

# UNTO THE SKIES

"Thy faithfulness reaches unto  
the skies" (Psa. 36. 5. R.V.)

BY  
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Women's Christian Medical College,  
Ludhiana, India

WITH FOREWORD BY  
MARY WARBURTON BOOTH  
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DEDICATED TO

E. M. B.

AND

M. F. B.

WHOSE SYMPATHETIC ENCOURAGEMENT  
AND PRAYERFUL INTEREST HAVE BEEN  
MOST POTENT FACTORS IN THE MAKING  
OF THIS BOOK

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TWO OF THE FLOWERS IN LUDHIANA

## Foreword

I HAVE just read the manuscript of this book, and I pause to think, will you understand the fight for each soul? Will you grasp the need for travail? Will it be a message to you to give yourself to prayer? Oh, that it may! for, "Prayer changes things."

The writer has told you something, all could not be told, but the Holy Spirit can reveal to you the reality of the battle, and anoint your eyes to see your place, and how you may share in the warfare.

Miss Carleton is a Sister in the Memorial Hospital of the Medical College, Ludhiana. In her nursing she has looked for souls and found them. Their stories would fill many volumes, but you have a glimpse, you will know all when the "books" are opened Yonder.

And what shall I say of the place, the College, the Hospital, the Staff, the Students, the Nurses, the Patients (more than 700 in all)? Think of that work, started by one English woman, who felt the need of India's women to be her call from God to strain every nerve to meet it! What was she among so many? Her qualifications were, "a heart at leisure from itself," and a "Doctor's Degree." How could she start a Medical School where the daughters of India could be trained? She needed money, she counted what she had, and it was just £50. It was all she had, and she gave it, and because she knew that God had sent her, she was quite sure that He would meet every need for the work He wanted her to do. "God and £50," she said to herself, and, in the boldness that is staggering, she began what is now known all over the world as the Women's Christian Medical College, Ludhiana, Punjab, India.

On the Staff there are now 11 Doctors, 7 Sisters, a Science Teacher, Pharmacist, Secretary, Evangelist; besides



12 Assistant Doctors, 10 Staff Nurses (trained there), 5 Midwives, and 6 Bible Women.

In the College and Hospital there are in training, 130 Medical Students, 60 Nurses, 20 Compounders, and 70 Dais (Midwives). What hath God wrought? Well may we ask, and if the stories of some of those we know, that are the fruit of poured-out lives of the staff, could open your eyes to see what is being done, I am sure the cry of your heart would be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Write to Dr. Edith Brown, the Founder and Principal, and ask for a Report of one year's work, ask to see the News Letter, and then with this book that Sister Carleton has written, you can pray, as never before, for the Women and Children of India, and it may be that you, too, will be called to go and share in the life there.

And a voice said, "Come and follow."

And I, I just let go.

The tender, loving Pleader

Gripped all my being so.

The chains that bound me earthward

Snapped when I looked at Him,

In the glory of His presence

Earth's glories all grew dim.

And I walk and work beside Him,

Right in a midnight land,

Guided and helped and sheltered

By His Almighty Hand.

And nothing else has mattered

Since He called me to His side

But that my Lord have all His way,

And He be satisfied.

MARY WARBURTON BOOTH.

## Preface

THIS book is not an attempt to describe the work and scope of the Women's Christian Medical College. That has already been admirably done by Miss Craske in "Sister India." Rather it is a simple effort to pass on to others the story of some of the wonderful things we have seen our God do. And because the stories are true, there are some sadnesses and few are finished. With the exception of little Kumari and Jagat Singh, all whose tales are told, are living to-day, but for safety's sake their names have been changed, or else the translation of the name has been used. May I ask my readers to pray that they may be protected from any special attack of the enemy as a consequence of the writing of this book. We have often found that to draw the attention of friends at home to any special convert or inquirer, is to draw also the attention of the enemy to them.

One version of Psalm 103, verse 2, is, "Forget not all His dealings." May the reading of this account of some of His dealings, bring forth from many lips the adoring response: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name."



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CHAPTER I



**ANEMONES**

**The Children's Story**

“‘In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father.’ The child’s case is of such vast importance—immediate access to the throne.

“Earth’s most precious possession is not its jewels or its treasures, but—its children. . . . ‘Suffer the children to come.’ Not merely hear, sing, have texts about Me, but deliberate action. Come! You need reverence, humility, faith. Pause and consider the sufferings of children, for wherever there is sin, children suffer—unwanted, untrained, hopeless.”  
—*From* MILDRED DUFF: A Surrendered Life.

## CHAPTER I

### Anemones

THE Nurseries were in a great buzz of excitement. The older babies were helping to make paper flowers for Christmas decorations, while the tinies busied themselves by solemnly and self-importantly carrying the flowers, one by one, to be tied on to the string that was to form the basis of the "chain." Sometimes they tried to carry more than one, and then the flowers usually had to be made all over again! From time to time, they burst forth into song. They are always singing, our little people. Sometimes it is, "Joy, joy, joy," or, "Two little eyes to look to God"; sometimes it is one of their own Hindustani hymns; sometimes it is just their own words put to any tune they happen to remember! On this occasion it was carols which they had been practising most assiduously. For was there not to be a party on Christmas day, with a Christmas tree and a "Christmas Father," and a present for everybody? And were not the older children to sing and recite to the assembled visitors?

But one little girl sat apart from the



others. Premi was listless and dull, and she did not even want to make flowers. Anxiously we took her temperature. It was up, so off to bed she had to go. Was it malaria again, or had she caught a cold? We watched her for three days, and then little pink spots began to cover her face and hands. With sinking hearts, we realised the child had—not malaria, and not a cold—but the dreaded smallpox. And she had been with the other children in her most infectious stage, and Christmas was coming. Can you imagine it! Seventeen little people waiting breathlessly for their Christmas party—and smallpox in the nursery. We isolated the child immediately, and then we got down on our knees, and we claimed the covering and encircling of the precious Blood to protect the remainder of our children. Every night we commended them specially to the care of their Heavenly Father. And He heard our cry, and answered our prayer. No one else in the Nursery got ill.

Our little ones are great believers in prayer as a means of healing the sick, and they always expect to be prayed for, especially when they are ill. Among the children is a little Sikh boy who has been with us for five years. One night he had a slight temperature, and was put to bed, but he was so very cheerful and lively

that "Phuphuji"\* who was very busy, went away with only a hasty good night. She had hardly got to the door when a very reproachful voice followed her, "Phuphuji! You have not prayed with me!" "Why, Niranjan?" she answered, "why do you want to be prayed with?" "I have got fever in my throat!" was the solemn reply. "And what good will it do your throat if I pray with you?" asked Phuphuji, wondering if he understood. "If you pray with me, my heavenly Father will make my throat well." So of course, that settled it. He was prayed with, and tucked up comfortably, and was soon asleep. The next morning, in a glad though matter of fact voice, he announced, "My Heavenly Father has made my throat well."

On another occasion, the children were being taught their weekly text. It was, "We love Him because He first loved us." They repeated it over and over again until they had it perfect. After a while, the teacher said to them, "Children! How do we know He loves us?" There was a moment's blank silence, and then very quietly Niranjan answered, "Because God so loved the world that He gave His only

\*The Sister who was head of the Nurseries is known as "dadaji" which being interpreted, is grandfather. Why she has been given that name is a mystery that the children do not attempt to explain. "Phuphuji" simply means auntie, and is the name of the one who cared for the children when "dadaji" was on furlough.

begotten Son." Truly God has "Revealed unto babes" His love and His wisdom.

Niranjan is our linguist. Though slow at some things, he is remarkably quick at picking up English, and often talks a queer mixture. Incidentally he is our choir leader, and to see him throw back his head, open his mouth wide and sing, is a sight never to be forgotten. All the children love singing. The American Missionary who so kindly takes the older ones into her kindergarten, tells the following tale. She had been telling them stories one morning, and when she had finished she said, "Now you tell me a story." They looked at her dumbly, and made no reply. "Don't you know any stories?" she asked. No! They did not seem to know any. Then Sundri our little Arabian girl had a bright idea. "We can't tell stories, but we will sing to you if you like." And forthwith she broke into song, and soon had the whole class singing with her.

They are so different in character, our little people. Sundri is like a little live wire, full of laughter and a born leader. Her devoted friend and admirer, Lilawati, is just the opposite. She is a capable little person, but so dreadfully shy of new people and new things, that we fear sometimes she will find life very difficult.

It is good to know that "Their Angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven." It is so difficult to give them the individual care and love and training that they ought to receive. There is always a busy ward to be supervised, and there is little time left to spend in the nurseries.

In the hills beyond Simla, high up, there is a meadow. It is reached by a winding path through a thicket of trees. You do not even begin to suspect its presence until you get there. Around it is a semi-circle of pines, dark against the sky. Beyond the pines are the everlasting snows, towering majestically up to Heaven. In front, the hills slope steeply to a deep valley. In June, this meadow is a solid pavement of blue anemones. The breeze gently stirs them, as they lie there breathing out their sweet fragrance in gentle praise to their Lord. The Angels are the only under-gardeners, and they must be very careful where they walk, for none were trodden down or hurt. May the Lord of the gardens teach us to care for our precious flowers at Ludhiana in such a way that none of them shall be hurt or trodden down, but that all shall grow in purity and fragrance with their heads uplifted towards the Sun.





## CHAPTER II



# CLOUDY DAYS

## King's Story

“Lord, art Thou wrapped in cloud  
That prayer should not pass through?  
But heart that knows Thee sings aloud  
Beyond the gray, the blue,  
Look up, look up to the hills afar  
And see in clearness the evening star.”  
—*From* “Pans,” A. W. CARMICHAEL.

“Our God is a wonder-working God. There can be no failure. He tells us to walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham. It must have been a long dreary climb up the mountain side with no ray of light, but how good that he staggered not, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God.”—*Selected*.

## CHAPTER II

## Cloudy Days

HIS real name was a long one, but he always preferred to call himself "King." There is a hymn, much loved by old and young, beginning "King Jesus has come," and little King always used to proudly call it "My hymn," for did it not begin with his name? He was very little, and very ill when he first came to us. His mother had died at his birth, and an uncle had tried most unsuccessfully to bring him up. At first it was doubtful whether he would live or not, but gradually he began to put on weight, and to develop the firm rounded limbs that a little child should have. Just because he was so ill, he became the pet, and reigning monarch of the nursery, in every way justifying his name.

At five years old he had more character than anyone else in the nursery. I can see him now, with his upright sturdy little form, his face alight with fun and mischief, deliberately defying the nurse on duty. "King! you must come and have your tea," says nurse in an almost despairing tone. "I will not," answers

young King with his funny deep gruff little voice. Then suddenly he finds himself observed by Phuphuji, and deciding that on this occasion discretion is the better part of valour, he quietly and unobtrusively takes his place beside the other children, before the cloth that is laid on the floor for tea.

He was, I think, quite the most destructive child we had in the nurseries. I do not think he meant to be destructive. He just could not help it. He always wanted to know how things were made. It did not seem to matter how strong they were, he found a way to pull them to pieces. Then, with touching confidence he would come up and say: "Phuphuji! See this has broken in my hand. Please mend it."

On one occasion he gave us a great fright. The children's nurseries are upstairs, and they have a large piece of roof, well-guarded by high parapets, where they play. One day, we were standing in the court-yard below, when a gay voice called out, "Look at me, Phuphuji! Look at me!" We looked, and our hearts nearly stood still. Young King had climbed over the parapet, and was standing right on the edge of an unguarded piece of roof, shouting and waving his hands at us. It was at least a thirty foot drop, and a fall would have meant certain death. But King's Angel evidently

had him firmly by the hand, for we got him back safely.

On Sunday mornings the older children have a short Sunday school. By older children I mean the three-year-olds up to the five-year-olds. King always came very joyfully, but he did not always attend, and sometimes he had to be turned out of the class for distracting the others. I do not think he was ever very good. He had such busy little hands, and always found something to play with.

We sing a lot in Sunday School. Our children love singing, and remember hymns and choruses when they forget everything else. One Sunday we sang over and over again the Urdu translation of the chorus, "Open, open, your hearts." King did not feel like singing that day. He was too busy playing with a bit of string. I wondered as I looked at him if anything would ever enter that little heart and brain. It happened that we had a visitor with us who was the kind of person that little children love. After Sunday School was over, King slipped his little hand in hers and said, "Shall I open my heart?" "For whom, King?" asked the visitor, wondering if he understood. "For the Lord Jesus to come in," was the simple answer.

Before six months had passed, little King's

Hindu father came and took that child home. The child, who loved his father dearly, was delighted to go. His little face beamed, and his eyes glowed with delight. He could scarcely wait to give a good-bye hug to those who had loved him and cared for him all the five years of his little life.

But our hearts were heavy almost to breaking point. We knew what it meant. Our little King would be taken to the "Mother Ganges," that the defilement of contact with Christians might be washed away. His forehead would be smeared with red clay, and he would be taught to bow down before idols. Our little King who had wished to "Open his heart" that the Lord Jesus might come in, would be brought up amidst the defilements of an idol worshipping religion. And our hands were tied. We could do nothing about it, we had no claim on the child. Yet for months before, some of us had had a great burden of prayer for that very child. We had foreseen that this might take place, but we had been so very sure of victory. In spite of it all, King had left us, and we felt as if the waters had indeed gone over our soul.

No! There is no happy ending, yet. The child has gone, and we have had no news of him. What has happened? We have the

words written plainly, "It is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish," and, "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." Has the Lord not kept His promise? Is this something too hard for Him? Does He not care about this little child? Has God forgotten to be gracious?

"Thy way is in the sea." How often have those words come with mighty comfort, for who but He can trace a way in the sea? So, even when our hearts seem to fail with anguish; even when we cannot see one inch before our eyes; even when He seems to be deaf to our cry, and to fail to fulfil His promise, still, we can look up gladly into His face and say with triumph: "Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." Nay, better still, for the Revised Version says, "Unto the skies," and that is above the clouds!





CHAPTER III

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THE LIFTED CURTAIN

Kumari's Story

"Mountains swallowed up in darkness,  
Say are ye lost?  
See, the mist is torn asunder  
By great winds cross'd.  
See, through rugged rifts appearing  
Forms familiar, quick uprearing  
Crag and peak, triumphant clearing  
Clouds, tempest-tossed.

"Forest shivering in your rain-cloak,  
Are your birds drowned?  
See the sudden burst of sunshine—  
Hark the glad sound.  
All the wood with bird-call's ringing,  
Not a little bird but's flinging  
Thought of rain afar and singing  
All joyful found.

"Then, my heart, be strong, be joyful,  
Let be what be,  
Mist and rain are not appointed  
Perpetually;  
He who built the mountains, cover  
Found for eagle, oriole, plover,  
He it is, the Lord, thy Lover,  
Careth for thee."

—By A. WILSON CARMICHAEL.

## CHAPTER III

**The Lifted Curtain**

DURING the rainy season in India, if one is in the hills, it is not an unusual thing to awaken to find oneself wrapped about with cloud. Sometimes the morning comes with sunshine and blue sky, and the far distant view that "clear shining after rain" so often gives. Then it may be, the unwary is tempted to go off for a lengthy walk, or even a picnic. On one occasion, some of us were thus tempted. The rains had not properly begun, and we had set our hearts on visiting a certain place seven miles away, where there was a wonderful view. The morning was kind to us when we started, but by the time we had walked six of the seven miles, the clouds had gathered, and finally we had to run to a forest bungalow for shelter. As we stood on its veranda we speculated on the view. In which direction were the Snows, and how far? It was as if a thick curtain had been hung right in front of the bungalow door, and we could not see through it in any direction. Then, as we were looking, a wonderful thing happened. Some one lifted

a bit of that curtain—only a little bit—and only for a brief minute. But in that brief minute, we had a glimpse of dazzling snows, high up in the skies, and bathed in sunlight.

The story of little Kumari came as a lifting of the cloud that was upon us at the going of King. It was as if the Lord wished to show us some of His wondrous hidden ways of working. As if He were saying to us, "I have not answered your prayer according to your way of thinking. Nevertheless I have the matter in hand." How very gracious He is to us, and how infinitely patient. Can we do ought but trust Him utterly, and worship Him with the passionate adoration of a love that has proved Him everlastingly faithful?

Kumari came to us at four months old. She was a pitiful little sight, weighing only a few pounds, and desperately ill. We remembered her mother. She was not a good woman, and we knew she had intended to dedicate her other little girl to the temple. (The Lord had stretched out His Hand, and had delivered that little one.) So we were unspeakably glad to see Kumari. She was only brought to us because the mother thought she was dying, and indeed, as we looked at her, we had little hope of her living. But she did live. Under the tender and skilful care of the one who was

in charge of the Baby Fold, she began to put on weight. Then, one day, she smiled! There was much delight in the Baby Fold that day! The nurses went about with beaming faces, and told the glad news to every one they met. "Have you heard? Kumari smiled to-day."

She grew into a fascinating little toddler of two years old, full of life, and fun and energy, and with so many endearing little ways. When she laughed, she filled the Baby Fold with her merry peals. Every one loved her. When the nurses were moved to other parts of the hospital, their off-duty time would find them back in the Baby Fold, playing with Kumari.

One never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, the mother, who had not been near the child for nearly two years, walked into hospital, and paying down every anna she owed for her keep, took the child up, and walked off with her. I don't think we shall ever forget that day. Even now the words will not come that could describe adequately the depth of the valley through which we walked.

She went to a Native State, and for two years we lost sight of her completely. The curtain had fallen, and we could not see in any direction. Was she still with her mother? Or had she been given to the Temple? We did not know. But we did know our God, and for

that two years, we steadily and persistently claimed that His glorious triumph should be manifested in this matter. It is so blessedly good to know that, in spite of all that seems to make for defeat, our God is victorious.

It was less than a month after the going of King, that the curtain lifted, and we had a glimpse of the workings of the Lord. One of the family at Ludhiana was on her way home from furlough. As the ship left Bombay harbour, a letter was handed to her. The letter was from Ludhiana, and the news it contained was this: "Kumari is with us again. Her mother has died of cholera, and her brother has brought her to us until he can find a suitable Hindu home for her." Other letters followed, telling that such a quiet listless Kumari, with no fun and no energy, had come back. It did not seem like the radiant baby we had known. And then, one month later, came the final lifting of the curtain. "The good Shepherd has folded little Kumari to Himself."

