

Chapter 13: Early Lahore, 1904-1906

13.1) 1904—These letters were hand-written in carbon duplicate.

List of Letters:

1904—20 Total/21 Transcribed

September 21, 1904: No Salutation

September 23, 1904: No Salutation

September 24, 1904: No Salutation [Illustrated]

September 27, 1904: No Salutation [Illustrated]

October 1-2, 1904: No Salutation [Illustrated]

October 4, 1904: No Salutation

October 7, 1904: No Salutation

Undated, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

October 26, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

November 9, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole

*November 10, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. Cole [Illegible]

November 13, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

November 20, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

November 27, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole [Illustrated]

December 4, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. Cole

December 10, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Mrs. Robinson [Room 48] [Excerpts]

December 15, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

December 22-24, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

December 27, 1904: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. Cole [Excerpt is misdated 1905]

January 23, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. Cole

January 31, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Lois Fleming [Excerpt]

Bombay, Sept 21, 1904

India at last, wonderful and fascinating.

[No Salutation]

We are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Hume, cousins of Robert and Hannah Hume Lee. They are young people just out from Princeton and Wellesley class of 1900. The mission property is attractive. One drives into a quadrangle with the school buildings on three sides and the main bungalow on the other. Beautiful shrubs and flowering plants are set out in profusion. As I write the gong has sounded for evening prayers and the boys are all going across the compound to the chapel. There are five school centers in town of which this is only one.

First the large orphanage, where class after class were reciting to the teacher in various corners of the room. Then the Kindergarten! How you would have enjoyed it. The native Christian teacher and his wife were most pleasant and attractive. They justified our many years of effort! We went into the kitchen, such a queer place, with little wood fires on the floor open like campfires. I saw them make bread. It was a flat cake like affair fried in oil. We couldn't eat it. But the place was clean.

Then we drove to a native Hindustani school held in a building like our tenements. It was curious to see the native homes—hovels! They were shacks only, one room, dark, filled with smoke. The cattle were members of the family. It was tiring all it took to go up the long stairs to the little schoolrooms. The children all rose to their feet and gave a respectful salaam, touching their foreheads. The native teacher was so handsome I could not take my eyes from her face. She was dignified and had that magnificence of bearing which charms everywhere. One little girl nine years old was married. All were under ten years old. Poor little creatures looked out in their tawdry jewels and most had rings in their ears and nose and on their toes, besides many bracelets of the cheapest order. We visited another girls' school. The older girls sleep on a bed with two little girls on the floor by her side. They sing while they grind the flour. I can hear their ringing voices now.

This has been a great day. I am impressed with the work which has been done in this Mission. Oh but the street sights are the greatest show in Bombay. We drove through quarters which were heathen in every sense of the word. Never in my life have I seen so many square feet of naked flesh. Costumes of all colors. What would awaken them—except a new faith.

Sept 23, 1904
Poona, India
[No Salutation]

The ride from Bombay to Poona was one of the most delightful I have taken. All the way we were climbing mountains. The air became fresh and cool, so that by Poona time I could wear my raincoat with comfort. Started at 2:25 arriving at 7 o'clock. Then went to the Poona Hotel. Full moon was out and made everything fascinating. The hotel court was full of gardens.

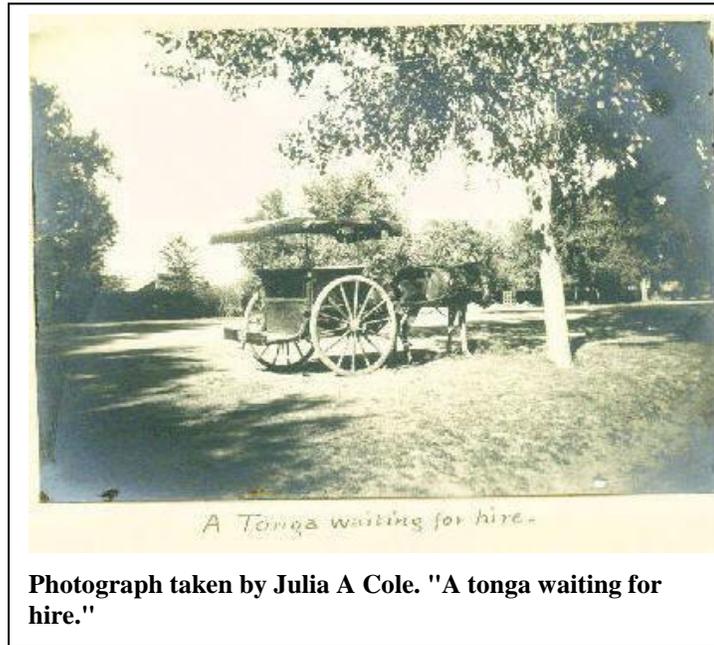
After supper came a most delightful surprise. It seems that Miss [Susie] Sorabji, a most noted young woman of India, lives in Poona.¹ When told that we were in town she sent a *gari* to say that she would call that evening at nine o'clock. She came with her brothers, two splendid Christian people. She told me of the wonderful visit to Smith College and of her experience at Northfield and Silver Bay Conferences. She thought the woman's colleges were wonderful centers of stored up power. "Oh" she said, "If we could only turn half of those young women into India, it would transform my poor country." I was carried away with her brilliant mind and conviction of spirit. She insisted upon my spending a day in her home. She said the only way to *know* India was to visit in an Indian home and meet their friends.²

¹ Susie Sorabji (1868-1931) was the sister of Cornelia Sorabji (1864-1954), the first Indian woman Barrister and author of *India Recalled* (1936). See part four of Chapter 9, "A girl with all my constant blessings" for further biographical information.

² This sounds like E. M. Forester's *Passage to India*. when Adela Quested and Mrs. Moore asked Mr. Fielding, a principal of a small Government College, where to find "the *real* India," he answered: "Try seeing Indians" (25).

The only train to Ramabais colony was 5:20 a.m. The moon was shining as we started, morning dawned and the sun came up as we rode along. Hedgron is the name of the station; only a little walk brought us in sight of Ramabai buildings. I was very excited. First we went to the school which is held in the church building. That was a sight! Nearly 1500—widow girls and 150 orphan boys studying together in various groups on the floor. Ramabais' daughter very kindly devoted herself to us all the morning. She is about 22 years old, a very bright attractive girl who spent most of her school years in New York State. The teachers were native girls trained there in the school. Two of the teaching staff devotes all their time to Bible instruction and personal work. They make each girl a study and a friend and consequently almost every girl becomes a Christian through some definite decision.

The feeding of 1400 girls was a sight to behold, down upon the bare wood floor, each ate their curry and rice with their fingers. We were invited to eat lunch with the teachers and [Pandita] Ramabai.³ We had a nice little talk with [Pandita] Ramabai in her own office, sitting on the floor. She told us to use the pure word of God in dealing with all people saying that it did no good to listen to their arguments or theories. Then upon leaving we took a peek into the industrial work and saw the little girls doing exquisite needlework and embroidery. They presented me with two little pieces to keep. It was great fun departing to the station in the *tonga* drawn by two bullocks.



³ Pandita Ramabai (1858-1922), social reformer, was regarded with such respect that Helen B. Montgomery included her in her "Thumb-nail Sketches of Oriental Christians," in Chapter 5 in *Western Women in Eastern Lands* (224-226). One of the "profound personal forces of the world," Ramabai has a village community of 1700 famine waifs, child widows and rescued women. Ramabai made a translation of the Bible in "the simplest women's talk, a language that any man or boy would scorn to speak, that she may put the Gospel within reach of the stupidest and degraded of India's women" (225). A photograph with her daughter Manorama is on page 237.



Visit to Wai India.

Poona, India.

Sept 23rd 1904. Left for Wai at 10:45 P.M. arriving at the nearest station at 4:30 A.M. In the full moon-light at 4:30 P.M. left the train, and after our toast and tea at the station, got into a tonga for a nineteen mile ride over the mountains to this quaint little town of Wai.  Dawn and sunrise and full day were experienced before we spied Theodor and Hannah (Hume Lu) coming down the road to meet us. Our greetings were cordial for these are two very rare young people, a combination of Amherst and Wesley College Class of 1900.

Wai is a quaint place - most awfully heathen, with the sacred river Krishna flowing through its streets, and Hindu temples and shrines at every turn. Such frightful idolatry as one sees here! Little shrines and idols are at every turn and conceivable place. One large stone image of the Cobra I tried to photograph.  This place is another Benares. The river is used for all purposes of bathing men and animals, washing clothes, and drinking. This place was full of plagues. All the schools were closed and the streets practically deserted. At the Mission House, Mrs Libby, Mrs Gordon, Mr & Mrs Lu comprised the household. Just think of the 16 years of patient toil of the first two named in this stronghold of Hindoosim! They have about 44 families orphans in the dormitories and two or more day schools.



One sees pure heathenism and superstition here. Even to let ones shadow fall upon them is pollution. We had to be careful of that!

Well in spite of the danger from cobra and scorpion, we lived safely through the two days. In the yard off my room this year three 8 ft Cobras had been killed and we were warned never to enter a dark room without a light. But I saw nothing more serious than lizards on the wall, beetles promenading the dining table during meals and mosquitoes at all times.

We were really very comfortable in this beautiful bungalow and felt the impatience of these boys so devoted to India. Monday found us back in Poona.

Left for Wai at 10:45 a.m. arriving at the something station at 4:30 a.m.. In the full moon light at 430 we left the train, and after our toast and tea at the station, got into a tonga for a nineteen mile ride over the mountains to this quaint little town of *Wai*. *Dawn* and *sunrise* and full day were experienced before we spied Theodore and Hanna (Hume Lee) coming down the road to meet us. Our greetings were cordial for these are two very rare young people, a combination of Amherst and Wellesley College class of 1900.

Wai is a quaint place—most awfully heathen, with the sacred river Kistna flowing through its streets, and Hindu temples and shrines at every turn. Such frightful idolatry as one sees here! Little shrines and idols are at every turn and conceivable place. One large stone image of the cobra I tried to photograph. This place is another Benares. The river is used for all purposes of bathing man and animals, washing clothes, and drinking. This place was full of plague. All the schools were closed and the streets practically deserted.



Postcard: "Benares—Bathing in river." (DJ's handwriting.)

At the Mission home, Mrs. Libby, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Lee comprised the household. Just think of the 16 years of patient toil of the first two named in this stronghold of Hinduism! They have about 44 famine orphans in the dormitories and two more day schools.

One sees pure heathenism and superstition here. Even to let one's shadow fall upon them is pollution. We had to be careful of that! Well in spite of the danger from cobra and scorpion, we lived safely through the two days. In the yard off my room this year three 8 ft. cobras had been killed and we were warned never to enter a dark room without a light. But I saw nothing more serious than lizards all the wall, beetles promenading the dining table during meals and mosquitoes at all times.

We were really very comfortable in this beautiful bungalow and felt the inspiration of their lives as devoted to India. Monday found us back in Poona.

September 27, 1904

Poona [Illustrated with two garlanded figures]

A day with Miss [Susie] Sorabji

We were invited to breakfast at 9:30. As Mrs. Sorabji was ill only Miss Susie and her brother sat with us in the spacious dining hall. As soon as the meal was over we took a carriage and drove to one of the schools for poor children. As I came to the veranda, a shower of rose leaves fell about me and the boys saying in unison a song of welcome to us. Then we entered the large schoolroom as they rose to their feet and gave us a salaam, touching their foreheads.

As we sat to view the exercises a long garland of roses and fragrant white flowers were put around my neck. The children sang for us and recited and drew on the blackboard. One of the most interesting classes was that in history. The headmaster had put the story of the [?] into a song, and the boys act it out like a drama. The geography class was held out of doors. There was a large relief map of India on the ground, built of clay with lakes and mountains and rivers. The class was reciting upon the exports of the country. A child took a toy ship and waded through the ocean to the proper port for loading. He went to each locality for the tea, or cotton, or timber, and took little quantities of these real things, put them one his boat and sailed away.

From the Hindoostani school we went to the Mohammed and from there to the Parsee School, all under Mrs. Sorabji. She is a wonderful educator and though she comes fearlessly out with her teaching of Christianity, her schools are full. Miss Sorabji has had wonderful success and many conversions all the time in her schools. She plans for it and prays for it, and talks individually with the girls and boys. One cannot doubt the power of Christianity in India when looking at her and her work. Everyone in Poona bows down to the Sorabji family. They are high born, and have marvelous brains and education as well as consecrated Christianity.

At nine (9:15) that evening Miss Sorabji gave a reception. She had acceptances from thirty of the gentry of Poona. But most interesting of all were the *purdah* ladies. Miss Sorabji wanted me to see the wives of these gentlemen, so she arranged a screen, behind which they sat, all dressed in their exquisite brocaded satin gowns of the most beautiful tints. Jewels in profusion and such beauty I have never seen.

They all spoke English quite as well as I did and were familiar with literature and poetry even Browning. Two of them pressed me to come and see them next day saying they would send a carriage for me, but alas there was no time. We left Poona next day.

[No closure included.]

Oct 1st 2nd, 1904
Two days at Agra
[No Salutation]

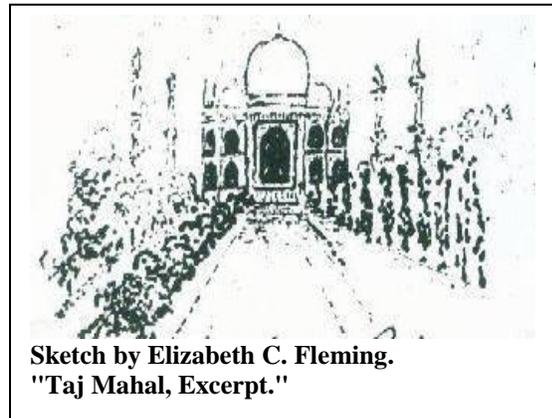
The long ride from Ahmednagar to Agra was surprisingly comfortable. Although the Punjab mail was crowded, the night air was cool, almost cold. I must say I like these Indian cars to travel in. The seats are of leather three in a coach running lengthwise so that at night you lie full length on them, spreading down what you like for bedding.

Arriving at Agra at 7 o'clock, we found ourselves in a great crowd at the station. The representative of the Metropole piloted us to a gari. We were driven at once to room no. 35 opening directly on to the front veranda.

Agra is a great place. We drove first of all to the Taj. Wonderful! The gardens and gates and mosque were beautiful. But just to sit before that outline of pure marble was enough to fill every crevice of satisfaction. I shall not attempt a description. Then we drove to the Fort and revelled in the old ruins of palaces and mosque and courtyards. One's imagination runs riot in there.

The afternoon we spent visiting all the famous tombs, many of them. We went to dinner with Capt. and Mrs. Kittle at 8:30.⁴ Their house is costly and rich in rugs and hangings and cashmere screens etc. The drawing room was an old tomb. It's vaulted ceiling and arches made an imposing room. Each pillar was decorated with the head of a bear, or deer, or boar which they had killed. The skins were on the floor. After dinner until the moon came up we sat out doors with a servant fanning us with an enormous palm leaf on a standard. At ten, the horses were brought and [we] were driven to the Taj. Those studs were spirited, handsome animals. Mrs. Kittle drove magnificently.

Elizabeth writes:
"We sat by the Jumma River waiting for the moon to rise, and when it sent its blue light over the Taj, it was a glorious thing. We lingered until twelve o'clock and were told to go."



⁴ Note: Can this really be Kittle (my name?)

Two days at Agra.

Oct 1st & 2nd 1904

The long ride from Amritsar to Agra was surprising by comfort-
able. Although the Punjab Mail was crowded the night air was cool, almost
cold. I must say I like these Indian cars to travel in. The seats are of leather
there in a coach running lengthwise so that at night you lie full length on
them, spreading down what you like for bedding.

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of pure marble was enough to fill every crevice of imagination.

I shall not attempt a description. Then we drove to
the Fort and roamed in the old ruins of palace
and mosque and court yards. One's imagination
runs riot in there. The afternoon we spent visiting

all the famous tombs, many of them. We went to dinner with Capt
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At ten, the horses were brought and we were driven to the Taj. Three
steeds were spirited, handsome animals. Mrs Kettle drove magnifi-
cently. We sat by the Jumna river waiting for the moon to rise,
and when it sent its blue light over the Taj, it was a glorious thing.

We lingered until twelve o'clock,
and were loth to go.

Next morning at 4 a.m. we were up
and off for a 22 mile drive to Fatehgarh
Sikri, the royal city of Akbar, built in
1570. Like the fort this was a most

romantic spot. Ruins of the palace, and the apartments of the three
wives, one Hindu, one Mohammedan and one Christian, were
intensely interesting. The great mosque said to be a copy of
the one at Mecca, was very beautiful.



Illustrated by Elizabeth Cole Fleming. "Two days at Agra." Oct 1st-2nd, 1904.

Next morning at 4 am we were up and off for a 22 mile drive to Fitchburg Skis, the royal seat of Amber, built in 1570. Like the fort this was a most romantic spot. Ruins of the palace and the apartments of the wives, one Hindu, one Mohammed and one Christian were intensely interesting. The Great Mosque said to be a copy of the one at Mecca, was very beautiful.

[No closure included.]

October 4, 1904

Lahore, India

[No Salutation]

The Bombay mail came into Lahore station a little late, reaching here at 11:30. Dr. and Mrs. Ewing with their darling 2-year old Rhea, Mrs. Gilbertson, Mrs. Griswold, Mr. Caldwell and 3 or 4 young Indian friends of Johnson were there to greet us. That was a warm welcome! Dr. Ewing then took us to his home, first driving to our dear little home. Oh, it is a charming place with a long approach, green lawn, and beautiful roses. The porch was inviting all covered with matting. Dr Ewing has been measuring and refitting the entire bungalow with new matting. Everything was neat as a pin. You will just love our place. In many ways it is thought to be one of the most desirable in the mission. It is famous as the home of newly married couples. Dr. Ewing reeled off a long list of them to me.

