at 7 P. M. A generous bakshish rendered the coolies happy; we dried our clothes by a roaring camp-fire, and slept the sleep of the just and the weary.

Eighteen miles the following day in a pouring rain brought us to our doonga, sent around to meet us in Wular Lake. A hot bath and massage, and we had not even a stiff muscle to remind us of our jaunt.

Leisurely we punted back to Siranagar, going aside into the beautiful Manasbal Lake,

lying like a turquoise in its setting of hills. We sat in the long twilight watching the reflections in its crystal depths, and in the morning lay flat on our doonga deck trailing our hands in the warm waters, gathering bunches of the lovely lotus, and pulling up lily-pads by their long rubber stems.

En route to Shahapur, June 29, 19—.

The dream of Paradise is ended, and work and worry loom ahead, but the prospect troubles me not at all, for I am feeling well and looking fat and rosy.

We left Siranagar a week ago with many groanings within and without. We had procured a comfortable landau for the two hundred mile drive, and planned to enjoy ourselves in spite of the heat, which was excessive. As we approached the foot of the valley we gave ourselves up to reminiscences of our climbs, and to taking farewell views of the peaks which had become dear to us, though not familiar. Haramouk, 16,900 feet high, dominated the scene, and though standing twenty miles back from the valley, was reflected in the still waters by which we were driving. Behind us, towards Siranagar, was the ridge which bounds the Sind Valley, and beyond that the top of Mha Dev. More dis-

tant was seen Mount Kolohoi, 17,800 feet, its twin sugar-loaf peaks enbosoming vast snow-fields and glaciers, while on our left the valley was closed in by a profusion of precipitous crags and snow-caps whence flow perennial streams to feed the great Jhelum.

A wonderful country, with its unrivalled combination of rich plain and lofty crags; clear streams, torrents and broad lakes; shady chenar groves and tangled pine forests. The sky-line is broken on all sides by the serrated edges, lofty cones and rounded domes of the various snow peaks. It looks like the silvered outline of some fairy city.

We strained our eyes for a last glimpse of this most beautiful spot in all the world, as our horses turned into the narrow gorge where the Jhelum begins her mad revellings, and the road crawls tortuously along the sides of precipices.

By judiciously tipping the driver we persuaded him into a fairly good speed, and hoped to overlap one traveller's bungalow each day, thus reducing the trip to three days, or four at the most, though we had been assured that the journey to Rawalpindi would require fully five. In the middle of the first afternoon we espied another landau ahead as it rounded a jutting hill, and came up with it

at a place where there had been a land slip and a company of Kashmiris were working in the road. Our first introduction to its occupants was amusing if not edifying, for as I leaned far out of the carriage to see the cause of our delay, it was just in time to behold a tall, slender Englishman soundly boxing the ears of a stout, squat native for having his cart across the road. His companion was lounging upon the seat indolently smoking, taking things in general in a most philosophical spirit. It was easy to diagnose the case of number one—tropical sun on the nerves without a doubt, and I thought sympathetically how greatly I should have enjoyed a similar demonstration on my own part during the strenuous times at hot, hot Karad.

We all sat at the same dinner-table that night, and we learned that our fellow-travellers were officers from Rawalpindi, who discouraged our plan of exploring Khyber Pass at this season of the year when it is gray and dusty and hot beyond conception.

Number one, whom number two called Captain Flanagin, seemed strangely familiar to me, but English officers are all so much alike that I concluded it was but a passing resemblance, when he mentioned Mhableshwar in a comparison of mountain scenery.

That brought it all back—my wandering, lost, in the jungle, and my rescue by a tall, slender, military-appearing Englishman. I now saw very plainly that this was the same one of whom I had caught a passing glimpse under the flickering light of the veranda lamp nearly two years before. But he did not recognize me, and no wonder, considering my dishevelled and scratched condition on that luckless night.

As we were doomed to have an occasional meal together in the course of three days' testing of travellers' bungalows, we concluded to make the best of it, and found the captain most agreeable and witty company. Number two essayed to converse with Miss Pentup, but it was as if the English and American languages had never enjoyed even a bowing acquaintance, and they could not understand a word of each other excepting "yes" and "no," and one of these they always used in reply to a question which expected the other.

We arrived at Rawalpindi in the midst of the fiercest dust storm I ever experienced, only to gasp under a punkah for three hours as we waited for the day to wane, the mercury standing at one hundred and eighteen degrees in the shade.

As our train did not leave for some time, we took a carriage at sunset for a drive through the city. The political atmosphere at 'Pindi was tense with excitement, and if we had been better informed as to the day's doings we should scarcely have ventured to show our white faces to the public, for that very morning an anti-government mob had made a decided demonstration in which American missionaries were the chief sufferers. Smashed dishes and furniture, smoking and charred remains of household effects, and broken windows told but too vividly of the visit of the mob, who stoned and severely injured the inmates of one bungalow as they fled to a neighbouring one. At the latter place they were confronted by brave Mr. Simpkins, who, alone upon his veranda, gave back bricks for stones, which he hurled so effectively as finally to disperse the rioters.

Entirely ignorant of what had occurred, we ordered our coachman to drive by a devious, roundabout way to the mission headquarters. He began to remonstrate, but we silenced him with a glance, and with a "don't care" expression he climbed upon the box. Ere long we came up with a howling mob, upon whose outskirts the driver stopped, and we stood up to see if we could discern

the cause of it. Horrors! there behind the hedge was a weeping, pleading ayah, and a round-eyed, plump little white child, with his fists doubled up even while his lips were quivering, as he faced his dusky tormentors, who, with menace in their attitudes and unreasoning rage in their faces, were closing in upon their helpless victims. My heart in my throat, I ordered the coachman to drive upon the crowd and through it to the place where the child was, but he sat like a stone. I repeated the order and he said, "Mem Sahib, it is madness, they will kill you." But I clinked some rupees in my bag, giving him a significant glance, and he lashed the horses. We swept through the cursing mob, caught up the babe and his ayah and then thought to escape. But it was not to be so easy. The fanatics were infuriated; we were surrounded; the driver could do nothing, and really, Eleanor, I scarcely think I would be alive to tell the tale if succour had not been at hand. For the Irish Rifles had heard that a white child had been slain, and were coming down the city in a body. The wildest imagination could not conceive what the awful results would have been, had the report proved true.

All the rest is like a dream. But the mob

was scattered, and our carriage was escorted to the station after we had surrendered our charges to the officer who proved to be no other than Captain Flanagin. And, do you know, it was a little American child whom his ayah had hidden in her own house during the disturbances of the morning. In the afternoon she had been seen trying to make her way back to the mission compound.

We had to hurry to catch our train, which we boarded with relief and gratitude. After investing in a few newspapers we became better informed as to political conditions. The whole Punjab is seething. The villagers in the 'Pindi district are persuaded that government has poisoned the wells and streams in order to dispose of the landowners, so that it may claim the land. Not long since a native government clerk was seen drinking at a well, whereupon the cry went up, "Government poisoner, government poisoner," and the whole village turned out and gave the hapless fellow a severe beating. They also insist that plague comes from poisoned drinking water by the same agency.

Conditions are equally bad, if not worse, in Lahore, where nothing seems to allay the excitement incident to the deportation, without

trial, of Lajput Rai, who was accused of stirring up sedition, and was swiftly, silently transported to Rangoon, where he is detained in the fort under police surveillance, and is not permitted to carry on any correspondence with the outside world.

The news was received with the wildest indignation, and protests from countless Indian organizations have been sent in to the Viceroy, demanding that the charges on which the Punjab government based its action be published forthwith, and an opportunity be given Lajput Rai to meet them.

Shahapur, July, 19—.

After a week of pouring rain the country is flooded. You have no idea how pretty it is —the great stretches of yellow waters with temples and green trees rising out of them, bamboos nodding over the ripples, and the low, misty mountains in the distance.