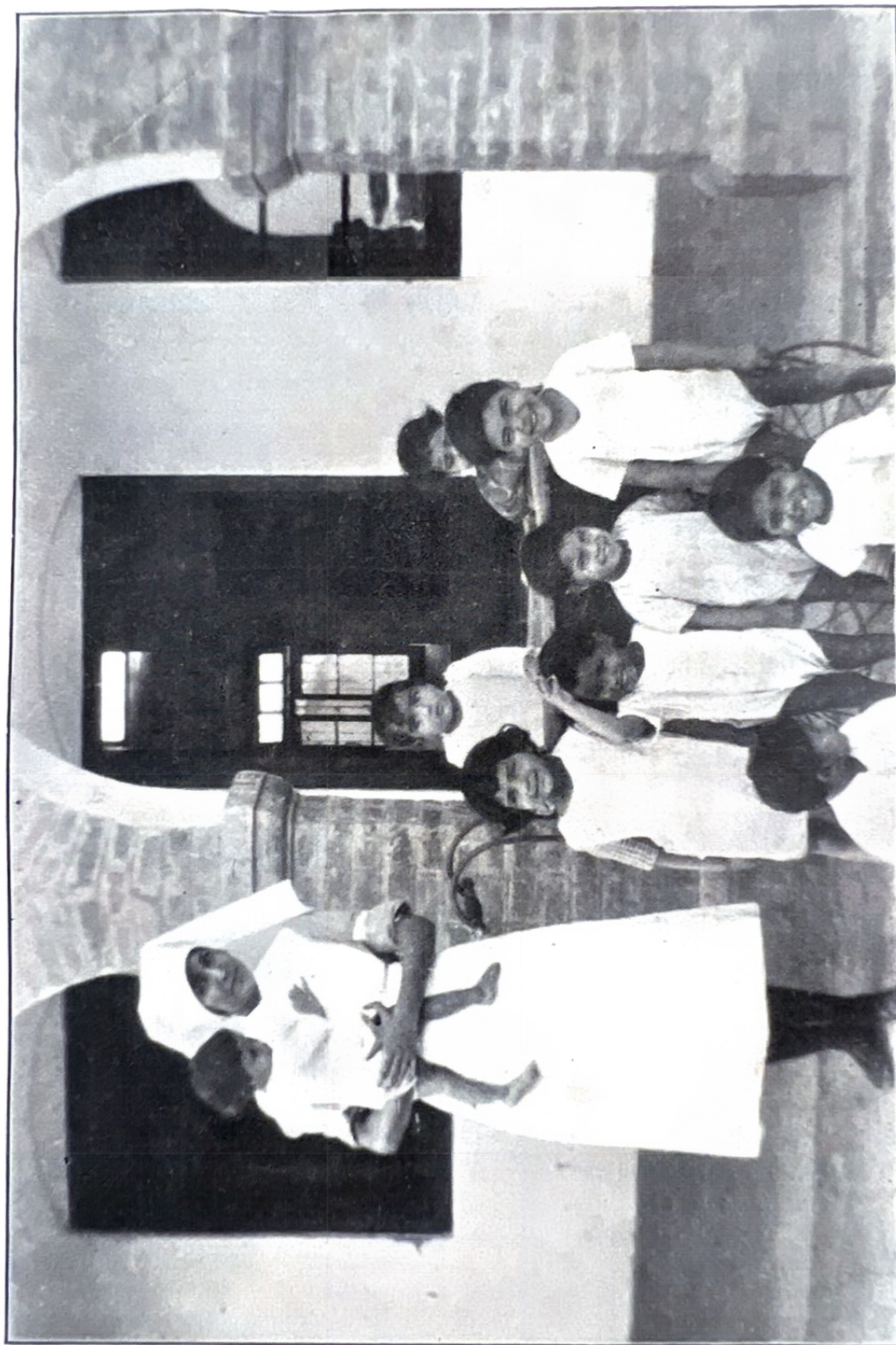
Was it not just like the Lord to let us know? He might so easily have taken her straight from that Native State, and we would never have heard. But no! For our comfort, He lifted the curtain.





"A HAND LIFTED THE CLOUD"





"THAT IS VERY FUNNY!"



CHAPTER IV

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**ABLE TO DELIVER**

**Pyari's Story**

“God is prepared to furnish the trusting heart with ample opportunities of experiencing the faithfulness of His precious Word.”

—*From* “The Focused Life,” by E. C. BOULTON.

“Faith is blind, except upward. It is blind to impossibilities, deaf to doubt. It listens only to God, and sees only His power, and acts accordingly. Faith is not believing that He can, but that He will.”

—S. D. GORDON.

## CHAPTER IV

## Able to Deliver

“DEAR MADAM,—If you do not do as I say, you and your staff will find yourselves in suit cases.”

So ran the letter. Of course he meant “Law-suit,” and when we had finished laughing, we decided to take the risk of being turned into baggage, and to continue as we had been doing. I forget the circumstances that led to the writing of that letter, though the letter itself stays in the memory. There is a certain type of Indian who revels in “Suit cases” and who spends most of his free time, besides a great deal of time which should not be free, in hanging around the law courts. Often, these threatened “cases” are matters to be laughed at and ignored, but sometimes, they affect the life and honour of a defenceless girl or a little child, and then there is no laughter, but only a deep agony and travail of soul until the entangled one is delivered. Let me tell you of one such.

Pyari was just a simple village girl, uneducated, and spending most of her time at

work in the fields. Her mother was ignorant and weak; her father, crafty and avaricious. For sixteen years she was happy enough, and then the blow fell. She was called from the fields one day, and there, standing by her father, was a man she had never seen. True to the custom of her country, she pulled her sari over her face and cast her eyes modestly to the ground. But all the same, she saw enough to make her realise that the stranger was no good man. His mouth had a cruel twist beneath the curling black moustache, and his eyes were evil. He looked at her critically for a minute or two, and then said curtly, "She will do. I will take her. The money shall be paid."

At first Pyari did not understand, and then the full import of this awful thing burst upon her. No betrothal; no gold ornaments or gay coloured saris; no wedding feast or wedding ceremony, lasting far into the night; no marriage token to show that she was a respected, lawfully wedded wife. She was sold. Sold like any buffalo on her father's farm, and probably for less money. The neighbours looked on in pity at the frantic efforts of the poor little trapped child to resist her doom. "Wicked? Ah, yes, very wicked! But who can interfere between a father and his child? It is not wise.

Come away," they said. And so, at last, beaten and cowed, with no resistance left, she went with the man.

For several months she lived with him, in utter, abject shame and misery, and then one night she heard a rumour that her so-called husband was planning to sell her yet again. A quiet question here and there, a conversation overheard, and her worst fears were confirmed. To-morrow she would be sent away. She could not and would not bear it. And yet how could she escape? There would be neither refuge nor welcome for her in her own village. Then it was she thought of the well. Often she had looked into its gloomy depths, and wondered if she would ever have the courage to go that way. But now her mind was made up. She would wait no longer. Before her new owners had come to fetch her, she would have ended this misery.

And so the next morning, there was a loud outcry from one of the villagers. "Pyari is in the well! She threw herself down. I saw her do it." Instantly all was bustling activity as one of the men went down the rope after her. It seemed a long time before he came up again, but when he did, he carried a very nearly drowned Pyari in his arms.

Now it happened that one of the village

policemen stood by. Things at that moment had been very dull for the police. There had been no robberies, no murders, no illegal meetings. So this policeman saw in the dripping girl an opportunity to commend himself in the eyes of his superior officer. "Stop!" he cried, as they were taking her home. "It is a 'case.' Bring her to me. She has attempted suicide." And so the poor bewildered girl found herself next in the county jail. Of course she had nothing to say. Had not half the village seen her jump in deliberately?

Months went by, and then one day, a letter came to Doctor Brown from the superintendent of that jail. "We have a girl here, just finishing time for attempted suicide. She is in need of medical treatment. Will you take her in your hospital?" And that was how Pyari came to us.

A wardress brought her. She seemed a kindly enough woman. But Pyari was listless, frightened, weary, and silent. Day after day we nursed her and loved her, and then one day, she told us the whole pitiful story. She was terrified of being sent back to her village. Her father would only sell her again, and her mother could not protect her. So we promised that as long as she wished to stay with us, we would care for her and protect her.

Then came a letter from her solicitor saying that Pyari's "husband" had applied to the courts for restitution of conjugal rights, and that it would be necessary for her to appear. The letter also said that he had word that an attempt to kidnap her would be made either on her way to the courts, or on the return journey.

"Restitution of conjugal rights!" How could he? Surely he could not possibly win his case? Then, with sickening hearts, we realised how easy it would be for him to buy false witnesses who would be willing to swear to their marriage. We called Pyari and told her, and then we told her again of our God who is able to deliver, and she seemed comforted.

The Court was ninety miles away, so we had to start early in the morning. It was bitterly cold weather, just before Christmas, and in spite of hot bottles and many rugs, it was difficult to keep warm at all. Pyari was excited and happy, and seemed to have no thought of danger. She had never been inside a motor before, and had she not been given a warm woolly coat by Doctor Brown herself! Such luxury! But the thoughts of her companion were constantly on that letter. "An attempt will be made to kidnap her." The car itself seemed to drone out the words. To add to her anxiety, the ancient Ford car was literally

on its last legs. Three times they had to stop to screw on the back wheel, while the driver told doleful tales of brakes that were not working properly.

However, the angels must have been busy that day, for the Courts were reached without mishap. They were packed with men, and Pyari kept a very tight hold of her companion as they pushed their way through the throng. Many witnesses were called, each one swearing to having been present at the marriage ceremony. But they did not seem to agree as to the date, or the place, or the amount of dowry paid. Their memories were not as good as they thought.

Pyari gave her witness bravely and truthfully. Up to this time she had made no pretence of being even an enquirer, but when she faced her solicitor it was to say with a quiet gladness that astounded him: "I am a Christian now. I am no longer a Hindu. I have learnt to worship the Christian's God." Remember that this man was the solicitor on her side, and he was a Hindu.

When it was all over, they went home. Again the angels were busy guarding that ninety miles of lonely canal roads. If kidnappers were hidden by the way, no one saw them. Two weeks later, the judgment came through.



The verdict was that there had been no marriage, and the girl was free to go where she wished. How we rejoiced! And with what jubilation we went over to her room to tell her. She took it very calmly. "I knew it would be so. Did you not tell me your God is able to deliver?"

To-day Pyari is quietly learning to read and write and know her Bible in preparation for training, perhaps as nurse—dai. There have been several attempts to kidnap her, and when these failed, the Devil took to subtler ways, and tried to bring in a spirit of worldliness and discontent. That battle too is over, but the enemy has many other means of attack, and he does not easily own himself defeated. But, our God is still able to deliver, and we have faith to believe that He will.



CHAPTER V

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**THE BESIEGED CITY**  
**Feroza and Mariam's Story**

“God puts His omnipotence at our command, for the accomplishment of His purpose, and for the overthrow of His enemies. He awakens within us such desperate desire that we become possessed by a victorious vehemence, that takes the Kingdom by force; that refuses denial; that cuts its way through to triumph.”

—*From* “The Focused Life,” by E. C. W. BOULTON.

“You do not test the resources of God till you try the impossible.”

—F. B. MEYER.

## CHAPTER V

**The Besieged City**

It was shortly after Pyari's arrival that Feroza came to us. She had been a patient in the hospital a year before, and seemed interested in our message then, but she had gone home, and we had lost sight of her. She was a Pathan, the youngest wife of a rich man, who was also merciless. More than once he had sold a wife when he had tired of her, and now he was planning to do the same with Feroza. One night, when he had beaten her so severely that she felt there was not a sound bone left in her body she crept out of the house and ran away to her sister. As she sat there in great bitterness of spirit, there came to her the remembrance of the healing words she had heard in hospital. "Come unto Me all ye people that are hard worked and laden down with burdens, and I will give you rest." The more she thought of it, the more she longed to hear more, until at last she packed up her few belongings, and came to us.

She was a very pretty girl, with a hungry dissatisfied face. Like all Pathans she was

proudly independent, and quick to take offence, but underneath was a thirsty and loving heart. Day by day as we taught her she listened with eagerness, full of questionings. As with all Mussulmans, her great difficulty was to believe that Jesus Christ is indeed the Son of God. She wanted all the benefits He could give without yielding on that point. So there was real battle. Then one day, she went away. She had said that she was going to see her children, and would come back again. Many said, "She will not return." But there were some who continued to believe and to pray. After several days had passed, she did come back, and with her was a dear little shy person of seven who had never seen people with such funny white faces before. It took us several days to win the confidence of this new little friend, but once she was sure of us, all her shyness disappeared, and she almost became our shadow.

It soon became known among the Mussulmans that Feroza and her child were with us, and we felt they would be safer away. A day's journey from us, we have friends who are very closely bound to us, and who are always ready to take any whom we send, even if we have not been able to give them any notice of their coming. It would be impossible to say how

much we owe these friends. To this place we sent Feroza and her little Mariam.

Now, although Mariam was so small, she was a very true little Mussulman, and there were times when her eyes shone with indignation and disapproval at the things she heard us teach her mother. But when she got to this new home, the love with which she found herself surrounded, broke down the barriers, and very soon after her arrival, she opened out her heart, and asked the Lord Jesus to come in.

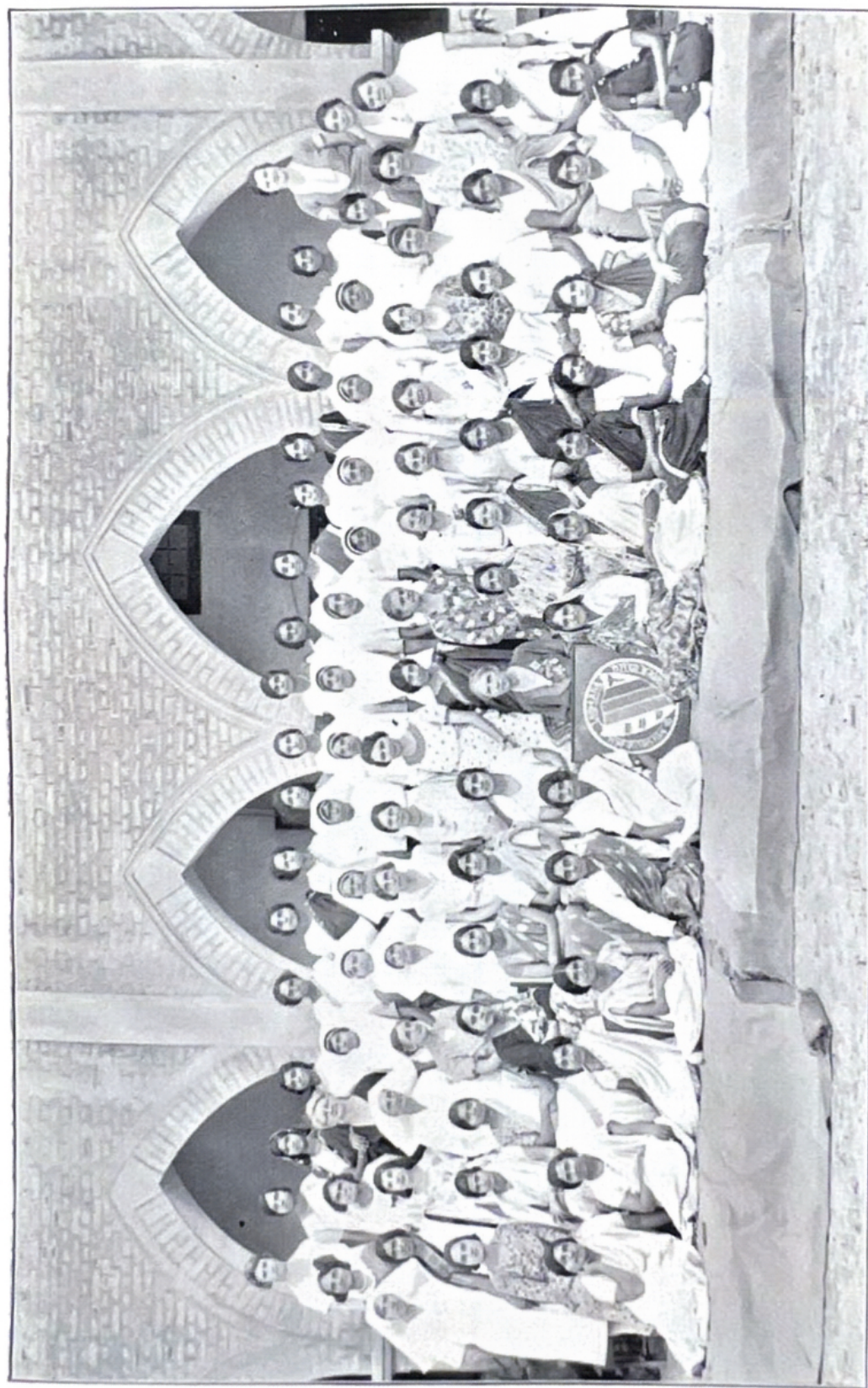
They were there for several months, and then it was felt wiser to have them back. To begin with, although Feroza was now truly converted, and had been baptised, she was still a Pathan. And Pathans do not make for peace in a community of people that are of Hindu origin. Secondly, we felt she ought to be trained to earn her own living, and the nurse-dai's course was the training that suggested itself to us most readily.

It was difficult to recognise little Mariam. Her whole face was changed. She had gone away looking a Mohammedan child in every inch of her. She came back looking a Christian. She went away, still very shy of all strangers. She came back expecting every one to be friends. She had always been in our hearts, but now she was more than ever dear.

Feroza was less changed. She truly loved the Lord, and had taken Him to be her Saviour, but her proud nature was still unyielded, and some of her old habits still clung to her. Can those of us who have been brought up all our lives in Christian homes, and in a Christian country, ever really understand what it means to these women to cut off entirely all they have been taught is necessary to Salvation? It needs a tremendous act of faith. Indeed, nothing but a God-given faith can accomplish it. It is always a miracle.

When term started, Feroza began her training and Mariam was sent to school. Only a few days after, the husband came unexpectedly and demanded that both wife and child be returned to him. It was a Sunday. So much seems to happen on a Sunday! Fortunately, Doctor Brown had not gone to Church, and was there to interview him. Feroza was called, and asked if she would go home with him, but her refusal was emphatic. The husband was full of suggestions. "If you will just put her hand in mine, I will soon manage her," was one of them. Finally, when he saw he could do nothing with her, he angrily demanded to see the child. Sending up a swift cry for wisdom, Doctor Brown told him that the child had gone to school, but that if he would come





STAFF AND GRADUATE DOCTORS AND NURSES • 1934





THE VILLAGE WELL

the next morning, she would give the address, and he could go and fetch her himself. Then she came and told us.

Oswald Chambers says: "The saint is hilarious when he is crushed with difficulties, because the thing is so ludicrously impossible to anyone but God." I don't know that we felt hilarious, but we certainly realised that we were up against an impossible situation. Humanly speaking, there was no way of escape. The father had every legal right to the child, and we could not keep her away from him. But we knew of a God who delights to do the impossible thing, and to Him we betook ourselves. We prayed until we knew there was victory.

Meanwhile, a message was sent to the school, telling the mistress in charge of the possible advent of the father. Somehow or other the news leaked out, and the child came to hear of it. Terrified, she came to her teacher to ask if it were true. Surely they would not send her back to live with that cruel man again? She had seen things which were branded into her memory, and she could not forget. When they had prayed together, the wise teacher reminded her of the One who is the Lover of little children, and the child forgot her fears, and was comforted.

Day after day went by, and the father did not come. As bed-time came each night, the child would say with a thankful little sigh, "I asked the Lord Jesus again to-day not to let him come, and he hasn't." We in Ludhiana, were saying the same thing.

That was three years ago, and still he has not come. Please do not think though, that the battle is over. This is a case in which persistent victorious prayer will be needed right to the very end. Feroza has finished her training now, and she is still a Pathan. She has not yet had that blinding vision of the Lord which blots out the sight of self and all else. She truly loves Him, but she has not learnt to follow Him all the way. And so for her, there is still grave danger. As long as the Devil can find a place in our lives which is not yielded and cleansed, there will always be danger. And Mariam is just an attractive, thoughtless maiden of ten, needing as much as her mother, that vital touch which will set her ablaze for the Lord. And so, for her too, there is danger.

The command of the Lord to the Israelites was, "When thou shalt besiege a city a long time, in making war against it to take it . . . thou shalt build bulwarks against the city that maketh war with thee, *until it be subdued.*"

Do we do it? Is not our warfare more often a spasmodic effort, stirred perhaps by a special call for help from pulpit or book, and decreasing in earnestness and effectiveness as the emotional effect of such a stirring wanes? To be victorious in battle needs something deeper than this. Triumphant warfare is not the result of sentimental imaginings, but of a deep purpose of heart, which will take the warrior along the path the Saviour trod, the path that leads to Calvary, and through Calvary to Resurrection power and glory. Not until we have learned something of the fellowship of His sufferings, not until we are sharers of His burning love for souls, can we know to any fulness, the secret of continuing triumphantly in battle until the fight ends in victory. "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."



CHAPTER VI



**A WAY OF ESCAPE**

**Golden's Story**

“When God is going to do something wonderful, He begins with a difficulty. If it is going to be something very wonderful, He begins with an impossibility.”

—LILIAS TROTTER.

“Nothing lies beyond the reach of prayer except that which lies outside the will of God.”