Then we came down the long, hot dusty road to the Ewings, past the cathedral, the telegraph station and the post office. The Ewing house is very attractive and home like. They gave us DJ's old room and told us to keep it as long as we cared to, while finishing our house. Then we had breakfast and went out to the college. There have been many additions in the three years, new building too, which are handsome. I felt proud of the college and of our church to maintain such a one in India.

The sun was very hot so we hurried along. Tiffin came at 3 o'clock, just bread and jam, tea and juice. DJ had lots of fun recalling old times with the Ewings, and they seemed to be happy in having him with them again. Prof. Gilbertson called. He is a Scotsman and very genial. It seems he has recently left the mission and gone into Gov't work. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clark have come to take their place. I am delighted that they are to be our neighbors. The Clarks too are just next door from the Griswolds.

Three of the native Christian young men came in during the evening to welcome us and the servants passed tea and cake. On my desk here, there are beautiful pink roses, gathered from our garden. A beautiful little table stands in the corner as the wedding gift of Dr. and Mrs. Ewing to us. Aren't they kind? We are both very well and happy with these dear Ewings.

Heartfelt greetings to all—
Elizabeth.

Oct 7, 1904
Lahore, India
[No Salutation]

This morning college opened. Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Griswold and I sat together on the rear seat. The roll was called for 450 students. They are a curious collection of red turbans and pugras and round caps, Hindus and Mohammedans and a few Christian without any caps. Their faces are bright and when they laugh they seem just like students at home. As the faculty filled in, the student body rose to their feet and clapped each one. Dr Ewing in opening reminded them plainly that the purpose of the college was *Jesus Christ*. Mr. Fleming also declared his Christian purpose very openly. He gave a greeting of Dr. Chas. Cuthbert Hall to the students of Forman Christian College, which was most hardily clapped.⁵ They remember him with pleasure. There have been additions, new buildings, which are enormous. I feel proud of the college and of the church to maintain such a one in India. (The English Gov't gave the land and some of the buildings.)

You will rejoice with us I know over the increased influence of prayer throughout our mission. There have been some significant blessings this fall and now each morning before college opens, Dr. Ewing, Dr. Griswold and Mr. Fleming meet for quiet prayer in the study asking for power to witness in the classroom work. At the union prayer meeting last night I was again impressed with earnestness. I am greatly impressed with opportunity of this college. Johnson (Mr. Fleming) has 60 men in his Bible class each day. He is studying John with them. For two days he has given them certain questions to answer as follows:

- 1.) Do you believe that God hears and answers prayer?
- 2.) To what book would you go for your highest inspiration?
- 3.) Who was Jesus Christ? And what were his main teachings?

We went to the little Presbyterian Church at 8 o'clock and sat among our own—those dear native Christians. The congregation was mostly white-collared heads—so fresh and pretty. I could not understand the sermon of course as it was in Hindustani but I could sing the hymnal.

Our Munchie (teacher) has begun to come daily. He is Mohammed about middle age and he is so polite it takes him about half the first hour to sit down! Imagine the hour he comes! At 6:15 a.m. I am putting four hours a day on this language and it carries me back to college days. About the mission work, I am waiting to see where the path opens.

⁵ Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall (1852-1908), President of Union Theological Seminary gave the lecture on India at the University of Chicago where Elizabeth and DJ met the year before. Hall had a tremendous appreciation of the Oriental consciousness and wanted to see the mystical elements in Christianity developed by an Eastern appropriation of the faith. He felt that the West had much to learn from the East and was saddened at the condescension of many missionaries and the contemptuous of many other Westerners toward the East (Forman 87). Hall was extraordinarily popular among the Indians of all faiths. Beach wrote, "He won his way into the heart of Indians as no other man from foreign land has done in so brief a time" (297-298).

Miss Kaye already has a promise from me to take the Bible class of girls in her school each day. The school is very near us, and that will be splendid!⁶

[This undated letter was found with the Courtship essay and Honeymoon letters. It provides a candid introduction to many of the Lahore people.]

[Early Lahore, c. fall 1904.]

Dearest,

Isn't father a great man! He seems to know a lot of things by intuition. It seems too absurd for anything but it is a fact that these people here are scared of me. They have been so stiff and offish—because I am a Smith College girl, and a YWCA secretary. None of the wives in this mission are College women, and Mrs. Gilbertson did not win them much.⁷ They are afraid of me. They probably think I am going to try to run things with a high hand and lord over them. Poor dear things!

Dr. Ewing was afraid also of YW Secretaries. They don't like Mrs. Clark (Nettie Dunn Clark), the only YW Secretary who ever came to India.⁸ Queer that she should be coming to Lahore this year & is a neighbor of ours. This cannot work. Well, I think the Ewings will know me enough to change their mind. I am not proud or aggressive, one bit. But we found it was going to create a lot of jealousy if I went in for the examination, because no married woman ever has, & Dr. Ewing told Johnson it would make [bad] feeling & establish an aristocracy!! He is funny, but Mrs. E. didn't so he is touched also.

But I like him and he likes me and Mrs. Ewing and I are getting closer together. After a while I believe Mrs. Griswold will get over her stiffness and Mrs. Gilbertson too. But isn't it funny and sad? I never supposed anyone would feel that way about little me. Perhaps the Board of the NW has something to do with it. I shall lay low for a little while and not ask for any work, show them that I am ignorant about a lot of things they know, and I can love them! [*Page torn.]

Oct 26, 1904
Lahore, India
Dearest Mother,

⁶ The *WPBMN 1906 AR* announces, "Mrs. Fleming has been studying the language and for a few months taught in the Lady Dufferin Girls' School" (40). Elizabeth does not refer to the school by the name listed in the annual report, and Kaye is spelled "Keay" in the typed letters.

⁷ Although Elizabeth wrote Gilbert, Brown only mentions a Prof. and Mrs. Gilbertson (1889-1904W) (1116). I have changed her references to Gilbertson.

⁸ Not only was Mrs. Clark a former YWCA secretary, Dr. Walter Clark was also a Union Theological Seminary graduate. In 1886, the student Associations, through delegates elected by their state organizations, formed a National Committee with the purpose of promoting YWCA work in both college and city communities. Miss Nettie Dunn, who became the first General Secretary of the National Committee, wrote the first annual report (Rice 42). Miss Dunn later married Mr. Walter Clark and joined the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, as a foreign missionary to India.

This has been an interesting week. I went to Kasur Thursday afternoon, and found it a quaint town in which the Goulds and the spinster household are the only Europeans. These homes are most attractive however. We all took dinner together and I found Mrs. Gould both pretty and charming. The home is interesting in itself. It used to be a tomb, and made over into a splendid house with high arched ceiling and nooks in the walls. These walls are four feet thick! My bedroom was very quaint and fascinating with its dome and latticed windows.

Miss Aitkin and Miss Sutherland are both Scotch under the Z.B.M.S. [Zenana Bible and Medical Mission of London] and they are typical missionaries—just the salt of the earth. They are both past forty in all probability, and have done pioneer work in Kasur for eleven years.

The story of Kasur station of the Punjab Mission, constituted in 1913, is another instance of the development of an outstation as the result of evangelistic work for Outcastes. Kasur, forty-two miles southeast of Lahore, is an ancient city. . . . Several years before Presbyterian missionaries began to itinerate in this region, two missionaries of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission of London, Miss Aitken and Miss Sutherland had obtained permission to attempt work in the secluded zenanas of the city. Despite serious difficulties, they succeeded in laying the foundations of a great work for women and girls. Their influence is manifest today [1937] in many wives and daughters of the gentry and merchants who are secret believers in Christ, some of whom have been baptized. (Brown 593)

Breakfast over, at ten o'clock we started to a distant village in Miss Sutherland's *gari*, with a servant on behind and a tiffin basket. The roads are excellent and shaded by large trees. I learned the names, faras, nim, pipal, shishnon [I have guessed at the spelling] etc. and many of them bearing large pods.

Leaving the main road we cut across a cotton field where village people were working. They came up to our carriage for a "salaam." In the large pocket in front was the cotton just picked. A picturesque group. On we went, until we were in sight of a mud village in the dusty plain. Approaching the gate, several dogs growled, a man came out and ran back to tell the news that Miss Sahib had come! Then a woman came running and leaping down the narrow road, clapping her hands and beaming with joy. I never saw a happier woman. She put her palms together as in prayer, and put them in Miss Sahib's own. It was almost pathetic. Following her into her own enclosure we were given a "*champai*" to sit on. (This is the native bed, rope strung across four posts.) It was quaint enough for me to take in the situation and appreciate every detail.

There was the cow a few feet off, here by our side was a goat munching straw, chickens were under our feet, and the proverbial dog. Several children and babies peered about and ventured out of the hut. The woman sat in front of us and told us all the thoughts of her mind and events of her meager life. Of course, I did not understand but I nodded and smiled and sympathized as though I did. She told me how sick she had been and how she never would have lived if Miss Sahib had not come to cure her. Then Miss Sahib

reminded her that now she was healed in body and must get healed in soul. I wish I could have understood her as she told the story again. From the earnestness in the woman's face as well as her words, we were assured that she did "often think of these things, and remember."

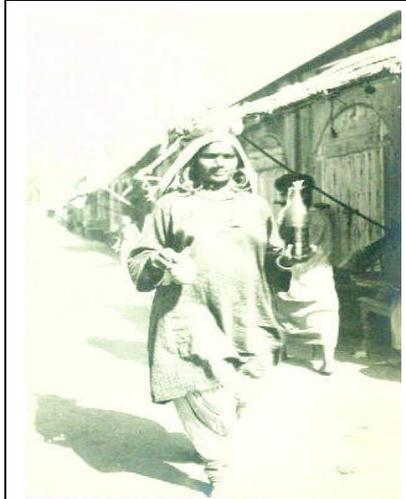
This village is a Sikh village. No one has openly confessed Christ, but several men and women are listening and asking questions, and love Miss Sahib.

Brown writes that the Sikhs are a "fine soldierly race who [with the Gurkhas] furnish the choice men of the Indian army" (592). My father wrote of the Sikhs in a letter on February 8, 1930: "Sikhs go in for snappy wound pugrees in all brilliant shades of crimson, pink, yellow, green, blue, brown, purple, olive . . . But, of course, the most striking feature of the Sikh's appearance is his enormous bushy black beard. . . . Everyone of them understudies for the Smith brothers of cough drop fame. As a matter of fact, I think the Indian Sikh is as handsome a representative of homo sapiens as is to be found: great powerful shoulders, a deep chest, strong chiseled features, flashing dark eyes, curling black hair."

After a bit we moved on to another enclosure where some five or six women gathered on the doorstep with their babies. That was a sight! One woman was turning a little machine which separated the seeds from the cotton. They were so excited over me, the religious work went slowly. They felt of my skirt and blouse and put their fingers on my pins and watch chain jabbering together over each thing. Then they asked if I would not take off my topi and let them see my hair.⁹ I assented and they buzzed around, patting my hair and feeling my side combs and drawing out the long shell pin. They said in their oriental warm hearted way that it did their hearts much good to see me. Miss S. told them I was from America and was married (they rejoiced over that fact) and that my mother was far away. At this they sighed and looked at me with such a pitying expression. They really understood.

From house to house we went, if you could call these mud walls such. In one, we climbed to the roof where the family were gathered on their carpai. A crippled mother, where a young man had been ill with fever for 22 days. A crowd quickly gathered, and Miss S. read and sang and talked to them, there on the roof under a straw awning. One little girl of fifteen years, had just been married. She was a pretty child, decked out in much jewelry. That is the sign that one is married. But she had a terrible ear, all festered by the rings in it. There were ten of them by actual count, set in all the rim of the ear. We told her the ear could not heal until those were taken out, but they laughed at us over such an absurd proposition. Jewelry is more to them than life itself!

⁹ A topi is a corked had used for sun protection. Usually it is the first thing visitors get fitted for when they arrive in India. Julia Cole was told to use a "double-layer" parasol in addition to her topi for protection against the sun (AW 23-24).



Postcard. Written on back:
"A typical woman of lower classes. Much jewelry on the neck, nose, ears, wrists & fingers."

From "The Story of Indian Jewellery." Jewelry in India fulfills many functions and wearing it has several implications. At the most obvious level, it is a form of adornment, but it also serves as an identity marker, as security, and as a symbol of social contracts. For Hindus, jewelry is associated with most religious ceremonies. To signify marital status, Hindu women must wear a gold pendant stung in a certain combination with other beads. In the Hindu community where women do not inherit landed property, jewelry is a major component of her trousseau. Jewelry, because of its easy convertibility into cash, was thus regarded as security and investment.
<<http://craftsinindia.com/products/gems/jewelry/jewelryindia.html>>

While getting through a hole in a mud wall Miss S. was stung by a wasp and put sulphur on it by scraping the end of a match and that quickly took out the pain and inflammation at once. That is worth knowing in this country.

You would like to have seen the village people follow us out to the carriage for medicines. Miss S. always carries remedies such as quinine and a healing salve etc. It was funny to see the men bring a great big bottle for a few drops of medicine. We ate tiffin under the trees, yonder from the village. The servant built a fire for our tea kettle and that made everything taste good. After the little meal we had prayer together about the morning's work, and then turned the good pony homeward.

Johnson came down Saturday and we stayed with the Goulds. This home was designed by Robt. Morrison for his own. But the greatest event of this week was getting into our home. We have at last moved in. This is the first night here, and the novelty of it is very exciting. With all our shopping we haven't bought much and the rooms are so big to furnish. Yet we think these already the most attractive rooms! (barring 271) we have ever seen. Mrs. Griswold and Mrs. Clark were in today to see how we were getting along and commented on everything. But it is great fun. We are sitting in one study off the drawing room, writing home letters. Johnson's desk is here for temporary use. We have hung all his pictures in the parlor. He has a good many I find and they are good subjects too. Mrs. Griswold gives excellent meals. She is an accomplished housekeeper.

Thursday morning: We had a special night in our own little koti. The air was cool and soothing and it drove the mosquitoes away. During the day there are many of these and I fear this place will always have them because there is much irrigation on the grounds. How I wish you could be with us this morning. Johnson has just left for the college and I am alone with the servants. You could teach me so many things. I fairly hold my breath

and go ahead. Johnson is doing everything—I never saw such a boy. He goes into every detail of the housekeeping and shopping. Find he has distinct ideas of his own and they are all good ones. What we should do if either of us understood Hindustani is a mystery. I am picking up a few words each week but it is hard to understand others when they talk.

The fashionable calling time is from 12 to 3 o'clock. I am going out with Mrs. Ewing to day to return three, and I shall have to make Nagir understand that I want a gari at quarter to 12 o'clock. We have not nearly solved the curtain problems. Every door must have a purdah and we need rugs and palms for the veranda and every sort of provision for one's own house.

I am getting fonder of India each week. Things do not jar now as they did just at first. There is a charm about this country. Of course the weather just now is delightful, neither hot nor cold. One evening this week we took a walk into the gardens near the Government College. The moon was just coming up and made the whole place enchanting—such deep shadows and such bright moon light. We had a good talk about plans for the students in our home. Tomorrow we go up to Ludhiana for the Conference of several days.

Your letters are my great feast.
A world of love from India, Elizabeth

Nov. 9, 1904
Jullundur, India
My Dear Ones,

Are you surprised to see this heading? It's a surprise to me also. While at Annual Meeting Miss Downs and Miss Given invited me to stop over a day with them on my way home. Johnson was very anxious to have me do it as he believes in one's seeing as many places as possible and as many kinds of work as one can out here. So now I am arrived at the prettiest home in the Mission! This is the reputation Miss Downs and Miss Given have now. They have lived here thirteen years and being artistic they have furnished this house with exquisite taste. I am so glad to see it before settling in my own. We have seen the inside of many pretty homes. These Indian bungalows *can* be made very attractive if one has taste. I shall spend all the day tomorrow seeing the work and city then take the Calcutta mail for Lahore Friday morning. I have grown to greatly admire our missionaries, *every one*, and love many of them. They are a fine lot.

WPBMN 1905 Annual Report: "The five schools in charge of Miss Downs and Miss Given have an attendance of two hundred and nineteen. Four of these are for Hindus, one being for Hindu widows. The fifth is for Mohammedans. . . . The schools were closed for five months on account of the plague. Many of the girls died of this dread disease. Though the schools were closed for more than a month the ladies visited the houses regularly during this time. The women appreciated their visits and have since shown a very friendly spirit. They have given up the idea that the missionaries are helping the Government to spread the plague" (41).

Brown wrote, "Jullundur in the Punjab, thirty miles west of Ludhiana, was opened in 1846. It was a city of such antiquity that it is mentioned in connection with the conquest of India by Alexander the Great. It is the centre of a district of a million people, one of the most densely populated regions in the world. The great trunk road from Calcutta to the most northern part of India runs through Jullundur" (578).

We have had our first experience with white ants! Never dreaming of trouble we left our trunk and suitcases on the ground of our tent as anyone would. Last night we discovered that they were all chewed up on the bottom by an army of ants. Fortunately my steamer trunk was tin lined so they did not get into it. But the leather on our suitcases is eaten away in great holes. We have learned our lesson! I have been asking Miss Given all about her way of keeping house and cleaning house out here. It will be a great help to me. "Eternal vigilance" every where seems to be the rule.

That will be a new life for me. You would have liked to have seen the splendid Christian Boys school at Ludhiana and also to have gone with us through the Indian Christian Village calling upon some of the women. The little homes were greatly improved over other Indian homes. There is a difference. About forty families comprise this village.

Outside of the city I saw quite an army in camp and hundreds of little tents with their camels and herds of goats. They were on a march, only stopping for the night. It was a picture I shall not soon forget. At Dr. Brown's hospital I saw her perform two minor operations. The place was purely oriental. The women were loaded with jewelry—bracelets on arms, neck and ankles, rings in ears nose and toes. Alas it was pitiful yet interesting.

They have a medical school also where 35 Indian girls are studying to be doctors. I was asked to lead one of the evening prayer services for half an hour. It did my heart good to look into their faces and realize what they could do for India's women. Every girl in the school is a Christian.

