

could not venture to show the Princess more than an abstract of the letter, which, as he was no scholar, he had prepared with some labour for her inspection. He offered to give it to her when she spoke to him after he had been hearing Mass in her rooms, a celebration at which she did not decline to be present. With her usual caprice she refused to look at the paper till she had dined. After dinner he read it to her, kneeling as he read. She reiterated her imperious demands that he should appeal to the Council for her, both then and in the next walk the couple took; and when he still objected, she cried out that she was worse treated than the worst prisoners in the Tower and in Newgate, since the first could speak to the Lieutenant of the Tower and he wrote to the Council for them; and the second were allowed to have friends to plead their cause.

Sir Henry was struck by the truth of the statement, while he was ready to be thankful for the rain which made Elizabeth break off with the words: "It waxeth wet, and therefore I will depart to my lodgings," and delivered him from farther importunity. He did his best; he took it upon him to forward a copy of the conversation to the Lords in Council, who in their turn were sufficiently touched to grant her permission to write to them.

Sir Henry believed he was bringing her gratifying news when he laid the permission before Elizabeth. But she, in the spirit of contradiction which seems to have taken possession of her at this time, received the tidings in a manner calculated to baffle and mortify their bearer. She did nothing in the way of availing herself of the permission which he had procured for her with much risk of misconception and censure. She took a kind of revenge upon him by hugging her privations, and adopting no means to relieve them, and by addressing to him such taunts as, "that she knew the Lord Chamberlain would laugh in his beard when he found how far Sir Henry carried his scruples."

Then on Sunday, August 26th, 1554, she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, for another gentleman in the Queen's service, and for the Queen's principal woman-servant. They were at a loss to know what she could want with them, and knelt down to receive her orders. Whereupon she made a loud protestation that she had done nothing to endanger the Queen and the State, as God was judge, and immediately afterwards received the Host. She had already confessed to a priest. In whatever manner Elizabeth might explain away, in her tortuous

mind, her declaration of having done nothing to imperil the Queen and the State, together with this plain act of conformity to the Roman Catholic form of belief, it is sufficient to give an example of how little real sympathy she had with the creed which she was thus ostentatiously professing. She was at that time secretly sending money from her privy purse in aid of the prisoners ready to suffer for the Reformed doctrines, lying in sore straits no farther away from her than Oxford. Besides Bishops Latimer and Ridley, Archbishop Cranmer, her father's trusted adviser, her own godfather, her brother Edward's chief guardian, was lying in desperate need in the common Bocardo prison. It was not mere humanity which actuated Elizabeth's charity, in which she was not stinted, since want of money was not one of her hardships; in fact, she was called upon to pay not only her own expenses and those of her household, but the debts incurred by Sir Henry Bedingfield during her compulsory stay at Woodstock. The fact was that martyrs for the truth were the teachers whose faith she really held. But the long-believed and fondly-cherished story of her constancy to her creed under persecution is now "completely disproven." The tale was credulously promulgated by Strype, Holinshed, and Foxe, all fain to invest their Protestant Queen with every virtue under the sun. The love of her partisans and subjects carried them away.

So far from making any approach to treading the steep and thorny path of martyrdom which Anne Askew's unswerving feet had traversed, Elizabeth committed more than one deed of apparent apostasy to disarm the Queen's resentment, in which she was more or less successful.

But we are told by Miss Strickland that Mary had her doubts of so complete a submission. She requested that Elizabeth might be questioned as to her views on transubstantiation; when the Princess, a mistress of every style of equivocation, got rid of her embarrassment by repeating the rhyming lines which committed her to nothing—

"Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what His Word did make it,
That I believe and take it!"

How little dependence Sir Henry Bedingfield put upon Elizabeth's sincerity and the permanency of the change in her opinions may be guessed by his waiting three weeks before he

reported her act to the Council. The Princess had, however, ingratiated herself in a measure with the Queen, who was incapable of false pretences, so that Mary followed the example of the Council in giving her consent to Elizabeth's appeal to them.