I am very happy in my new surroundings; a change of base has ministered to my nomadic instincts, though it has deprived me of many professional opportunities. The native capital is interesting in the extreme, and the occasions for studying picturesque orientalism are numerous. The bazaar is a fascinating place in which to linger, where auto-

mobiles, bicyles, and rubber-tired carriages jostle bullock-carts, camels and elephants on the road, while distant chimes from the Maharajah's new palace strike upon the ear. The brilliantly turbaned throngs endlessly mingle, separate and move on in ever-changing masses, dogs bark, children crawl under your horses' heels, venders vociferate, and you shake your occidental self together and ask yourself where you are, anyway.

In the suburbs are the English and American bungalows—not very many of them, but enough to convince you that you are not utterly alone in a strange land. This is the social season, and if our work were not so all absorbing, we might lead quite a gay life with the "At Homes," dinners, gymkhana sports, and so forth. Last evening an Anglo-native function took place at the Residency, which was rather devoid of meaning to me, the title of Rao Sahib being conferred upon a native gentleman who had been faithful to his trust. Colonel and Mrs. Randal, representing the Viceroy and the Vicereine, occupied a gold, satin-covered seat upon a raised dais carpeted with cloth of gold, the native civil officers and guests were ranged at one side, the native military and ourselves at the other, while the English officers stood near the dais.

It has been my fate at all the recent functions to find myself *tête-à-tête* with an officer who has recently been transferred from Aden, and is nearly demented from sojourning in that terrible, God-forsaken spot. Periodically he rages of the equator, the sun, the sand-storms, the prickly heat, and all the woes to which flesh is heir, to all of which, on every occasion, I present a most horrified and sympathetic front. I should have gone mad there myself, and am truly sorry for him, with his handsome, sad face and melancholy eyes.

The officers' wives are always elegantly gowned, and a pretty Parsi, wife of a college professor, wears the most exquisite silken saris I have ever seen, and in the most charming and graceful manner.

My work demands all my time and thought. I am beginning it by opening a dispensary in the heart of the high caste district, with the intent of drawing in Brahmin women who are very difficult to reach. Aside from dispensary I attend cases in the town and among our Christian community.

Shahapur, Aug., 19—.

A pomegranate tree in front of my window is laden with fruit and flowers, suggesting

coming days of feasting. The Aden-frenzied officer is still a pervasive presence. The monsoon weather has practically restored him to a normal state of mind, in spite of which fact he continues to hover in my vicinity. We get on famously together and have no difficulty in understanding each other's language or jokes.

The country is still restless from the Swadeshi movement, and the government seems to consider its position serious, if not menacing. The attempt to locate the cause of the trouble has only brought to light grievances which certainly demand a remedy. Theories of growing poverty, excessive taxation, quarrels between Mussulmans and Hindus, the aloofness of the British, and the natural animosity felt by the Indians towards their conquerors, have all been deduced.

Of course deportations without trial have added fuel to the flame, while prosecutions against a seditious press continue, with the idea, I suppose, of curing the disease by suppressing the symptoms.

The latest sensation in the native press advocates the performance of peculiar ceremonies at regular intervals, with the intention of stimulating the lukewarm to action. This consists of midnight meetings of great crowds

upon forty successive nights, at which times they are to sacrifice one hundred and one white goats without blemish, amid appropriate demonstrations of music, drums, and fireworks. "Then," says the writer, "we will be ready to sacrifice not white goats, but white folks."

The boycotters are aided and abetted by the native government clerks on the railroads and steamers, and are thus empowered to do a great deal of damage to foreign goods even before they have reached their destination.

One of the particular grievances set forth at the last meeting of the Indian National Congress is the impoverishment of the people of India through the salaries and pensions paid to the English administrators of the government, amounting, it seems, to about sixty-seven million dollars annually. They think the government positions should be filled by Indians, who can live on one-third or less the salary of an Englishman.

Shahapur, Sept., 19—.

The latter rains are on, and the weather is simply unendurable. We swelter in a terrible heat, which puts Tophet in the shade until three o'clock, when a tremendous storm comes up which threatens to unroof all the

houses, the water comes down in floods, and we keep ourselves busy placing buckets around under the leakages.

The past few days have been reeking with native religious festivals, but to-day all is quiet, so I judge the poor gods have been fêted to death. What with their baths, feasts, and processions, you would think the people might at last be able to elicit some manifestation of favour, but plague and allied ills proceed as usual.

My work has grown until it has assumed tremendous proportions, and my compulsory "year of rest" in Shahapur has become as strenuous as any I have ever experienced.

Plague is terrible. Eleven thousand deaths per day from that alone throughout India! Every morning on my way to the town I meet men bearing corpses upon biers, or see families preparing their dead for the last rites, upon their front door-steps, bathing and wrapping them in winding sheets, while the women wail and beat their breasts, and strike their foreheads against the rough stones of the road. And every evening at twilight I can count fifteen or more places upon the river bank where the smoke is curling skyward, indicating that many deaths in our one little town. It is like a doomed city, and the

people apathetically receive their fate from the hands of the unpropitiated gods.

Day after day they bring their sick ones bodily and lay them at my feet upon the dispensary floor, and day after day I invade their dirty huts and haul over the cases that are lying there burning up with fever, wild with delirium, or torpid with the overwhelming poison which their systems have at last ceased to fight.

Sometimes they recover and sometimes they do not. None of the conditions are favourable, for, to a man, they refuse to go to the state segregation hospital, where they would at least have light and air. Poor, ignorant souls, so helpless in their ignorance, they are deathly afraid of inoculation, which is their only hope, victims of a cruel fate! Or is it the just workings of the law of cause and effect?

In spite of the awful sadness and gloom, however, the stream of life hurries on; those upon whom the heavy hand of grief has not yet fallen follow in the usual routine, and death is mocked by births and the festive marriage ceremonies of the higher castes.

A day or two ago we were bidden to such a feast, and it was scarcely thinkable that sorrow and death were lurking in the dark

doorways hidden by the brilliant throng among which we drove. Through the narrow, winding streets of the native bazaar, amid a confusion of shouts, camel-carts, scarlet-coated suwars mounted on prancing horses, to the Old Palace enclosure, where elephants caparisoned in cloth of gold, and sombre khaki-clad sepoys guarded the main entrance, we hastened, in our rattle-trap tongas, barouches and open landaus. At the great door we were set down, and salaam-proficient guides received and led us to the precincts beyond. Within were soft lights flickering behind tinted glass, graceful palms and trailing vines, and seated on the floor was a double row of priests waiting to perform their important function. The nobility and officers of state were there, besides the English and Americans of the place.

The Maharajah's arrival was announced by loyal shouts and "God save the King" from the brass band. He entered with stately tread, recognized the guests with kingly dignity, and set himself down beside his handsome little sons—gorgeous in coats of brocaded silk, their voluminous turbans threaded and wrought with gold, and ropes of pearls about their youthful necks.

Then came the brides—six of them, stretch-

ing out dainty, bejewelled feet timidly, gropingly, for their heads were muffled, one end of their long graceful garment being held over the face by a gilded crown, whose spangles drooped over the shoulders. Through enveloping robes could be descried diminutive figures, none more than six years old, while one—a mere baby—was carried in the arms of her nurse. Each bride was placed in a tiny alcove to await the coming of her bridegroom, who in each case was tall, matured, moustached, carrying on his arm a rich garment for his bride. Then a curtain was held between them, and while the bridegroom gazed over it at the shrinking child he was taking for a wife, the priests chanted the bans, coloured rice was thrown, the guests were garlanded, perfumed, and anointed with sandal-wood oil, and all was over. But it was only the beginning for the brides.