He is to be congratulated! At the meeting of the Fellows of the University of the Punjab held Monday of this week, Johnson was elected a Fellow. From a list of 89, ten were elected. It is a big thing and now four of the missionaries, professors in Forman College, have been so recognized. Now Johnson will have to wear a gown and hood at all official gatherings. There were large congratulations at the annual meeting over the elections. Dr. Wherry said it was very unusual to elect so young a man.

x.x. I am repeating every morning the 13th chap. of 1. Cor[inthians]. It is so wonderful and true. Think of the love that is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, suffereth long and still in kind and seeketh not her own. Could we be changed into that image, I think? This is a great world to live and work in!

Lovingly,
Elizabeth

[Not transcribed—Illegible
November 10, 1904
Dearest Father]

Nov. 13, 1904
Lahore, India
Chotta' Koti,
Dearest Mother,

My heart is full of thankfulness today. At three o'clock, just as we were going to church your letters came. They waited all that hour and a half on our little table, and then what a feast we had! DJ and I sat down on our little new wicker sofa and read aloud every word. It took three hours to fully enjoy them. I left you at Jullundur, didn't I? Yes, shortly after closing my letter to you we drove to the city and spent the morning visiting the native schools, held in a queer little place of tumble down walls. The Hindu children were in our court, the Mohammed children in another, and finally a bare little room where the poor widows gather to learn to read and write. There are no slates used in India. Every child has an ink bottle and pointed stick. With this she makes the letters upon a board shaped as [Elizabeth drew a shape]. It can be washed off with some clay. It looks very odd to see the children and women squatting on the floor close up to the wall all round the room with their stick & ink bottle and board.

The rest of the morning we called in Zenanas upon a most interesting number of women. One has devoted herself to reading the Koran to others. She dedicates herself to this purpose and she commands great respect. They asked me to sing in that Zenana, and I sang "Just as I am without one plea."¹⁰ They asked Miss Given to interpret the meaning of the song and listened attentively while she used the opportunity for an earnest talk.

¹⁰ Quoted in full from Barbara Welter's "The Feminization of American Religion" in *Dimity Convictions* (90). She writes, "A love letter to Christ was the only kind of love letter a nice women was allowed to publish [at mid-nineteenth century]. . . . The ultimate in such expressions of total absorption in Christ and a yielding up of an unworthy body and soul to his embrace [was] the widely sung 'Just as I am, Without one Plea'" (90).

"Just as I Am, Without One Plea"

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that my blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come...

Just as I am: thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

We called also upon one of the wealthiest women in Jullundur. Of course she was in purdah. She and her daughter received us in great style. They are dressed in elegant blue silk brocade and a yellow brocade with heavy gold border. We sat upon crimson velvet couches in her white and gold reception room. There were elegant things about, but they were more English than Indian. Just think, there are only three homes in all of Jullundur where she may go. They are socially superior to all others. This elegant woman was most affable and kind. She tried to talk to me, but we had to use an interpreter. She seemed pleased with my "disposition," and after we had gone sent a great tray of sweet candies and Indian confections to the house for me. Two other women did the same and that night we had such a feast, that I nearly took too much. But some way I escaped.

We called upon Lady Harnam Singh whose husband is a prince and the most distinguished native Christian in India.¹¹ I believe he has served on the Viceroy's staff. We found both Sir and Lady at home and there we learned for the first time of Roosevelt's overwhelming victory. There has been considerable interest over this election. One thing pleases me so much out here, is the fact that you are intimately thrown with all nationalities. The Scotch and English especially so we frequently discuss with them the burning questions of the day, problems of their country. This makes current events a live thing.

¹¹ Kanwar Sir Harnam Singh Ahluwalia KCIE was the son of a former Maharaja of Kapurthala. With Lady Singh, he attended the Jubilee of Queen Victoria (1887) and was present at the coronation of King Edward as the representative of the Indian Christian community. He served as a member of the Governor-General's Legislative Council and later as a member of the Punjab Legislative Council. Lady Singh was the daughter of Rev. Mr. Golaknath, who was a son of one of Dr. Duff's early Bengali converts (Dennis 345-346).

Coming back from Jullundur next day I happened to be in same coach with Mrs. Forman. She is most excellent company, full of dry humor. Arrived at Lahore and there was Nagir to meet me and take my grips and hand me a note from DJ whose college classes were in session then. Nagir took me home in great shape ordering a Basali cart from the depot. We only have to pay 12 cents an hour for this elegant vehicle, sort of a dog cart. You climb in behind. There is a fringed awning over your head and you carry considerable style as you jog along. Well, if you will believe it when I drove into the compound. All the other servants were on hand to give me a low salaam. I felt like a queen!

As soon as I was freshened up I heard DJ's whistle coming up the avenue.¹² Mrs. Griswold had sent over a tray of hot tea and boiled eggs and fruit which we ate at once in our dining room. Isn't Mrs. Griswold kind? She and I are getting to be dear friends. Best of all were the boxes of goods on our back veranda. Everything had come and we lost no time in getting at them. Such fun and excitement! The desk and chair and Grandma's bookcase and Edward's table and Aunt Helen clock we have them all out and in place. Our two art squares seem woefully small in this big room but the colors match our yellow ground beautifully. Not a bit of cut glass or china was broken, not a picture frame. Only a little bruising of some of the furniture, not much and it can be all fixed. The little spool holder on my sewing machine was broken but it can be mended.

Well, we are as happy as kings! There is a lot to do to get things in place and buy the remaining necessities of furniture. It still seems as if we had not made a start. My little wedding gifts look so new to me. Some of them I scarcely took in at home, but I tell you they are a Godsend out here. One desk just sets off everything. Father's picture stands on the mantle piece. It is a benediction to the room. I wish so much I had a good picture of you. Some day won't you have one taken? This room is a pretty bright room much like our cottage room. It already looks comfortable.

Nov. 15: Such a lot of callers today! Every one has been in to see our Old Mission furniture which has created a sensation here.¹³ Did I tell you that we designed our dining room table ourselves and had it made by a carpenter here. It is round, five feet in diameter. Then we have a large table which we insert in the middle when we want to seat twelve guests. Ordinarily this stands against the wall as a serving table.

We are going to begin our meals here tomorrow. We have given Latif full swing for a week and watch with interest the things he gives us. Wouldn't you like to with us? Tonight I have taken out my first table cloth and two napkins with Grandma "C" on them, and my silver. I am almost afraid to use it, just a few of each kind. Knives, forks and spoons and two little gilt knives. I put one of my doilies under the green rose bowl. It is filled with elegant roses from our bushes. That is a luxury! Oh they are beautiful! We have been buying palms and lilies and violet pots for our mallie (gardener). You

¹² DJ's whistle was handed down through two generations and became our "family whistle." My brother Mic said, "It goes C, C, A, C (or as Mom would have said, do, do, la, do)."

¹³ According to DJ's courtship essay, Elizabeth and DJ bought their Mission furniture at Montgomery Ward. Gustav Stickley, a proponent of the Arts and Crafts movement, helped make mission furniture popular.

would have the best time with him because you know about things that grow. I am learning.

Today I was stung by a hornet in two places. I had no idea that the pain was so excruciating. It lasted all day. I can scarcely walk but I did accept the invitation to Mrs. Wigram's Badminton party. She had two courts going all the time. Six or eight can play on one court. Every one plays, young and old, and then tea is served on the lawn from two pretty tea tables in the daintiest of china, cake and bon-bons went with it. Soon we will have to do the same kind of entertaining. I dread it at first that things won't go quite right. It is desperately hard to find time to study and take a lesson in the midst of the setting and housekeeping with new servants and new ways, yet I am making the attempt. The days are twice too short.

Am glad to hear Edward is with you, he is never forgotten in love and prayers, and Mary: that dear girl deserves a letter right off. She has written twice since my leaving Chicago. Please send my special love to her and the bewitching young *John*. I think of them both many times a day. I want to write to Uncle Arthur that I have invested the \$25 for Gracie in Ramabais School. It's a most interesting work and one in which Gracie can grow in interest and knowledge. Love to them and to Uncle John and Aunt Helen. I wish they could see the lovely clock on our mantle. It goes so well with our Old Mission furniture. Well, dear ones, I could run on forever.

Much love to you all,
Elizabeth

Nov. 20, 1904
Lahore, India
Dearest Mother,

This is the close of another Sabbath day. The home mail did not come in today, so we have to anticipate tomorrow. That always makes a happy day. We gave our first tea drinking after church today. We asked Pres. and Mrs. Ewing, Dr. and Mrs. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Prof. and Mrs. Chatterjee to come over for a cup of tea directly after service. Nagir had arranged the tea table very prettily with our new teacups upon the large brass tray and the little silver pot and cream and sugar outfit stood upon another little table close by. One plate of crackers and another of small cakes. The teapot is very tiny yet it pours five cups of tea. By filling once more with hot water it serves ten.

We had a pleasant little visit together and after the others were gone, Dr. and Mrs. Griswold stayed to chat in neighborly way, and before they left we had a circle of prayer for the new Christian students of the college. There is much earnestness among some of the Professors, and surely the winter ahead of us must count. Such a bright young fellow called the other day. He is studying in his fifth year at Forman College, working now for his M.A. We had a good talk together until we were interrupted. He reads good books such as Drummond's, "The Ideal Life." I thought he might be a Christian, but he said he

was Mohammedan. He said that the missionaries had done them lot of good, because when they saw them so keen on their religion, it made the Mohammed more keen on his too. I was sorry to be interrupted with him at this point. He will come again, he said. He reminds me of Mr. Alli, and he too hopes to come to America to see the scientific display electricity and steam.¹⁴

We had another interesting call from Sala Puell Ram, professor physics in the Gov't College, who is one of the most prominent leaders of the Brahmo Somaj.¹⁵ He told me that the requirements of membership were:

- 1) That a man should be religious, praying man
- 2) Should give up idolatry
- 3) Should give up Caste.

For them as for Christianity, the great obstacle to growth is the social relationships of the people, which have to be absolutely broken. He told us quite plainly that they did not believe in a Savior. The way to God was immaterial as long as one lived in communion *with* God. The Society would say that Mohammed or Christ or Buddha were equally good models, and it mattered not which they followed. Of course the Immaculate Conception, the Atonement and Eternal punishments were to them utterly false. The Society longed for a prophet, who would bring great enthusiasm into this search for truth.

I attended our little Missionary Society of native Christians. It was such a sweet sight as I sat in the S.S. [Sunday School] room and looked around the circle at those attractive faces. Everything was in Hindustani, but I caught a good deal. There is a village near by that has been wonderfully opened to the Gospel. One man moved there from another place where missionaries had been. He taught the people the verses and the songs he had learned, and the people became so eager for more they sent to Lahore for someone to come out and preach and baptize. One day Dr. Griswold went with Talib-ud-din, our pastor, and they baptized the people from morning to night, and still there were more. Now these poor village folk want a church and they say if they can have 100 rupees, they will make the brick and do the work on it themselves after the work in the fields is over, about March. Our little missionary society has earned 100 rupees in one way and another and we are considering this opportunity to make them count. Isn't it interesting?

Our cook is a little treasure, cooks and seasons well. Each meal is a surprise and that is a lot of fun. Did I tell you that? Hannah Lee made us a present of 1 doz finger bowls in beaten brass made by the boys at Ahmednagar. These are beauties, each one a different

¹⁴ Victorians were fascinated by technology. The unknown author of *The Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest: Fifty Years of Service* compared Room 48 to an electric engine: "It is there we have touched the button which set in motion all the various wheels of our machinery so necessary to the carrying on of all the great work. It has truly been our 'power house,' for Room 48 has magic power to send a thrill through the missionary heart all the world over" (23); Montgomery wrote, "The Gospel is the most tremendous engine of democracy ever forged" (206).

¹⁵ Brown argued that the Christians were not the only reformers in India. The Brahmo Somaj were one of the Indian organizations formed to bring about better social conditions. "Non-Christian women as well as men are prominent in various reform movements and they are speaking from platforms with a boldness that would have been impossible a generation ago" (546).

pattern. We have bought two seats of bamboo and cane. We need more chairs but good looking ones are hard to get. The popular chair here is very low; some are only one foot from the floor. At first I did not like it, but one grows to really prefer them. But when one has a cup of tea in one's hand and sits so low it is terribly hard getting up to greet new people.

[Rules of Formal Visiting:]

The fashionable hour for making calls is from 12 to 3 o'clock. One must always go in a carriage, dressed in her best. The ceremony in this, when you drive up to a home, you look first of all to see if the ladies' "Isn't at Home" box is out. If it is, you simply hand your cards to the Bearer and drive on. He puts them for you in the box, and it serves quite well as a real call. All calls must be returned within a week. If the box is not out, you simply hand the cards to the Bearer who receives them on his tray, and you ask as you hand them in if the "Mrs. Sahib" is at home. Still sitting in your carriage you wait until the servant returns with the message, "Salaam," and we proceed to follow him into the reception room where the lady and her daughters, if she has any, stand ready to receive you. You sit for about ten minutes making conversation and then rise without apology and depart.

There is a great deal of entertaining in Lahore. One is constantly asked to garden parties where tennis or badminton is played and tea served from little tea tables most daintily set out. Dinners too are very common. We went to the Orbison's the other night and are invited to Mrs. Dutta's on Friday evening and shall give our first dinner Saturday evening to Dr. and Mrs. Ewing and Dr. and Mrs. Griswold. We had Mr. Hyde in to dinner tonight and I was delighted with the interest Nagir showed in table decorations. We used only the light from our candelabra. Roses were strewn at its base, quite carelessly just as they had seen me do the first night. They are such beauties. Our napkins were folded in fancy style on our bread plate and the slice of bread was inside the napkin. There was a rose inside each fingerbowl. I was interested to see what Latif had prepared for supper: 1) soup, 2) fish with white sauce, 3) meat patties, potatoes, cauliflower and gravy 4) Custard pudding, and 5) fruit. Nagir has been well trained and he is a smart fellow.

From Julia Cole's travelogue: Saturday, November 21, 1908:

A *Khansamar* and a *Kitmagar* are indispensable in an Indian household. Other helpers may be dispensed with or not, these are absolutely necessary with the addition of a sweeper and dhobi. The latter attends to your washing away from the compound. The rules which divide the labors of these four men are very strictly observed in every household, as they represent a different caste.

After dinner Dr. Griswold and Mr. Turner came in for tea in the drawing room. After that we talked of such interesting incidents of personal interest and then we all had such a good prayer together. It did my heart good. Those five men are earnest consecrated spirits and I felt privileged to be in their circle for prayer. Mr. Turner is doing wonderful work here. He goes into the Bazaars and talks to the men personally and follows them

up. He has a Bible class in the College, and just now he tells me that he is going to take a home in the native city! He will not be allowed to eat there because he is in a Hindoo centre and one of the conditions, by which they let him have the room, is that he shall not eat there. He can prepare his own tea. Mr. Turner is a wonderful fellow. I admire him greatly.¹⁶

Every minute of my time is full. The household directions to give. The “*Munchie*” from 10:30 to 1 o’clock. The “*darsee*” (sewing man) to look after and see that he does not make mistakes on my curtains which he is making. This Munchie is the oddest sort of character. He dresses in a Prince Albert and white tennis shoes and wears a tall red Mohammed cap with a tassel. His long beard is dyed purple, so that he looks younger than he is. Always he leaves his tennis shoes on the veranda while he enters my presence in stocking feet. He is a good teacher in spite of his peculiarities. I’m getting on a bit each day but not so fast as if I had more time to study.

Our home is beginning to look much better with curtains and rugs. The drawing room is yellow and green, the dining room in blue and the bedroom in dark blue and white. The days are getting cool toward evening and in the early morning there is a chill in the air. You should see the vase of chrysanthemums which the Ewings gave me. They are beauties, such full heads! And so this letter written on Thanksgiving Day carries also the Christmas joy and greeting.

I shall be with you in spirit, dear home ones.
Elizabeth

Nov. 27th, 1904
Dearest Mother, [Illustrated]

Before we sat down to breakfast this Sabbath morning our budget of mail had come. We have feasted all day on your precious letters. It seems very quick time that you received on Oct 31 what was written on Oct. 4th. All the week we worked hard to get our house more settled. The big boxes were stored away in one of our out houses. Our guest room looks bare yet. I have one old charpais in there with the blue counter panes on, which by the way are much admired. On the mantel are pictures of our home interiors and the church. The canvas swinging chair stands in one corner. Our dining room looks very sweet in blue, with a large palm half way down the room to screen the pantry door and break the long stretch. Our round table is pushed up the other end beyond the fireplace.

A cottage piano came for trial and that was such a joy! The first evening it was in the house I played and sang all my old pieces as if I were inspired. The piano fascinated me as it once did at home.

¹⁶ Mr. Turner became intimately connected with the Flemings intimately when he married Chicago heiress and Vassar grad, Mary Borden in 1908. See part three of Chapter 10, “What a fairy story it all is!”

Lahore Nov. 27th, 1904

Dearest mother

Before we sat down to breakfast this Sabbath morning our budget of mail had come! We have feasted all day on your precious letters. It seems very quick time that you received on Oct 31st what was written in Lahore on Oct 18th.

All the week we worked hard to get our house more settled. The big boxes were stored away in one of our out houses. One guest room looks fine yet. I have one old Charpais in there with the blue counterpane on, which by the way are much admired. On the mantel are pictures of your home interiors and the church. The carvose swinging chair stands in one corner. Our dining room looks very sweet in blue, with a large pelmet half way down the room to screen the painting door and break the long stretch. One round table is pushed up the other end beyond the fire place.



A Cottage Piano came for trial and that is such a joy! The first evening it was in the house I played and sang all my old pieces, as if I were inspired. The piano fascinated me as it never did at home.

Now you want to hear about our dinner last night - Our guests were Dr & Mrs Ewing - & Dr. & Mrs Grievold. We sat down entirely by candle light, our candelabra in the center and four vase sprays laid carefully on the center piece. Everything was deliciously cooked, and was great thanks for Lili. After dinner we brought out Mrs Birds beautiful guest book and had them enter their names. Mrs Ewing's comes first of all. Dr Grievold read "The Loco of Gallup". Then we sang. Mrs Ewing sang "Tennyson's Brook Song" without notes, and I sang "The Winters Lullaby" and we all sang "Be thou with". Then it was ten o'clock, so we all had evening worship together. Dr Ewing reading the Scripture and Dr Grievold leading in prayer. That was a happy evening for us.