—*Selected.*



## CHAPTER VI

**A Way of Escape**

To the casual onlooker, our Eye out-patient department is not the place where one would expect much spiritual fruit. To begin with, it is always more crowded than any other department. Women push and jostle each other, trying to get attention before their turn. Children scream lustily, in dread anticipation of the treatment the doctor is sure to give. The nurse-dais shout themselves hoarse in their efforts to get their directions heard above the babel of sound. And the distracted doctors have to work speedily all the morning, if they are to see all the patients before "Out-patients" closes and lectures begin. Then the painful eyes, and the often more painful treatment, do not put the patient in the sort of mood when she will want to sit down and listen to a Bible story. All she wants to do is to find some way of getting rid of the intolerable pain.

Nevertheless, it was in the Eye out-patient department that Golden found the Lord. She had had sore eyes for some time and none of the

bazaar medicine did them any good. So eventually her uncle gave his consent to her attending the mission hospital. Now Golden was fourteen, and a Mohammedan, and so it was a great adventure to be allowed to come up day after day, and meet so many people. In spite of her eyes, she enjoyed every bit of it. Most of all, she enjoyed the singing, and the stories that she heard while she was waiting for her turn to be seen by the doctors. They seemed to create a hunger deep down in her heart, and at the same time to promise a way to meet that hunger.

She longed to ask some questions about this Jesus of whom she heard so much, but she never dared, because her mother was always with her. If only she could be alone with the doctor for even a few minutes! But she did not see how she could manage it. Then one day, the opportunity was made for her. The doctor wanted to see Golden in the little dark room, and there was not room for the mother as well. No sooner had the door shut, than the questions fell thick and fast. How could Jesus give salvation? How could He be the Son of God? What must she do to be saved? How much there was to ask, and how little time to answer. But now the doctor realised that there was a truly hungry little soul among her patients,

so, busy as she was, she made time for the dark room every day, and taught her all she could.

After a while, Golden realised that she must confess her new-found faith in her home. With fear and trembling she told her mother and uncle that she believed the Lord Jesus was the Son of God, and that she had given her heart to Him. And oh! what consternation prevailed. Of course, further visits to the hospital were forbidden immediately. Her angry uncle stormed at her; her mother wept broken heartedly, and begged her not to bring shame on the family; her young brothers openly scoffed at her. When neither threats nor tears, nor laughter could move her, she was beaten and locked in a dark room. There, with sore eyes, sore body, and sore heart she lay and thought sorrowfully of her doctor, and of the Lord she had been taught to love. Would He hear her now? Would He come and deliver her as He had delivered Peter? She was only a maiden of fourteen. Would the great God really answer a maiden's prayer?

We heard of her from time to time through friendly neighbours, but we were not allowed into her house to visit her. In fact, the whole street became hostile to us, and there were indignant murmurings, even amongst those who

still continued to attend hospital. There was talk of a speedy marriage, and then for several weeks, we heard nothing.

But there was one way of approach left open to us—the Way that goes by the Throne. And as in that little company of old, prayer was made without ceasing for Peter, so it was with us, for the child. There is something rather breathlessly exciting about waiting to see what God will do in an apparently impossible situation. He so seldom works in the way you expect. Life is full of surprises to those who continually count on His faithfulness. On this occasion, He worked so quietly, and yet so dramatically, that we were left, like Peter, with the impression that it was all a dream.

Early one morning, Golden's uncle called on Doctor Brown. The girl was a nuisance in the house, he said, and he had come to make a bargain. If Doctor Brown would recommend him for a certain job in the city he would give Golden to her and she could make her a Christian and do what she liked with her! It happened that Doctor Brown knew that he was a good workman, and so she could recommend him without any difficulty. The next day, a radiantly happy little girl stood in the Doctor's office. "Send her away quickly," said the uncle, "I will not be answerable for what my

relatives will do when they get to know of this thing."

So we sent her away. After a few months at a school in the south, we felt it safe to bring her up to her own language area again, and the friends who had sheltered Feroza, said that they would take Golden too.

Now there was a girl living in Golden's new home, called Lotus. She had been with our friends from a tiny child, and was very dear to them. Shortly after Golden's arrival, a very wonderful thing had happened to Lotus. She had been away for a holiday, and when she came back, she was utterly transformed. All the Compound knew it. The dear "Mamaji" saw the difference; the older women remarked on it; and the little children wondered what had happened. Lotus had always been happy and sweet, but she was clothed now with a radiance that had never been before. There was a gentle dignity and a loving kindness about her, and something that spoke of a quiet power. Her own explanation of it all was very simple. "I have found the baptism of the Holy Ghost," was what she said.

Before many weeks had passed, some of the other girls on the Compound began to get hungry. They wanted to know the Lord in the new intimate way that Lotus knew Him. And

among these girls was our Golden. They held meetings among themselves, with Lotus as teacher and leader in chief, and many among them proved for themselves that the Lord is a God Who keepeth His promise for ever. It was not long before we were the recipients of a glad and radiant letter from our girl. It was full of praise and worship, and the gist of it was, "I, too, have found the baptism of the Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER VII

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**THROUGH DEEP WATERS**

**Amiran's Story**

“He delighteth to take up fallen bairns and to mend broken brows; binding up of wounds is His office.

“I find that our wants qualify us for Christ.

“Out of whatever airt the wind blow, it will blow us on our Lord; no wind can blow our sails overboard, because Christ’s skill, and the honour of His wisdom are empawned and laid down at the stake for the sea passengers, that He shall put them safe off His hands on the shore, in His Father’s known bounds, our native home ground.”

—*From* “The Letters of Samuel Rutherford.”



## CHAPTER VII

**Through Deep Waters**

USUALLY when a convert comes out as a Christian, and is baptised, her home, and possibly the surrounding streets, are at once closed to all missionary visits. If the convert should come from a village, it may be difficult, if not impossible, to get a hearing there for many months after. With Golden's family, however, it was different. The uncle undoubtedly was frightened, and gave us no welcome, but Amiran, the mother, was timidly glad to see any from the hospital who were able to visit her.

At first the welcome was due to the fact that she was longing for news of her girl. Golden wrote to her fairly regularly, but the letters had to come through us, as we did not want her whereabouts traced through any postmarks. After a while, though, she began to get interested in the message we brought her. Perhaps Golden's letters were the chief influence in this, for they were full of the joy of the Lord, and of desire that her mother should find salvation too. Week by week she was visited and taught, until it seemed as if she

had really begun to grasp something of the greatness of the Gift that was offered her. Meanwhile, the uncle began to get alarmed. He had already suffered considerable scorn and criticism for having let Golden come to us. Should another from his family come out as a Christian, he would be completely ostracised. And so he began to make life very difficult for his sister and her boys.

The situation became so impossible that at last Amiran decided to leave. She came to us in great fear and distress, and begged us to find her somewhere to live where she would be protected. She was really frightened. Not only her brother, but all the Mohammedans of her district were making ugly threats, so she felt the need of our protection.

Now it happened that we had a small house vacant just then, which was eminently suitable. It was sufficiently close to our Compound for the woman to feel the comfort of our nearness, and it was of a size that could accommodate her family nicely. So to this house Amiran and her family moved.

The next problem was financial. There were three growing boys to feed and clothe and educate, and no money was coming into the house. The uncle refused to help or to have any dealings with the family at all. It was

very fortunate, therefore, that although Amiran had few accomplishments, she had learnt to sew and to make simple garments for herself and her boys. We were in need of a sewing woman just then, so we asked her if she would care to earn some money in this way. She was delighted, and morning after morning would see her, with her youngest boy beside her, seated on the floor in hospital, machining up mattresses or garments for our children.

For a time all went well. The two elder boys went as day scholars to the Mission School, and Amiran was a good manager, and made her money go as far as she could. She grew less fearful of her neighbours' threats, and seemed to listen more eagerly and intelligently to all she was taught. Indeed it seemed in those days as if it would be a matter of only a few weeks before she would be ready to be baptised.

And then one morning, the elder boy did not appear home at the time he was expected from school. His brother said he had gone off to play with some other boys, so no one worried very much. But when night-fall came, and he was still missing, the mother got very alarmed. Searchers were sent all over the city, but no Mohammedin was to be found. The next morning he did not appear at school,

and the police were informed. For days they hunted the place, and enquired from the station and from all the bus routes as to whether he had been seen. But there was no trace of him. The boy had vanished.

The mother was frantic. It was with difficulty that she was persuaded to allow her second boy to continue at school. Might he not be kidnapped, too? He was even more handsome than the older son, and, therefore, more likely to be attractive to unscrupulous men. As for the little one, she would not allow him out of her sight.

For some days we had absolutely no clue as to what had become of the boy. We did not know if he had been kidnapped, or if he had run away of his own accord. But one morning Amiran came to us with a letter she had just received. There was not much in the letter, and it was unsigned. But that which it contained was sufficient to cause the poor little mother to draw back in fear and terror from the pathway she had begun to tread. For the letter said, "If you become a Christian, we will take your other two boys, even as we have taken Mohammedin."

For months we searched for the lad. Here and there we would get a clue, and hastily send to the place, only to find that he had

moved on elsewhere. A school-fellow of his boasted that his father was the one who had taken him and sent him away, but we could get no proof. It was evident that the boy had gone willingly. Probably they had appealed to his sense of adventure, and had persuaded him that he was doing a courageous thing for the sake of his religion. Once he wrote to his mother, but the letter was delivered to the house of the man who had taken him, and it was quite by chance that it finally reached its true goal. And in the meantime, Mohammedan women got closer to Amiran, and did what they could to make her strong in her old faith.

Golden was away all this time, and was naturally very distressed. She continued to write to her mother, and sometimes she was allowed to come to Ludhiana to see her. She made the most of every opportunity, and did her best to win her mother and brothers to the Lord. It was evident that Amiran was unhappy and dissatisfied. It was a dissatisfaction that went deeper than the sorrow of losing her boy, for it arose from the misery and unrest that always comes when a soul turns back and deliberately refuses the light it has seen, and the truth it has known.

At last, a whole year after his disappearance, we had a letter from the boy, telling us of his

whereabouts, and asking for money to come home. We wrote to a missionary in that district, and he bought a ticket, and saw the lad on to the train for Ludhiana. It was rather like the story of the prodigal son over again. Mohammedin had gone out to seek a fortune, and to have a good time. Instead he had found poverty, distress and evil. But the mother's welcome was all that could be desired. Her face was radiant with joy as she ran to tell us the good news of the safe homecoming of her boy.

It would be a very happy thing if we could finish this chapter by saying that the whole family was truly converted, and that they were all baptised and lived happily ever after. Perhaps, one day, we shall be able to write such an ending. It is true we are not living in fairy tale days, but we are living in the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and miracles still happen. The mighty power of God is as able to transform lives to-day as in the days of Peter and Paul. We often sing very glibly: "Yesterday, to-day, for ever, Jesus is the same." Let us see to it that we really believe it, and act on it, lest we should be counted among those who "limited the Holy One of Israel" through unbelief.

Amiran is still hesitant, slow to believe and

timid; Mohammedin is reaping the harvest of that year's wandering, and is difficult to deal with; the second boy, though now desirous of being known as a Christian in his school, has much to learn of truth and honesty. And we know from experience that the enemy does not spare himself in seeking to draw back those who are on the verge of confessing their faith.

We do not under-estimate the difficulties, nor do we look upon the forces of evil as a light thing. But we do say this, that strong as the enemy may be, weak as the enquirer may be, foolish and feeble as we may be, our God is stronger than all. Before the might of the exalted Name of Jesus, and the overcoming power of the Blood of the Lamb, all that is against Him shall fall. Our eyes are unto Him, and, therefore, we can say with joyous triumph: "There is nothing too hard for Thee."





## CHAPTER VIII

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**“ HENCEFORTH . . . UNTO HIM ”**

**Prem's Story**

“The prayer of faith is mightier than any dynamite, for it has the almightiness of God linked to it. It reaches round the world, it can touch the highest heaven or shake the lowest hell. . . . Prayer is only real prayer when inspired by Him and His Spirit. He has mastered but little of prayer who knows but little of the Spirit-groaning which cannot be uttered. No matter how great our petition, His promise is always ‘exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.’”

—*From* “The Greatest Force on Earth.”

## CHAPTER VIII

## “Henceforth . . . Unto Him ”

ANYONE possessed with modern ideas concerning the practical running of Sunday Schools, would get a bad shock if he attended the one we hold in hospital! Just across the road is a most efficient affair, divided suitably into grades and sub-grades, and possessing alluring banners, and distinctive names for each class. We send our students as teachers there that they may learn how things should be done. Unfortunately, although very well attended, this Sunday School does not collect the children that seem to swarm over our hospital Compound, and we felt that we should be held responsible if we did not do something to reach them. They were divided into two classes, the more or less permanent nucleus, consisting of from twenty to thirty children, mostly outcasts, and the continually varying number of children who accompanied their sick parents to hospital. These last were mostly from the better class homes, and were sometimes members of very wealthy families.

The first thing to do is to collect the lambs!

And so about four o'clock, two or three of us go over to hospital with a conspicuous picture, and a number of old, but pretty Christmas cards. We go round every ward, and speak to every child. "See," we say, "if you come with us, we will teach you a new song to sing, and we will tell you a story about this picture. And then if you are good, you shall have a card given you."

If we are known to the child, this is usually sufficient and we are soon surrounded by a happy throng of excited little people, each holding on to one finger of our hand, or else clutching determinedly at our skirts! If we are not known, and the child is small, probably she will be too shy to come, unless a relative accompanies her.

While we are busy collecting these little strangers, our permanent congregation gradually gathers. Caste has not the same significance in North India as in South, and the Brahmin child is quite content to sit in the same room as the outcast, though she may prefer a different bench.

Sunday School begins with vociferous singing. Hardly any of the children can read, so everything has to be learnt by heart. After several hymns and choruses, there is a short prayer in which they all join, repeating sen-

tence by sentence after the leader. Then the story is told, and the picture shown.

We like to divide up into classes for the story, but it is difficult to know how to do it. It is not sufficient to divide them up into "infants" and "older children," for amongst the older ones are the members of our permanent congregation who have heard Bible stories for years, and our temporary ones, who may be hearing the Gospel for the first and last time in their lives. Quite often we are short of teachers, and cannot divide at all, and then we find that our hands are full indeed.

There was one small boy amongst our "permanents" who kept us very busy, and who caused us a great deal of secret amusement, which we did not dare to show. His mother who was a widow, was one of our hospital servants, and he was her only surviving son. Wherever Prem was, there was sure to be trouble. When he wasn't putting something down the neck of another boy, he was pushing some one off his seat! Week after week, we had to make him sit or stand by himself, but nothing seemed to cure him. On one occasion he defiantly tore up the Christmas card he had been given, and flung the pieces at the feet of the giver. After a year or more of this, his teachers woke up to the fact that it might be

a good thing to pray very definitely for Prem. They had prayed generally for all the children all the time, but they had not been definite. It may have been just thoughtlessness, or it may have been the fear that comes from lack of faith. It takes real faith to be definite in prayer. Definiteness leaves us no loophole for escape.

For several months they asked the Lord whenever they met that He would win Prem for Himself. And yet, when the answer came, they were almost afraid lest it should not be true. What faithless creatures we are! How does the Lord manage to bear with us with such long patience!

The change came so gradually that it took several weeks before it penetrated. Prem began to come regularly, and punctually. He wore spotless clothes, and his face and hands were washed and clean. Instead of upsetting the boys around him, he kept them in order, and he always knew his text, and remembered the story of the week before. More important still, he quite frequently gave spiritually intelligent answers to the questions that were asked him.

For some time the leader prayed for guidance concerning him. Should she tackle him personally, and ask him if he wanted to witness to

others by baptism, or should she leave him alone for the present? It costs so little for an outcast to come out as a Christian, and he might say "Yes" just to please her. Then one day Prem came to visit her in her room. She had been reading the life of that splendid missionary, Guinness of Honan, and her thoughts had been riveted by the words, "Henceforth . . . unto Him." which headed one chapter. As Prem chatted away to her, she read the whole verse to him. "He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." They talked about it for a while, and prayed together, and then she asked Prem if he did not wish to witness to his faith in Christ. His answer brought a thrill of joy and praise that will not soon be forgotten. "Missahibji, I have told all you have taught me to my mother, and we both desire baptism."

That little boy had gone home week by week, and had patiently told and retold his mother the stories he had learnt. It was not an easy task, for sorrow and much toil had dulled her brain, and she found it easier to forget than to remember. But he had persevered, and now she too wished to demonstrate to all around that she was the Lord's.

His missionary activities did not end with his mother, for soon the other boys in his street were beginning to come to him to listen to the tales he told. A Mohammedan who lived nearby, heard about him, and offered what was to him a huge sum of money, if he would become a Mussulman, but his refusal was firm and final.

Their baptism took place one Sunday morning. Of course they were nearly late! The other hospital servants had good-naturedly gathered to help them dress, so they had quite a send-off when they finally began to go! All through the service, the woman was so timid and so fearful of saying the wrong thing, that finally Prem took it on him to answer for her as well as for himself. On one occasion she got so muddled that she said "No" instead of "Yes", but once again Prem came to the rescue, and helped her through.

Is it worth while to pray definitely? How weary the Lord must sometimes get with our wide and shallow prayers that accomplish nothing. How much we have yet to learn of what He will do in answer to prayer that dares to be definite, that dares to take hold of Him for individual souls, that dares to expect Him to save even to the uttermost.



CHAPTER IX



**COME, FOLLOW**

**Hari Singh's Story, Part 1**

"I heard His call, 'Come, follow!'

That was all,

My gold grew dim,

My soul went after Him,

I rose and followed.

That was all.

Who would not follow

If they heard Him call?"

—WILLIAM R. NEWELL.

"Yet best the need that broke me at Thy feet

In voiceless prayer.

And cast my chastened heart, a sacrifice complete,

Upon Thy care.

For all the world is nought, and less than nought

Compared with this

That my dear Lord with His own life my ransom  
bought,

And I am His."

—*From* "Better and Best," by JOHN OXENHAM.



JUNIOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TAUGHT BY MEDICAL STUDENT

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A CORNER OF THE STUDENTS' QUARTERS

## CHAPTER IX

**Come, Follow**

It is not often that the Lord uses a pair of spectacles to bring a soul out of darkness into light. Nevertheless it was through the lack of a pair, that Hari Singh wandered into Ludhiana one morning, and finally came to us. For some years he had been studying in a Sikh school in a certain Native State, and now he had reached the coveted matriculation form. He had an uncle who had taken an engineering degree in America, and his great ambition was to follow in the footsteps of this man. But during the last year, a troublesome thing occurred. His eyes began to ache, and he could not see properly, and consequently he was no longer able to study satisfactorily.

Now, if his parents had been living, there would probably have been no further difficulty. Unfortunately, they had both died some years before, and Hari Singh was living with his spartan old grandfather who was head man of his village. When the boy came to him with the request that some money be given to him to buy a pair of glasses, it provoked the amazing

response, "Certainly not! What does a young fellow want with spectacles? They are for old men." And Hari Singh went off disconsolate.

But the boy had evidently inherited something of his grandfather's grit, for the next thing he did was to say to himself, "I cannot be an engineer if I do not pass matric. I cannot study unless I have glasses. My grandfather will not give me any money to buy these necessities, therefore I will go and earn the money myself." And so he came to Ludhiana.

Now Ludhiana is a large city, containing some sixty-two thousand inhabitants, and there are many Sikhs living there. Among these Sikhs is a man whom we will call Ranjit Singh. There is a Punjabi proverb which runs, "The washerman's dog belongs neither to the house nor the ghat," and this man always reminded us of that saying. He was continually wavering between Sikhism and Christianity, and because he was neither one thing nor the other, he was trusted by neither community. Nevertheless, the Lord sometimes chooses even a "washerman's dog" to do His work. For when Hari Singh arrived in the city, Ranjit Singh was one of the first people he met. Now, the wonderful part about that was, that in the whole of that city, Ranjit Singh was the only man who happened to know that one of the

missionaries at the Medical College was beginning to learn Punjabi, and wanted a Sikh to teach her. Wasn't it wonderful? Sometimes, when we read of Philip being directed to the man of Ethiopia, we wish the same sort of thing could happen to-day. It is happening to-day. Only mostly we are so blind that we fail to see the guiding hand of the Beloved.