Once more Sir Henry was staggered in his honest gratification at the announcement. Elizabeth received it coldly and indifferently; she did not so much as ask for writing materials till a whole week had passed. In the end, during a walk on a Sunday afternoon, she condescended to request that she might be furnished with the necessary materials, and Sir Henry solemnly entrusted to one of the Queen's women, on the Princess's behalf, an ink-bottle, five pens (of which she took care to return only four) two sheets of good paper, and one of inferior quality, to enclose the other. This was done on condition that Elizabeth should write the letter under the eye of one of the Queen's women. The Princess consented, but put off the letter till another day on the plea of headache. Presently she bathed her temples, changed her mind, and as a climax to her perversity, suddenly declared that she could not demean herself to write with her own hand to the Council, therefore she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, and imperiously commanded him to perform the office of her secretary.

In vain he sought to escape from the commission imposed upon him. He had not Elizabeth's adroitness at evasion, and the troubled gentleman could only urge the school-boy's plea of his bad handwriting, which did not avail him. She constrained her keeper to "write at her dictation, while she kept the rough copy of the letter turned towards her." After he had finished by writing the date, she added a few lines in her own hand, and would not tell him what she had written. She made him seal, close, and address the letter, and entrusted it to him to place in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. No teasing, mocking schoolgirl could have behaved with more exasperating arrogance and impertinence than did the Royal maiden who was woman grown in her twenty-second year.

On another occasion, when she stormed at Sir Henry as her gaoler, and he defended himself by telling her that he was but one of the Queen's officers, doing his duty to his sovereign, as he would, in the same circumstances, have done it to Elizabeth, she cried disdainfully, "God bless the Queen, and from such officers, good Lord deliver me!"

(To be continued.)

IN INDIA WITH MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

By THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

FOUR miles through a jungle in a buggy, and we reached the *waterside*. With a quick horse, belonging not to a missionary but to a merchant, we were before our time, and dismounted on to a rough wooden form, and were soon surrounded by small brown children with shiny skins set off by loose white clothes hanging round in Indian fashion. It was the work of a few minutes to get out a sketch-book and immortalise these picturesque beings; but fear seized the little urchins, and they began to run away. Anxious to know more about them, we said "Ischule hai?"—(Is there a school here?) which produced a crooked nod of the head meaning "Yes," and excited the further question, "Mem Sahib hai?"—(Is the lady here?) "Na," and we knew that it was not a missionary school. In a few minutes, up the stream, punted by

three brown figures, could be seen a long, low "dug-out," the simple boat of the rice fields. As its name denotes, it is simply the trunk of a tree, twenty-four to thirty feet long, dug out and made into a boat. We recognised this as the missionary's conveyance, and found ourselves fitted tightly into it, sitting on a mat, with a low matting hood fitting closely on our heads so as frequently to come in contact with our hats—not altogether an enviable position for a long journey. But, fortunately for us, ours was a short one, and we soon found ourselves landed at a small village where the school prize-giving was to take place. We were conducted speedily to the school-house, where we found Miss H— seated among books, registers, and prizes, coloured jackets and print pinafores. But where was the school furniture? Where were the

requisite cubic feet of space required by the School Board? Where the desks and other things we are accustomed to see in the schools? These requisites in England form no part of an Indian school. The school-house consists of a small, square, mud room, with thatched roof, an open front, with a few rough steps leading up to it, bearing a strong resemblance to a barn. The floor supplies the place of form and desk; a slate and a few books are the only requisites of a country school.

On this day the children of five schools were assembled in expectation and excitement, some Hindu and some Christian. The Christian children knelt in prayer; the Hindus stood while the work of the day was committed to God in prayer by a native "padre." Then the best children in each school walked up the step to receive their

prizes, and all were presented with a small jacket or pinafore made of coloured print. Then came a curious scene; each child dressed herself in her new bright garment above the loose sari they wear around their legs; little brown shoulders became clad, and little brown eyes glistened with pleasure as they went off in their little English garment, made at the small cost of a few pence and a few hours' labour in England. Fitting and buttoning over, the place became cleared except for the occasional visit of one of the villagers who wanted to ask something of Miss H— on this one of her regular visits to the rice field village.