Now we have longed for you and father to share these quiet things with us. In one little nook off the drawing room I have hung for portieres the American and British flags. They come clear down to the floor and give a touch of color. We have decided to use this (my desk and chair -) little room for D.J.'s desk this winter. This week I attended my first J. M. C. A. Committee meeting in Lahore. Just now they are starting a building fund and will soon give a tea and concert to raise money for it.



The point is different from home, i.e. the meetings when the J. M. C. A. and the J. M. C. A. combine, are always led by men, and during the week week of prayer there was a different professor or minister invited to speak at the J. M. C. A. every afternoon. This is quite the English way of doing.

Illustrated by Elizabeth Cole Fleming, November 27, 1904

Now you want to hear about our dinner last night. Our guests were Dr. and Mrs. Ewing and Dr. and Mrs. Griswold. We sat down entirely by candlelight, our candelabra in the center and four nose sprays lay carelessly on the centerpiece. Everything was deliciously cooked, and won great laurels for Latif. After dinner we brought out Mr. Bird's beautiful guest book and had them enter their names. Mrs. Ewing comes first of all. Dr. Griswold read "The Toccata of Gallup" [?], then we sang. Mrs. Ewing sang Tennyson's "Brook Song" without notes, and I sang the Winter Lullaby and we all sang "Be Thou Nigh." Then it was ten o'clock and so we all had evening worship together. Dr. Ewing reading the Scriptures and Dr. Griswold leading in prayer. That was a happy evening for us. How we have longed for you and father to share these first things with us. In our little dafter off the drawing room I have hung for parties the American and British flags. They came clear down to the floor and give a touch of color. We have decided to use this little room for DJ's den this winter.

This week I attended my first YMCA committee meeting in Lahore. Just now they are starting a building fund and will soon give a tea and concert to raise money for it. The point is different from home, i.e. the meetings when the YMCA and the YWCA combine, are always led by men, and during the world's week of prayer there was a different professor or minister invited to speak at the YWCA every afternoon. This is quite the English way of doing things.¹⁷

On Friday of this week I returned ten calls, finding the card box up in every case—so it didn't take long and I had a delightful ride. Some of these ladies I have not met, yet we have exchanged calls. A Badminton party yesterday and a reception to the CMS [Church Missionary Society, London] Missionaries another day and a delightful dinner at Mrs. Dutta Friday evening have been a part of the week's program. Mrs. Dutta and her sister Miss Bose live in an old palace in the nation's city. It is a wonderful place to go. After dinner we went to the roof and drank coffee in an enchanting little roof parlor—all decorated in panels and frescoing very quaint and old. The moon was full and it made the city below seem very weird.

While we were there a wedding procession passed with beating of drums and torch lights. The bride was borne on a litter on the shoulders of four men. She was entirely hidden from view. Fireworks later went up from various parts of the city where there were other weddings. The skyrockets were just like our own in America. Some day Mrs. Dutta will take us to a native wedding. Only it lasts a week and they sit up all night! Oh, that procession did look heathenish! Mrs. Dutta has invited me to go with her to the Arya Somaji tomorrow at twelve o'clock. That will be interesting too.

My calls upon the native Christians were quite interesting. Nearly every one of the women is a graduate of Miss Kaye's School and speaks English. I thought their little native homes neat and attractive. At least they were very different from non-Christian

¹⁷ When Elizabeth moved to India, she was surprised to see that instead of more liturgical freedoms, she gained less under British dominion. Hunter writes that women missionaries in China did not lead their own meetings as they did in the United States. See part one of Chapter 9, "I had told God I was willing to go," for further discussion on this subject.

homes. The only sure topic of conversation is the children. I always ask a lot of questions about them. The names of these Indians are impossible for my memory.

The Munchie continues to come. But how can one study with such full days? Lahore is a very social place, full of things to do. Tomorrow I begin the Bible class in Miss Kaye's School.

Dec.1: Just think when you get this it will be the holiday week, almost New Years. I wish so often for *one* good woman to do our scrubbing and cleaning. It makes me feel so helpless to see the sweeping done with a bunch of twigs which only whirls the dust and dirt into the air. If I had a broom, I believe I would do all of my own cleaning. And the washing is such a trial. The man we have now hacks things out in a wretched manner. The verse in the Old Test[ament] about this subject is often on the lips of the missionaries, "And they took the spoiling of their goods gladly."

But now I am teaching to those dear pretty Indian girls at Miss Kaye's School. We have had two days together and we are already getting [to be] fast friends. Today after the class, a bunch stood around to talk so long afterwards that I felt quite like my old self.

I do love girls. These are so bright and attractive. They learn a verse to recite each morning. One girl put a picture of the Temple on the board and sometimes they draw maps, locating all the places.

The language is coming by slow stages. Munchie and I pull through an hour together each morning. He is as good as the average, I imagine, but he does not compare with an English teacher such as one could get at home in the schools. But he is such a character. I must take his picture for you. Today he came in crimson stockings, quite whole. We tried to make conversation in Hindustani and all he could think to ask me was, "Who owned this house and how much rent we paid." We found a big wasp nest in the room back of the dining room yesterday. The wasps were humming about in a holy nuisance. I am always afraid of them now, since being stung so badly.

My new Columbia wheel [bicycle] goes well. It is free wheel and that takes practice. But it is a beauty. We haven't our guest room quite finished yet. Louver doors have yet no curtains and the walls are bare without pictures. We have used all we had on our drawing room and dining room.

I am afraid you will think me a very *mundane* missionary. The truth is, I did more religious work at home than I can do here. But little things here will count I know. And the home center can have the true spirit in it. DJ has had such good talks with some of his students here. One young fellow—not a Christian, grasped his hand at parting and said his visit had been a real inspiration to him. My girls will be a comfort I know. Just at first one is so handicapped for work—I do not see how any account of experience at home could help much here. Of course to be able to read character and get into sympathetic relations quickly, that is good.

The YM and YW group Bible circles are doing a lot for Lahore. God's spirit is surely working here. I must make more time for quick and earnest prayer. How busy and full each day is! My visit to the Arya Somaj was quite interesting. We found the gathering of women in a hollow enclosure in a building of the native city. All were sitting on the floor in close rows. An elderly gentleman dressed in a long pink gown and little red cap was standing on a small table holding forth to those women, upon the necessity of female education. He made fun of the faquirs and some of the silly habits of people. So that in a way, this was no doubt an education to them. It is hard to believe that these women can belong to the same race as the dear girls in our Mission Schools. The training of Christian teachers does so much to change them. I am very thankful to be privileged to be here. Really I am. We are not far away, not truly.

A rich Christmas season with the New Years, best promises for you my dear ones!
Elizabeth

Dec. 4, 1904
Lahore, India
Dearest Father,

How quickly the week comes round! We did not get our home letters today—that means they will be here tomorrow. And Monday is such a busy day, how can we read them till evening? Here is the program. Chotta loziri (little breakfast) at seven o'clock. Study till 9 o'clock. Then Hazari (breakfast). From 9:30 to 10 my Bible class at Miss Kaye's School. From 10-11 study—then Munchie for an hour or two. Fashionable calls occur from 12-3 o'clock. The tiffin (lunch), and exercise, and dinner at 7 o'clock with the evening quite uninterrupted. The only difficulty being that the day is all too short.

Dec 7: Yes, but I did find time to read your letters. I was so interested in the Convention and mother's being there. Oh, I am so glad! It must have been strong indeed. So many present, and such splendid speakers. I am proud of Illinois and State Committee and its new Secretaries.

The difference between here and there is simply this. One is reaping and the other sowing. In God's sight both have equal importance and reward. "For neither is he that soweth anything nor he that reapeth, but God giveth the increase." The progression from easy to hard is just like mine—from YWCA to real missionary work. And I am glad—for when one is in school one wants to be promoted to the hard grades.

Johnson and I are displeased over the social demands of this place. We have been to a dinner party at the CMS Ladies Home, which by the way was delightful. Mrs. Inglis the head is a bright as a new dollar. She could easily pass for an American in quickness and responsiveness. She is a widow and has a beautiful daughter studying Kindergarten who goes to England in the spring. There is a Miss Wright who has just come out to assist Mrs. Inglis, a charming girl of 24. Mr. Turner was also invited to the dinner party and I must say that I could give him some advice if he would ask me!

Another afternoon we went to a Badminton, Croquet and Tennis party at Judge Robertson's. There may have been a hundred people on their grounds. Most of the ladies were elegantly dressed. I wore the white flannel suit Mrs. Craig made which is just suitable to my mind regardless of other people's customs. Tea was served by the servants also coffee and liquors. Cakes and sweets of various descriptions. It is customary to have a large rug or several rugs brought out under the trees and chairs and divans so that you are seated comfortably while sipping tea. Little tables are all about holding cake or candy. It is a pretty sight, but as no introductions are ever made at these Indian functions one does not really get acquainted. It made me awfully homesick to go to this party for it was so different from home.

[More Social Customs:]

Many customs are different. One should write, "Dear" not "My dear." All visiting cards bear the *title* that is very important. Mrs. Ewing thinks DJ ought to get new cards just because his are engraved as Mr. DJ Fleming instead of Reverend &c. Envelopes, delivered by messenger or servant, are sealed. No calls are in good form after a dinner or tea or entertainment of any description. All calls must be returned within a week and are very formal. No one thinks of going without a carriage.

I called Monday upon the Princess Bamba whose grandfather Dalip Singh was the last Raja of the Punjab.



Princess Bamba Sutherland (1869-1957)

<<http://www.info-sikh.com/RRPage2.html>>

From "The Family of the Maharaja": Dalip Singh was the youngest son of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. He was born of Maharani Jindan on September 6, 1837. At the age of five years he was proclaimed Maharaja of Punjab. According to the treaty of Lahore of March 1846 the British Government was responsible for the administration of the state and the protection of the Maharaja. The British unjustly deposed the child Maharaja. On March 29 1849 at the age of twelve the young Dalip Singh was made to sign over the sovereignty of the Punjab and relinquish all claims to the property of his kingdom, including the Kohinoor diamond. The Maharaja stepped down from his fathers throne, never to sit on it again. One of Maharaja's daughters married Dr. Sutherland, lived in Lahore, and was popularly known after her parents as Princess Bamba Sutherland. Princess Bamba Dalip Singh, who later married an English gentleman Dr. Sutherland, continued to keep in her custody the collection of paintings and objects of arts belonging to her father. She died in Lahore on March 10, 1957, without having any issue, and thus her death ended the line of the Sikh ruling dynasty.

<<http://www.info-sikh.com/RRPage2.html>>.

When British rule was established he and all his descendants were banished from India. Her father, a boy of 11 years, was baptized Christian and married a beautiful Christian girl in one of the Mission Schools in Cairo, Egypt. They lived always in England.

When the Princess wished to visit India, she had to get special papers of permission and come simply as a private individual. She has been here a year now, and never without a guard from the English Government. She cannot travel without being escorted for fear of stirring up a loyalty for her family. She is a young woman, quite attractive, and it seems that she studied medicine at the Northwestern Woman's Medical (now closed) in Chicago, in 1902. Dr. Young ought to remember her. We found a lot of mutual acquaintances and had a pleasant call. She lived at the "Pelius" [?] where the Gilbertsons used to live, and that was interesting to us.

On Saturday we went to the Fort and spent a delightful two hours wandering through the Palaces of Johaugin [?] made of white pillared marble and beautifully inlaid with precious stones. The Turks have spoiled much of it by decorating the same, in their style of ornate paintings and mirrors. One little pavilion of white marble inlaid cost \$300,000. And it is very small. The pagoda like roof was very quaint and pretty. Mrs. Dutta and Miss Bose our charming Indian friends went with us. Oh how you would react in such rich scenes and views and history. It is more romantic than anything in England. It flavors [?] of Scott novels. The great trees on the Maidow(?) viewed from the palace at the Fort are magnificent. India has wonderful trees, and such bright plumaged birds. Parrots of the brightest green were flitting about the foliage and great buzzards perch themselves on branches and pinnacles. I wish I could tell you everything. So much is packed into a week, my pen feels helpless.

Today the children came home from Woodstock School, Mrs. Ewing's Nancy and Anna (Mr. Godeen's Anna) who teaches there. It was an exciting day for all us all. Laura Griswold and two of Mrs. Orbison's girls and two of Mrs. Clark's. Anna will be a great companion for me. She is a splendid looking girl with a lot of spirit and capability. They say she plays tennis & badminton better than most men!

This evening DJ and I have been to every door in the little Christian Community near us, and have asked all to come for tea and Badminton tomorrow at four o'clock. They were pleased to have the invitation and some of them say they can play. A few of them cannot speak English. There will be about 25 in all, and the principal thing will be drinking tea and eating some of Latif's good sponge drops and coconut cakes. You would be greatly interested in these simple people. It makes me feel good to see their faces brighten up. In this way we hope to show our friendliness to them all. Latif is making 4 doz little cakes today.

Dec.8: My Munchie has just gone and I want to add this before it goes to the mail. At two o'clock Thursdays our letters must go, else they will not catch the boat. This makes it definite as to the time of sending off foreign letters. The Punjab mail train runs every day but everyone waits till the last day before mailing.

We had our first *guests* Monday night. A large party of Americans landed on the Ewings for entertainment and Mrs. Ewing let us help her by taking two men off her hands. Dr Cobb was traveling for his missionary Board to visit all stations. Mrs. Abbott and son from New York came for the trip round the world especially interested in missions and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain (Dr. Jacob Chamberlain's son) from Madras, came as pilots. There were others also in the party who went to the Orbisons.

It was a breath of America which did our senses good. Our guest room looks pretty with the blue bed spreads and a blue and red duster on the floor. We have not any pictures for the wall, and do not feel that the room is complete by any means. But we shall entertain just the same. "Given to hospitality" is the sort of thing we all must be.

At Christmas time we shall trim a tree for the native children and have an entertainment in Mrs. Griswold's home on the 23rd. Much interest centers about the tree. I am just now helping get up our House Miss. Society entertainment Monday—We shall give a tea first on Mrs. Griswold's veranda, selling a cup of tea and cake for 12 annas (4 ¢). Then afterwards go to Miss Kaye's School for a major lantern exhibition for 4 ¢ more. You see we raise our missionary money here by the same methods as at home.

Dan says these letters must go *at once*. Oh my—I want to keep on—Do I seem to tell anything? At least that I love you—that can go in—and dear Grandma and Uncle John & Aunt Helen, Uncle Albert & Aunt Mary and Jennie.

Your,
Elizabeth

December 10, 1904 [Excerpts]

Lahore

My Dear Mrs. Robinson,

We are now nicely settled in our new home and the days are adjusting themselves into a systematic routine so that my first desire is to send some message to our friends at Room 48. I wish everyone of you could step into our bungalow and have a cup a tea with me. You would enjoy these large rooms with the high airy ceilings and I know you would admire some of the pretty things which the home friends have given us and which look infinitely better out here than they could even at home. We do have lovely roses and chrysanthemums and potted ferns and palms. Here it is nearly Christmas and we are sitting with doors and windows wide open during the day. Early morning and evening are chilly and cold enough for the open wood fire.

I am so glad that we have our neighbors the native Christian community. Just to our left there runs a little street with twelve homes facing each other in which they live. I have called upon them all and find that practically all of the women were educated at Miss Kaye's school and speak good English. Their simple little homes are neat and almost attractive. One can see so plainly the result of training. It does one good to compare

these homes with others non-Christian. There is no doubt but that New India is being started in just such spots as this one. I love to talk to these dear Indian Christians. Some are very gentle and attractive. They like to have us make much of the babies and children. India is very fond of the little folk.

The other day we asked the entire community in for tea and Badminton on the lawn. Our tea tables and couches looked very pretty under the trees and never prettier than when filled with these bright faced little women. Some brought their babies because they couldn't leave them at home, and all brought husbands, who seemed to enjoy the Badminton almost as much as the tea and cake. One man took eight cups of tea to my actual count. One little woman came in a white satin dress embroidered in tinsel. It must have been the wedding gown for it did seem out of place. [...]

I was much impressed with the incident told me by Miss [Susie] Sorabji of Poona. How one of the strongest Unitarian women of Boston came to India as a traveler and visited Ramabais settlement, and while she was here in India she became an Evangelical Christian for she said she had seen enough in this country to convince her that nothing could have the power to transform these people as Christianity was doing except a Divine Savior. It is a wonderful miracle every time one here really breaks away from the old traditions and habits to become filled with the Christ life. One young man said while calling on us, that the missionaries had made the Mohammedans far more keen in their own religion. We had come out with such earnestness and devotion, it put them to shame and the effect upon himself for one was to go in a lot harder for his own religion. [...]

One of our students asked in class yesterday what was the difference between morality and spirituality. He said he thought Christ's emphasis was upon the moral life. After answering this question, another said "Well, but Christ does not tell us the way!" They were comparing the Bible with their Yaga. But when to have the question come from them gives the finest opportunity in the world to dwell upon One who said "I am the way." [...]

At Annual Meeting I met all the missionaries and received a cordial welcome into the circle. I would like to write volumes about these two months in Lahore. I have visited the Goulds in Kasur and Miss Downs and Miss Given in their charming house at Jullundur. Our missionary work is interesting. But no more now. Love to every friend in the room.