Hari Singh did not look very hopeful from a teacher's point of view. He was a shy awkward youth of about seventeen, with long hair done on top of his head in true Sikh style, and the promising beginnings of a beard and side whiskers. On his wrist was the sacred metal bangle, and in his hair the equally sacred comb. In his belt was the long curved knife, another distinguishing mark of his religion. He had never seen a British woman before, and was obviously much too frightened of her ever to dream of correcting her language. All the same he was engaged, and with the money so earned he both kept and sent himself to the local mission school.

Now for the first year Punjabi examinations, the four Gospels have to be read and studied. Hari Singh had never seen a Bible before. He knew absolutely nothing. He had heard vaguely that there was such a thing as the "Jesus" religion, but that was as far as his

knowledge went. The centre of the Sikh religion is a sacred book, the "Granth Sahib," and every good Sikh reads a portion of it, and meditates on it, every day. With this background, it is natural that the boy was particularly interested in discovering what the sacred book of the Christians was like. His amazement as he read it, knew no bounds. "We have nothing like this in our religion," he said one day. He was full of questions, abstruse questions, concerning the Son of God, and the Virgin Birth. Questions particularly difficult to answer, as he knew very little English, and his Mis-sahiba extremely little Punjabi.

Have you ever watched the dawn on a summer morning in England? Have you seen the first lightening of the Eastern sky, followed by a flush of pink which slowly spreads until the whole horizon is streaked with glory? Have you noticed how gradually the blackness merges into grey, and finally the full splendour of a cloudless day breaks forth? It all happens so quietly that it is difficult to say when the darkness first began to fade away, and when full daylight has come.

In the east, dawn is a dramatic thing. You wake up in the blackness of night with the stars filling the sky. An hour after, you are sitting in your veranda reading without the



aid of any artificial light. It was so with Hari Singh. He came in November knowing absolutely nothing. Six weeks later he asked for baptism. The Lord had worked in him the miracle of an eastern dawn. There was no doubt at all about his genuine conversion. He was bubbling over with joy, and could not wait until his baptism before he began to witness. Frequently free hours found him down at the station, selling Gospels and witnessing to what His Lord had done. The news spread, and threatening letters came from his relatives and friends. Deputations of older Sikhs waited on him, and did their best to dissuade him from taking this step. But to all he gave the same answer. "I have found the Lord who can give salvation. I believe He is the only way of Salvation. How can I deny Him?"

When the Lord was about to be crucified, He told His disciples of One Whom He should send, Who would guide them into all truth. In those early days after his conversion, the one who had most to do with Hari Singh, felt as if she were on very holy ground, for before her eyes she saw the Holy Spirit guiding this boy into "all truth." She asked him one day if he had made friends with any of the Christian boys in the place where he was lodging. His answer astounded her. "The

Christian boys there are Christians only in name. They do not belong to the Lord. They do not love Him. But there is a Sweeper boy there who is enquiring after this way. I pray with him and read with him. He loves the Lord." "And do you eat with him also?" He was asked. "Why not? I am a Christian. Christians do not keep caste." Now Who told him that? His Mis-sahiba had not mentioned caste in her talks with him, and in those days he had no other teacher.

One day later, he came with such a shining face to say that a wonderful thing had happened. He had been short of wood, and had no money to buy any. He did not feel it right to beg, so he told His Father in Heaven of his need. A companion suggested that they should go to the mission Compound and pick up firewood from there. But Hari Singh felt that that wood was not theirs, and he refused to go. This day they had none left, not even a stick, and he prayed again about it. Half an hour later one of the missionaries called him and told him that she had some money for him. How he praised and rejoiced! Who told him that his Father cared so much for him that He could be trusted to supply a need like firewood? Who, but the One Who does guide into all truth if only we will give Him the opportunity.

CHAPTER X

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**“TAKE UP THY CROSS ”**

**Hari Singh's Story, Part 2**

“Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul. I know He is no idle Husbandman, He purposeth a crop.”

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

“It is possible to get so deep into the heart and purpose of God and to dwell so near His very heart as to ‘Count it all joy’ when we ‘fall into manifold trials,’ because of that mystic spiritual alchemy by which trials are changed into blessings, and our antagonists transformed into our slaves.”

—JOWETT.

“It is said that migrating birds wait for the wind that blows against them, for that assists them to rise to the needed elevation; and the things of which we often say, ‘All things are against me’ are the things of which God says, ‘They are meant to help you to soar.’” —*Selected*.

## CHAPTER X

## “Take Up Thy Cross”

HE was baptized the last Sunday in February. All the signs of his former estate were solemnly removed. Knife and bangle and comb were taken away for ever. His hair was cut short, and his beard shaved off. It did not look like Hari Singh at all. The Church was crowded with outsiders as well as members, and amidst the hush of that great assembly of people, Hari Singh was baptised in the Name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Now we have found, in common with a great number of other missionaries that a baptism, if it be truly of God, is a signal for a special outpouring of the wrath of the enemy. It was so in this case. The first attack came from his former friends and relatives. He had been feeling for some time that he ought to go to his own village, and give his witness there. So one Saturday morning, when there was a school holiday, he took the train to the nearest station, and quietly walked home. The news quickly spread that he was there, and soon the court-yard was filled with

a crowd of men, eager to hear if the rumour that had reached them concerning him, was true. They were not left in doubt long. Fearlessly Hari Singh gave his testimony, and fearlessly he invited them to follow this way, that they too might have the peace and joy that he had found.

To begin with, they were too amazed at his boldness to say anything. Never before in the whole history of their village had such a thing happened. And he was the grandson of their Headman. What could they do about it? It would not have mattered so much if only he had kept the outward symbols of his religion. But to come back with his hair cropped and shaven face. Dishonour would descend upon the whole district.

Now it had happened that a betrothal had taken place between Hari Singh and a girl in the neighbouring village. Relatives of the girl, hearing that the lad was home, came over in hot haste to see him. To them he gave the same witness. Their anger knew no bounds. How could they let their sister marry a man disgraced? And how could they break the news that to her had fallen the shame of a broken betrothal? It was an impossible situation. They raged and cursed in their fury. But Hari Singh remained unmoved. "I am

willing to remain true to my betrothal vow," he said, "but she must have me as a Christian."

The old grandfather was bowed with shame. He could not hold his head up any longer among his people. He refused to eat; he refused to sleep; he refused to speak. All day long he sat on his bed in the courtyard, and he would not be comforted.

When night fell Hari Singh went out to pray. It was so noisy in the house, and the sight of his grandfather's grief lay as a heavy weight on his heart. So, like his Lord in years gone by, he left the house and went to commune with his Father, under the stars. At first he thought he was alone, and then he realised that not very far away, there was a group of men busily discussing some important matter. They had evidently not seen him, for presently they raised their voices, and the boy overheard them plotting to rid their village of disgrace by killing him. With a swift cry for guidance, he slipped away, and lay all night hidden in a field near by. He could hear the tumult in the village, and once those who were searching for him came near to his hiding place. But there was such a consciousness of the presence of the One he loved, that he had no room for fear. Towards morning, the tumult died down, and before it was light,

he rose from his hiding place, and quietly retrieving his bicycle from his grandfather's house, he cycled back to Ludhiana.

Monday morning found his enemies in Ludhiana too. They surrounded him in the street, and once more began to threaten and curse him. But his witness was so sure, that it seemed to dawn on them at last that he could not be moved, and they went away.

Now Hari Singh was only a lad, and a very friendly and affectionate lad too. He had literally left everything to follow his Lord. His home was closed to him; his betrothal was broken off; his grandfather would not speak to him; his former friends and associates wanted to kill him. There was nothing left from the old life to which he might turn for comfort. Added to that, there was the feeling of physical depression and loneliness which seems to be the inevitable aftermath of fierce conflict. Have you ever been in the place where to follow the vision the Lord has given, has meant grieving those who are most dear to you? If you have, you will know there is a time when there seems to be no lightening of that burden of sorrow. Afterwards, the Beloved comes in and heals and fills with joy unspeakable and full of glory, but for a time, it is all dark. And how dark that



darkness is, can only be known by those who have indeed left all to follow Him.

It was at this darkest point, that the second attack came, an attack so subtle and so cruel that none but the arch-enemy could have engineered it. I have told you that Hari Singh was living in a place where there were a number of so-called Christian young men. Now, as far as possible, he had avoided contact with these lads, knowing them to be evil. But you cannot live at close quarters with people, and at the same time keep absolutely separate from them. And the result was that the boy's name got connected with theirs in some evil doing. Things did look very black against him, and there were not many who believed his word.

So just at the time when he most needed to be fathered and befriended, he got nothing but cold and suspicious looks. It was a bitter time for the lad. He could not understand it at all. It was all so unlike the welcome the early Church gave to new converts. Instead of love and joy and a wonderful new fellowship, he was met with disapproval and suspicion. He was openly charged with certain sins which he would have scorned to commit, even in his non-Christian days, and for weeks he had scarcely a friend in the city.

Have you ever watched a moth struggling to make its way out of a chrysalis? What gigantic efforts it makes before it gets free. It seems as if it could not have the strength to bear it. Yet every single difficulty it meets in its way is really a stepping-stone to strength. Help it ever so little, and its wings will not develop properly. Break open the chrysalis altogether, and set it free, and it will flutter feebly for a few minutes and then die. The very struggles it has to undergo are the means of so developing its wings that presently it will fly away.

One of the most difficult things a missionary has to learn, is to let her young converts go through places of deep testing. Her natural instinct is to guard them, and shelter them until they have become mature and strong. And yet, it is through these very difficulties and trials that maturity comes. We see it in parable all around us. The tiny snow-drop pushing its way up through the hard earth; the moth struggling to get out of its chrysalis; the small babe increasing strength in its little legs by learning to stand alone. We need to learn more of the wonders of the "treasures of darkness." Indeed, we have no right to expect our converts to go through these hard places, unless we ourselves have learned to make the

most of our testings. How often we show the craven spirit that looks for the easiest and quickest way out of our difficulties, that cries before the trial has even begun: "Enough Lord! I can bear no more." Not until we possess more of the spirit that has animated the great explorers and leaders of all time; the spirit that rejoices in great heights and difficult paths; the spirit that sees in every obstacle a means of glorifying our God; not until we possess that spirit, can we hope to teach our converts to follow adequately in the path of Him Whose face was turned steadfastly to go to Jerusalem.

The Lord never keeps us in a tunnel longer than is necessary. Of course, we may run back to the beginning, and escape the difficulties. In that case, we shall find ourselves back where we started, not one foot further on our journey. But if we are willing to go through with it, we shall find that at the other end of the tunnel there is always sunshine and the fragrance of flowers, and, perhaps, broad rivers and green meadows. It was so with Hari Singh. The days of suspicion ended. His character was cleared, and he began to form friendships among the true Christians of the Church. Not only did he find favour in the Church, but he began to be known as a leader amongst the

Christians in the mission school. The boys there unanimously elected him as President of their Christian Endeavour Society, and he was always asked to accompany any preaching bands that went out of the city or villages.

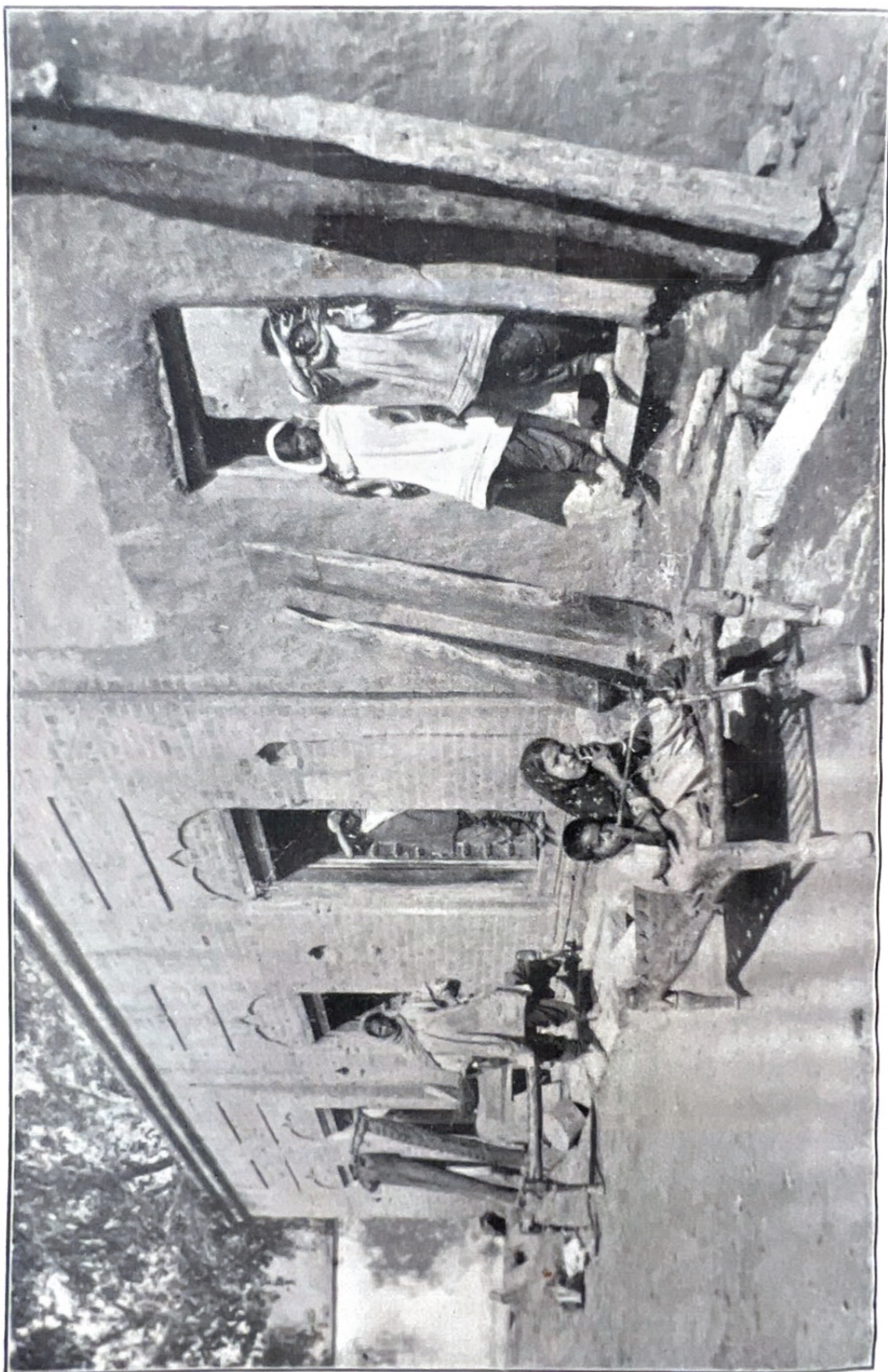
Shortly after this, he was chosen along with several others, to go to the big Convention at Saharanpur. It was the first he had ever attended, and he was thrilled. The multitude of keen, eager Christians, the crowded meetings, the messages given by the Leaders of the Church. It was all so new and unexpected and alive. But the Lord had not brought Hari Singh to the Convention just to interest and thrill him. He had brought him there, because He had something to say to him. He had been trying to say this thing to him for months, but the boy wouldn't listen. What He had been saying was: "I don't want you to be an engineer. I want to make you an evangelist." And every time He had called, the answer had been: "I will do evangelistic work in my spare time, but I must be an engineer."

Now it had come to the last days of the Convention, and one of India's well-known missionaries stood up to speak. I don't know what the text was, but as he spoke, Hari Singh had a vision of Calvary and of the Love



CAMP JOYS ON A KASHMIRI RIVER





A TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE

of God that melted his heart. No longer was there any argument on the matter. No longer was there any holding back. The Lord of Calvary had won. And as that great multitude knelt to pray, there was at least one lad amongst them who repeated softly to the Lord:

“Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way,  
This with all my heart I say.  
I’ll obey Thee come what may.  
Dear Lord, have Thy way.”





CHAPTER XI

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**PILGRIMS AND FESTIVALS**

**Razia's Story**

“Anybody can count converts. That is like measuring the dimensions of a field of corn. But who can register spiritual germinations? A whole corn-field may be at the birth when yet no single green thing relieves the barrenness of the desert waste. Great harvests may have begun at the very time we are trudging home with labouring feet and weeping eyes bemoaning our long and fruitless and inefficient day. We shall reap.”

—*Selected.*

## CHAPTER XI

**Pilgrims and Festivals**

AWAY in the heart of the Káshmiri hills is a sacred cave. From its roof there gushes out a flow of water, which falls on the floor below in such a way as to form the sacred symbol of Vishnu. Thither year after year, hundreds and thousands of pilgrims wend their way. The path that leads to this cave is unbelievably beautiful. For mile after mile it winds among the mountains, ever higher and higher, and by its side is a river, rich with grey boulders, rocky pools and excited waterfalls.

Several years ago, a missionary accompanied these pilgrims on their journey, and tried to tell them of the Water of Life which would quench their thirst for ever. But most of the people just laughed, and would not listen. They were not there because they were thirsty, but because it was a happy way to spend a holiday. Just think what fun it must be for the children! Ten days of picnicking and running wild. Then the happy companionship of the crowd as they cooked their evening meal together, and the continual singing of the

priests, and "holy men." Surely a very pleasant way of getting merit laid to their account.

But scattered about here and there were those who were truly hungry. Perhaps it would be a very old man or woman who hoped that by dying on this pilgrimage, their souls would go straight to Heaven; or a widow who had long sought deliverance from the sin which was supposed to have caused her husband's death, but who had not found peace.

One year, several of our students were camping in Kashmir when this pilgrimage was taking place. The people were to stay a night or two near their camp, so they felt they must do something to help them. A hasty letter asking for Gospels was despatched to Ludhiana, and on the day when most people were gathered, they went quietly amongst the women selling their books, and getting into conversation with them as they were able. They found the same thing as the missionary had found. Most of the women were not hungry. They had no desire, no consciousness of need, no conviction of sin. Life had run smoothly for them, and they were content. Nevertheless the literature was distributed, and found its way into the hands of people who came from all over North India. The next day, the pilgrims moved on, and we saw them no more.

Less than a year after, we had the gift of a tent from one of our oldest friends. Now it happens that every year a Festival is held just outside Ludhiana. The origin of it is obscure, but most tales agree that many years ago, a holy man sat by the wayside outside the city, cleaning his teeth. When he had finished, he threw away the stick which served as tooth-brush, and behold, a tree grew from the spot! Now there is a small mosque built, and childless women come year by year to this place to pray for the longed-for son.

A Festival is a place of rich opportunity to the missionary. In one day, she can touch people from more distant and scattered villages than she could reach in months of visiting. At the same time, there are so many hundreds of people present, that it would be very easy to spend one's time on the careless many, and miss the hungry few. Therefore the work has to be well prepared by prayer beforehand, and the workers very much in touch with their Lord, if they are going to be guided to the really needy ones.

Our Festival at Ludhiana is a very gay affair. Every one arrives in their best and brightest clothes; there is a cinema, and a circus, and a large variety of stalls where all manner of gaieties can be bought. The first

two days are filled with riotous living, and respectable women do not appear on the scene. After that the place is crowded.

Now it happens that we have a very energetic and resourceful Medical Officer of Health in Ludhiana, and he is always very ready to take advantage of the Festival crowds by putting up demonstration tents for teaching the women cleanliness, and the principles of a healthy home. On one occasion he had two tents. The one was spotlessly clean, with food covered, and a basket draped with mosquito netting for the baby. The other was dirty, crowded with flies, with the baby rolling on the floor. The comments of our visitors were rather amusing. The most usual was: "See. That is an English house, and this is an Indian one." And that is all it conveyed to them.