From the galleries above peered down the women—dark-eyed, timid, smiling. I wonder if they were glad for the little veiled girls sitting in their alcoves? I wonder if their own experiences had taught them anything of happiness for child wives, or did they look back upon the burdens assumed at the tender age of twelve—the burdens of wifehood —with a shudder?

I wonder if these little girls will grow up to love—they will certainly fear—these husbands not of their own choosing? Behind the purdah what bitternesses, what heart-aches, what longings! What sufferings screened from the world, how seldom happiness or contentment!

Shahapur, Oct., 19—.

Dear Eleanor:

This is the month in which you are revelling in glorious autumn weather—the trees are all golden and brown, the leaves rustling beneath your feet as you stroll under a sky which is not brassy, and breezes which do not burn play with the tendrils of your hair. Winter will soon be upon you, and how jolly cool you will be.

We are simply baking alive! Even at eight o'clock in the morning, when I walk into the town, the heat is simply terrible.

I cannot imagine what is wrong with me. The sun and glare and temperature do not seem to affect the other missionaries, and their endurance is something marvellous. It must be that I have not really recuperated from that illness, though the cold and snows of the mountains and the delightful monsoon

weather here, persuaded me that my constitution was of cast-iron as before.

Every day I work against time at the dispensary, and without my breakfast, for it is impossible to close the doors before one o'clock, and then there is the mile of burning sun to the bungalow, and the rest of the day filled with sick Christians and private cases in town.

At present our native pastor, one of the sweetest-natured men I ever knew, is very ill. I call in to see him twice a day, and he turns his face gratefully up to me and whispers that my visits are like the visits of an angel. I can scarcely restrain my tears, for I am so weak myself that any little sign of appreciation like that breaks me all up.

In the afternoons the daughter of one of the King's chief councilmen comes here for private treatment. She is a sweet womanly girl, but quite uneducated, though her father is a brilliant Brahmin of great wealth and distinction, who speaks English fluently and is a most fascinating conversationalist. He says that he has not educated his daughters lest their husbands object, and as they become factors in the case during their wives' infancy, I suppose they are the ones to take the initiative.

But this country will never achieve freedom or anything else desirable until she emancipates her women. With little, immature girls the mothers of the nation, wives uneducated and untrained, widows condemned to a life of drudgery or shame and prohibited from respectable remarriage, what can be expected? The whole scheme of life is unnatural and base. The whole country is physically, socially, morally, spiritually corrupt. And yet the men are straining after liberty and presumably sacrificing property and lives therefor, while the Social Congress sits in Calcutta ostensibly to inspire social reform and progress, but actually winking at the abuses of women, and passing half-hearted resolutions for the alleviation of their lot, which could not warm up a fly to the subject.

I suppose, however, we ought to be thankful that there is even such a conference in existence.

The Maharajah's mother is another case in point. I go out to see her every day in the royal automobile. Even now she is a young woman, and might have been a power for good had her proper training been instituted instead of, and at the time, that matrimony was thrust upon her. She is very quick to learn and possesses a progressive

mind, yet custom compels her to while away her days secluded in her huge apartments, gossiping and intriguing for want of a better pastime. At the time of my first visit she surprised me by producing her own clinical thermometer, by displaying an English watch, and by occupying an elaborate brass bed with mosquito-net curtains, such as we occidentals use.

Her Highness assumes to be very religious, and though her many fast days interfere seriously with the intake of medicines, I continue my visits with the expectation of securing psychological, and—I hope and pray—moral and spiritual effects.

Before each call I have to tone myself up with a stiff dose of strychnia, for what can a fagged and spiritless practitioner expect to accomplish with hysterical women if she herself be on the verge of fainting and tears?

Shahapur, Nov., 19—.

This morning as I turned into the lane upon which the dispensary faces, I was greeted with something new to me in the line of worship. It was a narrow street at best, with scarcely room enough between the rows of blue and yellow houses for a two-wheeled cart to pass. This morning it was

filled with crowds of men assembled for a religious celebration. At each doorway were planted flags whose staffs were festooned with branches of green, while the house of the festival was gay with coloured banners and paper ornaments. Weird music came from within, and gorgeously beturbaned youths lounged upon the hanging balcony.

The affair began with the lining up in pairs of a double row of one hundred men, each provided with cymbals and bells. The leader gave the signal, there was a clash of instruments and the dance was started—partners salaaming to each other, striking their instruments, springing forward, balancing back, bowing and clashing the cymbals again, until the street was a very Bedlam for noise.

Then came the triumphal march. In pairs, clashing, surging, swaying, balancing they went, followed by the palanquin borne of four, within whose red and gold splendour was—not so base a thing as an idol—but a framed photograph of Tukaram, an ancient Marathi poet, whose deification had been accomplished some years after his demise. Before the picture were votive offerings, and following the palanquin a few soberly clad women carried roses and a silver jar of spices.

And so they passed out of the narrow street —a spectacle of the religion of the high-minded Brahmins—into the open spaces beyond, while I turned in at my own door to attend to the manifold wants of my medley of patients.

I have been having a taste of cold weather lately right here in the midst of this hades, for Mr. G. P. (hero of the chase) was providentially led to flee with his family into the fastnesses of the mountains in order to escape plague, and there, in cool solitude, he occupies one of the Maharajah's hunting lodges in the midst of a vast forest and hunting preserve. Well, he jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for though he escaped plague, he ran into other divers and interesting diseases, and his young flock is now in the toils of typhoid, malaria, and pneumonia, and I have to treat them from a distance of forty miles. That is just where the providence part comes in, however, and I am thriving on it tremendously. His Highness has a weakness for G. P., and has placed the half of his kingdom at his disposal, and his automobile at mine. I start at 4 P. M. to slip up and into the golden west, which is a hot and dry experience, but the return journey is a perfect delight, when, under the twinkling

stars or the silvery moon, we glide down the mountainside, skirting abrupt descents, or turning quick curves, creating a cold breeze by our speed through the chillsome night. The chauffeur is a dear little fellow who understands his business thoroughly, and prides himself upon his English. Every day he says, "Sir, will Your Honour drive?" and I always reply that I dislike risking his life by my lack of skill, but he invariably reassures me to the effect that any pleasure to me would be the acme of joy to him, so I drive and am becoming quite an expert.

In spite of my work, I get a few minutes now and then for social relaxation. Sporting contests have been on this month, and the water polo was particularly funny. One evening an entertainment was held in a large tent where the native infantry displayed some of the most remarkable feats with fire and scimiters and dirks, a perfect nightmare of suggestion as to their possibilities if let loose upon the community without English control.

My Aden friend has departed—transferred to another post. I cannot recount to you the details of our last meeting—"parting is such sweet sorrow"! He cannot bear the thought of my terrible overwork, and curses missions as a besotted or even devilish institution.

But I insist that my life out here is no more unnatural than his, and that his present attitude of mind in regard to me is merely a symptom of the forced conditions under which we live. You see I am the only woman in the station who can lay even a remote claim to youth. I am in manner altogether too frivolous for my profession, and by nature very sympathetic, so it is not difficult to arrive at the etiology, diagnosis and prognosis in his case—I prognose a speedy healing of his lacerated heart.

I expect you are altogether weary of news incident to plague, but I would not be a faithful chronicler if I neglected to tell you of our latest tribulation along that line.

One of the native Christian women disobeyed all orders by visiting a relative who was down with the disease, contracted it herself and developed all the symptoms right here in our midst, without giving a sign until her suffering forced her to give up and send for me. We were in a dilemma. I advised taking her at once to the state segregation hospital, but the natives have a horror of it, and the missionaries did not like to insist, so we built a little hut for her in the corner of the compound, with a prospect of having to do all the nursing ourselves.

We had, of course, to smother the room which she had occupied in fire and smoke to kill off infected fleas, which, you know, are the conveyers of the disease, and then unroof it to the light and air.