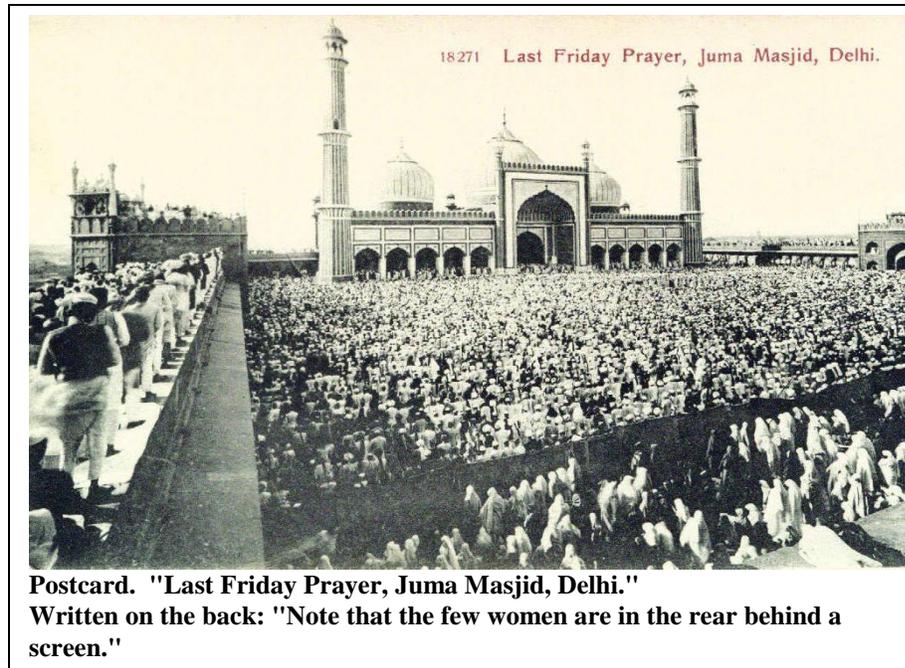
Affectionately yours,
Elizabeth

Dec. 15, 1904.
Lahore, India
Dearest Mother,

It seems wonderful to think our letters travel so far in this safe and regular way. Always after sealing an envelope I think how many thousands of miles it will travel handled by scores of men until it knocks on the door of 271. Last Sunday Nagir brought in your letters and how we delved into them, reading and reading till church time. The Convention news did me such a lot of good. I read every word with hungry appetite and rejoice beyond expression over those dear girls who got a right start in Peoria. But enough of this, there is so much to tell of the past week.

On Friday we went with the Ewings to attend the great annual Muhammad Festival. After months of fasting the men all gather in the Great Mosque and say their naming [?] together. It was a wonderful sight! As we mounted the steps to the first gateway, we were met by a man who put bags of cloth upon our feet and strapped us into cloth sandals, so that the leather of our shoes could not pollute the sacred enclosure. We were a ridiculous looking company as we waddled onto the lawn. The best place to see was on top of the gateway, on a very high arch. So we climbed the stairs and sat out on one of the highest pinnacles, which gave us a commanding view of the entire court. The crowd was gathering very rapidly. Each Muhammad washed his hands and feet in the basin of water, a large square tub set in the center of the open court. We watched them wash and then *drink* the same water lapping it with their hands. No one went to pray without first washing in this manner. The multitude of bright colored pugras and coats and trousers made the scene below dazzling in the sunlight. Everyone had on his very best. Such colors! The Orient only can produce them!

When about fifteen or twenty thousand people were assembled, a call sounded and every man prostrated himself on his knees and face. The rows were straight as a regiment. Not a man turned his head. Absolute quiet with reverence. Again and again they knelt and rose until the prayers had been completed. These ranks broke and hilarity began. Men embraced each other on both cheeks. All faces were bright with the great feast ahead. This now was their Thanksgiving Day. The fast was over! I shall never forget that great sight. Mrs. Ewing saw it with us for the first time after 25 years in India! Thoughts of their reverence, the vast power which held them, every nerve [?] of every rank, the greater power which might hold them. The lack of such an army even at home in our churches, Catholicism comes nearest to it—does and it not? What would it not mean to India if these thousands of men had gathered in the name of Jesus Christ. As it stands—nothing!



We have had two or three days vacation because the Mission wanted us to dismiss our Mohammed Munchie and employ one of the native Christians near us. We were sorry to change but the reasons are good ones. It has been just fine to have a holiday. Mrs. Griswold and I sewed together and there has been that delightful sense of leisure. But that is not possible ordinarily. Every moment is taken with the study, teaching or entertaining of callers.

Yesterday Mrs. Chatterjee, a charming Indian lady invited Mrs. Griswold and me over to make some Indian dishes.¹⁸ We had the greatest time making "punes" [?] and pacheroes and curry and two kinds of nut candy. All native food is rich with ghee, a sort of clarified butter. The curry made of peas & potatoes with spice and milk was the best I ever tasted.

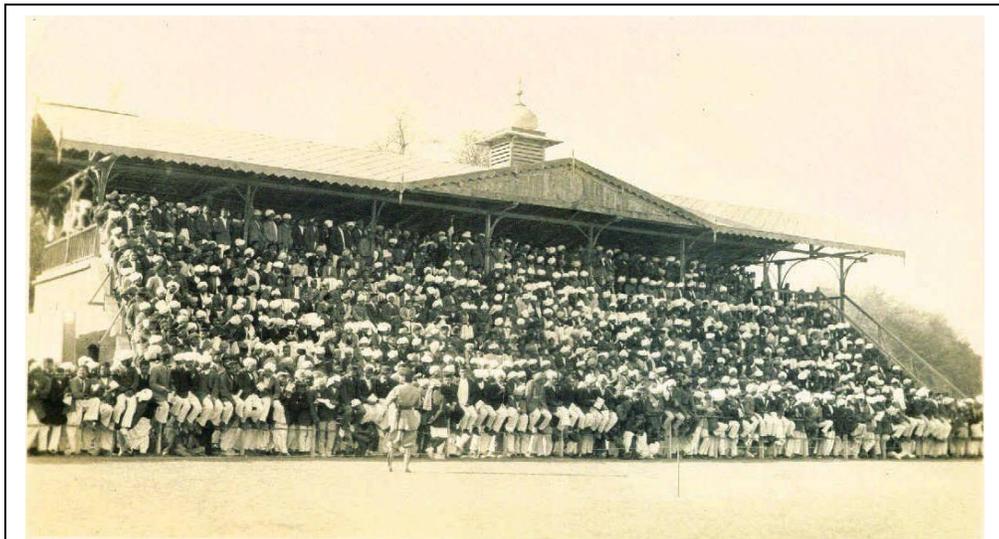
Five students from Kennedy Hall called last night and we had a jolly time with games. In the afternoon one of the former students brought his wife to call by appointment. She was just out of purdah, as he had disapproved of it. So although they are Hindus they have practically broken cast. It was an interesting call, not that she was interesting—she could not read or write or speak and was shy, and awkward, but it showed the beginnings of the disintegration of old customs. The young man was so anxious to have his wife learn and become like our women. He had to tell her in an undertone when to speak to us, and when to go, and when they left the room he had to remind her to precede him—her instinct was to be in his shadow. I could only say a few Hindustani words to her but I felt that they are friendly. Unfortunately I forgot they were Hindus and offered them

¹⁸ Mrs. Chatterjee was the wife of Kali Charan Chatterjee. Mr. Chatterjee, baptized in 1854, married Golak Nath's daughter, Mary, his wife for 54 years. President of the Board of Governors of Forman Christian College from 1886-1915, the first Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of India, one of the few non-European delegates to the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh in 1910, a recipient of the Kaisar-i-Hind Silver Medal in 1901 (Webster 52-53).

some of the sweets Mrs. Chatterjee had made us bring home. Of course they would not touch it! They say there are going to ask us to their house to an Indian meal the day after Christmas. I suppose they will not eat with us.

We are thinking of going to Delhi for the Christmas holidays. Johnson seems to think we ought to see all we can now before we get tied down with mission work. Very few missionaries can ever get away, and see nothing at all outside of their own station. Oh, these days are perfect! The sun shines all day from a clear sky and the air is fresh and sparkling. The lawns and fruit trees and rose bushes are green and laden with fruit and flowers. Out of doors is so very pretty you would love it.

This is the week for athletic contests. Every college in the Punjab enters the contest at will. The football, cricket, hockey and tennis are now on. The city is filled with visiting teams. We shall go this afternoon to see some of the matches at Chief's College. We are anxious for Forman boys to come out ahead. On December 24 the Government prizes will be awarded. It is a great occasion. On the 23rd occurs the Convocation of the University at which time all the Fellows of the Punjab appear in cap and gown. The darsi is making Johnson's gown now. We have countless things to be thankful for. Such perfect health for both of us is by no means last. The students and DJ's Bible Class at College are asking very searching questions these days. Will not some of them be moved to come out for Christ? I could write on and on—do these letters help you to see India?



**Professional photograph by Henri R. Fepger c/o of Forman Christian College:
"Grand Stand—University Field, Lahore."**

It is such a curious and wonderful place. I feel it hard to express these days, crowded so full of new things. God answers our prayers so wonderfully. He seems to stand right by our side all the time.

Oceans of love,
Elizabeth

December 22-24, 1904

Lahore

Dearest Mother,

You would like to have seen the little tots as they played together on our beautiful lawn. They came in their carriages with nurses or big sisters and were dressed in white dresses with broad hair ribbons. Eighteen of them, all missionaries children except the four of Mrs. Chatterjee's, three of whom could not understand English and were too shy to play with the others. First we played "Pussy wants a corner" then "Blind man's Bluff" then "Drop handkerchief" and "London Bridge" and had races and three legged races. For refreshments I gathered them together on the large rug under the trees, and fed them with Latif's cake all nicely frosted in white and pink with "Lahore" and the initial of each child written in icing in the middle. Candy which I had made and bon-bons which snap and come out caps and toys etc were great fun. They stayed until quite dark and seemed to have such a good time together. They played so prettily.

Friday at 11 o'clock came the Annual Convocation of the University of the Punjab. Johnson appeared for the first time in his cap and gown and crimson hood, among the venerable Fellows. All guests were admitted by ticket and I sat by Miss Clark who was a very sweet missionary of our Board, sister of Mr. Walter Clark and a graduate of Park College. The hall was decorated in crimson and gold. The hangings were all of yellow and the floor cloth of red. A strip ran out to the carriages under canopy. All the students of various colleges and cities who were to receive diplomas sat in the body of the hall in gown and hood. Next the Fellows marched in two and two taking the edges on the platform. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, who is Chancellor of the University, was received in great ceremony by an advancing body of prominent men, who awaited him at the entrance door and found an aisle through which he passed with his body guards while we all stood. He was seated on a crimson canopy throne-like seat.

Every student who had passed an examination successfully advanced separately to receive this diploma. The native sandals were always left at the last yellow rug placed over the red. Most of the Indians wore white stockings on this memorable occasion. As the diplomas were presented they made a very low bow touching the diploma to their foreheads with both hands and then backing out still bowed until he came to the edge of the big yellow square where he had left his sandals.

Prizes were given for various kinds of excellence, and finally the address of convocation was made by the Vice Chancellor upon the subject "How to Study Western Literature." The last feature was long and somewhat stupid. But to see his Excellency ride off in his barouche with coachman in a livery of gold cloth and out-riders of glittering splendor, then the mounted guard of some twelve horsemen in flaming red uniforms and spirited steeds was a sight of royalty to make ones heart beat faster. Lord and Lady *Somebody* went next and others of rank moved off with great pomp. Then poor little "we" got on our wheels and came home.

At five o'clock came the Christmas party for the native Christians in Mrs. Griswold's parlor. Latif had baked a john cake for the occasion. Mrs. Gilbertson had trimmed a tree (not evergreen) very pretty after the candles were lit and all the dolls went on. How I wish you could have seen that room filled with her brightly draped little mothers and children, everyone present with young babies in their arms, but all neat and clean with best bib and tucker on. The husbands & fathers and sons too were there. First came some little recitations & songs by the Indian children. Then refreshments were passed. Tea & cake to the grownups and native sweets and with cake and oranges to the children. The tree was then dismantled and every child got a doll and toys in great abundance. Plenty of candy bags and nuts and fruit. Just all their little hands could hold. It was a happy happy time.

The best part of it was that the whole thing was in the hands of a Committee of Indian women who had solicited all the money and refreshments themselves and had purchased every present. Mrs. Das & Miss Ghose and Mrs. Talib-ud-Din (our native pastor's wife), with Mrs. George Humphrey are the most efficient little Indian women. They are all our close neighbors. As a complete surprise this year those women had purchased presents for all the missionaries' children as well. A doll or work bag, or little locked tin box or marbles for the boys were their lovely gifts to our children. It really seemed too much for them to do, but a gave them great pleasure. That Christmas party with our own Christians was a sight I shall never forget. Oh it is *so* different with those who have our Christian fellowship and love!

Christmas morning brought new responsibilities, for every man who had ever sustained any relationship to us came to pay his salaams and get money. If they didn't get enough they had no hesitation in telling us so. Beggars, blind halt and maimed, came by asking for alms and reminding us that this is the "Buru din" i.e. *great day*. I took an 8 anna bit (16 cts) and went out to see Nazir's wife who lives in her purdah prison. She was sitting on the grounds smoking her hookah pipe. She was very polite and has a cact in one eye, no children. She thanked me for the money. Then I gave the same to Latif's wife. Our sweeper had complained of cold and needed a warm coat. So I gave him \$1.16 to go buy one. He came back from the Bazaar with a second hand Prince Albert which was very pretentious. He looks like a preacher doing menial tasks. During the day several students and Indian friends brought in simple presents. Mrs. Das, our nearest neighbor, brought in two Indian dishes for breakfast. Best of all was the house mail which arrived at noon. The stacks of letters was so thick it took all afternoon to read them.

Monday was a full day until 3:30 p.m. when DJ, Caldwell & myself were seen boarding the 2nd class carriage for Delhi. I took down my curtains and locked up all little silver things and ornaments before leaving. In our compartment there was a Hindu & Mohammedan besides us three. The Mohammedan said this prayers twice within three hours, spreading his rug on the seat and kneeling on it. He bowed himself seven times absolutely oblivious to the rest of us. He ate his meal and then broke the earthen dish out the car window. His washing was very thorough before and after eating. It seemed easy to sleep in an open compartment with four men. We simply spread down our rugs on the leather bench and went to sleep with our clothes all on.

Arrived at Delhi at 7 o'clock, staying at Lawrence Hotel, a nice place. All day we have been seen wonderful things. The fort and palaces, beautiful marble and inlaid work and extensive baths. I am interested in Nicholson and his grave in the beautiful English cemetery.

Lovingly,
Elizabeth

Dec. 27th, 1904 (Delhi): [Excerpt is misdated 1905]
Elizabeth to Father

Jaipur, India is one of the most interesting places in India I do believe. The streets of the nation city are broad and clean and well paved. All of the houses were painted rose color which glowed in the bright light mist. The clear cobalt blue of the sky as a background. Some Italian scenes are suggested by this effect. Surely Venice itself is scarcely more charming. The brass shops were full of many attractive things to purchase. We purchased one good example of Jaipur inlaid wood, gold thread on brass. It is a wall candlestick with a cobra body.

Aunt Betty wrote about this same candlestick (or sticks?) in one of the stories in "Family Incidents" (FAM) called "Cobra, Cobra!":

After all, the King of Snakes is not featured in Indian art for nothing. The Cobra is a popular motif. My parents brought home to our house in Englewood [NJ], for instance, two [?] brass candle holders that portrayed the wriggling body of a cobra going up the wall, while behind the flaring hood of the cobra was the support for the candle.

(I now own one of these candlesticks).



Sketch by Elizabeth Cole Fleming. September 23, 1904.
"One large stone image of the cobra I tried to photograph."

Jan. 23, 1905
Lahore, India
Dear Father,

Was there ever anyone so happy in all this world as I am at this very minute! I have just finished reading the letters, so many of them, here by the fire in our cozy sewing room. I have feasted and feasted. Wasn't Ada's wedding charming in its simplicity. I am proud of our church and all their activities for Assn House and Missions and Home work. I am glad you are reading Miss Havergal's life. Someday I shall see her and tell her all that her letters have been to me. Speaking of biographies reminds me to tell you that in this mail came Mary Barrow's lovely life of her father. On the flyleaf she has written, "For Elizabeth Cole Fleming, whom my father admired and loved, from her devoted friend Mary Eleanor Barrows."¹⁹ Another book, "The Pastor and Modern Mission" by Mott has just come from Dr. E. L. Robinson. Wasn't he kind? Our little library of books is increasing since Christmas.

The week has been full of meetings. About six girls at Miss Kaye's School have started the definite Christian life since the meetings began and several others have become earnest. The Lyall meetings are still going on and each evening there are two or three who raise their hands. Quite a number of soldiers come to the meetings and show a deep interest.

Yesterday the weather grew very much colder. The day was gray and windy and with its falling leaves like a November day at home. Our little Hindustani church was as cold as a barn. Our feet were like chunks of ice on the cold brick floor. However we did our whole duty in going and a good congregation kept me warm. After church seven of the Kennedy Halls students dropped in for a chat. We were so glad to have them and were talking about one of our pictures, the Hoffman Head of Christ, when Mr. and Mrs. Lyall stopped in and that meant more talk, singing and prayer together.²⁰ Our drawing room never looked as well to me as when it is filled with these dear Indian students. And I am sure you would be pleased to see them gathered around our piano singing, "The best friend to have is Jesus." We are going to let this time grow into a regular custom for the students to come in after church. We can have tea together and talk around the grate fire, have a little sing and keep close to the Christian student. I feel that this is one of the blessings for us at present.

Johnson has been writing the heavy articles for that College Magazine this week in addition to the "College Notes" department which he always has. He has written about

¹⁹ Elizabeth visited with her cousin Mary Barrows in Los Angeles the year before.

²⁰ Heinrich Hofmann (1824-1902) was a German historical painter. After studying in Dusseldorf and at the Antwerp Academy, he resided in Italy, 1854-58. Hofmann finally settled in Dresden in 1862, where he became professor of art in the academy. While he chose his subjects from the whole field of literature and mythology, Hofmann is most widely known for his idealized scenes from the life of Christ. Several of these have been extensively reproduced in engravings, especially his "Christ in the Temple," painted in 1882 <<http://www.sacklunch.net/biography/H/HeinrichHofmann.html>>.

communion with God using for his subject, "The World's Hungry." I have been helping some and I think it will be good. You will see it when I send it to you. How he can write an article like this one in an evening is quite beyond me. I can see myself writhing for words. [...]