Next door to these tents we put up our tent. From early morn to late at night we went down in relays, so that there was always somebody present. Biblewomen, students, nurses, staff, all who cared to do so, were given a chance to give their witness. Many Gospels were sold, and much literature given away. All day long during that busy week, small groups of women gathered in the tent and listened to the stories, and to the singing. When night fell, they were collected by the Health Officer

to hear a lantern talk on such subjects as Tuberculosis, Malaria, etc. As we had lent the lantern, we stipulated that when the lecture was over, we should have our turn, and be allowed to talk to them about Christ Jesus. So night after night, a great crowd of women from the city and villages gathered together and heard the old story of redeeming love.

One night, right at the end of the week, the one who was to speak at this lantern talk was met by an agitated man who told her that it would not be safe for her to hold the service that night. He said that the Maulvis of the city were very angry, that they had collected the town roughs, and that they were determined to break up the meeting. Sure enough, the Maulvis were there with lowering angry faces, and near them, were some young lads who looked very much like "roughs." But the missionary felt that in spite of it all, she was to give her message. So walking round the enclosure, she pleaded the power of the blood of Jesus Christ as a mighty covering for the assembled women that night. The meeting proceeded quietly. It is true that the acetylene lantern failed in the middle, and most of the pictures could not be shown. Nevertheless the women remained quietly seated and lis-

tened to the end. The men who had come to disturb remained on the outside circle, and they lifted neither voice nor finger in any attempt to upset things. The blood of Jesus had prevailed.

Weeks after, a young girl came to us. Her father had tried to marry her to an evil man. In her despair she had run for refuge to an older woman in the village. This woman could not protect her, but she told her that at the Festival she had heard a wonderful story of Someone called Jesus, Who loved the world so much that He died to save from sin. "Go to the people who told me that story," advised the woman. "They have love in their faces. They will look after you."

So late one night a breathless and frightened young woman came into the Compound, and begged for protection. Somehow the village folk discovered where she had gone, and the next day saw a crowd of angry men demanding that she be returned to them. We let them see her, and they did their best to persuade her to return home with them, but she refused. Day after day they came, and every time they were met with the same steadfast refusal. In the meantime, the girl was taught the things concerning Jesus. She was in that hungry, receptive mood which makes eager hearers,



and it was not long before she herself was asking to know more of this new way of life.

So often we are asked if most of our enquirers do not come to us with ulterior motives. I should say that the true answer to that is that there are few who come in the first place, simply and solely because they have learnt to love the Lord and to believe in Him. In the vast majority of cases, their foremost motive is to get away from some intense misery or danger at home. But we do not turn them away because of this. Rather, we take the glad opportunity that is offered to us of preaching to them Jesus. There were many in days of old who came to Jesus in the first place, simply because they needed healing of the body. But when they met Him, they became conscious of the deeper need of their souls. So it is with us. So many who come to us brokenhearted, longing for protection, find that they have, in their distress, come to a place where they meet with One Who is able to heal even the inward soreness and sinfulness of their hearts. It is true, that some are hardened, and do not want to hear, and when they realise that being a Christian does not mean wealth and plenty, they turn away. But the fact that some are not true does not make our command and commission any the less forcible.

“Preach the Gospel to every creature” is still the Captain’s order for every day, and the joy of obeying is only surpassed by the joy that comes when some of these lost lambs are found by the Shepherd. It is worth while being disappointed and deceived, even ninety-nine times, if the hundredth time be a real conversion. And we have yet to find a human sorrow or ill that the Lord cannot utterly heal.

CHAPTER XII

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**“ HIS VILLAGES ”**

**The Madras Widow's Story**

“The things that are impossible with men are possible with God. Yes! Face it out to the end. Cast away every shadow of hope on the human side, as a positive hindrance to the Divine; heap the difficulties together recklessly; pile on as many more as you can find; you cannot get beyond that blessed climax of impossibility. Let faith swing out to Him. He is the God of the impossible.”

—LILIAS TROTTER.

## CHAPTER XII

## “ His Villages ”

FESTIVALS are spasmodic, and it is only possible to attend them occasionally. But within a twenty mile radius of our hospital are hundreds of needy villagers who will have no hope of hearing the Gospel unless we go to them. Some of these villages are still untouched, and some can be visited only once a year. How often we hear the cry, “Yes. You came a year ago. But how can we remember the stories for a whole year? It is impossible. You must come more often if you want us to remember.”

A few years ago, in answer to prayer and through the generosity of a friend, we were given a car for the villages, We were also given a doctor whose heart was specially burdened with the need of this work. During all the winter months she goes out as she is able, to preach the Gospel and heal the sick. Sometimes she is accompanied by a Biblewoman and sometimes by some of our students and nurses, and sometimes by one of the staff. Wherever there appears to be real interest, regular visits are paid, while at the same time,

as far as possible, new ground is entered. Much valuable work in this direction is also done by an Indian friend of ours, who, whenever she is able to leave her home, takes great delight in bringing the Good News of the Gospel of the Grace of God to those who know Him not. Our Evangelist also does her share of "Villaging" and the health visitors prove themselves very useful. Week by week, they go to certain of the larger and more strategic villages, and there they gather the indigenous midwives from all the surrounding hamlets. For an hour, they try to drum into their heads some ideas concerning cleanliness, and the necessity of sometimes calling in a doctor! Then, in the evening, as it gets dusk, a large crowd collects while Gospel hymns are sung and lantern pictures shown.

We usually find as we go about that there is some one in the village who knows us. Perhaps she has been a patient in hospital, or maybe she has merely paid a visit to a friend there. Nearly always it is a help and encouragement to find such a woman. She will feel it an honour to have us in her courtyard, and to gather the women for us. Frequently she will remember bits of what she learnt in hospital, and will ask for a favourite hymn to be sung. And of course, she will want to feed us before

we go! Our Punjabis are exceedingly hospitable. Her best "charpai" (bamboo and string bed) will be dragged into a shady part of the courtyard for us to sit on, and she will explain, often inaccurately, to the assembled audience exactly who we are, what we do, where we come from, our ages, and our salaries!! Occasionally, we meet with an old patient who has a grievance. Sometimes it is only fancied, but sometimes there has been real neglect on the part of some nurse which has hurt and frightened her. It makes a very practical object lesson, though a very sad one, when we have to tell our nurses that we got no hearing in a village that day because one of them had once not been kind to a patient.

The villagers mostly have a saving sense of humour which sometimes turns an awkward situation into a laughable one. On one occasion, one of the Staff nurses was preaching when her sharp eyes discovered that one of her hearers was wearing a hospital shirt, and was wrapped around in a hospital blanket. She immediately stopped her preaching, and demanded the return of these stolen articles. The thief was immensely impressed with her sharpness, and with great good humour, and amidst much laughter, handed over the goods.

In this connection there is an amusing story

to tell. The Ludhiana stationmaster was walking down his platform one day, when he noticed two Mohammedan women with large bundles under their veils. This was a very usual sight, but what was his surprise, when, after a few minutes they both sat down on their heels in the Eastern fashion, and emptied their bundles, which proved to be a pile of red hospital blankets. Needless to say, they had to part with them. Is it surprising that sometimes our hospital stock gets low?

To return to the villages. Once a year, we have what we call "Evangelistic Campaign" week, when special efforts are made to reach the people around us. Lectures are arranged so that staff, students, and nurses, can be free for at least two hours every afternoon. Four or five parties go out to the villages, some in the village car, some in our Ford car, and the rest in the two-wheeled hired contraption known as a "tonga' " Others go down to the station or lawcourts, or to places in the city where they can get a hearing. Some go over to hospital where special services are held every afternoon, and some stay at home to pray. In the evening, we all meet in our little Chapel, and one after another gets up to testify to what great things the Lord has done for them that day. It is a most inspiring sight. Some of the



girls who get up to testify are little, shy, first year students, who have never spoken in public in their lives before. To all, it is something of an ordeal, and needs considerable courage.

During one Evangelistic week, an incident occurred which showed in a remarkable way, the guidance and leading of the Lord. Among our students that year there was one, and one only who could speak Tamil. She knew neither Urdu nor Punjabi and she was only in her first year, but she did want to help. So when the leader of the hospital party asked her if she would like to help with the singing, she jumped at the idea. They had a happy afternoon in the Wards, and then they all scattered to do various jobs, leaving this girl to find her way back to College alone. Now our hospital is a big rambling place, and it is quite easy to lose yourself if you do not know your way about. This girl was only in her first year, and so she had hardly ever been in the Wards. The consequence was that she missed her way, and finally found herself in a courtyard she did not know. But there, in that courtyard, was a young woman washing out some clothes. And as she washed, she sang, and the song that she sang was a Tamil one that is known throughout the length and breadth of the Madras Presidency.

The student went up to her and spoke to her in her own language. It would be difficult to say which of the two was the more delighted and surprised. For long they talked, and gradually the whole sad history of this woman was told.

She was a Madras girl and had had a very happy childhood. At a later age than is usual, she was married to a young doctor, and they seemed to have got on well together. Her husband was a clever young man, and was given a good post in Delhi. After a time, a son was born, and their happiness was complete. The proud young wife and mother was the pet of the whole household, and even the old mother-in-law approved of her. There did not seem to be anything to mar her happiness.

Then one day, her husband fell ill, and before anyone realised the seriousness of the disease, he died. Gone was the popularity of the young wife. To her already bitter grief was added the sorrow of being regarded as a cursed thing, whose very shadow was to be avoided. All her lovely saris, all her jewellery were snatched away. To her belonged now the coarse white garment of the widow and the work of the household that no one else would do.

Day after day she wept and prayed. Day after day she mourned her husband, and did

penance for the supposed sin that had caused his death. But there was no lightening of her sorrow or abatement of her toil. If anything, the mother-in-law became more harsh and cruel, and the little grandson, too, fell under her displeasure. The girl's one thought was to get back to her own mother, where she would be loved once more. But that mother lived many days' journey away, and she was allowed no money. How could she escape?

There came a day when the mother-in-law was taken to hospital with a disease that could not be cured. It was too late for an operation, and yet there was no hope of immediate release. She was only in hospital for a short time, and only once during that time did she send for her daughter-in-law to visit her. It was on that day that the only girl in the whole College who could speak the widow's language, wandered in the courtyard where she was.

They talked as long as they could, and the student told of the Saviour Who could save indeed. She told of how He had died and risen again, and of how He called the weary and broken hearted to come to Him for rest. And the girl listened to the tale as she had listened to no other story before. Finally,

her mother-in-law called her, but before she went, she said to her new friend:

"I will put your God to the test. If He be a living God as you say, Who hears and answers prayer, then let Him send me and my son back to my mother in Madras. If He sends us back before the tale of another year is told, then will I and my son be His servants for ever."

That night, amid the glad reverence that comes when the nearness of God is so real that we can almost hear Him walking in our midst, the student told her story. We went up to her afterwards. "What was the woman's name?"

"I do not know!" "What was the name of the mother-in-law?" "I did not ask." "Which Ward was she in?" "That I could not say!" "Do you know her village?" "No!" Baffled, we went round the wards. Had anyone a Madrasi widowed daughter-in-law? No one would own to such a disgrace. From that day to this we have neither seen nor heard of the girl.

But we are not disheartened, and we continue to pray. The lives of most of us are like serial stories. To one it is given to read one chapter, and to a second, another. Rarely is it given that any one person should have the whole book. But a glad day is coming when the last chapters of many a serial will be given to

all to read. And the end of the chapter will be, "My Jesus hath done all things well."

To the God Who caused these two girls to meet in such a remarkable way, we can commit our little widow. He Who has begun a good work in her, will surely finish it. Our God is not a God Who leaves His work half done. And so we can bank on His faithfulness for ever and ever.



CHAPTER XIII



**MIRACLES OF POWER**

**Sara's Story**

“Blessed Master, when thou callest me out from the old, let not my exodus be partial. Help me to make a clearly defined cleavage. Make my surrender real and deep. Let me not offer Thee an external separation which leaves my affections glued to the past. . . . Save me from tarrying at Gilgal if Thou hast passed on to Bethel.”

—*From* “Echoes from the Sanctuary,” by

E. C. W. BOULTON.

“All that I want is in Jesus.

He satisfies,

Joy He supplies.

Life would be worthless without Him.

All things in Jesus I find.”

H. D. LOES.



## CHAPTER XIII

**Miracles of Power**

NEAR the place where our girls were camping in Kashmir, there are many small rivers. They are all different, and each has a charm that is peculiarly its own. But there is a strong, unmistakable family likeness among them. To begin with, they are all in a great hurry. It seems as if they can't get to their destination quick enough. They tumble over themselves, and positively hinder themselves by swirls and whirlpools in their tremendous haste. Then they all dress much the same, with delicate ferns and over-hanging branches, pools and baby waterfalls. But the most aggravating part of them is the way they play hide-and-seek with any who desire to find their source. Once, some of us took off our shoes and stockings, and determined to follow one of this family to the very top. But it wasn't any good. We would climb up very happily for a time, getting damp and bruised as we scrambled over rocks and waterfalls, and then the river would suddenly disappear in some cavern under the earth. Though a search

might find another stream higher up, we could never be certain that it was the same one, and in the end we were defeated. We never found the source.

Our Sara reminds me a little of that river. She came and went so often, a fragrant, dear little person. Sometimes we thought we had lost her for ever, but she always appeared again. The difference is that though we cannot follow her whole story, we do know the source, for it was God Himself.

She was the daughter of a highly born Mohammedan gentleman. We know little of the mother. Some say she died, others, that she ran away. Be that as it may, Sara has no recollection of her, and only remembers the step-mother who brought her up. This woman was hard-faced, harsh-voiced and heartless. On one occasion, when the child had displeased her, she took up a red hot poker and branded her cheek with it. She bears the scar to this day.

There were several brothers in the family, but Sara was the youngest. Her father was more enlightened than some men, and though he did not send his daughter to school, he allowed her to learn to read and write at home. She lived in comfort and sometimes as a great treat, she was allowed to visit the luxurious home of an uncle and aunt in a nearby

town. She liked going there, for her aunt was very fond of her, and it was good to be loved. There were her cousins to play with too, and very interesting girls they were, full of stories that they had learned in the mission school they attended. Sara wished she could live with them always, and go to school, too.

One day, when she was very small, a most exciting thing happened. Her step-mother took her to stay with relatives in Ludhiana, and while there, they both attended the outpatients department at the mission hospital. Sara was thrilled! Never had she seen so many people before. Rich and poor, Mussulmans, Hindus, Sikhs, old and young, the place was thronged. But what pleased her most of all was the singing. Sweet-faced women, with spotlessly clean saris, were singing some glad refrain over and over again. She went nearer, and this is what she heard:

“King Jesus has come. King Jesus has come.  
He came to defeat Satan.  
He came to give me peace.  
He came to give me salvation.  
He came to give me joy.  
He came to give me a clean heart.  
Shout ‘glory’ all ye people  
King Jesus has come.”

Sara loved it all. In after years she said one day, “Whenever I heard your hymns, my

heart became very happy." She could not understand much, but she longed to learn more. There was one song to a tune she knew, which said that, if you wanted to go to Heaven, your heart must be changed, and that it could only be changed by meeting Jesus. Who was Jesus? She asked her father and her step-mother, and they told her that He was a good man and a Prophet, but that she must not listen to the Christians, for they said He was the Son of God, and that was terrible blasphemy.

But the child did listen. She could not help it. There was something about this teaching that drew her until her heart ached to know more. Few, if any, noticed her. She was a quiet, timid little person, and the scar disfigured her face. She kept very close to her step-mother, and never told anyone of the longing in her heart.

They did not come very regularly to hospital, and when they did come, it was as outpatients. But every time, she learned just a little more, until she felt she could not help loving this wonderful Jesus.

When she was fifteen, a marriage was proposed. But she was not at all well, and so it was suggested that she should come to hospital, and be thoroughly examined before anything definite was arranged. The step-mother

thought that this would be a good chance for her to be treated as well, and so they were both admitted together. Here day by day, she learned more of the Lord she loved. With great daring she bought a New Testament, and hid it among her things. Then they went home, and the precious Book was found and promptly burned. A few months later, they were back again, and she bought another Testament. This time, she hid it carefully, and only read it when her mother was not looking. One day, she could bear it no longer, and coming up to the Sister in charge, she said, "Sister, I want to be a Christian. Will you run away with me?" How difficult it was to have to say that that could not be, for she was under age. But the Sister reminded her that her Lord could make a way of escape if she asked Him. She understood so little that she said: "How ought I to ask Him? I do not know how to pray."

She had to be taught very warily, for the step-mother was suspicious, and kept her eye on her. It was a case of buying up every available opportunity. The nurses were gladly pressed into service, and one especially was greatly used to her. Sometimes there would be time for a word or two only, and never was there time for a long talk. Her

greatest teacher in those days was another young Mohammedan girl who was a secret believer. She had had much opportunity for learning, and all she knew she taught Sara.

Three years went by. Sometimes we caught a glimpse of the girl, but for months at a time we did not see her, and we wondered how she was standing. Like our Kashmiri river, it seemed as if we had temporarily lost her. And then, one morning, she and her mother came again. She told us afterwards how hard it had been to persuade her mother to come. The parents feared the influence of the mission hospital on their daughter. But this morning, she won the day. Somehow or other she managed to slip away for long enough to whisper in the Evangelist's ear: "I am of age this week. I have seen the date of my birth in a book of my father's. No marriage arrangement has yet been made for me. I am free, and I am going to run away to you to-night."

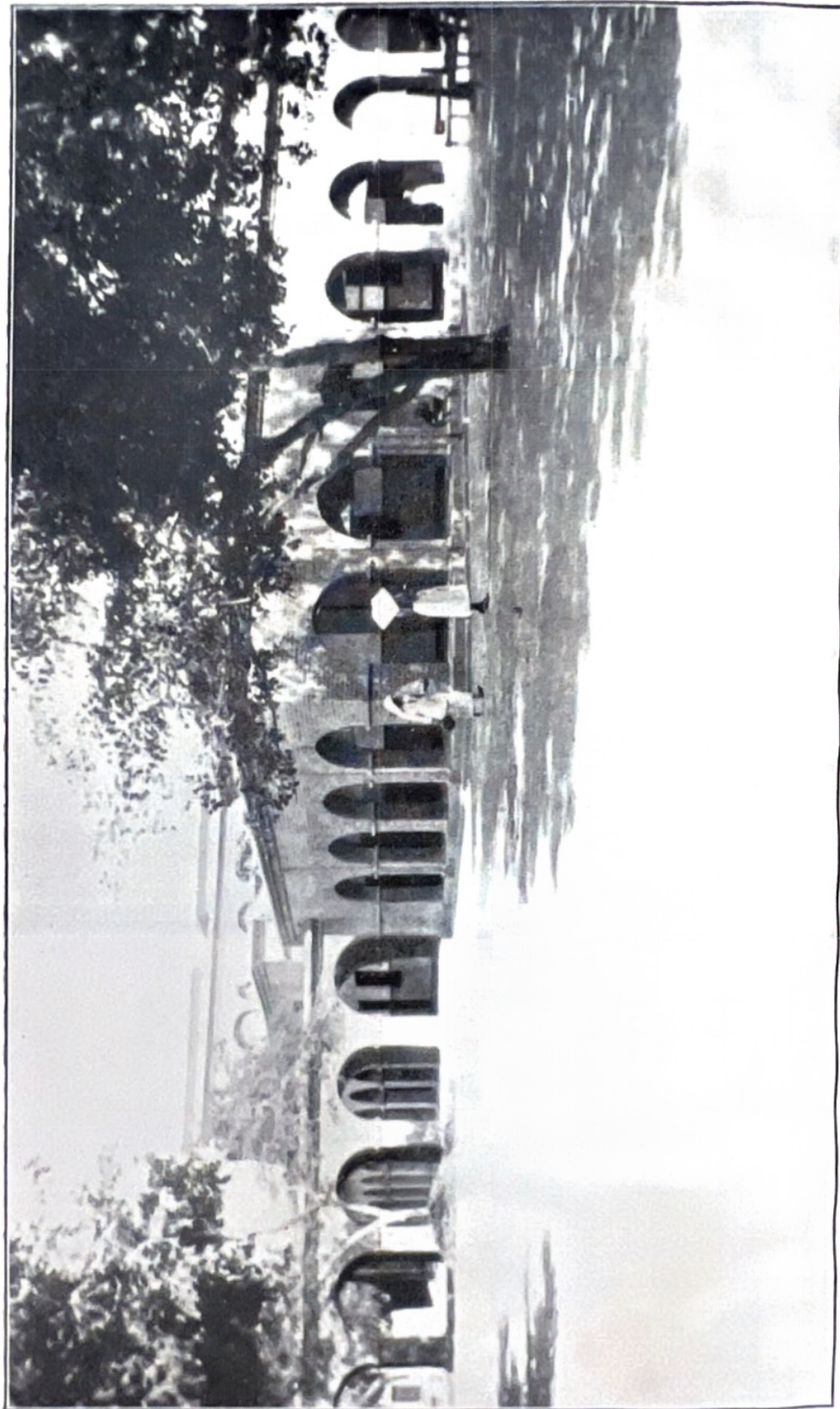
True to her word, she came. Who can measure the pluck of that little girl. She had never been out alone before in her life, and to venture out without a protector, after dark, was nothing short of sheer heroism. She described afterwards how she ran so quickly that her loose Punjabi slipper fell off. She did not wait to put it on, but picking it up, ran without.