When we were ready to carry the patient to her new quarters, the whole place seemed deserted, so fearful were the natives, and I had to coerce my servant and another man into carrying two corners, while dear, brave Miss Porter and I took the others. She was an awful weight, and it was a terrible strain from which both Miss Porter and I suffered acutely afterwards.

Adversities are not, however, without their compensations, and this one served to discover to us a real hero in the person of Gopalrao, one of the teachers in the high school. He is a man with a history, having been a convert from the Brahmin caste, the proudest of the proud, who esteemed himself worthy to be worshipped, nor disdained to sell for goodly sums the water in which his feet had been laved that a low caste man might drink it, and progress a step in the path of salvation thereby.

His conversion to Christianity was attended by great persecutions on the part of his relatives and friends, and he was finally cast out,

penniless and homeless, to shift for himself. He had a severe testing time with two years in prison, but came out purified as by fire.

Now he comes forth like an angel of mercy and offers to do all the night nursing for us. His help has meant everything. The unselfishness of his devotion, the tenderness and efficiency of his care, his scorn of danger, his sacrifices, have shown us the quality of some of our Indian Christians.

The political horizon has not cleared any —quite the contrary, in fact. The recent passage of the Seditious Meeting's bill was met with a storm of indignation. The government is accused of imputing disloyalty to the masses of the Indian people, who, nevertheless, are watching for any sign of weakness or fear, ready to pounce upon it as their opportunity. They ask if the vapourings of a few agitators are taken as evidences of dangerous sedition, seemingly expecting the government to ignore the riots, gratuitous insults to Europeans, the state of the Punjab, the daily story from Eastern Bengal of assault, looting, boycotting and general lawlessness.

The worst passions of racial feeling have been inflamed and the loyalty of the Indian army has been tampered with, while

the seeds of sedition have been planted even among the hill-tribes and those of the most remote frontiers.

There is no doubt that all this trouble is the beginning of a new order of things, and the spread of a national feeling—of a revolt of the East against the West. We see it everywhere in the changed attitude of the natives towards us, in the new independence of our servants. But there is one thing which must never be forgotten for a single moment, and that is that the only thing the Oriental respects is power, and the government will fall when it is no longer strong. At the same time it must be prepared to meet and assist such new aspirations as are just and right among the people, to recognize the change which is passing over the land, and to understand the signs of the times.

Shahapur, Christmas Day, 19—.

My Own:

Flat on my back again, but no amount of illness shall prevent my celebrating Christmas by writing to the joy of my heart. I have known that something must go to smash for some time past, but was determined it should not be my work, and so it

had to be my poor foolish self, which imagined it could toil on and on in defiance of all the laws of nature and of common sense, and not pay the penalty. Why such penalty was not plague or smallpox or cholera I do not know, but in my ignorance I am profoundly thankful. Why it is grippe I do not know, for though I have been treating cases of it galore, they have not been any more numerous than the first-mentioned. The last few days I kept myself going by sheer will power, and when at last I did keel over it was a complete collapse. It has seemed to seize me in all its phases, but the worst phase is the nervous, and never a wink of sleep do I obtain without a soporific.

But enough of my aches and pains, for my window frames a picture to stir the poetic imagination. These cloudy days render the landscape effects perfectly entrancing. In the distance I can see the turrets of the Maharajah's new palace against the purple rim of the hills, whose changing lights and shadows indicate the flight of fleecy clouds.

I am happy in a weak way, for my stocking—hung in a convenient place for Santa—was full to bursting this morning, and the day has been full of the evidences of thoughtfulness of these sweet and blessed comrades

of mine in exile, who, in the rush and overwork of their preternaturally busy lives, find time to think of me, to stop with a word of love, to turn back with a smile of encouragement. Greetings have also come from my English friends, and mounted suwars have brought the cards of the King and his council.

All that is lacking is thee—and a home-made mince pie.

But the pall which envelopes this land cannot be shut out by the most cheerful resolutions. The very day I keeled over, Gopalrao's little daughter—the sweetest, bonniest small tot of four years, with the fattest dimplingest face, and the biggest, blackest, merriest eyes—came down with plague in its most violent form. I was not permitted to know anything about it, for they all thought that I was going to shuffle off this mortal coil without further notice. Had I known, I should certainly have risen up in the strength of my will to go to poor Gopalrao's succour.

He, poor man, without a murmur, lifted his dear little Prita—the name means love—in his arms, and carried her to the state hospital, where he never left her day or night, nor scarcely let her out of his arms

until the end. Then, in the early gray of one morning, he saw that she was going, and pressed her shrunken little form to him with a bitter cry.

Another little mound in the Christian cemetery, in the midst of a heathen land, stands as a mute witness to the heroism and sacrifice of one of God's noblemen, who counted not his own life dear, nor his love, if he might but serve. And how he has served in these awful plague-stricken times!

After the funeral I sent for him, and oh, Eleanor! the drawn, haggard look of his face, the strain of his tired eyes, the tenseness of his set lips. I could not bear it, and just turned over on my pillow and burst into tears. I was dreadfully ashamed, for we never permit the natives to see us other than calm and smiling, but perhaps not otherwise would he have understood the depth of my sympathy, for when I finally looked up, his face was shining and his eyes dim.

Oh, I tell you it is love of God and nothing else that is going to lift up this people and make and save this nation.

As for the nation's political aspirations and struggles, I am weary, weary, weary of them. My first enthusiasm, a natural consequence of my republican principles, and my inherent

tendency to champion the cause of the fellow that is down, almost ran away with me. But the methods employed, the lack of real patriotism or anything but selfishness on the part of so many of the leaders, fill one with dismay and discouragement. Where any real initiative is wanting, they are conspicuously absent. They are slow to step in where capital and coöperation, enterprise and speculation are needed. They commenced their campaign at the wrong end. Without levelling their own differences, or without even constructing a common platform, and still finding pleasure in lording it over tens of millions of pariah slaves, still denying God's light and air to their wives and daughters—you can see how absurd it is for them to seek the reins of self-government.

Even in municipal affairs they are swayed by caste prejudice and private matters more often than by a sense of public duty. If the administration were transferred to natives as demanded by the National Congress, there is little doubt that they would soon be tearing at each other's throats to gain predominance for their respective castes. As for the peasants, they do not even know the word patriotism; they exhibit a dull indifference as to who rules them, only so they be suffered

to plough their fields in peace. But whether they know it or not, they never before possessed any legal status, for they were despised and ravaged without mercy until the advent of the British.

To govern men it is necessary to get into their skins, as it has been aptly said, and to try to realize their feelings.

Some say the English ought to walk out of India and leave it, and that the Indians could manage their own affairs, but I shudder to think of the chaos which would follow such an act.

The government has seemed to shut its eyes to the awakening of the East, but it may be that the changes which it plans will be the beginning of a gradual reform that will bring India autonomy as rapidly as she is able to bear it. These are the institutions of an advisory council of notable Indians; the enlargement of the legislative councils; the appointment of one or two Indians to the council of the Secretary of State for India, and the appointment of a commission to devise a scheme of decentralization in the administration.

These proposals are naturally received with scorn by the extremists, who declare them to be but fresh fetters to bind the Indian

people to the chariot of England's imperial ambition.

Pishvi, Jan., 19—.

All my nomadic instincts are revelling in the blue canopy of the sky, the hills and vales, and our little tent, nestling in the shade of a huge banyan tree which is like a diminutive forest with its multitudinous trunks and hanging roots.

I am out for my health. Rest is an impossibility in Shahapur, where insistent patients called me out of bed when my fever was one hundred and two degrees, and I had no opportunity to crawl in again except at night, though I was as weak as a baby. The fever still persists, likewise the weakness, hence the out-of-door life among these picturesque foot-hills.