Your loving,
Elizabeth
Jan. 31, 1905 [Excerpt]
[Elizabeth to Lois Fleming (DJ's sister)]

My Dear Lois,
We got out the old love letters, the first epistle common place enough on November 11, 1903. And we fitted in the answers. Weren't we foolish? But it was such fun to trace the thing along and to think that those dark unpromising days, when India seemed so impossible, have all been miraculously accomplished. The rapidity of events since last birthday is appalling. [...].



*A typical Street Scene in India -
Within the walled city.*

Photograph by Julia A. Cole. "Typical Street Scene in India—Within the walled city."

Chapter 13: Early Lahore, 1904-1906, Continued

13.2) 1905—These letters were already typed in carbon-duplicate.²¹

1905—16 Total/13 Transcribed

[Typed letters:]

February 26, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole [Excerpts]

March 21, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole [Excerpts]

March 24, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to SS HPPC [Excerpts]

March 27, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to YP HPPC

*March 30, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole

[April, 1905 Elizabeth Cole Fleming's article in *Women's Work*]

April 16, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to YPS HPPC

[April 30, 1905: DJ Fleming to Friends of Lahore Station] [Excerpts]

May 4, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. Cole [Excerpts]

May 14, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole [Excerpts]

May 21, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Home People [Excerpts]

*May 23, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole

June 3, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole [Excerpts]

[Letters are missing]

August 22, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

October 18, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

October 22, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

November 2, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. Cole

*December 17, 1905: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

February 26, 1905 [Excerpts.]

Lahore

Dearest Father and Mother,

[...] By the way, I hear the Board has sanctioned the five-year plan of six months at home, or eight years with 16 months. Let us get up a house party for Ed and Mary, Lois and Albert and have our friends come to Bay View for those summer months.

[...] I am giving up my Bible class in the school for the rest of the year. It breaks my heart to do it, but I find the morning is my only uninterrupted time for study and this class comes at 9:30. They couldn't put it at a later hour. This language work must come first. It is not easy, one must study. I am afraid I have been doing too many other things this year. So now I propose to study solid all the morning. Again tonight DJ gives his lecture on Helen Keller, the third time. It will be in Miss Kaye's school at 8 o'clock. Miss Kaye is a broken down woman. She is in this winter cold weather with fever each day. I guess her work is done.

²¹ I think Myrtilla Alvord transcribed some, but Elizabeth must have done a few too, particularly the August 22, 1905, letter with the illustration attached. For this thesis, my brother Malcolm Fleming re-transcribed these carbon-duplicated, typed letters.

I have been asked by the Indian Nat[ional] Com[mittee] to attend the Fifth Annual Students Camp, April 20-26 and give them an address on some subject, and have a daily Bible class during the conference. It will be in Rawal Pindi. It will be interesting to compare this with the home conferences.

Princess Bamba came to my [bridal shower] party for Anna and enjoyed it so much. She is rather a liberal Universalist in belief. Nothing definite but thinks there is good in everything. I am glad that Mrs. Chatterjee seems to be happier. She reads her Bible more and is real earnest. Indians are all very keen to criticize missionaries and see any inconsistencies in Christians, so that we have to be on our guard all the time. I am impressed with the necessity for a greater consecration and conformity to Christ out here. Even the good at home seems mediocre out here. Mr. Turner was saying that when he came to India he thought he was bringing a pretty good ear of corn, but he soon found that ear had to die first before fruit could come in Indian soil. There is no such thing as resting on ones laurels or past here. Isn't it good? I need just such experiences often because the home nest was soft and sweet and I am afraid people thought I was better than I was. How thankful we are for your health and ours. Not a days fever yet, only a wee cold in my head today. Am feeling splendid.

Your own
Elizabeth

March 21, 1905 [Excerpts.]
Lahore India
Dearest Father and Mother,

Sunday was a perfect day. The weather now is soft and balmy, full of perfume of my fragrant violets. We went on the house top first thing after breakfast and had our quiet prayer together up there among the tree tops and the birds.

[Later that night.] Nagir brought our tea and toast up to the house top where we spread out a rug and ate under the light of the full moon. It was such fun! Did you ever hear of the moon's rays affecting one's head? I thought I felt its power and put on my hat. You remember that verse "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night"? Well I never appreciated it before. India makes me understand a number of things. [...]

Today, Monday, there came an unexpected avalanche of people upon us. From the one o'clock train till six o'clock, four friends stayed with us. Mr. Nichol and Miss Wilson of U. of Chicago (at our wedding, remember?) an Indian Christian girl, and Mr. Gould were all unexpectedly upon us for tiffin and I must say Latif did nobly on short notice. I served tea at 1:30 o'clock, tiffin at 3:30 and tea again at 6 o'clock to all these people with Mrs. Forman added to the latter one.

It has taken a solid afternoon, as I settled to read there came a knock at the door and two of my Indian women want me to help them learn how to mount a bicycle and ride. Of course I am glad to go and so the day has gone.

I close it with these words to you. Oh there are so many little things I think of during the day which I will tell you of, but that quiet leisure for the long chat about little nothings, seldom comes. [...]

Mr. [Ned] Carter, YMCA Gen'l Sec'y for India came to breakfast with Mr. Turner this morning. Mr. Carter is a Harvard man, knows Vera Scott Cushman well and is a splendid fellow.²² [...] A YWCA committee meeting at 12 o'clock at which they tried to make me Treasurer. But I have declined all offices this first year. My feeling is that I want to make the Mission my first business and after learning that, I can give the surplus time to the YWCA.

I have written a letter to the Sunday School this week, and next week it will be to the YP Society. Am very well, though my head gets tired easily just as yours used to do.

Dear people, how I do love you,
Elizabeth

March 24, 1905 [Excerpts.]

Lahore India

To the Sunday School of the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church.

Dear friends,

I have just returned from my first Sunday School convention in India. This was held in Amritsar, only an hour's ride from Lahore, so we ran down for half a day. It was interesting to see the delegates from all Denominations, and several cities gathered together just as they would be at home in similar conference. There is a fair ratio of Missionaries to Indians. Dr. Wherry had the address of the afternoon upon the subject of "Aids to the Sunday School" speaking of various leaflets, charts, maps and libraries which are sorely needed and as yet unprepared. But I don't propose to tell you of this.

If, though, you could have been with us on Friday, at the great Mohammedan "Maharran," *that* would have been worth while. It was a horrible sight and I hope never to see it again, but he gave me such an insight into the awful ignorance and superstition of these people, I would like you to see it too.

About ten o'clock we went by special permission into the native walled city, and with difficulty made our way through the narrow crowded streets. Everyone was out and posted on the curbing for the procession would past that way. Up on the roofs were the women peering down and behind screens in balconies over hanging the streets, we could

²² See part three of Chapter 6, "One of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen," for biographical information about Vera Scott Cushman.

see hundreds of eyes peeping out. Poor little prisoners they must have envied me, walking with such freedom, among all the objects of interest. Our seats were the very best, in the home of a wealthy Mohammedan barrister. Beside me sat one of the little princes of India, just as fat and good-natured as any well fed baby at home. His explanations were interesting.

This procession consisted of boys and then of man, who, to show their religious zeal all were lashing their bare shoulders with chains of iron thongs, shouting and singing and beating their breasts, the name of "Hussein" was constantly on their lips. Lacerated and bleeding flesh was their glory. In their fanaticism some became unconscious and were removed to one side. Then came the horse under a tawdry umbrella, covered with gold trappings and plumes. Everyone threw a garland over the empty saddle in commemoration of the time Hussein, the grandson of Mohammed, was killed in battle and his faithful horse came back, splattered with blood empty saddled. The horse which is kept for this purpose, year after year, is allowed to do no work the year round. Once a year in this procession he is led out and for eight hours is displayed to the worshipping city. I was glad to see the horse look naturally bored by the demonstration, and if he could have seen himself in his ridiculous draperies he would have bolted, I am sure.

These people are just overgrown children. They love color and tinsel and tissue paper and little lights. Mystery and sentiment are their food. A child in America would be pleased with just such things between the ages of four and twelve. When will this poor stunted people put away childish things and begin to grow? There is no growth possible until a Christian civilization comes in.

March 27, 1905
Young People's Society,
Hyde Park Presbyterian Church
My dear friends,

The sun which has just disappeared from this horizon bringing our Sabbath to a close, has gone to awaken you to the same day. So now if we could put your day and our day together, pasting them side by side as it were, it would make a splendid Sabbath wouldn't it? By this arrangement too, each day has twenty four working hours, instead of only twelve.

Come with me to the village I visited yesterday, I want you to see the whole thing, it is worth while. We started at six-forty in the morning, a little delegation from the Woman's Home Missionary Society consisting of Mrs. Griswold and myself with four of our most interested members, bearing a large lunch basket for the days demands. By train four miles and then in two tum-tums, native fashion, the ten mile stretch over open country to the little village of Panghali, our destination. You can't see us, can you? as we jog along in those queer two wheeled springless, tippy cars behind a bony horse who was being continually lashed to make him go at all. I am perched on the front seat beside the

disreputable looking driver with my feet on the lunch basket, not a bad feeling considering breakfast does not come till nine o'clock.

The morning air is fresh against ones cheek and the wheat fields are waving green. We pass the army cantonment just as the brilliant redcoats are having their setting up drill, and then we leave the road for many miles across country where there is no beaten path. Hard dirt with stubby growth for the most part. I prefer to walk, and make a great record among these Indian women by persevering for eight or nine miles. Under the shade of a tree by the road side we ate hot curry and palan, the famous Indian dish prepared by our friends. It is rice and spices chiefly, some meat mixed in and lots of ghee. I wonder if you could eat it. The spices are biting hot. I like it.

But before we reach the village let me tell you why we are going. Two years ago, this village like hundreds of other in the Punjab had never seen a Christian. Then it so happened that a native man who had been taught under the United Presbyterian Mission in another place, moved into Panghali to live. As he settled among the people, he began to tell them about Christ and to teach them all the songs and verses he had learned. After six months of this daily witnessing, he sent to Lahore, for the Pastor to come out and baptize some of the men who had become Christians. Pastor Talib-ud-Din and Dr. Griswold went out to find the village alive with new converts. They, two of them spent the entire day baptizing the people and when night came on, there were still twenty more whom they had to leave for lack of time.

The work has grown steadily, and now our little Missionary Society is supporting this man and his wife, (sixteen years old, married at Christmas time,) for \$3 a mo. while they give all their time teaching the village about Jesus Christ, and the children to read and write. Their names are Charan Das [Saran Das].²³ I have taken their pictures quite alone that you may see them. He is tall and lame. She is very tiny and young, dressed still as you see in native costume. Since he has married her, she can read and write remarkably well, and in time will prove a valuable worker. Our society [is] also going to build a little church for them to worship in. The men of the village say they will do all the work themselves as soon as crops are in. But they need money for materials, and so we go to select the location for the first little church in Panghali, and to bring them Christian fellowship from a sister church.

We were still half a mile away when the villagers met us with delighted faces and warm salaams. We were escorted by a body guard of some twenty or thirty men and twice as many children prancing about in great excitement. The women with children in their arms came out of their mud huts and expressed such pleasure to see us. We gathered under a clump of trees, we sitting on a couple of charpais while they squatted on the ground at our feet; a very large company of women and children. Those who could speak

²³ Webster wrote of Saran Das's conversion by C. B. Newton in 1892: When Das returned to Lauke, his native village, he persuaded eight of his relatives and about fourteen more fellow sweepers to convert to Christianity. However, he was later dismissed from Mission service for disobedience [?], so he left Lauke and went to Hurreeke village in Kasur district, his wife's village. There he persuaded all fifty-seven sweepers in the village to become Christian and they were all baptized together (18).

to them in the Punjabi tongue did so, preaching well no doubt. Then we sang some Christian hymns to native airs, called "Chagans," [Bhajans] and had an orchestra of one drum and one cymbal which marked the time with weird effect. I did my best at using the kodak but the day was some what overcast. We had hard work getting away without eating the things they brought for us to eat. But blouses are great things for storing away food and mine was useful on this occasion.

A mud village is a curious place, on account of its extreme bareness and primitive structure. Not a thing is in these huts in the way of furniture. The mud floor and bare mud walls open on one side for the door and light. The court yard, fifteen or twenty feet square where the family cow and dogs and goats are kept, each man's boundary marked by a low wall of mud; the whole thing looks like a child's playhouse on the sea shore. I wish so much you could see a village. They are all alike, and they make one conscious of every contrast between East and West, between heathenism and Christianity. Doubtless Christ saw just such people and such villages when he said, "I am come that ye may have life and that ye may have it abundantly."

Out here we feel like the Shepard who left the ninety and nine to search for the lost sheep so far from the fold. All day the words to Peter, "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep" have been in my ears. It matters not to the great Shepard whether these sheep have been to college or never seen an alphabet, whether they live in a palace or a mud hut if they are lost they must be brought in. The Divine values set upon a human soul are so different from man's.

Before I close I want to thank you all for responding so generously to my hungry cry for letters. I am looking forward to the promise of others. With warmest regards to all including Dr. and Mrs. Vance always,

I am earnestly yours,
Elizabeth Cole Fleming

MISSIONARY ALPHABET.

A for America, home of the free ;
B, Bible tells of eternity ;
C for old China, of chopsticks and rice ;
D, the Dark Continent, Africa's vice ;
E for the Elephant land, or Siam ;
F stands for Foreigner, needing Christ's Balm ;
G is the Great West, whose vast wheat fields nod ;
H for the Hindoo before his gilt-god ;
I stands for Indian learning to read ;
J for Japan of idolatry freed ;
K is the Kingdom of Heaven for all ;
L, Latter Day Saints whom Mormons we call ;
M, neighbor Mexico, land of bull-fights ;
N, called Neglected of South American sights ;
O is the Outlook of Home Mission need ;
P is fair Persia where Armenians bleed ;
Q is that Queer Hermit-place called Korea ;
R stands for Romanists, in all lands and here ;
S is for Syria, our Lord's home, you know ;
T spells the Treasury where our pennies go ;
U is Up North or Alaska's vast field ;
V, Very many the freedmen we shield ;
W for the White Mountain South folk alway ;
X for Executive, though not spelled that way ;
Y for the Young that both Boards now rely on ;
Z for the place we are going to—Zion.

Over Sea and Land: A Missionary Magazine for the Young.
(January, 1896, supplement page).

[Not transcribed
March 30th, 1905
Lahore, India
Dearest Father & Mother]

April 16, 1905
Lahore, India
Young People's Society
Hyde Park Church
My Very Dear Friends,

If you are really living in Lahore with us, you have had one of the most wonderful experiences in your life, this past month. It is one thing to read and hear about earthquakes and quite another to find ones self in the thick of it.²⁴

We were up at six o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 4th, preparing to make an early start into the country for a two days quiet rest. Suddenly there sounded a great rushing pressure against the outer walls of the house. I thought it might be a heavy wind, but following this, the floor heaved and great convulsions followed quickly. With difficulty Mr. Fleming got to me from the front of the house and we took our stand in the doorway between two rooms thinking the beams would not so likely give way there. We expected every moment to see the roof crash in. The walls were cracking and the plastering falling out. Our drop lamp in the drawing room was swinging seven feet from its center. We measured the distance to the outside door several times, but dared not risk crossing the room. Every one who could ran out doors.

Doubtless the papers have told you of the terrible destruction to life and property. About 150 persons were killed in Lahore, and not a building in this city is without its mark. Many of our public buildings fell in, including two waiting rooms at the Station, and in the native city there was great loss. But Lahore has not suffered as some other stations. Dharamsala, where the United Presbyterian Mission owns its hill station property is completely destroyed. It will never be rebuilt.

Kangra with its 10,900 inhabitants has only 900 left. Such pitiful tales come to us daily. It will be a long time yet, before all the news is in. Some places have never been heard from. Almost daily there are more shocks. Many people are sleeping out doors for safety.

²⁴ The earthquake that struck the Dharamshala-Kangra area in Himachal Pradesh on April 4th, 1905 is among the deadliest earthquakes in the history of India. According to the then provincial government of Punjab, 19,727 people were killed. Many of the fatalities were from Dharamshala, Kangra and neighboring towns and villages. "1905—Kangra (Himachal Pradesh), India, Mw 7.8." <<http://www.asc-india.org/gq/kangra.htm>>; "Dharamshala Earthquake, 1905" <<http://www.123himachal.com/dharamsala/links/1905.htm>>. The death toll among the lower caste Indians was so high that the cost for domestic services like punkah pullers went up, a fact Elizabeth mentions in her May 4, 1905, letter.

I was interested in the experience of Miss Thiede, one of our missionaries in lonely Wagah. As soon as the earthquake came, the people of the village came to Miss Thiede and begged her to let them come and stay with her because God would protect her, and if they were near her, He would spare them too for her sake.

Miss Susie Sorabji who leaves for America this week, and whom you will meet shortly, wrote us to know if we were safe, and said, "God speaks so loudly in India I wonder if the people will hear." You will have a treat in store when Miss Sorabji comes to Chicago. She has already promised me to tell you many things about our India. When we were at Poona after first landing Miss Sorabji was most kind to us, and we became warm friends.

This terrible earthquake is making people very serious. Life does not seem a sure thing to any of us out here, but we are not afraid, nor even nervous. The safest place in all the world is to be where God wants you, is it not? This whole shock may help definitely to awaken the Punjab to spiritual life.

Let us pray for this.

Faithfully yours,
Elizabeth Cole Fleming

[Written by DJ Fleming]

Notes for the Church Calendar. Lahore. Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, President of our College here, was chosen by the English Government as Chairman of the Committee to receive and to distribute the Earthquake Relief Funds. This is a distinguished honor for an American and a Missionary to be chosen out from so many civilians and English Missionaries for such an important duty.

Lahore. In Murree I was wanting to find the watchman of a house. I looked up the hillside and saw an Indian woman and her little girl. I asked her who she was, and the reply came, "I am a Christian." How many of us think of that before own names?