A KASHMIRI STREAM





HOSPITAL COURTYARD WHERE PIULMONE CAME TO FIND REST

Looking from the Surgical Wards towards the Abdominal Wards. Beyond the verandah on the left is another large courtyard with the Medical, Eye, and Ear Wards, etc. Beyond that again are the Out-Patients' Departments.



We hid her in a safe place for the night. The relatives soon missed her, and guessing she had come to us, they followed her. We told them they should see her in the morning, and then we went to bed and prayed.

It would be difficult to picture truly the scene next day. Inside the hospital office, sat the girl, pale, small for her age, and thin. Near her, sat Doctor Brown, and various members of the Staff wandered in and out as they had time. The office has a large window reaching nearly to the floor. This was open, and straddling across the windowsill, pushing and scrambling from behind, was an ever increasing horde of shrieking, gesticulating women. Only the relatives were asked, but the whole street had come. In spite of the presence of the girl's father and of several of the leading Maulvis, most of the women were unveiled.

The Maulvis tried arguing with her, but to all their arguments she just shook her head. Then the father pleaded with loud sobs and heart-broken cries. Gold and jewellery and fine clothes were offered her, and one good-looking young man even proposed his hand in marriage! But it was of no avail. For three long days, that frail little girl faced a hostile crowd. At night time she lay with her mother

beside her, guarded by the Biblewomen while she slept. Morning would bring the crowd again, but night was kindly.

On one occasion something so humorous happened that anxious and strained as we were, we had to laugh. One of the Sisters had taken pity on a poor neglected little puppy. His breed was so unknown that we dubbed him a "Ludhiana terrier." He was very harmless, but had a loud and persistent bark.

Now the crowd outside the window was getting restive. Doctor Brown had left for a few minutes, and there was only one Sister guarding the girl. Why should they not rush the window and carry her off? They began to put their plan into action and to step over the low windowsill into the room, but just at that moment, this puppy rushed in yapping wildly with sheer exuberance of spirits. The crowd gave back with a cry of alarm, and tumbling away from the window even faster than they had tried to come in, they called out, "Send your dog away! Send your dog away!" Their consternation was complete when a minute later, the yapping puppy was joined by the ferocious looking, though perfectly harmless dog that belonged to another member of the Staff. The Lord can use even puppies to protect His own. Later, two of our nurses who had

once been Mussulmans themselves, counted it their high privilege to sit on either side of the girl and act as bodyguard. It was their off-duty time, and the month was the hottest in the year, when all who can, rest beneath their punkahs. But these girls refused to leave their post, and gladly stayed with her.

The third day the crowd dispersed, but before going they cursed Sara until our hearts were sick. It was just sheer miracle that she kept firm. Nothing but the mighty power of God could have done it.

We got her away to what we thought was a place of safety, but the relatives found it out, and so nearly kidnapped her that it was thought better for her to be returned to us. She arrived at midnight, and she was still smiling! The courage of that little girl was wonderful.

By this time, we had got her birth certificate, and also a magistrate's signed order that being of age, she was free to go where she would like. We felt we must get her right away, but how were we to do it? Every approach to the hospital, and the station, was closely guarded, so that no one could enter or leave without being seen. We were once more up against an impossibility. Even the roofs around the hospital were manned by her enemies. Scurrilous posters, too evil to be repeated, were

posted in the night on all our doors, and there were black looks and even blacker threats from the Mohammedan women who attended hospital. Meetings were held all over the town, stirring up the men to keep their wives from coming to us for treatment. The whole city was in an uproar, and every one was on the lookout for the girl lest we should try to smuggle her out of the place.

Nevertheless we did get her out of the city, and the last part of the journey was taken in an open Ford car. It was night time, and we had to go through narrow bazaar streets with flaming shop torches throwing their light into the car. The streets were so narrow that sometimes we had to stop altogether while people got their beds out of the way. All the time we had to go very slowly. Inquisitive men came up and looked right into the car. Looked right at Sara's sensitive face; with the tell-tale scar upon it. But their eyes were holden so that they did not see. Right through the very midst of those who were looking out for her we went, and though they looked they did not see. It was not until two days after, that they discovered she had gone, and then they could get no trace of her. How was it done? By the mighty hand of God. We had been up against an impossibility, and He had once more proved His utter faithfulness.

CHAPTER XIV



**THE SEEKER**  
**Phulmone's Story**

“Draw me to Thee, till far within Thy rest  
In stillness of Thy peace, Thy voice I hear—  
For ever quieted upon Thy breast,  
                    So loved, so near,  
By mystery of Thy touch, my spirit thrilled  
O Magnet all Divine;  
The hunger of my soul for ever stilled,  
For Thou art mine.  
For me, O Lord, the world is all too small,  
For I have seen Thy face,  
Where Thine eternal love irradiates all  
Within Thy secret place.  
And therefore from all others, from all else,  
Draw Thou my soul to Thee.  
Yea—Thou hast broken the enchanter’s spells,  
And I am free.  
Now in the haven of untroubled rest  
I land at last,  
The hunger and the thirst, and weary quest  
For ever past,  
There, Lord, to lose, in bliss of Thine embrace  
The recreant will;  
There in the radiance of Thy blessed face,  
Be hushed and still,  
There, speechless at Thy pierced feet  
See none and naught beside,  
And know but this—that Thou art sweet,  
That I am satisfied.”

—TER STEEGEN.

## CHAPTER XIV

## The Seeker

It was festival time, and the trains were packed. The narrow hard wooden seats of the third class carriages had nearly double the number of people sitting on them that they were meant to hold. Children and baggage were piled together indiscriminately on the wide racks above. The aisles of the carriage were filled with bundles of bedding and baskets of every description. Where there was standing room, the women were packed like sardines. Intermediate, second, and first classes were just as bad. The railway officials did not attempt to sort them out. It was too colossal a task. The station platforms were a seething mass of people. Outside the barriers were more crowds, waiting until there would be room for them inside. Station officials mopped perspiring brows and counted the days until the rush should be over. Extra trains were run as often as the company could manage. But still it seemed as if the crowd would never diminish. When the train came in, every one rushed into the carriage that was nearest, regardless of class.

Vendors of all descriptions shouted out their wares. "Hindu food, sweets, cigarettes." Anxious wives with fretty crying children gazed out of the windows to see if their husbands had managed to board the train. The men who carried "Hindu water" were busy up and down the platform pouring the water into the outstretched hands from whence it was cleverly conveyed to the thirsty mouths. All was noise, bustle and confusion. Then the clanging bell went, the guard waved his flag, and with a whistle and a snort the train moved slowly away.

Inside the train, all was animation. There were a few Mussulmans who were travelling on business, but the vast majority were Hindus. All wore festive dress, and the children, though hot and tired, were happy and excited. Some of these little ones wore gay saris; some had brightly coloured wide skirts which reached to their ankles; and some, baggy trousers with thin muslin shirts. Most of them wore slippers with turned-up toes, but some went barefooted. Silver anklets made a joyful little clinking sound when they moved, and their arms were covered with bangles. Their hair, all newly washed and oiled, was done in tiny plaits that covered the whole of the child's head, and was decorated with silver ornaments. In one



corner sat a heavily jewelled woman; beside her was the fat and wealthy wife of a money lender. Standing in excited groups were the wives of farmers, shop keepers, carpenters, goldsmiths, and huddled up in another corner was a little Brahmin widow. She looked strangely out of place amidst this throng, with her coarse white sari, lack of jewels, and wistful face, and one of the women suddenly took pity on her. "You are going to the Festival, mother?" she asked. "Yes." I go to seek peace and forgiveness of sin." There was a moment's silence. Most of the women were going for the fun of the thing, with no real desire for cleansing or peace. Here evidently, was a real seeker after truth. And as is the custom of India, it was not long before she had poured out her story to the listeners in the train.

It was a very pitiful story. She had been widowed young and was childless. From the day that her husband died until a few years ago, she had lived in one small room in the inner part of the house. I have seen such a room. It was about twelve feet by eight feet in size, and it had no window. Its door opened out into another room, so that there was little light and less air. The only "lamp" was a small piece of wick in a tiny brass saucer of oil. The young widow who sat there could not

read; she had never learnt to sew; she was not allowed out into the main portion of the house, and as her relatives were wealthy, they had plenty of servants to do the work. So she just sat. There was not anything else to do but that, sit and think and weep.

Phulmone did not know how many years she remained thus. Every day was the same and she soon lost count. But there came a day when she could stand it no longer. It was not the sitting she minded, or the tiny dark room. That could easily be borne. But it was the intolerable sense of unrest and of sin in her heart that finally drove her out. And so, one morning she announced her intention of going on pilgrimage. The family readily agreed, for was it not quite a proper and commendable thing for a widow to do?

Mile after mile she tramped along the dusty white roads of India and under the burning sun. Wherever she heard of a holy place or a holy man, eagerly and hopefully she would hurry thither. "Tell me. How can I find peace?" She would ask. Some would tell her of severe bodily penance; others would suggest the repeating of much that was written in the sacred books of Hinduism; all asked for money and gifts; not a few made suggestions so evil that she could only hurry away lest

they should compel her to obey. But none of them could give her peace or the assurance of forgiveness of sin. Nobody had a message of certainty.

Month after month went on till hope had almost died. In place of the peace she sought, her burden of unrest seemed to grow. She visited many of the most sacred towns of India, and spent days in the temple of a certain city which is the especial refuge of widows. But it was all of no avail. Disillusioned and brokenhearted she was making one last effort. If she did not find peace this time, she would give it up.

All this she poured into the willing ears of her companions in the train. It was a very usual story, and beyond a few grunts of sympathy and compassion, no one seemed to have much to say. They soon turned to happier subjects of conversation and left the widow to weep alone.

Now beside the widow was a quiet little woman who had taken no part in the conversation. When the tale had been told, and the other women had begun to laugh and jest again, she turned to her companion and said very gently:—"Mother. I know where you will find peace."

The widow sat up in surprise. She wasn't used to the word "Know." The only words she

had heard before were:—"Perhaps." "Who knows?" "We think." She turned eagerly to her companion and asked her if she were sure. "Quite sure," was the answer. "Then tell me quickly where." "Listen, Mother. After two stations you will come to a place called Ludhiana. Get out there and ask for Doctor Brown's hospital. They will tell you there how to find peace."

Could it be true? She had heard vaguely about some strange people from England who preached a new religion. But in all her wanderings she had not met any of them, and she knew nothing of their teachings. It might be worth trying. She could visit them to-day, and if she did not find peace, she could go on to the Festival to-morrow. And so, when the train steamed into Ludhiana Junction, one of those who alighted was Phulmone.

She found the hospital without difficulty and walked boldly into the courtyard. It was all new and strange and different from anything she had ever seen, but she was reassured by the sight of Indian women sitting on Indian beds and cooking their food.

As she stood there a woman with a very sweet face came up to her and asked her what she wanted. There was something about this woman that won Phulmone's heart, and the

next minute she found herself pouring out the whole sad story of her fruitless wanderings. And now with something akin to desperation in her soul, and with eyes that might have held all the sorrow and hunger of India's womanhood, she poured out her anxious questions. Was there peace and forgiveness to be found for such as she?

Is there any joy to be compared with the exceeding joy of introducing a truly hungry soul to Jesus? How gladly the Bible woman told of the One Who called the weary and the hungry and the sad. It seemed as if Phulmone could not hear enough. She was one whose heart was prepared, and hearing, she believed. Oh the unspeakable joy and rapture that followed! All her weary days of wandering for ever ended. She had come home at last. In Jesus she found all that she had been seeking, and she was satisfied. No more unrest and sorrow, no more the awful burden of sin. She had found that in Jesus was all she needed and all she desired.



CHAPTER XV



**HIS LITTLE ONES**

**Akhtar's Story**

"Jesus said, Lovest thou Me? . . . Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. . . . Feed My lambs."

"Light of light  
Light of light,  
Lover of children, hear,  
Shine, shine,  
Through the night,  
Lighten the cloudy fear.  
Little boats drifting over the bar,  
Little lambs lost in fields afar,  
Where is nor moon nor star—  
Call Thy little ones,  
Call Thy little ones  
Home.

"Far on fell,  
Far on fell,  
Wander the lambs that stray,  
Far, far,  
From harbour bell  
Drift the small boats away.  
Open to Thee are the paths of the sea,  
All the world's corners are open to Thee,  
Follow them where they be—  
Call Thy little ones,  
Call Thy little ones  
Home.

"Deep to deep  
Answereth now,  
Dimly I see a Cross,  
Thirst, wounds,  
Thorn-crowned brow,  
Stripping and utmost loss.  
Over the bar the fret of the foam,  
Rain on the fell where the young lambs roam,  
Lord, art Thou bidding me  
Call Thy little ones,  
Call Thy little ones  
Home?"

—*From "Wings."*





THE "AMBULANCE" AT THE HOSPITAL GATE





AWAITING THEIR TRAIN



OUTCASTE CHILDREN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL

## CHAPTER XV

**His Little Ones**

ABOUT three months before Phulmone made her memorable journey, in another part of India, and in another train, was another lonely and sad heart. This time it was a little boy. To a casual onlooker he was not much to look at. The scanty clothes he had on were dirty and ragged. His hair was unkempt, he was covered with sores, and his eyes were swollen. He had wept until he could weep no more, and now he had fallen into a fitful sleep. Twenty-four hours previously his mother had put him on the train, and commending him to the mercy of God, had deserted him. She could clothe and feed him no longer. The father had died two years previously and on her shoulders had fallen the burden of the support of her two children and herself. She had struggled on bravely but now the crisis had come. What should she do? She dared not leave her little girl, but people might take pity on a boy. And so, somehow, she had got him on the train, and slipping away among the crowd, had left him.

And now, a whole day later, the child was still there. Kindly women had offered him part of their food but he was too sick with sorrow and fear to eat. No one seems to have suggested putting him off the train or sending him back home. Indeed it would have been difficult to know where to send him, for he did not seem to know where he lived, and to every name that was mentioned he just shook his head.

Presently the train stopped and the child woke up to see a strange lady getting in beside him. She smiled at him and his heart warmed to her at once. Perhaps the world was not such a bad place to live in after all! That smile did him a lot of good. Soon the other women in the carriage got into conversation with the stranger, and, after the manner of India, asked her many and various questions. "What is your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Are you married? What is your salary?"

By this time young Akhtar was wide awake and listening with both ears and both eyes wide open. So this lady was a Christian! And she was a kind of doctor! She was working in a big hospital in Ludhiana! And she was not married! Just fancy that! How could her father let her get to such a great age without getting her married! He had heard it said in

the bazaar at home that these Christian parents were very remiss about such matters. How queer they must be!

Then the conversation turned to himself, and he heard the women telling the stranger how he came to be alone. The next minute he was sitting up hardly able to believe his own ears. *What* was the lady saying? "Little boy. Would you like to come home with me? I will give you medicine for your eyes and for your sores and you shall have new clothes and go to school." Was this lady in the beautiful sari offering to take him home with her, dirty and ragged as he was? It just seemed too good to be true.

The other women heartily approved. They were poor and had children of their own. This lady could well afford to adopt the boy and besides she would be acquiring merit by helping the poor, and it is always a good and safe thing to acquire merit. It made you feel much happier when your turn came to die.

And so it happened when the stranger reached home, she was accompanied by a delighted and much over-awed Akhtar. He still could not believe really that she meant what she said, and at the station and all along the way home, he kept tight hold of her sari, lest she too should leave him as his mother had done.

But it was true, every word of it. First of all he was put into the big hospital where kindly doctors and nurses bathed his eyes and bound up his sores. Then, when he was really well, he was taken another train journey, and this time he found himself in our Nurseries at Ludhiana.

He made a place for himself in our hearts right from the beginning. His mother must have been a nice woman in spite of her desertion, for never was there a bad word on the boy's tongue, nor did he appear to have any knowledge of the evil so many little boys learn.

Sunday school found him one of the most eager and attentive listeners. It seemed as if he had only to hear once, to remember. His large dark eyes, now free from all disease, would glow with a depth of understanding most unusual in so young a child. The answers he gave to sometimes difficult questions often amazed his teacher and right from the beginning he just opened his heart to receive the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

He was older than most of our children and so soon became a leader among them. At first we watched him most carefully, fearful lest he should teach some evil to our guarded little ones. But we need not have feared. He was absolutely to be trusted.

It was great to watch him leading a procession of fifteen children, aged from six years down to two and a half, all waving flags vigorously, and singing at the top of their voices:—

“We are marching on our way to Heaven.

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!”

Sometimes we let him have a drum while the rest of the children clapped their hands, and then he was proud indeed!

One Saturday afternoon, the older children were taken out for a walk. On their way back, they called at the room of a doctor who had a gramophone. Never shall I forget Akhtar’s face! Sheer astonishment gradually gave place to intense curiosity as he walked round and round the little black box, trying to locate the sound. Finally he gave it up, and sitting down quietly fixed all his attention on listening to the music.

The day came all too soon when Akhtar had to be sent away to school. He was older than most of our children when he came, and we had neither the room nor the nurses nor the apparatus to care for any but very small children. Two others went with him to his new home so he did not feel strange or lonely, but those who were left behind missed him badly. It was so good though to know that he was safe and loved and cared for.

There are so many little ones in India who get none of these things. Little children of six and seven left to beg their way from place to place. Homeless, unsheltered, and starving, they wander about. Often the prey of unscrupulous men, they learn appalling evil before they are ten. Sometimes they are lame or disfigured, perhaps blind or deaf or mentally deficient. Then their very disability is made the means of earning money for their employers. Poor little untaught scraps of humanity! Must not the Father's heart burn with indignation within Him as He sees these little ones spoilt and blighted right at the beginning of their lives? And will not some of the blame be laid at the door of those who could have gone to save them, who could have given to help them, who could have prayed through to victory for them, but who didn't?

"Jesus said. . . Lovest thou Me? . . . Yea Lord. Thou knowest that I love Thee . . . . Feed My lambs."



CHAPTER XVI

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**BROKEN THREADS**  
**Fathma and Rashida's Stories**

“Never think that God’s delays are God’s denials.  
Hold on; hold fast; hold out. If there be no enemy,  
no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no  
crown.”  
—SAVONAROLA.

“The King of Love has arms that never tire.”  
—*Selected*.

“How often we need to re-assert to ourselves:  
‘Things that are out of our hands are in the hands  
of God’.”  
—MILDRED DUFF.

## CHAPTER XVI

**Broken Threads**

In the days when Jesus Christ walked up and down His land, there were many who turned deaf ears to His teaching, many who cared only for the touch of life He gave to their bodies, or for the bread and fish He broke for the satisfaction of their hunger. Others followed for a while until they understood that His path led to shame and suffering. Then they too turned back. And in the hour of His greatest need we read that "they all forsook Him and fled." Is it surprising therefore that to-day, in the mission field we see the same things happening? The vast majority of the people are deaf and blind, and utterly self-satisfied. They do not desire His love, or see the need of His salvation. They are ready enough to come to Mission hospitals and Mission schools, but they do not come to Jesus. Some there are, who meeting Him, say like the disciple of old: "Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." But when the way leads to Calvary, as it always does, then they draw back. Of more than one it has to be

written: "Ye did run well. Who did hinder you?"