As for rest, my flesh is willing, but the spirit is weak, and with my old ambition stimulated by the occasion and a strange zeal to preach, I start out early in the morning with the others for a village three, four, or five miles away, where we give our message. In the afternoon I hold dispensary at the tent. One of the first villages we visited gave us a rather inhospitable reception, for we permitted one of the Bible-women to talk

first, and she very undiplomatically fell upon their idols without ado. We were literally chased out of the town, but learned wisdom by the experience, and it has not been repeated.

I must tell you about Soondri, the little girl whom, you will remember, we rescued from her brutal husband. She has developed wonderfully in school, and I have her with me now as my little assistant. She has enjoyed every moment from the time when she "sat like a lady" in the two-horse tonga to drive to our camping-place, up to the present. Yesterday morning, as we emerged from our respective tents at dawn, she approached, saying "Good-night" beamingly, and then hung her head at my amused laugh and murmured "Good-morning, Missie, I shall never learn." I cheered her up, talking about lessons and how much that day would see us accomplish in English and arithmetic.

I have been experimenting with the child, having her sit beside me during dispensary hours to tell a Bible story to the waiting crowds, or to speak to the groups which gather about us in the near-by towns. To introduce a subject and my young companion, and then to make the points and empha-

size them at the close of her animated address, is all that is necessary, for the people, watching her glowing face and shining eyes, listen in perfect silence, and wonder at her girlish treble voice, rising and rising in its earnestness.

So this day was to be hers. As we began our climb she said exultantly, "Abraham-like, we the difficult hills choose, while the lady of the tent and organ (Miss Porter) and her girl, Lot-like, the fertile plains take." When, breathless, we stopped to rest, the sun had risen over the opposite range of hills, touching with high lights the prominences of the landscape, showing the sleepy valley terraced and brilliant with the waving sugar-cane, and burnishing the silver line of the winding river, but leaving our tent cool and white under the shadow of the banyan tree.

As the young day grew we skirted steep precipices to the music of falling water, toiling ever upward towards the village on the crown of the hill, which was our objective point. As we approached it we sat down to rest and pray that God would use us for His honour that day, and let His Spirit work in us and in the people to whom we were going.

And how they listened! The whole village came out, and I had scarcely said my say when they began to call for our Indian girl. She it was who vividly told the old, old story. Fearlessly she attacked their idol worship and held it up to scorn, they responding "Yes, yes; true, true." We left them there sitting upon their haunches, open-mouthed. You could have heard a pin drop. I wonder if the night found them a little less sordid, with a little longing, a little hope?

Not far beyond ten men stopped us in the fields and we sat down under the golden sun to repeat our message.

The next halt was at a little hamlet of shepherds' huts, where all the people ran in affright at sight of me, one stalwart man being brave enough, however, to rush to the rescue of his toddling two-year-old whom he conveyed to a place of safety. I was surprised at this, but my little helper said reminiscently that she had been wildly terrified when she came to my professional attention the first time. "But you for me what have done!" she added gratefully. I, too, was grateful when I compared her then miserable existence with her present perfect health. As the sun reached the zenith we passed a village on the mountain slope embowered in palms and,

hungry and footsore though we were, we could not resist the appeal to stop and talk.

When we reached the tent we found a crowd gathered there and a case demanding immediate operation. I explained the necessity for this—a signal for the mother to fall upon the exhausted body of the patient with shrieking and tearing of hair, crying that it should never be. But the head man of the town interposed, the mother was sent away, and during her absence the operation was compassed under a mango tree, my thirteen-year-old companion giving the anesthetic, while two unwashed men held the wounded member for cutting, sewing, and splinting, and my "lady of the tent and organ" graciously provided cooking utensils for antiseptic solutions and instruments.

"No rest for the wicked," I sighed, as the patient disappeared over the hills on the shoulders of his brother, and I turned to the sixty others who were awaiting my services.

The day was waning when we finally sat down to our lessons. We quickly spun them off until we came to arithmetic, and with it the daily struggle. For fifty minutes I illustrated and proved and demonstrated one simple principle, but in vain. Flesh and blood could endure no more, and exclaim-

ing in despair, "Thy head is empty; go to thy tent, sit down and think, and think, and think," I gave her the book and she went, a thick cloud settling upon her classic brow. At twilight I called her for our evening stroll with water-pots upon our heads, than which there is nothing better for correct poise and for counteracting the stooping habits of a sedentary life. Silently she came, gravely she walked, just behind me. She spoke monosyllables in response to my questions and vouchsafed no remark of her own. We sat down by the side of a darkly-flowing river, turbulent as her inmost thoughts and as secretive, as baffling. I studied the young head, with its glossy black hair, the low, wide brow, the straight nose, the full curving lips, the gloomy eyes. Poor child! No father, no mother, a brutal husband, a childhood of suffering, just blossoming into womanhood and belated happiness, but none to love or caress her. To overcome my aversion to cocoanut oiled hair, to take her in my arms, to pillow her head on my breast, was the work of a moment; and she melted into a torrent of tears and cried out passionately, "You me a blockhead called, and true it is! One I am—so have all my teachers said!"

There were laughter and talk as we re-

turned to the tent in the gathering darkness, for God had let His face shine upon us, and peace reigned in our hearts.

Bhogav, Feb., 19—.

Every now and then we fold our tents and steal away—not very silently I can assure you, with the servants and cart-wallahs splitting the air with their excess of talk, which with them stands in lieu of work, and for which they demand equal pay.

Striking camp is always a tragedy, for we have to turn out before dawn so the kit can be loaded for an early start, and in nine cases out of ten we have to ride some fifteen or twenty-five miles in a jolting cart behind leisurely bullocks who compass anything from one to two miles an hour.

At the last camping-place we pitched our tent just outside the courtyard of a heathen temple, in the midst of an arid waste whose desolation was relieved only by cactus hedges and thorny trees. Miss Porter bearded the pilgrims in a near-by holy town on the banks of a sacred river, and was rewarded for her pains and preaching by being pelted with mud and unmercifully jeered at.

The meetings which we held daily in the dispensary tent were rivalled by those of an

old priest or yogi who held forth at the temple gate, but his audience was to ours as five to seventy. One day he invaded the tent for the express purpose of a little dialectic fun, but I promptly removed the wind from his sails by inviting him to withdraw, as I had pitched my tent to facilitate the propagation of my own religion, not his. He was furious, and that night we were alarmed by the noise and flare of a torch-light procession apparently marching right upon our camp. With shouts and tom-toms and waving of firebrands they came, while we watched from within—our hearts in our mouths, mentally calculating our forces, which consisted of ourselves, two native women, four men-servants and my revolver. I knew the last factor would be our efficient protector, but disliked to use it, because of the love and confidence vested in us by the women and children of the villages, whom its use would certainly frighten away.

But the mob turned in at the temple gate, marching and stopping before the various shrines, crying victory to their gods. The full moon brought out in distinct relief their fantastic movements, which we watched until weary. When we retired, I sat on my cot discouraged, depressed at the sordidness of

it all, the damnedness of what was going on so near us. Miss Porter, in her long white gown, was on her knees in prayer. Suddenly—oh, Eleanor, I cannot tell you—you will think me mad with the heat and burden of it all! But it was as real as I am. Suddenly, over against the kneeling figure, I was conscious of a spirit presence—not a shape, but a point of purity, a spot of holiness. I scarcely breathed. Through my soul then surged the words, "Fear not, I am with thee"—"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," and I do not know how many other words, and then the verses, "Encamped against the walls of sin"—and so forth.

I do not know how long I sat there, scarcely breathing. I seemed aware of a conflict raging in the air of forces spiritual and forces devilish, and all at once I became convinced of certain Scripture which I had always doubted. I fell upon my knees in worship and tears, and when I arose, the vision had departed.

"Now let thy servant depart in peace, for there has been revealed unto her the glory of the Lord."

Beloved, all the heartaches, the loneliness, the physical suffering, were compensated for

in that hour. I would go through it all again, aye, and more, a hundredfold more, for another such experience.