April 30, 1905 [Excerpts]

Letter to Friends of Lahore Station, [from DJ Fleming]

A railroad journey of eight hours took us to the foothills at Rawal Pindi. Six hours more on a two-horsed, two-wheeled, two-seated vehicle called a "tonga," brought us, with ten changes of horses, to Murree, 7000 feet up amongst the mountains, and there we found a beautiful cottage, looking out upon the snow-capped borders of Cashmere, owned by the Presbyterian Church. Murree is a favorite Hill resort for this part of India, and people to the extent of 13,000 come here to solidify, after having been melted on the plains.

We had four glorious days to breathe the delightful mountain air along paths surrounded with splendid trees. From the little violets that peeped at us from either side, to the expanded views toward far off ranges, all seemed to make God very close to us.

[Note: DJ wrote of the climb up to Murree and Elizabeth wrote of the descent in her May 4, 1905, letter.]

might argue that I appreciated their kindness but was not especially hungry; it was all in vain. "Think how *dreadfully* we feel that you should come and teach us and leave our village fasting!"

"Yes, I don't keep any caste, but I am not accustomed to much curry."

"Well, then, if you just take two mouthfuls we shall be satisfied."

Alice L. Giles.

First Year Impressions of Life in Lahore.

Our compound with its large lawns and abundant rose bushes is a particular joy. We have lovely roses and chrysanthemums, potted ferns and palms. Here at Christmas we were sitting with doors and windows wide open during the day; early morning and evening were cold enough for the open wood fire. I am glad that we have the Native Christian community for our neighbors. Just to our left there runs a little street with twelve houses facing each other in which they live. I have called upon them all and find that practically all the women were educated in Miss Kay's* school and speak good English. Their simple little homes are neat and almost attractive. One can see the result of training by comparing these homes with others non-Christian. There is no doubt but that New India is being started in just such little spots as this.

I love to talk with these dear Indian Christians. Some are very gentle and attractive. They like to have us make much of the babies and children. India is very fond of her little folk. The other day we asked the entire community in for tea and badminton on the lawn. Our tea tables and couches were under the trees and never looked prettier than when filled with these bright-faced women. Several brought their babies because they could not leave them at home, and *all brought husbands*, who seemed to enjoy the game nearly as much as tea and cake. One man took eight cups of tea to my actual count. One little woman came in a white satin dress embroidered in tinsel; it must have been the wedding gown.

One of the leaders of the Brahmo-Somaj was calling and we led him into

* An English woman.

quite an interesting discussion of his society. He said the requirements for membership in the Brahmo-Somaj are: (1) To be a praying man, (2) to give up idolatry, (3) to give up caste. These, you see, strike at the root of society, just as Christianity does. To become a Brahmo requires sacrifice and devotion to truth; separation from family and social ostracism are their great obstacles, as ours. He said, what they sorely need is a great leader to carry the people out of their conservatism and hesitancy. We see plainly that what they need is the Man of Galilee to be their leader.

Mr. Fleming has a daily Bible class at the college of sixty young men, Mohammedan and Hindu, not one of whom is yet a Christian. They ask such searching questions as make demand on all one's brain and the Holy Spirit's guiding. One feels helpless to battle with the complex forces here; it is more than ever evident that the work is "of God." It is a miracle every time one here really breaks away from old traditions and habits to become filled with the Christ life. One young man said, while calling on us, that the missionaries had made Mohammedans far more keen on their own religion. They were put to shame, and the effect upon himself, for one, was "to go in a lot harder for his own religion."

One of our students asked in class, yesterday, the difference between morality and spirituality. He thought Christ's emphasis was upon the moral life. Another said, "Well, but Christ does not tell us the way." This gave the finest opportunity in the world to dwell upon One who said, "I am the Way." *Elizabeth Cole Fleming.*

A Hindu Sacrifice at Miraj to Dispel the Plague.

Last year, plague broke out among the *Kookoo Wali Lok*, a tribe of roving people who come to Miraj every year

and take up their abode for four months in small portable huts pitched quite close to the hospital compound. They appear

May 4, 1905 [Excerpts.]

Dear Father,

Wasn't I brave to take the front seat on in the tonga coming down [from Murree]! Latif sat with another Indian in the backseat. At first I thought I could not endure the strain of watching the horses, but I had your delightful letters to read all the way down, and the horses acted beautifully. The ride is delightful all the way down to the foot hills and gradually to the plains. In layers we came down to the heat. That was a curious experience to feel oneself going into a hot box. [...]

Our house was such a sweet haven from the approaching heat. Johnson had already gotten the punkahs up in three rooms. All the servants asked after my health and seemed glad to see me. I drank my chotta hoziri on the veranda and Mrs. Griswold soon came over to chat in her neighborly way. The house was dirty. Our sweeper whose name is Wira had not tried to keep out the cobwebs.

The first thing I did was to go round with him from room to room, while he wiped down all these things with a cloth tried to a long pull. Our ceilings are so high, and merely rafters of cross beams, that it furnishes a grand place for cobwebs to collect. The bees and wasps have built nests in nearly every room, these too came down. Little by little I am becoming a good housekeeper. Since coming back from Muree I have spent an hour or two each morning with Wira, making him clear out every bit of furniture before he sweeps out the room. He other wise would never sweep under a trunk or a box! Each day in the week we take a different room. I always think of mother and her thoroughness! When looking into my work basket yesterday mother's face came before me, and I straight way wound up the tape measure and each untidy spool. By the time you see me things will go like clockwork I trust, unless some of our faithful men leave us.

We had to take on a man and his wife to pull our punkah. They ask \$2.00 a month and spell each other all day and night. They are the real thing, for they do not burden themselves with clothes. I wish you could see the old man too stupid to do anything else sitting on a stool on the veranda pulling away for dear life. Doesn't it seem cruel? It is really hard to get a punkah man this year, because of the great number of deaths through plague and earthquake. They charge more this year than ever before.

[Description of a punkah.]

You know what a punkah looks like don't you? The frill of white canvas from a cross beam [is] strung from the ceiling. The beam is the entire width of the room and the frill which hooks on to it is a double ruffle to make more breeze as it waves back and forth. The rope which pulls it runs through a hole in the wall opposite, or through two rooms to the outside veranda. We oil the leather rope to make it pull easily.

[...] We shall have our first ice cream tonight. I wonder how Latif will make it. We bought the cunningest little ice box second hand. It is English make and only two foot square. It is lined with zinc and felt, and is big enough to keep a bottle of water and our

butter, if we want to. But in India we try not to keep things on hand. The ice we set twice a day and only enough to put in our tumblers of water, or to freeze ice cream. Butter too comes fresh from the dairy twice a day and little round pats, and our meat is simply buy now in small steaks or chops and eat the same day. Even our soup bone had gone yesterday, so we may discard soup and meat altogether for dinner having simply a good dish of baked macaroni cheese or milk toast and vegetable and dessert. Latif made us a lot of lime juice at Christmas time, from limes on our own trees.

[...] Dr. Ewing is getting such distinction as the head of that "Relief Committee" appointed by the Lieutenant Governor. Last week he went to the scenes of the worst disaster, Kangra and Dharasla etc. and he says he has seen things which are past telling, horrible, horrible! He says it is going to be most difficult to place the funds.

May 14, 1905 [Excerpts.]

Lahore

Dear Mother and Father,

It was great joy to sit in the canvas swinging chair on the veranda and with a lap full of letters and magazines, to spend the hour of church service with you dear people. If only your letters were like the cruise of oil, never at an end. Johnson fought for every sheet that had his name on, and we had a friendly tussle as usual.

India is so big, so many-sided and missionary work too is not a thing which can be told in words. It has many sides and phases. [...] When conversions come, it is a miracle and one feels hushed by the power of it. The thing which feeds Missionary zeal out here, is not results, it is the constraining love of Christ within the heart of the worker. This is one great difference between the Missionary interest at home and here. Every meeting must have wonderful incidents and progress to report. The more striking and romantic and highly seasoned the more successful. We who do the work seldom hear such things and sometimes in the close hand to hand routine, we say we wish we could hear a good rousing Missionary meeting at home.

[...] All the flowers have gone, and in our vases we have only a little brown daisy, but they are feathery and pretty. I have plenty of time to enjoy the magazines and it has been a luxury. Our house is all mended now from the earthquake damages. Four men worked two weeks on it, so you know it had a shaking. Where shall you go this summer? I love to think of you by the cool waters of Lake Michigan. It is not a bit cool in Lahore, but I am thankful every day that we stand it is well as we do. It is dry heat. You would like it.

Our punkah coolie sleeps on the veranda just outside the bedroom door. All he possesses is a strip of matting to sleep on, some old rags for a pillow, a fan and his drinking vessels. He is a forlorn looking Hindu. The woman who pulls alternately with him is rather interesting. She takes such kind interest in my illness. The first day, pointing to heaven she said, "Khuda Chahta." "God wishes it." She said she would be happy too when I was quite well.

[...] Cousin Grace Gordon came from Gudaspur to spend yesterday with me. It is so nice to have a cousin in India. The Gordons are just as nice and good as gold.²⁵

[...] We, God's messengers, are blind and deaf. I wish we could keep a clean vision. India's heat and lassitude obscures it. Why should one ever have the blues in America? Results are easy. Responses quick and abundance of appreciation every where.

Love to every one,
Elizabeth

May 21, 1905 [Excerpts]
Dear Home People,

It is evening, and we have brought our chairs to the front veranda until too dark to read and write. It is 7:15 and we can see quite plainly until eight o'clock. Dear little Mrs. Humphrey came over during church time. She is just about the sweetest little person you will ever see. Just think she was married at 15, widowed at 17, and married again at 19. Her mother was married at 13 years of age. Her baby Eric is a bright little fellow. Mrs. Talib-ud-din too, is so pretty. [...]

[Rules of Badminton:]

Badminton is played only in India, because the air must be perfectly quiet, since shuttle cocks are used. The net hangs higher than in tennis, six or eight people can play, standing in a triangle. The object is not to let the ball stop on your side. Points are made by the serving side, 1,2,3, etc. When a side has three outs or misses, the serve goes to the other side. Some thing like base ball. The game is 21 points if three play on a side and 28 if 4 play.

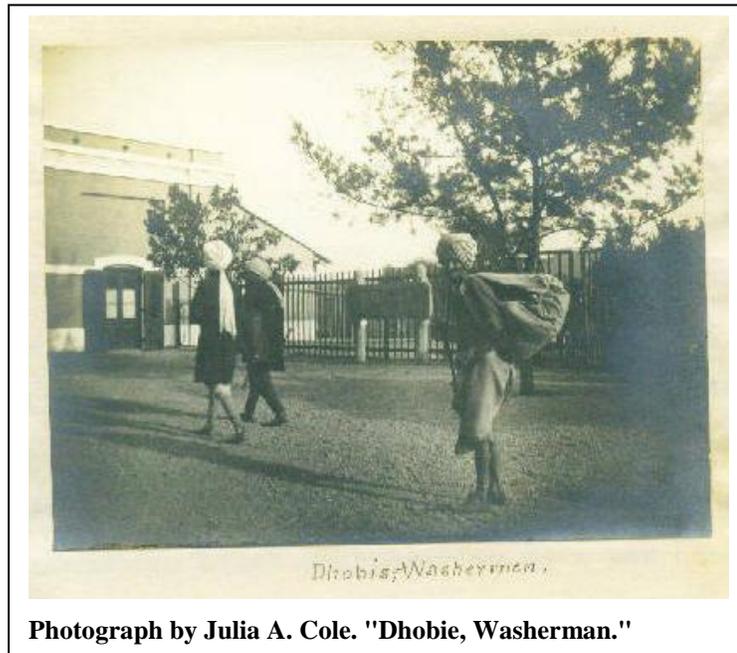
[...] Mr. Turner came Saturday to breakfast and we had such good fellowship. I believe God meant his people to have much more of this informal sort than they do. In India one goes through a metamorphosis. You've got to fight for your life out here, else you drift into deadness. You can't put in every minute and make it count. I feel as if I had done nothing this whole year in India but Dr. Marston thought I was too active, even so, and said "Mrs. Fleming hasn't the first conception what she has to get adjusted to, this first year." Now that hot weather is on every one takes sleep in the middle of the day. I slept three hours today. Imagine! [...]

The first year in India, one is likely to have fever. This climate is peculiar and yet not disagreeable. We have had some of the most perfect days I have every had in my life. This morning as I ate chotta hosari on the veranda in the cool of the day dawn, I thought

²⁵ Cousin Grace Williamson Gordon and DJ's mothers were (McClung) sisters. Cousin Grace and David Gordon were probably the reason DJ decided to go to India after his studies at Wooster College. Grace and her husband and the United Presbyterians' work with mass conversions are discussed further in part four of Chapter 9, "A girl with all my constant blessings."

the whole thing was perfect. One never tires of looking into the big trees, or walking on the rose paths in the moon light, our lawns and drive are so picturesque. Moonlight in India is indescribably enchanting. Heaven seems nearer than at home, and the shadows are as sharp as by sun light.

You would enjoy the daily sights from the veranda. The Jinricksha which comes for the Bible women, and another for Mrs Das is taking her to the dispensary. Then the old red bearded (dyed red) "Bihish li" (water carrier) who bends beneath the heavy goat skin of water on his back. The ever present "hukkah" (pipe) is in his right hand and he smokes even as he staggers on. The band on the Police grounds close by sounds inspiring in the early morning. The air is always noisy with birds and animals calling to each other. [...]



Photograph by Julia A. Cole. "Dhobie, Washerman."

[Not transcribed
May 23, 1905
Lahore, India
Dearest Father and Mother]

June 3, 1905 [Excerpts]
Lahore
Dearest Mother,

You would love to have seen the college students on our lawn that evening I sent my letter off. They came even earlier than they were invited and for a while Johnson was single-handedly, starting games and trying to mix them up. Miss McDonald came over to sit with me on the veranda with our fancy work. We could see every thing perfectly. The lemonade bottles were cooled in my bath tub filled with ice water, and as the students got

thirsty they came up to the refreshment corner and got their bottle. You know our lemonade is charged like lemon phosphate and comes one anna a bottle (2 cts). Hindus and Mohammedans and Christians could all drink from a bottle, and it saved fussing with glasses.

[...] Mrs. Ireland Jones told me of her cure for mosquitoes which sounds effectual. She says she sends to the Bazaar for 4 oz. worth of incense such is used in temples. This she burns in her room at dusk, taking it into all the corners so that it completely stupefies the mosquitoes which are in there, and then by having screen doors and no light in the room she can sleep all night without hearing a buzz. I mean to try this when we stop the punkah. At present it keeps them off for we have a second ruffle that hangs very low and it keeps them fanned off, except of course when the punkah man goes to sleep!

[...] You never saw such a help as Johnson. He is doing everything from shopping to packing and house keeping in addition to every other heavy work he carries. Today he will give up his Munchie and spend the whole day packing and putting away silver, dishes, pictures etc, according to my direction. I have made out a card index of all the things I shall take to the hills, and then add to this after the experience, keeping it year after year for reference. One saves so much time this way. Once having thought it through, that will be sufficient.

The leaving of the house too, is a problem the first year. One has to think of protection against moths and ants and crickets and fish ants which destroy books, and mold during the rains, and dust blowing, and mice which eat everything in sight, and thieves who break in and steal. Every box and wardrobe must have its padlock. Before we get back, our house will be re-whitewashed and calcimined, so we must think of that too. We are contemplating taking our silver to the bank, but they charge 10 rupees a box. Isn't it fun to keep house and think of everything.

[...] I never can be thankful enough for a man like Johnson to grow with. Every longing ambition I ever had for life, character and service is seconded in him, and oh, how it makes me appreciate you dear mother and father. I think of you every hour of the day in everything I am doing, a thousand little principles and habits and sayings which I hardly knew I observed come back to me and you are with me here as vividly and consciously, almost as if really here. I can always see your expression of delight or approval or interest and sometimes the reverse. Few living in the same house could have closer communion.

[...] There are five jungle dogs which have taken possession of our place. They make us feel like apologizing every time we come out of the house. Not fierce, but just overbearing in their attitude. We are going to ask the police to shoot them.

[...] My next will have more variety to write about. I should think you would be glad when I take trips.

Most lovingly your own,
Elizabeth

[Letters in between are missing.]

[Elizabeth must have typed this letter because of the illustration attached.]