In every case where there has been a true work of God, there have been times of deep testing. The devil's first plan is usually persecution. When that fails, he turns to more subtle and less obvious methods, such as worldly ambition, desire for self-advancement, or unwise friendships. If the young convert is sufficiently humble to be able to recognise these devices of the enemy, she is usually safe, but if her eyes are blinded by self-righteousness, she may be led along paths of bitter defeat and sorrow, before she is finally disentangled and freed.

Some of those "who did run well" have vanished altogether. We do not even know where they are, or if they have altogether gone back or not. Others disappear for a time, and then re-appear all the stronger for their time of failure and sorrow.

Fathma was one of these. She was a splendid girl, utterly fearless and courageous in her witness. Three times she came to hospital as a patient, and each time she avowed her faith and her love for the Lord. At home, her Bible was torn in shreds and burned, and she was scorned and ill-treated, but still she remained true. Not until her husband turned her out

of her home did she come to us for refuge, and even then she made open confession before her co-religionists in the Ward.

The Maulvis were very upset about her and sent one of their chief men to win her back. But his visit was unavailing. In spite of his clever arguments, and tempting offers, Fathma would not be moved.

Just because of all the uproar concerning her, we felt she must be genuine. For the devil does not bother to stir up the people if there is no true conversion. In this case, there was so much trouble that we actually had to stop visiting in the city for a few days lest our girls should come to harm.

But the storm blew over, and work went on as before. Fathma was baptized and sent to a school where they take these older girls and teach them to read and write. For a time all went well. The girl was radiantly happy and well-liked by her teachers and fellow students. Then the cloud began to form. Try as they would, those teachers could not get any knowledge into Fathma's brain. It did not seem as if she were able to learn. Again and again, they suggested she should give it up, but she was so eager, that every time they gave her a fresh chance. Finally, at the end of a year, they sent her back to us as hopeless.

Then it was that the devil saw his chance and took it. Fathma pleaded to be sent back to school, but we all felt it was only a waste of money, and that she ought to be spending her time in learning something she could do. And so, one night, she ran away. Poor child! She was temporarily blinded by her own ambition and desire for self-advancement, and she had forgotten the vision she once had of Calvary and of the Lord Who loved her.

Can anyone condemn her? "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." Are we so absolutely clear-eyed that no speck of self comes in to mar "the glory of that light?" Are we so absolutely abandoned to the Lord, that we are willing to walk in His path even when it means loneliness and misunderstanding and scorn?

Of course the Mussulmans welcomed her back again and rejoiced over their apparent triumph. For days our only sources of information concerning her were the women in the hospital, and they, being Mohammedans, made the most of her flight and stoutly maintained that she had gone back to her old faith. Then a letter came from her. In it, she said that she was now studying in an Islamic school, but that she had not gone back to Mohammedanism. Poor little Fathma! She did not

realise how much shame her rash action had brought on the Name of her Lord.

Evidently she got on no better at her studies in the Islamic school, for the next news we had was that she had been married to another Mohammedan, \* and we thought we had lost her for ever. For months we heard nothing of her, though we did not cease to pray for her. And then, once more came a letter. This time it was to say that she had been teaching her new husband about the Lord, and now he too desired baptism. And so, hearing this, we "thanked God and took courage" as we thought of those others who once "ran well", but who were now afar off and out of our sight.

Rashida can scarcely be put under the heading of "afar off." Rather is she one on whom the curtain has dropped. Perhaps one day it will be lifted again, even as it has been with Fathma and little Kumari.

She came to us with her old grandmother as guardian dragon and chaperone. This old woman, being a teacher of the Koran in her town, was therefore a most important person. She rarely let her granddaughter out of her sight, and was always ready to argue fiercely

\* N.B.—According to Mohammedan law Christian baptism acts automatically as a divorce. So that, according to Fathma's light she was doing no wrong in marrying again while her first husband was still living.

and at length when the Gospel was preached. In this, she was of course, most warmly supported by all the other women in the Ward.

But Rashida didn't care what other people thought. She had already heard the Gospel from a graduate of ours who was working in her town, and her chief object in coming to Ludhiana was to hear more. Day after day, she listened most eagerly, until her fellow patients began to be suspicious and antagonistic. Then her grandmother took her home.

For a time we heard no more and then one day Rashida came back, still accompanied by her grandmother. This time she made no attempt to conceal her interest, but followed the Evangelist and Biblewomen to their rooms in her desire to hear more. There was no mistaking her sincerity, and once again the patients in her Ward were roused to anger, and once again she was taken home.

The third time she came, there was a gladness in her face that told its own tale. She now knew experimentally something of that "Joy unspeakable," that "Peace that passeth understanding," that is the heritage of those who put their whole trust in the Lord. Once more, she haunted the rooms of the Evangelist and Biblewomen, but this time it was that she



might be deepened and strengthened in the faith that was already hers.

It was at this time that she made the acquaintance of a nurse-dai in training, who was also an enquirer. This woman was timid and afraid, and dared not confess her Lord openly. But one afternoon a wonderful thing happened.

Picture to yourself a long hospital ward. The red-blanketed beds are all occupied by patients, most of them somnolent, for it is a warm afternoon. Seated on the beds or lying on the floor, are the relatives. There are two or three to each patient. Everything is rather quiet and there is a sleepy feeling in the air. The only nurse on duty is sitting at the centre table writing out her afternoon report.

Suddenly into the centre of the Ward walk two women. The younger one is wearing the thin head veil and the shirt and trousers of the Punjabi; the older one, who looks rather frightened, is dressed in a sari. Hand in hand they stand, and then without any warning, they burst into song. And the song they sing is one of personal testimony to the love of Jesus. Electrified, every one wakes up, and then sits up with astonishment. Who are these bold women? And what are they daring to sing? For the moment speechless with surprise and anger, they listen until the song is finished

and Rashida gives her simple testimony. Then the storm of fury is let loose, as they are cursed and hounded out of the Ward. The old grandmother wrings her hands and weeps and wails. Has she not always been a faithful follower of the prophet? Why should she have to bear this awful disgrace?

Then she thinks of a way out. In her home she has a precious bit of paper. Several years ago, Rashida had been married, but her husband had tired of her, and had divorced her. She will tell the girl to come home and fetch her bill of divorcement, and promise her freedom. And once she is home, she will see that she never returns.

That was why Rashida went home the third time. She was so full of hope and joy, and so sure she would return in just a few days. But those who saw her go, had their misgivings. They did not feel so ready to trust the grandmother.

Day after day went by, and week after week, but no Rashida returned. At length, there came a letter. It was written in an Islamic school, and it told of how she was virtually a prisoner there. But it also told of her joy in being counted worthy to suffer anything for Jesus' sake. The whole letter radiated with triumph.

Two or three times more, we heard from her, and then there was silence—a silence that has not yet been broken. Some say she has escaped from the school and is in hiding; others, that she has renounced her faith and has gone back. None of us know where she is nor can we find any trace of her. But the Lord to Whom all the hills and valleys, the winding paths and hidden caves, are open and unconcealed, knows and is watching over this lamb of His flock. And so, though we long to know, we refuse to be disappointed, and we trust her to Him.



CHAPTER XVII

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**“ UNTIL HE FIND IT ”**

**Jagat Singh's Story**

“Lord, if Thou seek and find me;  
If Thy dear hands unbind me,  
Safe in Thy keeping,  
Waking or sleeping,  
Shall I abide,  
Seek none beside,  
Whate’er betide.

“Lord, had I ought beside Thee,  
’Twould but obscure or hide Thee;  
Nothing between, Lord;  
Seen, or unseen, Lord,  
Shall I allow;  
Nor yet would’st Thou;  
I yield it now!”

—*From “Jesus Only,”* by A. S. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

## CHAPTER XVII

## “ Until He Find It ”

The Ludhiana Memorial Hospital is meant to be entirely for women. Nevertheless it occasionally happens that a man finds his way within its walls, and then the excitement is intense. Everyone shouts “Purdah, Purdah!” The women who are in the courtyard rush indoors or cover themselves quickly with their veils. Those who are lying in bed hastily draw the sheets over their heads, always being careful though, to leave a peephole lest they should miss anything. Usually the visits of such men are brief, and always, they are of rare occurrence. For were we not careful to keep strict “purdah” in our hospital, the women would not come.

At the same time, we are constantly having to deal with the men relatives who collect outside the hospital to hear news of their sick ones. We do not feel that we can leave them untaught. They present a great opportunity, for most of the day they just sit about and read or talk, until their wives or daughters are out of danger. Besides these relatives, we sometimes get men coming to us who have heard

the Gospel preached during one of our village visits or who have bought Gospels from one of our staff at the busy Ludhiana station. And so, although our slogan is essentially "Women for women," we have to find a place in our Compound, and in our time, for men.

The place is a small room outside the hospital, but very near the back doors that lead to the private rooms. Here, a good supply of Christian literature and Gospels is always to be found. And every morning, if possible, our Christian chauffeur spends several hours in this room, selling books, and finding rare opportunities for quiet conversation with one or another. On more than one occasion, the sick wife in the hospital has been allowed to buy and keep a Bible because of what her husband has learned outside. And sometimes through one means or another, we are sent men who are true seekers after God, and who, because they find Him with us, look on our hospital as their spiritual home.

Many years ago, a very fine Christian woman came to us to train as a nurse-dai. She stayed with us for the prescribed two years and then went to live and work in another city. She was a woman who truly knew God, and because He had done much for her, she could not help but give her witness to His grace and power.



Even though she knew that her boldness might prove a serious hindrance to her getting work, she would not refrain.

During her stay in this city, she became acquainted with a young Sikh student. Jagat Singh was an attractive young man, full of vigour and life, and full too, of an eager desire to know more of God. He belonged to a good family and was highly regarded by his fellow students. It was no wonder that Mrs. Parshad's motherly heart warmed towards him. Day by day she prayed for him, and whenever she had the opportunity, she talked to him of Jesus. He listened with great interest, and there was that in him which longed to follow. But, like that rich young man of old, he had great possessions, and he could not face the cost. If he chose to tread this new and living way, it would mean the loss of everything he counted most dear.

In Deut. 2-11, where the giant predecessors of the Moabites, are called "Emim," Rotherham has an illuminating note. He says that the translation of Emim is "Frights." How often we magnify the giants of the promised land until we appear as "Grasshoppers" compared with them. Did we but obey the command of the Lord to enter in, we should find like the Moabites, that they were just "frights," and

that none of them could stand before the almighty power of God.

But Jagat Singh did not know that. He had not been blinded by the glory of the Lord like Paul. He had learned only a little. And so, being but a grasshopper "in his own eyes," he turned his back on the land that looked so fair, and fled from the Voice that was calling him. But though he fled, he could not forget, for the Good Shepherd Who seeks until He finds was following after.

The years went by. Mrs. Parshad left that city to work in another place, and Jagat Singh having finished his University course, went home. Very soon after, he married, and when, after a short time, two little girls were born, they appeared to all outside observers to be a very happy and prosperous little family. But all the time, underneath the gay exterior, the man had an aching heart. He had had a glimpse of the incomparable Lover of souls, and nothing of this earth could satisfy. In spite of his wealth and the love of his family, he knew he could find no rest until he had yielded. Yet still he fled, and still the Shepherd who seeks the lost followed after.

Then came a time when his path left the sunlit meadows and fragrant flowers and took him through rocky valleys, through deep and diffi-

cult places, where there seemed to be no light to guide him through the darkness. For Jagat Singh was smitten with tuberculosis, that dread disease, so prevalent in some of the cities of India.

His people were living in a Native State, and to them he went. He does not seem to have had any of the treatment that is usual for that sickness, but was shut up in an airless little room in a dark little house. His wife and children accompanied him, but they were cowed and frightened in the presence of the mother-in-law, and could do little for him.

Then it was in his weakness and suffering, he found the courage to confess his faith. He told them how he had fled, and how he had been followed; he told them of his dissatisfaction and heart yearning; and as he told them, there came into his heart a sense of rest and of well-being that filled him with gladness. But his relatives were filled with fury. Alas! That such disgrace should be brought on their family! Alas! That such a son had ever been born to them!

Now there was another brother in that household, a brother as different from Jagat Singh as Esau was from Jacob. For this man was crafty and avaricious, mean and cruel. He soon saw that if his brother died confessing

this new faith, his inheritance would probably come to his share. And so he plotted and planned. Ill though he was, Jagat Singh realised what his brother was doing, and repeatedly asked for a solicitor that he might make his will, and leave his inheritance safe for his wife. But the family always found some reason for delay, and the solicitor never came.

With no proper treatment and with insufficient food, the disease made rapid strides, until the sick man realised that the days that were left to him on earth were very few. Then he became possessed with a great desire to make his public confession before all. He had wasted many years, but now he felt he could wait no longer. But how was he to do it? His people would never allow a Christian inside their house, and there was only one colporteur and no missionary in that Native State. Then he bethought himself of his old friend Mrs. Parshad. She had been trained at Ludhiana hospital, and that was not so many miles away. If he could only get word there surely they would help him? And so he wrote a letter. In this letter he told about himself, his sickness and his great desire for baptism. He told of his wife and children, and of how he wished them to be taught and cared for by the

missionaries after his death. And he spoke too, of his desire to see a solicitor that he might leave his will in a way that could not be disputed.

It was some days before he could get that letter sent. He dared not give it to his relatives, and there were few in the village he could trust. But one morning a man visited him whom he had once greatly helped, and on whom he could rely. Swiftly and quietly he gave him the letter and bade him place it in the hands of Doctor Brown at the Ludhiana hospital, and to be sure to bring back an answer.

The letter was duly delivered, and an answer of hope and encouragement was sent. He was assured that much prayer would be going up for him, and that just as soon as it was possible, he should be sent for. But how that was going to be accomplished was the problem! We could not forcibly remove him against the wishes of all his relatives, nor could we baptize him against their will in his own courtyard. But although we could not see the way out, we knew that the Lord had the matter in hand, and resting in that certainty, we waited to see what He would do.

Now it happened that some years before, one of our staff had made the acquaintance of a young Hindu man who was studying the

Bible with interest. Like Jagat Singh, he had been brought to the point of baptism again and again, but he could not make up his mind to take the plunge. Just when we were praying over the letter we had received, this young man paid us a friendly visit. He had not been to see us for many months and we felt that his coming was very much ordered by the Lord, for he had the legal knowledge that we needed at this juncture. We talked the matter over together and prayed. Then the light came. "I myself will go to fetch him," said the young man. "I will tell them that he must have hospital treatment. As a Hindu and a Government official they will listen to me."

Nothing would please him but to start at once, so, although it was then ten p.m., the faithful old Ford car was got ready, and off he went. Many were the difficulties he might have encountered, but it seemed as if the Lord had gone before and smoothed them all out. He arrived safely at the place where the sick man lived, and finding that the Government doctor was up, he enlisted his sympathy and help, an easy thing to do, for the man was a Christian. Early next morning, they descended on the house. Before the relatives had got over their surprise, the man was packed safely into the

car with his wife and mother beside him, and off they drove. They were really rather alarmed and had no objection to make. For an important Government official and the State doctor to suddenly visit them with a charge of neglecting their patient might prove to be serious. It behoved them to behave as docilely as possible.

They reached Ludhiana at seven o'clock in the morning, and the tuberculosis specialist was called. She at once realised that the man had come too late for her to give any aid. At the most he had only a few hours to live. He seemed to realise this himself, and his one desire was that the Pastor might be called and that he might confess his Lord before men, before he was called to own Him before angels. And so there, in the little outside hospital courtyard, and in the presence of a handful of relatives and a few of the hospital staff, Jagat Singh proclaimed his faith in his Lord. It was rather lovely that among those who witnessed the ceremony was the daughter of the one who had led him to Christ. Doctor Parshad had graduated from our College that year, and was with us helping on the Staff.

The man was too weak to contend with any lawyer. He could not even have signed his name. But it did not seem to trouble him,

for his eyes were fixed now on a more glorious inheritance. Once more he commended his wife and children to our care, and then thankfully, he "fell asleep."

By this time, the relatives had forgotten their fear of the Government official and had lashed themselves into a great wrath over the whole business. That he should have escaped and have shamed them like this before every one, in spite of all their efforts to hold him prisoner, was more than they could bear. Their anger knew no bounds. At first they planned to take the body back home and to bury it with full Sikh rights, hoping that no one would hear of his open confession. We told them that it did not matter what they did with his body. His spirit was safe with Jesus. And then suddenly, for no apparent reason, they turned right round. "Take him, and bury him with Christian rites," they said, "He has been yours all along for years." And so, very simply, we laid him to rest in the gladness of that sure and certain hope that on that great day yet to come, a glorified Jagat Singh would rise to join in the great triumphant chorus of Hallelujahs around the Throne.

We managed to get the wife alone for a few minutes. She knew of her husband's desire for her, but she was cowed and timid. The



children had been left behind at home, and she could not stay without them. "When my forty days mourning is over, then we will come," she said. More than forty weeks have passed since then, and she has not come. It may be that she has had no opportunity for escape; it may be that she has no desire; or it may be, that like her husband, she is fleeing in her pitiful ignorance before that Gracious One Who follows after. Whatever the cause, may we not believe that the Good Shepherd will not return home until He has found and safely folded these little lambs, for whom so much prayer has been offered in His name?





SOME OF THE "ANEMONES" AT PLAY

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MOHAMMEDAN PATIENTS WITH NURSES AND STUDENTS

CHAPTER XVIII

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**“THE WEAK THINGS OF  
THE WORLD ”**

**Fazal Jan’s Story**

“The longer I live, the more clearly I see that Jesus Christ is the beginning and the end of all true religion. He meets all needs and carries at His girdle the keys not only of death and Hell, but of every human heart.”  
—*Selected.*

“God chose the foolish things of the world . . . the weak things of the world . . . the base things of the world, and the things that are despised . . . and the things that are not that He might bring to naught the things that are.” —1 Cor. 1. 27, 28, R.V.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## “ The Weak Things of the World ”

Ludhiana is a somewhat cosmopolitan town. She counts among her citizens quite a large community of Pathans. The Kashmiris have their place, and there are even a number of Persians who are allied to the royal family of their own country, while Indians from the United Provinces and even further afield, jostle in the bazaar with our tall Punjabis.

Quite apart from the residents of the city, we have a great variety of visitors from all parts of India, for Ludhiana is on the famous Grand Trunk road. Sometimes long caravans of camels can be seen wending their way towards the great North Western Frontier. More usually, especially after the sun is set, bullock cart after bullock cart jogs along its weary way at two miles an hour. The driver takes the opportunity to sleep and leaves the bullock to find its own way. The consequence is that the motorist who wishes to motor at night has to be very wary. Rarely do the carts keep to their own side of the road, and quite often the lights of the car so upset the bullock that

he immediately proceeds to walk right across the road in front of the oncoming vehicle. Then the driver wakes up, and with many voluble words and blows, he directs the misguided animal to his rightful path.

Ludhiana is also a place of many religions. Although the prevalent one is Mohammedanism there are also many Hindus and Sikhs, and a number of Jains. The latter people are most interesting, especially in their love for the "lesser creation." They have priestesses who have to abide by very strict rules. Here are some of them. As they walk, they sweep the ground before them, lest they should destroy any living creature by treading on them. A veil is tied over their nose and mouth, for fear they might breathe in a small fly and thereby kill it. They will only drink boiled water. And it must be boiled by someone else, so that the heavy guilt of having destroyed so many living germs may not lie to their account. They must not eat meat, of course, or in any way cause death to another living thing. They may not ride on any vehicle, nor may they possess money. All that is necessary for life must be begged and not bought. Nor are they allowed to stand on the same carpet as a man. They may not have a light in their room at night, and they have to be provided



with a special kind of bed. Some of the Jains are so careful in their regard for all living things, that if they have to go on a journey, they pay someone to sleep in their beds, lest the night denisons who share it with them should go hungry.