* * * * *

. . . Bhogav is a lovely spot in the bend of a winding river. The village consists of little thatched huts, squatting contentedly beneath bending bamboos, while our tents are pitched in a magnificent mango grove. In spite of the shade, however, the only way I survive at noon is by lying flat, with two wet towels on my head, my solar topee, and an umbrella spread over all.

At first the people ran at the sight of us, but they have at last yielded to our charm, and yesterday my assistant and I treated five hundred and seventy-four patients. Of course we do not make any very fine diagnostic points—in fact, their diseases are usually evident upon the surface—but we hand out the medicines needed—we have the most common mixtures all prepared—as they pass along. The people fairly mob us. While we see the patients, the others do the preaching, there being from five hundred to one thousand in front of the preaching tent all day long.

Oh, India, how great is thy need!

How I long for my old-time vigour and health to grapple with this heathenism which

is sapping the life and hope of these millions. But as my heart is wrung for them, and cries out inarticulately after them, I find health barriers shutting me away from them, limiting my every effort.

Our next move will be over the mountains and towards the coast, with Ratnigiri as our objective point.

Bombay, April, 19—.

Our tour reached its climax with fifty-three miles of up-and-down mountain road behind two tottering bags of bones called by courtesy horses, and then when one of the poor wretches seemed like to die we finished with a pair of bullocks and a driver who was only kept from robbing us by an occasional glimpse of my faithful gun.

It was a relief to escape the dry, fierce heat of the Deccan, though the moist, hot coast weather made us limp as rags. I stayed on some time for the sea-bathing, hoping it would do something for my fever, and was startled to see how my energetic soul could lounge around day after day, doing nothing but gaze at the picturesque palm trees, the fishing-smacks dotting the harbour, the stretch of the blessed sea, and the calm of the splendid moon.

There is such a funny brass band at Ratnigiri, which exists solely for the benefit of old King Thebauld. The poor fellow was once ruler of Burmah, but he did not wield the sceptre in accordance with British ideas, and so was brought "across India and the South Seas" to spend the remainder of his life in captivity, receiving a huge allowance as the price of his freedom. I know an English governess who was formerly at his court. She used to be afraid to eat lest she should be poisoned by some of the court intriguers, and is on record as having approached His Majesty on her knees to beg for her own life.

The unfortunate man is now paying the penalty not only for his own sins, but for the misdemeanours of his wives, whose mutual jealousies and plottings to enthrone their respective sons brought the kingdom to its doom.

The sea trip up to Bombay was an experience. Carried in a chair through the surf by coolies, deposited in a small boat and paddled out to sea, poised on the edge of that until the waves gave a favourable lunge towards the steamer, and then springing and clutching the ladder by which you scramble up and over the side; then ninety unspeakable miles surrounded by hordes of seasick

natives, with a Mussulman captain—blue-coated and scarlet-bearded, emblem of his pilgrimage to holy Mecca—who thinks a woman no better than so much merchandise; and you can imagine with what joy I sighted Bombay and how I wanted to embrace the first white person I saw on the wharf.

I have decided to spend the hot season in Ceylon, hoping much from the voyage down. If that fails, I fear the next thing will be a break for "me ain countrie."

Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon, June, 19—.

Dear Girl:

It is many a long day since I have written you—longer than I had intended, but now that the monsoon has burst in all its fury, and compels me to remain within doors, I shall make up for lost time. Your reply to my last letter lies open before me—what a comfort you are to me, Eleanor—I do not know how I could live without your letters. You bid me come home to God's country and get well, and I very much fear that that will be the end, and at no very distant date. I hate always to be writing you of my health—or lack of it—but that is my only excuse for making a grand fizzle of my career, and I must make the most of it. To think that all

my hopes and aspirations must be sacrificed for such a reason is the most maddening thing. And yet I am learning patience with it all, and my independent spirit is giving place to a dependent trust which I sometimes eye askance, so foreign is it to my nature. I shall be reduced to the clinging-vine type all right by the next time you see me. In fact, when anything dominant, strong, controlling, appears above my horizon, I have an almost irresistible tendency to stick in my tendrils, but put it down with a strong hand and a reminder of my youthful ambitions.

But to return. The voyage to Colombo was anything but what I had planned. The breeze was all behind us, travelling at about the same rate as the boat, so we sweltered in a stilly atmosphere just above the equator, and lost our last vestige of vitality. The day we landed in Colombo I succumbed to a violent illness, and was cared for in a missionary retreat by a motherly English woman until able to travel to the mountains. The retreat is an old English club-house, guarded by sentinel palms, on the shore of a rippling lake, and just beyond a green "thank-you-ma'am" is the expanse of restless sea. To lounge by the lake and watch the ducks and swans ride its wavelets, or to 'rickshaw along

Galle Face and see the white-crested surf break bellowing on the shore, the great bluey-green far, far out against the sky, where sails dip and the smoke from many ships mingles with the clouds, was my convalescent occupation until I was well enough to undertake the journey to Nuwara Eliya.

Such an enervating, dreamy, garden-land it is down there, with its tropical growth, through which flit groups of yellow-robed Buddhist priests, strangely dressed lay people, and little brown children. Breezes are spicy, strands are coral, every prospect pleases, and only man is—as usual.

I never did learn to distinguish the women from the men, the latter with their long hair arranged in a coil at the back of the head, surmounted with a circular comb, and if it happens to be curly, a few ringlets in front. A white gauze shirt, a silken scarf, a straight, skirt-like drape reaching to the ground, and the effect is complete.

Just now I am living on a tea-plantation which occupies the eastern slope of a great hill, having been invited, nay, insistently carried off, by the sweetest little English woman you can imagine. Her bairns are my chief delight—every morning they place flowers upon my window sill before I am up, and

each day sees me crowned with roses and fragrant violets.

But I must not neglect to tell you of the interim, when I first came to the heights. The Madame of the retreat sent me to a sister Madame here, who, though very old and deaf, did her best at coddling me back to health. Two missionaries, whom I early dubbed the "Stoic" and "Sentimental Tommy" were occupying a small cottage next the bungalow, and taking meals with Madame. Tommy had two intimate military friends, the "Baby Elephant," so called because very young and very elephantine in proportions, and the "Warrior," of superb physique, witty, and original.

The marvel of the friendship, and the key to the whole situation, lay in the curious fact that the "Baby" and the "Warrior" had religious inclinations, and the four of them were my body-guard to prayer-meetings, divine services and other such festive functions, which, under the cirumstances, I attended with considerable zest. My weakness and semi-invalid state seemed to call out all their chivalry, and one or another of them was always walking by my 'rickshaw, or bringing me books, papers, or flowers. One day we all went to Hakgalla Gardens,

lunching in a lovely arbour overlooking a vast plain, and while the "Warrior" and I cracked jokes and kept the "Baby" in gales of laughter, "Tommy" gazed dreamily across the vistas to the misty peaks in the distance.

The day was spent in photographing choice views and exclaiming over rare plants, until the sun began to sink towards the horizon, when we started home, the guard taking turns in assisting the 'rickshaw coolies up the steep road. We kept them all for dinner that evening, and while Madame poured after-dinner coffee in the drawing-room, we talked sense and nonsense, and "Tommy" and I almost had a quarrel. I was supremely happy, and so thankful that I was at last old enough and decrepit enough to be able to help young men—Madame does not count, being deaf—and give them a good time; and as we sat by the cozy fire I praised Providence for my opportunities; but it was too soon, for goodness me! that very evening two of them began to wax sentimental—"Tommy," of course, and the "Warrior"!—and despite my glass eye and wig I had to meet and quell glances from soulful eyes, and finally to conduct laboriously learned conversations on books, the last theological heresy, and military tactics.