After an English tea in native glasses, we made our way again to the waterside. By this time the water was low, and thick mud lay between us and our boat. There was no help for it, and we had to be caught up by two of our brown boatmen and hoisted into the boat, when we again sat cross-legged—on one side of us our bedding, on the other side our food. Thus we proceeded on our journey till night came on, and we glided on in the darkness to the next village. Before we could land, our bedding and dinner had to be carried up to the village, and we waited in patience till we also started on our walk across the rice field. "Bulate lao" (Bring the lamp), a climb up the bank, and we were on our way with the bright stars sparkling above and the fireflies flashing around. At 9.30 we were received by the village schoolmistress, squatting on the floor, with two friends in similar position. In front of her was a small earthen mound with little holes, in which were three tins, where our dinner was cooking; she was occupied with supplying rice straw to kindle the flames. A few minutes' explanation as to who the strange lady was who was paying them a visit, and we advanced into another hut, which was to be our bedroom. Our first occupation was to put up the iron bedstead, lace up the sides, and make our beds; our second, to eat our dinner, brought prepared by our faithful boatman; and third, to crawl under our mosquito curtains, meditate on our curious surroundings, and go to sleep. As morning light dawned we could see for the first time the position we were occupying. It was the school-house of Raghobpur surrounded by three other little houses overlooking on one side a small tank; in front of us three natives busy beating out their rice. We had to keep Indian hours and rise early in the morning, as we had a two miles' walk before the sun was up in its power. "Chotta nazari las," and our boatman again appeared with his tin bowls—porridge, tea, and toast for early breakfast.

At 7.30 we were on our way across the rice fields, sometimes crossing the stubble, sometimes along a well-trodden path; sometimes we were stopped on our way by a small pond. This forms no obstacle to a missionary. We were seized up by two men, and soon transported to the other side, when we pursued our way until we had again to be assisted in a similar primitive fashion.

The country through which we passed is low, flat, and marshy; vast tracts of rice fields, studded with little mud villages, and here and there the small tower of a church or school-house. This part of the country has long been under Christian influence and teaching, but the missionary and teacher are as much needed as at home for training and instruction; and but for Miss H—'s indefatigable exertions for the past sixteen years there would be no Scripture teaching in the district. "Salam," and a man in native garb hurried up to enquire whether we could turn aside into his village, which he pointed out as not far off. This was the schoolmaster anxious to secure a visit to his school. After a long conversation he was put off with

the promise of a visit next month, and we proceeded on our way just in time to escape a heavy thunderstorm, which we saw and heard gathering all round.

This introduced a new inconvenience. Instead of grilling under the sunshine, we began to chill under the damp, cold air, and were glad of thick winter coverings to keep ourselves warm. Such are the changes of climate to which India, like other lands, is subject.

The school examination was carried on between sunshine and storm; the elder children repeated chapters from St. Mark's Gospel and a Christian Catechism; the younger ones, the Creed, the Commandments, and a part of the Catechism. The schoolmistress stood by marshalling up her little troupe. Towards evening our boatmen became anxious, and announced that unless we started at once we could not cross the rice fields, as much was now under water after the storm. At this moment another storm came up, and we were forced to be content for the night with the scant accommodation of this other school-house, this time without beds and bedding. The "high road to Calcutta"—which, be it explained, was only a raised pathway through the stubble—was submerged, so heavy was the storm. A man was dispatched to the village to catch a chicken for our dinner; the schoolmistress undertook to make us a bed of straw, and we sat patiently on a box waiting for bed and dinner, and superintended the hanging up of bamboo matting to protect us from wind and rain.

IN THE CITY.