On one occasion, two of these priestesses paid a visit to Ludhiana. They had walked all the way from Bombay, and were on their way to Calcutta. One of them fell ill and an operation had to be performed, and as she would not come into hospital, Doctor Brown had to go to her. She was operated on in a large well-lighted upper room. On the balcony outside, a small crowd of women sat. On the stairs and in the courtyard and street beyond a large number of men had gathered, all eagerly awaiting the result. It was only a very small matter, but the priestess was an important woman, and therefore due interest and respect had to be shown by her devotees.

We spoke to the women before we left. We told them of the One Who died that they might have the life that lasts for ever, the One Who was indeed the Creator of all life. But they were satisfied and did not want to hear. "We are good people," they said, "We worship one God, the Creator of all. He is enough for us." And we could get no further with them.

Very different from them was a young Pathan woman who wandered into Ludhiana one morning and found her way to the hospital. She could speak neither Urdu nor Punjabi, and it was not until we had found a Pushtu-speaking nurse to translate for us that we could find what she wanted. She wasn't ill. No! She had no pain. She just wanted to live with us. She was weary and dissatisfied and unhappy, and she liked the looks of us! She could stay with us and work with us. In vain we told her we had no work; in vain we offered to send her back to her own country. Fazal Jan had come to stay, and stay she did.

The first thing we had to do for her was to clean her. She was so dirty. Her clothes looked as if she had worn them for years without washing them. We gave her a clean set, and told her to wash her others. These orders had to be repeated weekly, and the carrying out of them personally supervised. Fazal Jan did not see the use of all this cleanliness.

When we had got her fairly respectable, we put her to work in the Baby Fold. We noticed an added look of responsibility in the Sister of that Ward immediately! Fazal Jan loved the babies, but she did not know how to carry them, and she was quite capable of giving a

wrong bottle at the wrong time to the wrong baby! However she gradually learned better ways and ended by being quite useful.

She had a true Pathan temper and sometimes quarrelled violently with the nurses in her Ward. On one occasion, she was just restrained in time from throwing a heavy iron locker at a patient who had annoyed her! Poor woman! She had her difficulties—and so had those who had to live with her! But in spite of her difficulties, the Lord wanted Fazāl Jan. Day by day she was taught about Him. At first she took no interest at all. Then she began to be interested and to ask questions, and to look forward to her times of teaching. She was not noted for a bright intelligence, and there was need of much patience before even the simplest truths were learned. But one day, she asked for baptism. Many of us were sceptical. We did not think she understood. She was so very ignorant and untaught and undisciplined. Perhaps we forgot for the time being that when the Lord looks for recruits for His army, He specially chooses the foolish, the weak, the despised, yea, even the things that “are not.”

Fazal Jan was questioned and requestioned until we were sure she understood. The Sister of the Ward reported improvement in her work

and cleanliness, and the Biblewomen told of her eagerness to learn. And so, at last, after many weeks, she was baptized.

When Sara was enduring the threats and curses of her enemies during those difficult three days after she came to us, Fazal Jan was one of those who came forward with offers of help and protection. Part of the time, Sara was put to rest in a room belonging to one of the Biblewomen. The crowd would have liked to have burst open the door and have taken the girl by force. But before that closed door, with arms akimbo, stood a tall Pathan woman with fearless face. Fazal Jan was enjoying herself. If only some of these women would come near, she might engage in legitimate warfare, and wouldn't she just love it! But the women, after one look at her, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, kept at a safe distance, and she had to be disappointed.

As day after day went by, we rejoiced to see the Lord working more and more in this new and rather rough stone in His Temple. There was something very lovable about her, and though sometimes she made bad mistakes, she learned enough to make herself really useful in the Ward. At the same time, we felt that nursing was not really her vocation, and

we began to ask the Lord to show us what His plan for her life was. He did not keep us waiting long. To-day Fazal Jan has found a place of usefulness with a missionary who works in her own Pathan country. And though most of her day is spent in the routine of small practical duties, her spare time finds her trying to bring others to a knowledge of her Lord.



CHAPTER XIX



**OUR FAITHFUL DELIVERER**

**Ruth's Story**

“And even when we have won the castle then must we eternally sing, ‘Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, Who hath saved us, and washed us in His own Blood’.”

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

“How can I ever praise Thee, blessed Jesus,  
For all Thy wondrous love has given to me,  
Gladly I render here my heart’s allegiance  
And with new songs of praises worship Thee.  
How fully hast Thou satisfied my longings  
E’er since my heart as Conqueror Thee confessed.  
Exulting heavenward soars my ransomed spirit,  
And folds her wings in Thine eternal rest.

“O Love unfathomed, how can I express Thee,  
Or fitly praise Thee worthless as I am  
That wholly, Lord, Thou deignest to possess me  
Redeemed from earth to God and to the Lamb.  
With all the ransomed firstfruits of Thy Passion,  
Purchased by Thine own Blood on Calvary shed.  
Born of Thy Spirit purified from sinning,  
I worship Thee, Thou Firstborn from the dead.”

—M. GENSICHEN,

(Translated from German Version by M. M. Schofield).



## CHAPTER XIX

**Our Faithful Deliverer**

In the average mission hospital in India, every patient, when she is admitted, brings one or two relatives with her. The advantages of this system are many. To begin with, the patient herself feels much more at home and is consequently more likely to make a speedy recovery. The hospital kitchen authorities are also saved a great deal of trouble, for the relative will both buy and cook the patient's food. And best of all, there are all those extra people in the hospital to hear the Gospel. It happens sometimes though, that the woman does not confine herself to just one adult relation, but will endeavour to bring also her whole family of children, and, on occasions, her farmyard as well. It is not unusual to find a goat and several ducks and hens wandering about the hospital courtyard.

It was not surprising therefore, that when Ruth first decided to make our hospital her home nobody in authority was in the least aware of either her existence or her intention. She was a well-dressed little person, obviously of

good family, and if anyone noticed her at all they probably thought she was the child of one of the many well-to-do patients who were then admitted. She got her food by going round from one patient to another, and begging from them as they cooked. And nobody considered it her duty to report that there was a stray and apparently unattached child in the hospital. At night she commandeered an empty bed on the Ward veranda.

It was not until she had been several days in the hospital that anyone came to look for her. And then, one morning, a man who claimed to be her uncle, demanded that she be returned to him. Enquiries were made, and the child was found, but when she saw this man she screamed with terror and fought and kicked in her efforts to get away from him. He coaxed and petted and bribed her, but it was some little time before she slipped her little hand in his and walked away obediently with him.

A week or two later, the man came again. This time he had put aside his suave manner, and was really angry. In fact he was so angry that it was some time before we could find out what was wrong. Then it appeared that the child had run away again, and that he suspected us of having hidden her. He blustered

and fumed in his rage and refused to believe us when we assured him that we had not seen her since the day she left. So, in the end, to pacify him, we searched the hospital. And there, cowering in the dark corner of a private room, we found Ruth. We asked her why she had run away, but she would only cling to us and sob and cry, and for a long time we could get no answer.

Then she told us that the man was no uncle of hers, that he was a cruel wicked man, and she showed us the marks where he had beaten her. She was such a very little person, and those who heard her story were sick with horror at the thought of what she had suffered. Her mother had died a short time before, and there did not seem to be any other relative to claim or protect her. So this man, who called himself her uncle, took her as his possession, and that which he tried to do to that little child, does not bear writing in any book.

There was no thought of returning her this time. The man was told what she had said, and raging with anger, he went away empty-handed. But we knew that his going did not mean the end of the battle. The child was fair and very attractive, and he would not give her up easily. So we waited to see what his next move would be,

In a very short time we knew, for after a few days' silence, a warrant was handed to Doctor Brown, commanding her to appear in Court on a certain day, to answer to the charge of wrongfully and unlawfully keeping the child. From a human standpoint, we had not the least chance of winning the case. We only had Ruth's word, and the tell-tale marks on her poor little body as our defence. The man had the wealth and influence to buy a hundred witnesses to prove his relationship and right to the child. But we try not to look at things from a human standpoint on the Missionfield. If we did, we should pack up our boxes and come home by the first possible boat. He Who has commissioned us and sent us forth, is responsible to carry us through, and we have learned that His faithfulness is always to be relied upon.

While we know and rest in the fact that the ultimate responsibility lies with the Lord, we are conscious too that we have our part to play in the fight. So the days that passed before the case was due to appear in Court, were filled with constant prayer and watchfulness. Ruth herself was sublimely unconscious of her danger. Surrounded by love and care, she was gradually losing the strained look of terror, and was developing into a normal



A WEDDING PROCESSION—BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE





THE COLLEGE COMPOUND

happy child. The very thought of what might happen to her if we lost the case, was unbearable, so we refused to consider the possibility of an "if."

The great day came round, and the man brought his witnesses. As usual, the hot stuffy court was crowded to its utmost limit, and those who were called to give evidence had to sit for hours before they were asked to say what they knew. Most of the proceedings were in Urdu, with an occasional relapse into English when legal terms were untranslatable. Wearily the hours dragged on, until it seemed as if the Magistrate would never come to a decision. It was difficult for those who were waiting at the hospital not to be filled with a sickening anxiety and fear. But there was no need for fear, for as that long weary day came to an end, the verdict was given, and the man was declared to have no claim whatsoever on the child. He Who is Truth had caused the truth of this matter to be made manifest.

There was apparently no one who could bring forward any proof of relationship, so Ruth was formally handed over to our care. This in itself was a miracle, for the most natural judgment would have been to give her into the charge of some of her co-religionists. But the matter was in the hands of One higher

than the local Magistrate, and though he may not have known it, his decision was due to the workings of Him in Whose hand even the King's heart is as "rivers of water. He turneth it whithersoever He will."

Ruth was sent off to school as soon as possible, and then it was that the students and nurses became vitally interested. They had learned to love the child as she played about in the hospital courtyard, and the tragedy of her little life had touched them deeply. They wanted to feel that she belonged to them. And so little gifts of money were given surreptitiously to "help towards Ruth's school fees." Visits to the bazaar were made to buy material for Ruth's frocks. Those who could not cut out, sewed; and those who felt that dress-making was beyond their capabilities, tatted lace for her underclothing. And of course, they all wanted to know the latest news of her, so her letters, and her school reports were read out to them on Sunday evenings, when they gathered together for hymn singing. Best of all, they considered it their privilege and bounden duty to pray for her.

The child was very happy at school. She was an attractive little person, with a great deal of character, but inclined at times to be obstinate. Those who cared for her, longed



for the day when she would give herself wholly to the One Who loved her best of all. And then there came a day when a special Mission was held in her school, and they had the joy of seeing their prayers answered. Ruth sent them the glad news herself, and this is what she said:—

“Just these few lines to let you know, that I am keeping in a pink of health, and hope the same to you. We had meetings over here. The meetings which were held here, were very interesting ones. Especially I want to tell you about this, because by this I was helped a great deal. From now I have given my whole heart to Jesus Christ and I have asked for the forgiveness of sins. And I know that God has forgiven me and have blot out my sins. And I know that God has heard my prayer. There were so many things that I liked very much and one of them was the following. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. Now it is getting very late. I better stop writing now. I close this letter with my best love.”

Just about the time that Ruth finished at school, a most estimable young man wrote to Doctor Brown, and offered himself as suitor

to any girl whom she might choose to give him. Careful enquiries were made, and finding that all his testimonials were creditable, Doctor Brown asked Ruth if she would care to consider his offer. A meeting was arranged between the two. True to Indian custom, a third person was present during the whole interview, to act as chaperone. And equally true to custom Ruth could not be persuaded to say a word in answer to any question that her suitor asked. All the same, they seemed to be mutually satisfied, and the betrothal was arranged.

Now in India, the betrothal ceremony is almost, if not quite, as important as the wedding itself, and this was no exception. It took place in our drawing room, and as many of the girls as could, squeezed their way in and found sitting place on the floor. With their varying shades of soft coloured saris, they made the room look like a garden of living flowers. Ruth herself looked very happy, though she kept her face covered shyly with her sari during the whole ceremony, and could hardly be persuaded to lift her head up, or to say a word to anyone. As for the future bridegroom, it was easy to see that he was satisfied and very proud of his choice!

After a suitable time had elapsed, Ruth was married, and went to live in her new home.

It was a very proud and happy couple that drove off together that day, though, again true to custom, the girl wept much at parting, to show how much she loved us. It would be considered gross ingratitude on her part to do otherwise, and the bridegroom is as pleased as the onlookers, to see that his beloved has an affectionate and faithful heart.

It is good to know he remained satisfied. Some time after, he wrote to Doctor Brown and said: "We all likes and loves Ruth very much with our whole hearts." And we who "liked and loved Ruth with our whole heart" too, rejoiced to know that the Lover of little children had stretched forth His mighty Arm to deliver this little one, and to bring her to a place where she was safe and sheltered and loved.



## CHAPTER XX



# THE MONSOON

## Our Story

"There is no limit to the blessing God can send through the feeblest of His servants, if they are prepared to receive what He is ready to bestow."

—THOS. COOK.

"Bare lies this mountain land,  
O searching wind to Thee;  
All nakedly the great rocks stand  
Before Thy urgency.

"Follows the beating rain  
That scourges, yet to bless;  
That purifies from dust and stain  
With fingers pitiless.

"Then foam-white waters start  
From all the hill tops round,  
And gathering in the valley's heart  
Send forth their mighty sound.

"So let it be with me  
O Thou most Holy One,  
I lay my spirit bare to Thee  
That all Thy will be done.

"I ask Thee not to spare  
Nor crave for pity's grace;  
I only long to be as fair  
As this Thy mountain place."

—A. WILSON CARMICHAEL.

## CHAPTER XX

## The Monsoon

EVERY year, towards the end of June, we who are privileged to live in Northern India, see an amazing miracle. During June, the land is parched to cracking. The leaves on the trees are dusty and brown; the flower beds are hard and baked; the river is so empty that it looks like a mere trickle in the midst of a sandy desert. Dust storms abound, and the heat is so intense that the ground burns the soles of your feet as you walk. The sky is no longer blue, but takes to itself the brazen colour of the sun. Then one day, clouds begin to appear on the horizon, and you thankfully read in the papers of rain in the South. If you are in the Hills, you will see the clouds advancing towards you like a mighty army, across the Plains. The first ones are white and fleecy. "Sheep's backs" we used to call them when we were children, and sometimes, we thought they were angels' wings. But they are only the outriders of the real army behind. Soon the heavens are covered with

blackness; lightning flashes and the thunder rolls with one long continued sound, like the noise of many drums. Then it seems as if Mother Earth opens out her arms to receive to her fullest, the long awaited rain. Empty channels are soon overflowing; and little paths that are not meant to be channels at all, are filled with running water. Everywhere there is the fragrant scent of damp earth. Presently from every nook and cranny, little green things begin to appear, and the dry and dusty leaves, washed and shining, clap their hands with joy. But to the newcomer, perhaps the greatest thrill of all is the surprise of the tree ferns. For, out of the apparently dried up and gnarled branches of the older trees, uncurls an undreamed wealth of ferns. Hart's tongue and asparagus, rock and wall fern, lady fern and the dear maidenhair, they all find a place and help to clothe the trees with dainty loveliness.

"Thou visitest the earth after Thou didst make it to desire rain" is the marginal reading of Psalm 65. 9. As we watched this miracle year by year, our hearts ached with a great longing that He Who had "caused us to desire rain" would visit us at Ludhiana. Just occasionally we seemed to see a cloud on the horizon, and sometimes there were a few



droppings, but the drenching satisfying showers never came.

Year after year we prayed for our girls and sought to win them for the Lord, but so few came to the place of utter surrender. Many who called themselves Christians had never been born again. Others, who were the Lord's, lacked vital power in their lives and had little desire to witness. Some came to us really keen, but their keenness was gradually swamped by the work and interest of the busy College life. Just a few there were, who were outstanding Christians and on whom one could rely to adorn the doctrine of Jesus Christ. And we who had gone out as teachers and missionaries, were we ourselves all that we ought to be? Could we honestly say to our girls: "Be ye imitators of me." as Paul did? We knew that we were satisfied with Him. But was He satisfied with us? We began to realise something of the greatness, not so much of our need, as of His need in us. We began to understand that His need is not that He should be first in our life and in our love, but that He should be everything. That He is not content with even a large portion of our obedience. He must have all. As long as there is one corner of our lives which we regard as our personal private property His need is not

being fulfilled in us. He demands that even that which we call our rights, should be handed over to Him. If we are the Lord's, we have no right to stand upon our rights. "Love seeketh not her own rights." The only right we may claim is to be made "broken bread and poured out wine" for the Lord. If His need is being fulfilled in us, obedience will not be a grudging and necessitous duty, but the glad overflowing of adoring love. There will be a certainty about our lives and our message, an invincible "I know."

Along with this growing consciousness of spiritual lack, there came a number of problems which we had to face, and which we could not solve. There were problems of College policy and discipline, problems of finance. We were all united in desiring to know what the mind of the Lord was concerning these matters, but we could get no clear guidance.

Up to that time, we had always met for prayer for a little while before dinner every night. But now that was not sufficient. The daily prayer meeting was lengthened, but still we felt the need of more time for just waiting upon God. And so, our monthly day of prayer began. We set aside the last Saturday of every month. As far as possible, we met together for an hour and a half in the morning and again

for two hours in the evening. Those who could not give the whole time, came for as long as they could.

It was round about our fourth day of prayer that the first sign of the clouds for which we were longing, came. A friend was with us, taking special meetings with our girls, and the work was going deep. It seemed to those of us who were praying and watching that the Spirit of the Lord was brooding over us. We began to see signs of conviction of sin, and there was a general air of expectancy. And then the break came. First from among the nurses, then the nurse-dais, and then the students, one after another came to the Lord. For some it was their first coming, and they learned what it was to be "born of the Spirit." For others, it was a re-consecration or a return from backsliding. For some it meant the putting right of things that had been wrong, the confession of hidden sin, and the making up of quarrels. For others, it meant a new spirit in their work, and a new desire to win souls.

The Day of Prayer that came in the midst of this might be more truly described as a day of praise. Our hearts were very full as we gathered together and told of what the Lord had done. We caught a vision of what this

might mean. Had we the faith to believe for the lighting of a fire that would spread through the whole Church in India? There is hardly a Province or a Native State in the country where one or more of our graduates is not working. As far South as Travancore, along the borders of Nepal and Afghanistan, in Kashmir, Burma and Arabia. What would it mean to these places if our girls went out from us ablaze with the love of God, filled even to overflowing with the mighty power of the Holy Ghost?

Sometimes, in the heat of July, the heavens are black with clouds, and our hearts rejoice at the promise of rain. But day after day goes by, and instead of the drenching deluge we were expecting, we get only a few small showers. We are grateful for them, for they are refreshing and cooling, but we are not satisfied. Looking back now, after a year has passed since that week of blessing, we are still full of praise for all the Lord did in those days, but we are not yet content. Nor do we feel that He is content. "There is yet very much land to be possessed." There are ditches that need to be dug deeper, dross that needs to be burned away in the purifying flame. There is need for a greater hunger and thirst, and a casting aside of the self-satisfaction that hinders

His working. There is the paramount need of a more earnest and continual seeking of the Lord and waiting upon Him, until His desire in us be fulfilled. There is need of a greater expectancy, of the faith that dares to take hold of all the promises of God, and of a willingness to be led in whatever way the Lord shall choose.

It is for this that we greatly desire the prayers of our friends. It is to this end that we are working. It is for this that we are waiting with a great expectation. Not just a few showers, but the saturating deluge that shall transform the old gnarled branches into a gracious fernery; that shall change parched and lifeless land into a fragrant garden, where He may walk and find rest and comfort and joy; where He may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied; where in the heart of each member of our Ludhiana family, Indian or foreign, He may find the glad response: "My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter. I speak the things I have made touching the King. My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men. Grace is poured into Thy lips."

# The Women's Christian Medical College

LUDHIANA, PUNJAB, INDIA.

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