As our little evening company broke up, "Tommy" suggested that we walk a short distance with the military, and as the moon was superb, I yielded; but not without disastrous consequences, as you may be able to imagine. The walk back was altogether too leisurely, but I shall not tell you what "Tommy" said.

They all left soon after that, including Madame, and I came to live at the plantation. The "Warrior" sends me a paper now and then, and has written for the "inestimable privilege" of meeting me in Colombo and showing me some of the charming drives along the sea-front.

I shall leave in a few days, and plan to return home by rail, stopping at Kandy, Colombo, Madura and Bangalore for rest, and incidentally a little sightseeing.

Shahapur, Aug., 19—.

Dear old Eleanor:

The die is cast! My passage is engaged, and I am to sail in three weeks. I can scarcely hold myself down at the mere thought of it. Won't it be "beastly jolly" to be home again, and to see your dear faces once more? And yet, not all, for some of my loved ones will not be there to greet the

returning wanderer; some who even in these short years have gone down into the great silence never to return. I have not realized that even yet—the bitterness of it is still to come. But the sweetness, oh, the sweetness, of being surrounded with my dear ones once again!

The thought of leaving my beloved India is a sad one—if I even imagined it would be forever, I could not bear the thought of parting, but a year will recuperate my flagging energies, I am sure, and then I will return to fill in a niche already prepared for me. For what do you think? Some of my royal and wealthy patrons are planning to build a woman's hospital here in S., and insist upon my taking charge of it, saying that it will be all ready in less than two years. I am so gratified, so touched, that I do not know what to do. I builded better than I knew when I spent my very life for this stricken people, and all the time I thought them stoically indifferent to my interest, sympathy, and tireless efforts. But compensation never, never fails, and though I have lost my health—temporarily—I have won something far more precious—the love and gratitude of these people, most of them ignorant, some of them educated, all superstí-

tious and fatalistic to a degree inconceivable to you.

And I? I have a passion for them which I cannot name. It is no wonder the good Lord loves us after all we have cost Him. And my efforts—little, weak, but my all, my best—have been spent for them, till I love every soul that walks through this vast and dusky land. When will they be delivered from famine, pestilence, crime? When will the imploring voices of oppressed women, the wails of girl children be heard? When will the temples be opened to the light of day and the priestesses of unspeakable rites be set free? Oh, India! If I have penetrated thy almost hopeless gloom with one tiny bright ray, I am more than repaid, and ready to return and complete the sacrifice.

Since my return from Ceylon, I have been able to do scarcely anything. I am not really ill, you know, but just weak and good-for-nothing. It is remarkable how well I look, however. Though thin, the fever gives me flushed cheeks, and my dull eyes brighten with the least excitement. I have tried to attend to the professional needs of the compound, but any overexertion has brought on such a state of collapse that all have conspired to make my lot an easy one. For-

tunately there has been very little sickness thus far.

I go out to a social function now and then, when I am the gayest of the gay, owing to the ease with which my shattered nerves respond to the slightest stimulus. When time drags too heavily I try desultory piano-practice, but generally I am content to relapse into a state of innocuous desuetude, "not much remembering the days of my life, because God answereth me in the joy of my heart."

At present the commander of a British cruiser is visiting here while his ship lies up in Bombay Harbour for repairs. He is a jolly old bachelor, and I like him tremendously. As usual, I have been invited to many functions in his honour, to "make out the evens," and we have struck up a great friendship. He "vamps" for all the college and plantation songs, while his host, Captain O'Hagan, dramatizes them.

He it was who forced me to the piano one evening in spite of all my protests, for out here I have never been reputed a musician other than a baby organist. Then did I thank heaven for recent "desultory practice," and to save my face played some of those delicious minor things from Grieg.

They were all really stunned—they were

so surprised—and all the "wives" fell upon me for having kept this thing hidden for so long.

After each function I spend two days prostrate in bed—thus do I pay the price of a little variety.

My mind is being unduly distracted by the "real life" going on at my window. The vine trained over it is a favourite resort for chameleons and lizards of all sorts, and just now one is hungrily eyeing a fine fat fly buzzing noisily on the inside of the pane. After playing possum some minutes to no purpose, he decided to assume the aggressive, and gave a fierce leap right at his unsuspecting, longed-for victim. Not being inured to the properties of glass, he failed to understand his defeat, and has repeated his attempts at regular intervals, though failing every time.

There may be a virtue in recognizing defeat, though a transparent barrier is sometimes difficult to see. But my time has not come yet.

I must go to dress now, for H. M. S. is coming to try some new music.

On Arabian Sea, Sept., 19—.

My dear Eleanor:

Seas are blue, heavens are blue, all is blue but my heart, which is surely roseate-

hued or I could not be so supremely contented and happy. The softest breezes play across my face, placid waters stretch away to the horizon, to blend there with the azure sky.

For days I have done nothing but lie back in my chair and dream and rest, having slept, I imagine, about fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. Already I feel like a different being. New life is stirring within me, a fresh, boundless hope possesses my soul, and I foresee a speedy return to perfect health and my beloved work.

For the past two days I have been keenly alive to the human nature on board, which affords me never-failing amusement. I have formed a great friendship with two American girls—both missionaries, and the very cream for companionship and charm. One is going home for a surgical operation, and is rather weak in the knees from anticipation of the same. She is exactly my style, full of fun, a good dresser, and—alas that candour compels me to admit my own failing—a flirt from the day she was born. The other is her medical attendant, with a Madonna face crowned with massive braids of brown hair, who is everybody's good angel, mothers all the children on board, and only smiles se-

renely when *La Petite* and I give her a shock. We have places together at the captain's table, and derive no end of fun studying and discussing our fellow passengers, most of whom are English officers and their wives—except one, who is an officer without the wife, and who, upon careful inspection, proved to be my jungle-rescuer and one-time hero of Rawalpindi, Captain—now Major—Flanagin. I have studiously avoided him, only bowing distantly when I find his gaze fixed directly upon me.

All the English wives let us severely alone because we are Americans and missionaries, but they cannot be any more exclusive than we. Whenever *La Petite* begins to look bored, I draw my chair up to hers and begin the poetry of the day. We have written a jingle about nearly every passenger on board, and they are so absurd that we nearly perish with laughter, which makes us the envy of all the disconsolates. To each we have given a name: "The Mask" to a colonel whose inscrutable smile might cover any amount of villainy; "M. P." to my *vis-à-vis* at table, who seemingly carries the reputation of the English nation upon his slender shoulders; "Taciturnity" to a Portuguese who cannot speak or understand any other language;

"The Sport" to a very gay major; "International" to my jungle hero, because he talks with every one available and makes himself generally entertaining whenever he can leave the games on the boat deck. And then the "Admiral," the "Prince," and the "Laird" are Italian naval officers coming home from China, where they have been with their battle-ship for the past three years. The "Admiral" is a dear little man, with kindly eyes and a fatherly face, but the other two are young and eager. The "Prince" is dark and thoughtful, the "Laird" light and massive, and the latter spends most of his time on deck, ostensibly reading a book, but in reality watching *La Petite's* every movement, while the "Prince" promenades gravely in front of our chairs.

There are also "Beauty and the Beast"—a horrible, dark-skinned man with a handsome, exquisitely dressed bride, who employs every known wile to attract the "Laird" to her side.

The flirtations carried on by the wives are a constant source of shock to me. "International" and the Italians are particular favourites of theirs, being single men. If you were here you could undoubtedly get some material for your next novel.

One day out from Naples,
Sept. 20, 19—.

Soon we shall be saying farewell to our good ship and her freight, among whom we have spent so many pleasant days. I expected to write you very often, but the time has been filled to overflowing. The cool breezes and high swell of the Mediterranean remind us that home is near and help to shut off tropical memories.