A week later and we were driving in the Maharajah's carriage (kindly lent to us during our visit to Benares) through the narrow streets of this characteristic Hindu town. We had come from the Victoria Zenana Hospital, and were on our way to the City Dispensary, situated in the centre of the town. We had a complete view of its vast population as we turned aside from the main thoroughfare into the streets, where on either side we could almost touch the houses as we drove along. There were shops of all kinds, and men sitting in the front doing their work—gold cloth sewers, sweetmeat makers, brass polishers, merchants, and other dealers. Sometimes it seemed as if we should overturn their shops, as we came in such close proximity, and the shout of our "sais" would be heard rousing some dilatory walker, who, in true native fashion, refused to hurry himself out of our way. Our progress was not astonishingly quick, nor our speed electric, but we eventually reached our destination, and descended in a small square yard from which several alleys wound their way through the city. Up one and down another, sheltered by the height of the houses from the sun which, although it was only nine o'clock, was already an enemy to be avoided, we arrived at the corner leading to the Zenana Missionary Dispensary. We entered a small dark room, dreary-looking and dirty, and turned to our right into the small courtyard which always forms the centre of an Indian house. This would be the men's quarters, but is now unused; up a narrow stone staircase, and we reached the upper storey, where the Dispensary is found. On one side of the courtyard is a small waiting-room, and a picturesque scene greeted our eyes, for the women were already there, squatting on the ground, some dressed in white, some in red, some in yellow, all according to the fashion of the country, draped loosely round the head and shoulders. The native Bible woman, a bright young woman, was soon sitting among them, Bible and hymn book in hand, singing "Bhaghans," and talking to them. "Give us that hymn, the 'Great Physician,'" said one of them, and we proceeded to sing the chorus over and over again. As time went on the

little courtyard also was filled with patients, and the lady doctor's hands were full for some hours, a little bell summoning each patient in her turn.

The Dispensary fittings have not cost the mission much: a small table, two chairs and a stool, a cupboard, and an inkpot form the full complement of furniture in the room. A "charpor," or couch, is sufficient for the operating room.

Each patient came in with a paper and a bottle, and received the needed attention: first an old woman suffering from rheumatism, who has implicit confidence in the "Dr. Mem Sahib's" medicine; then a woman suffering from her eyes; next a young wife of sixteen, who has already been married several years; then a mother and her child suffering from fever. Those patients who require more help than can be obtained at the Dispensary are admitted to the Hospital.

The City Dispensary is open two days a week, and the Hospital Dispensary other two days; on the fifth the lady doctor visits a village in the neighbourhood. On some days she sees as many as seventy patients, besides hospital work and special visits, so her time is fully occupied; and she needs an assistant, but at present she has had to lend her to the Lucknow Zenana Hospital.

Thus the work of missions goes on from day to day in the country and in the city. Faithful, brave women are toiling amid dirt, squalor, ignorance, and indifference; weary often, because of the immense field to be overtaken; longing for more help, yet cut off from the other English residents by the necessities of the work. Is there no way in which more help can be given to them? Yes, there is much help that can be given if only willing hearts would devise ways for willing hands to help.

In India, it will interest the members of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association to know, a special branch has been formed, in which every honorary associate promises to do something to help the missionaries in their arduous work, and to seek them instead of leaving them out in the cold. "I have been two cold seasons in Calcutta, and have never seen a missionary," confessed a lady, and there were ten within a mile of where she was living, and as many more within three miles. "I did not know we could help them," said another; "I have little to do all day, and have plenty of time." "I have nothing to do," said a third; "I will start a Young Women's Christian Association Branch, and invite them to meet us."

But what can we do at home? Our hearts may be willing, but how can our hands reach them? The Loving Service League has been formed on purpose to answer this question, and to be a link between England's and India's women. There is the need; here is the supply. It is impossible to visit any mission house or school or hospital without seeing how much more might be done to help. Prizes are needed for the children; of the 5,000 girls under instruction in Bengali, 4,000 are in mission schools, so 4,000 prizes are needed every year. Loving Service League hands might supply them. Zenanas have to be left unvisited for want of time; villages calling for missionaries must be refused for want of workers. If the Loving Service League cards were in the hands of a thousand readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER, each promising to give or collect 1d. or 3d. or 6d. a week, other fellow helpers might be sent. Women are suffering and dying for want of medical attendance. A Loving Service League doctor might have dispensaries in many villages. Think over these facts, consider these needs, and write to Miss Ballard, Secretary of the Loving Service League, 2, Adelphi Terrace, London.