But I must tell you of our voyage—since I last wrote it has been a continuous round of pleasure. As I have been planning to tour in Italy—a result of Cousin Betty's generosity—I have my Italian books with me, hoping to brush up enough to enable me at least to call a carriage and order a dinner. Apropos of which it came to pass one day that the "Prince" took a chair next mine at tea, at which function the passengers rarely sit in their assigned places, though *La Petite*, *Madonna*, and I always do. What with passing the biscuits and salt a conversation ensued, from which date momentous things. Discussing Italian, the "Prince" offered me one of his books and subsequently rendered a deal of valuable assistance, in the meantime improving every opportunity to cultivate *La Petite*. The next day at tea found

the "Prince" reinforced with the "Laird," and the following day I found my *vis-à-vis* no other than "International." There was much brilliant conversation, and I was put to it to keep up with the last mentioned, who I found was a well-known writer for the magazines.

Tea conversations grew into greater intimacies, and our little trio quickly found itself the centre of the ship's popularity. The wives proceeded to thaw, especially "International's" sister, who has left her husband —an up-country colonel—in India.

The Italians, whose crew of two hundred and fifty men are travelling third class, spared no pains to trim the decks for naval balls and promenades, and had most festive times amid the floating bunting, under the Chinese lanterns, to the music of an orchestra improvised from among the non-commissioned officers and navvies. The first waltz of the dark, Sicilian-blooded "Prince" with a pretty English girl, was greeted with a storm of applause. "International" two-steps like a steam-engine, but the "Laird" is to the manner born. He is, to tell the truth, a younger son of an ancient house in North Italy, and his broken English is too delicious for anything.

Of course the *Madonna* does not approve of all this gaiety, and is therefore the more adored. The "Laird" would do anything for her, and she has already presented him with a pocket Testament in English, which he has promised to read.

At Aden, Port Said, and Messina, we all did the places in carriages, "International's" sister acting as chaperone. We spent an especially charming day in Messina, driving behind their funny little horses through the narrow streets, while every passing flower-girl was relieved of her posies for our American sakes. Lunch and business filled the remainder of the time, for it was here that the "Prince" received the wire that he was to be an attaché of an important embassy into Russia, and the "Laird" a wordy message from his pater entreating him to settle down at home and assume the responsibilities of citizenship.

And so idyllic days have passed. What of the future, I wonder? As we steamed away from Port Said at night, and the many lights with their reflections flickered along the pier, I hung over the railing alone, with a great longing in my heart and my eyes suffused with tears. Those lights marked the dividing line between the East and the

West. "*Some'eres* east of Suez" I had lived and suffered and almost died. I had been strangely moved with a great passion for a dusky people, I had fought the spirits of darkness, struggled to uplift a banner of light, had pitied, sympathized, wept over conditions and sufferings too horrible to name.

Already it seemed like another world, fading, like an ill-remembered dream. The breezes of the West were blowing seeming films of fantasy from my brain, but I let them go with a cry of pain.

Then I was claimed by my new-found friends—out of the East, and yet of the West, who, with a strange understanding of my mood, drew me away to talk and laughter.

We have not made many plans. I shall remain with *Petite* and *Madonna* in Naples until they sail for New York, and then visit Italian cities at my leisure. Mrs. Colonel has asked me to join her party, and I may do so if nothing else offers. The "Laird" and the "Prince" plan to show us Naples, but they have to report in Rome shortly and will have but little time for us.

To-morrow will be our day of farewells—sad in anticipation, more sad in realization.

Venice, Oct. 15, 19—.

Beloved Eleanor:

A wonderful thing has happened. I scarcely know how to tell you about it. You know I have had many admirers; you may also recall one—though to me it seems like a distant dream—to whom I almost gave my heart. Recently I have prided myself upon being proof against a romantic passion; my career was to have been enough. Think then of my humiliation when it was suddenly borne in upon me that there is just one thing in all the world for me, and that is—the major. It came to me suddenly—in the Pitti Palace at Florence. We had all been together, but I had stolen back for a last look at Raphael's "Madonna del Granduca." The others missed me, and the major, "International," you know, was sent to find me. His hand just touched my shoulder, as he surprised me standing rapt before the Madonna. "My sister sent me to find you," he said, with his gentle courtesy, and I turned round startled. Something in his touch, the look in his eyes, made my heart beat wildly, and then—I knew. But I have had since to be very careful, for fear he may suspect my new discovery. I have wanted to shout with joy; to sing, to dance;

the Italian sky became more blue than blue; the sun seemed to kiss more rapturously the swift-flowing Arno, and Venice, with full moon and gondola thrown in, echoes and reëchoes the perfect happiness of the universe.

Last evening, as usual, we were out in the gondola. The reflections in the canal were extraordinarily clear, Santa Maria dei Saluti looming out of the water like a dream palace under the moon, and the lights of the Piazetta and the Doges' palace twinkling brilliantly in the opposite direction. "International," who speaks Italian very well, instructed the gondolier to move up beyond the musicians' boats and the hundreds of gondolas which thronged the canal, to a spot opposite the Bridge of Sighs, whence we could escape the crowds and hear the voices of the singers softened by distance. Mrs. Colonel and her friends carried on a ceaseless conversation, in which I did not join, for the mystery of the night and the place were upon me, and I could not talk. "International" was silent too, but after a time began in a desultory way to say that we must have been well acquainted in a previous incarnation, for he had never been able to erase the impression of having

known me before. I laughed and responded by telling him the tale of a maid lost in the jungle, and of her rescue by a booted and spurred cavalier. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "of course that was you! Why did I never connect things up before?"

Then he continued in an undertone to dilate mockingly upon the risk he had incurred and the bravery he had manifested, and to speak a shade more seriously of awards to the brave.

I have to be on my mettle to parry and fence when talking with him, and it is a terrible effort when your heart is timid with a new-found joy.

By the way, he has been in Virginia and thinks her daughters rare specimens in the literary line—I told him of you.

It was very late when we finally left the mystic out-of-doors, to turn in at our hotel and stretch our bodies to rest. I pressed a burning face and wet eyes to my pillow only to begin an endless, restless, waking dream of the major.

New York, Dec. 1, 19—.

Dearest Eleanor:

The sunshine is pouring in at my south window trying to rival the sunshine in my

heart, but it cannot hold a candle to that. To tell the truth, I am deliriously happy—too happy by far to do anything but flutter and sing, for I have a letter pressing down the glad throbs of my little beater to quiet it—a letter which tells of the struggle of a deep love against a meagre hope.

But you are all in the dark, of course, and I must compose my tumultuous feelings sufficiently to shed some light over into your gloomy corner, for all the world is in shadow compared with the glory of my immediate environment.

When I landed in New York Cousin Betty at once took me in hand, and consulted her own medical adviser and the great nerve specialist who used to lay us all out in student days. The result was an order to take the "rest cure" without interruption for four weeks, and if that proved insufficient, more and indefinitely. I have been a remarkably tractable patient, considering that I knew much more about my own case than all the nerve specialists in the world combined, and that my cure depended upon more than their philosophy could even dream of. But I was so tired, and had been for two years, that I was glad enough to rest, and I could not tell them that my neurasthenia—at least the last

edition of it—was of that silly schoolgirl type occasioned by love with the lover missing.

So now you understand why I have not written, why I have not been home to clasp all you dear ones in my arms—my poor old shell has had to be rebuilt before it could weather even the gales of your affection.

To-day I was permitted my mail. Your letter with its cheer and welcome brought tears and smiles.

And that other letter! He had tried to forget me, he says. Then he speaks of that day when I said farewell to them all and embarked for America; he thought he had read love in my eyes, but the perennial indifference of my attitude had obscured the vision, and he concluded that his case was hopeless.

He says he will board the first steamer if he receives an atom of encouragement.

The doctor says I cannot return to professional life. Providence has arranged obstacles, to destroy my "career" and bring about my happiness. It does begin to look as though the "international" romance may after all end in India.

In any event I have written him to come.