August 22, 1905

Kotgarh, Simla District

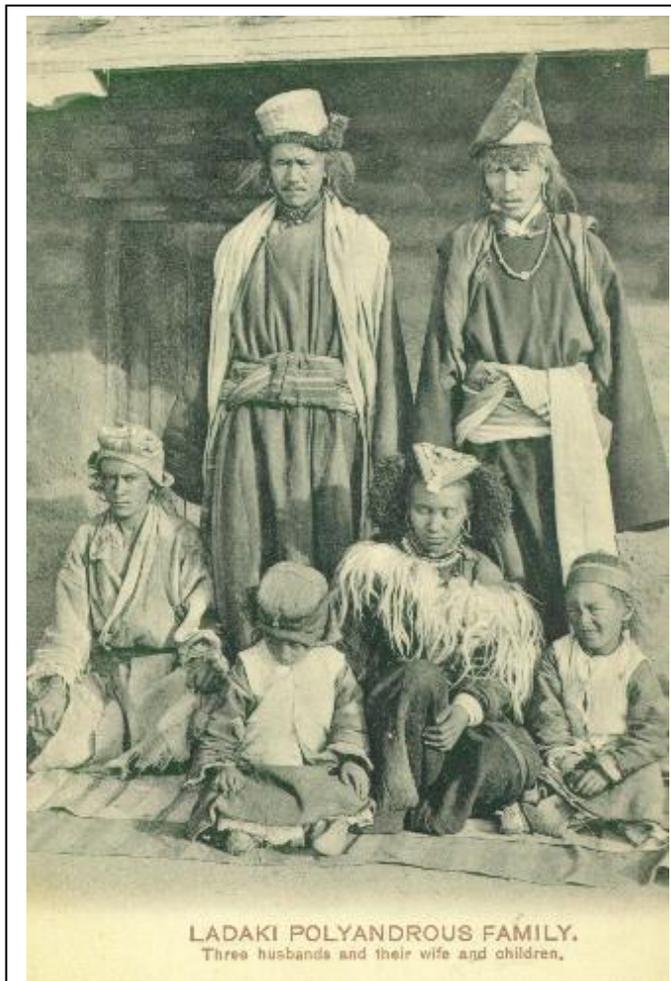
Dearest Mother,

I couldn't tell you about the two days spent in Ani. They presented a state of affairs most pitiful. The case is complicated but I don't see how the Mission could ever take such a place [case?]. Chicago is not the only place which has murders. A week or so ago a young woman was killed in the village near us. The case was over polyandry. Our water carrier's brother thought he would rather share the wife of his younger brother instead of his old one. But she strenuously objected. He then beat her so violently that the neighbors said he would kill her. Four days afterward she was found in the field dead. Her body was carried to Simla for investigation. Tonight we hear that Nagir has been summoned as a witness. This means he may at any time have to go to Simla and no knowing how long it will be. Nagir happened to be near by at the time, and saw the man beating this woman. Alas! We wish he hadn't.²⁶

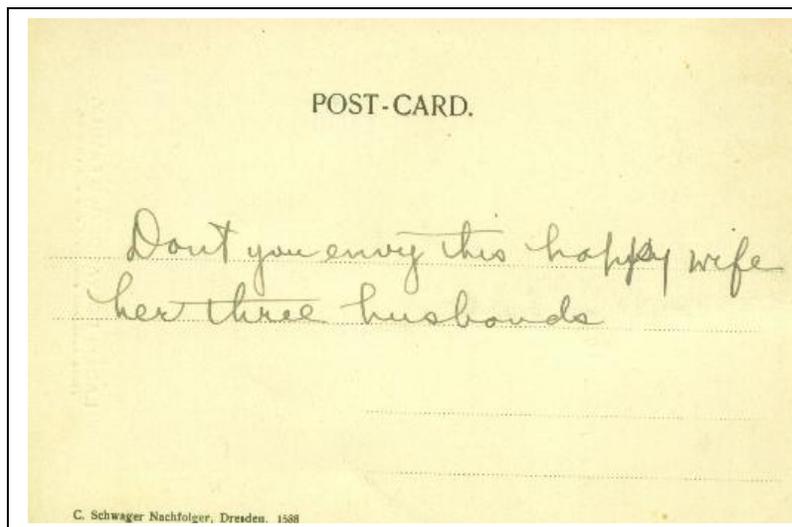
Regarding polygamy in India, Webster wrote:

The Synod of India voted by a considerable majority in favor of allowing polygamous converts to keep all their wives after baptism, but this was rejected by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A in 1875 and again in 1897. However, in 1906 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of India, after cutting ecclesiastical ties with the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., voted that it was not unlawful to admit such converts and urged those exercising their local discretion in this matter to follow certain guidelines. (58)

²⁶ Polygamy is the subject of part three of Chapter 9, "Chicago is not the only place which has murders."



Postcard. "Ladaki Polyandrous Family. Three husbands and their wife and children."



This is the season for our mountain bears to prowl about the slopes after corn and fruit. The other day a man was attacked and badly torn by a partially wounded bear. We have not seen any but they are about at night. As we were walking on the road this evening we saw a little thatched tent and bonfire on the hillside and we asked the men what it meant. They said it was for driving off the bears at night. They were watchmen evidently. They said they had smelt the bears each night but had not caught any yet. We live in a wonderful country; this is India! I never dreamed of earthquakes and bears and murders up here. Mr. Caldwell killed a six foot snake on his way over from Mrs. Bates the other day. He carried it dangling from the end of his walking stick. Ugh! But in spite of all such little things we are very peaceful in the cottage.

Each morning now Dr. Ewing gives me a little lesson in Urdu and I am studying about two hours a day. It is a great pleasure to get at the language again. Just think I have only done three months good work on it the whole year. Today's mail brought me a feast of letters. I tried never to finish them but they would come to and end. Aren't my friends good to keep up the letters?

The other morning I had a good straight talk with Dr. Ewing about the hard position of unmarried ladies in the Mission. They lead a very lonely hard life. He said he and Mrs. Ewing had often said they would not be happy to have one of their daughters come back as a single missionary.²⁷ Everyone is old out here, mature I mean, and there is too much of sad life for a young girl alone. Besides our problems largely deal with the social evils of a community and what can a girl do with that? Bess Prentiss insists that she had been exceptionally happy in her three years in Etah. Well, she is an exceptionally strong girl and has had her aunt from home with her all the time. This aunt had been her adopted mother and she had means so that she could live where she chose. But India did not agree with her and she had to return to America this spring. Bess now for the first time knows what it is to be alone out here. I have asked Bess to come to us for the Christmas Holidays. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston will be in Lahore at that time.

Little Rhea is as bright as a new button. Until a month ago he spoke only Hindustani, but now the English sentences are growing marvelously each day, and he is only 2 ½ years old. Nancy you know is 12 years. She has been doing considerable sketching and painting this summer. Tonight she brought a picture of this house which she had done while I was upstairs. It was so good I begged it for you. Don't you think my pupil will soon exceed her teacher? [See illustration at end of letter.]

You have no idea how it rejoices me to know you and father are happy. I am just sure that in this way the world judges whether or not Christianity is true. I am emphasizing in my own life this year, the *Joy* note and *Hope*. Paget gave us such a new conception of the Christian virtue *Hope*. It is the confident expectation of success in spiritual fields.

²⁷ They will not have to worry about their daughter Nancy, who will marry Edmund Donald Lucas in 1911. This marriage will unite two missionary dynasties, the J.J. Lucas family (Brown: 1870-1922) and the Ewings. The intermarriage of missionary children is discussed in part three of Chapter 9, "Chicago is not the only place which has murders."

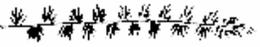
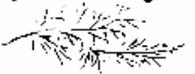
I'll tell you a secret about my language study. You know I was always more interested in other subjects than language and with so many interruptions in Lahore it was hard to keep down to it. Well, I just made it a subject of prayer and asked God to make me keen for the study and that is just what He has done. It has been my real disappointment that I could not do my full work these months, but I am interested in every little new word and rule and idiom as I have never been before and it's a pleasure to study. I am glad to have Dr. Ewing's help each morning for he often tells me idiomatic phrases which an Indian would never think were new. I am only doing a little writing each day, trying to describe my friends and what we do; but it is excellent practice. I may be ready for the examination in January and if so, Dr. Ewing thinks they can give me a special one. Dr. Ewing, Dr. Griswold and Dr. Frank Newton²⁸ are the examining committee.

You know this is a new rule this year that married ladies shall have to pass their first year examination in Urdu before having a vote in the Mission. I am the only one it has ever been required of and between you and me, I don't believe it will ever be allowed to stand. Many wives are not used to habits of study and would find it a humiliation to come before an examining Committee of Associates with their husbands. Besides I am sure their husbands would not like this comparison of intellectual ability by other men. A woman after she is married is usually protected from any such test and think how very embarrassing for all concerned if they could not pass a wife conscientiously. Besides how can a wife, housekeeper and mother count upon her time for studying an exceedingly intricate language. In most cases she would hardly be able to pass the 1st year examination inside of three years.

I like the standard to be high and personally I am delighted with the chance to do this much well. But remember I always did like examinations and I've had the best training back of me any girl could have for this. I'll not say anything against the rule until I have passed, but really I think it is questionable. However the proverbial reputation of a "Mem Sahib" is that she cannot get her tenses correctly and speaks shocking Urdu; the kind she picks up at home from the servants. This ought not to be I'll agree.

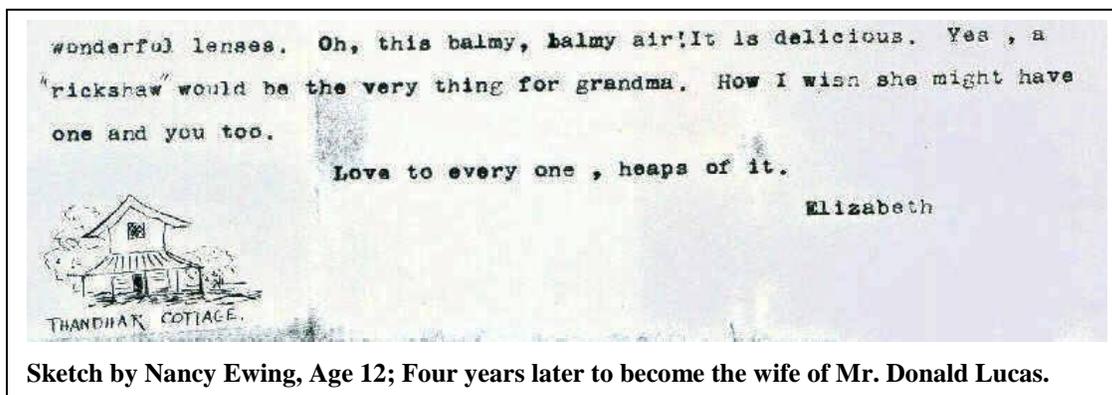
You would like to see them ploughing a field near by. From this little balcony I can watch the bullocks slowly dragging the furrow. It is only a rude stick. They stand on it and eventually the field gets its back scratched. Now while I am looking closely they have released the bullocks and shouldered the instrument and are off. I got a good look at the plough and find it is simply this way. At the end is a point of steel which digs in as they move along. I can't help liking these primitive customs, they are very picturesque.

²⁸ I can't find biographical information about a Dr. Frank Newton but he probably was a son or grandson of the pioneer translator among the Presbyterians, John Newton, who brought a small wooden printing-press to India when he sailed in 1835. John Newton translated the whole of the New Testament and scores of tracts into the Punjabi language and into Urdu (Brown 604). Webster mentions that a Frances J. Newton was a doctor for the Board of Foreign Missions (30).

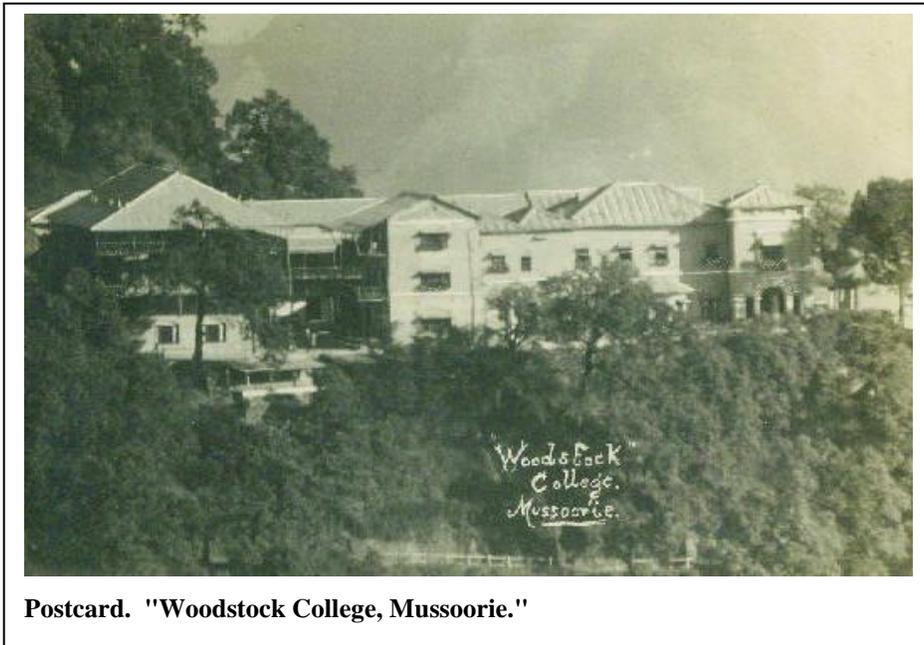
Can you smell the fragrance of these pines? We have three kinds about this cottage. The "Diadara" which are beautifully pointed and have the needles arranged thus  The "Kial" is quite different. Its needles are longer and silvery  and the Scotch pine is just  Then of course there is the cedar flat ones.  -I don't know the long Latin names to the different ferns found up here. But the varieties are many. Lots of maidenhair Oh, so pretty! The Apples on this Apple tree close by are quite rosy this week. They hang in heavy thickness from the branches.

It is wonderful to see the great vultures devour a carcass. The other day a mule died on the road and was shoved overboard. Inside of five hours these great birds had spied it from their immense height and though previously not one was discernable by the naked eye, now there are a hundred or more circling down and picking those bones. One flew above my head with its tremendous wings spread and it is at least five feet from wing to wing. Grim scavengers they are, but very useful to the country. How they can see a little dead animal on the earth as they pass through the heavens so high we cannot see them? Their eyes must have wonderful lenses. Oh, this balmy, balmy air! It is delicious. Yes, a "rickshaw" would be the very thing for grandma. How I wish she might have one and you too.

Love to every one, heaps of it.
Elizabeth



Sketch by Nancy Ewing, Age 12; Four years later to become the wife of Mr. Donald Lucas.



Oct. 18, 1905

Woodstock School, Landour²⁹

My dear Mother,

I have been in the school now five days and it is a delightful place to be from every point of view. The day I arrived, Friday, they took me to the second story room, which had been specially selected for me because it was airy and quiet. But what do you suppose they had done. Hung the walls with Miss Mitchell's choicest pictures and covered the floor with a beautiful white and brown "Numda" rug. Hers also. Fresh white ruffled muslin curtains were at the three windows, pretty covers on the table and dresser and four great vases of white and yellow "Cosmos" which made one think he was in a fragrant bower. Well, they couldn't have been kinder if I were the Queen.

There is a little stove in the room and every evening at six o'clock a servant comes and builds a cozy wood fire for me, which lasts all the evening. One of the school ayahs brings me chotta hosari at seven o'clock each morning, and I do not try to be dressed before breakfast at 10:30. We eat at a teacher's table in the big dining room where the girls file in and out at the tap of a bell. The teachers have a special dinner prepared for them at night and I quite enjoy the meals. Tiffin is at 3 and dinner at 7:30.

²⁹ Woodstock School and College grew out of a school for British, American and Eurasian children opened in 1847 at Landour, two miles from Mussoorie. In 1876 the Presbyterian Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Philadelphia bought the property (Brown 618). Elizabeth has created a pseudodialogue with her mother in this letter. The dormitory setting must have triggered her memories of college life when she used this epistolary device frequently.

Just this week I am preparing for an examination paper in Grammar and translation which will be sent here for me to take Friday. I was not studying at all from sheer laziness, until suddenly I heard these examination papers were coming out. So with four days left I am making an old time cram. The Grammar I had never looked at, but after two morning's work it is all neatly outlined and classified and part of it in my head. While writing this last sentence the floor shook perceptibly [*sic*] from another earthquake. I do not pretend to say how I shall pass the examination but this written part ought to go. I think the oral part may have to be postponed a month or two as I haven't finished the required reading.³⁰

Although I begrudge every moment for the study, I am happy to give my evenings to the girls who like Illinois girls, like to come in for informal chats. With some of them I have had good talks. One dear girl, Gladys Low, leaves the school tomorrow and has been asking me how she will keep up her Christian life at home. There are no helps there and no lines of work for her to enter. In most cases the parents are absolutely unwilling their daughters should have any relationships with the Indians, even the children of their servants who might be taught. It is far too degrading.

So this is a real problem for the Woodstock School. What outlet is there for the girls after leaving school? I enjoy and admire Miss Mitchell very much. She is very capable in every way, and has the spiritual life of the girls deeply at heart. She does not however, nor does Miss Lark or Miss Wycoff come very near to the girls. Miss Wherry has more of this informal relation with them because her work is all in the studio with them. I am getting very fond of Miss Wherry; she is thoughtful and kind to me and ready to put a shoulder to the wheel in all school activities. Miss Mitchell says she is most helpful in practical ways. The other teachers, not American are some twelve in number.

This is the week all foreign mail is delayed in the Suez. One girl in Mussoorie was expecting her fiancé on this boat and now the wedding has to be put off till he arrives. I gave up my intention of going to Lahore before Annual meeting for several reasons, chief among them the desire to study for this examination. There would be no study in Lahore this week with Presbytery on; calling and settling the house. Johnson writes that our piano is in perfect condition, which is great relief of mind to me. Even Mrs. Griswold with her long experience found her piano badly moth eaten.

The home box stands ready to be opened but DJ says we must wait for that fun to be shared mutually. Cousin Grace Gordon and the Brandons have been breakfasted at our house today, on their way to Sialkot. They had three hours to wait in the Lahore station and it was Johnson's thoughtfulness to tell Latif to prepare a breakfast for six people though he himself has classes all the morning and Nagir was to meet them at the train with a gari. I do hope everything went off nicely. Of course they had to just make themselves at home in that empty house. I feel sure they must have appreciated the hot

³⁰ Elizabeth was not able to take the oral exam until March 16, 1909: "I have at last taken the rest of my Urdu's exam, oral & passed. I am greatly relieved & have it off my mind—for the precedent must be set by one of the Mem-sahibs. But I hope no others will have such a dragging experience over the study as I have had."

water and restful beds and good breakfast. Probably Latif prepared his own menu for breakfast, but I am sure he would do it well. Do you suppose Johnson got out the proper linen, silver, and dishes from their packed-away condition? He has been boarding with Griswolds since he went down.

Oh, you will be glad to know that I have not had a sign of fever for three days and I believe it is now quite a thing of the past. I am feeling splendidly. It is a common question to ask me if I am not pining for my husband. Two or three separated wives have wept their eyes out. But I say no, I am very happy always. He is well and just where he is needed most and I am where I should be this week. How could a girl with all my constant blessings go around with a long face?

If Miss [Susie] Sorabji is with you when this reaches you, please give her my warmest love. I envy every one who hears and meets her, that is, I would envy them if I hadn't had that delightful inspiring visit in Poona, which is better. It makes me feel happy all over to think of her in our home talking to you and dear father and Grandma. I hope she was able to go to the Illinois Convention. My message will not be ready, as I did not know the date in time.

Beth Johnson has just passed through a most serious a successful operation in the Miraj hospital. She thinks now she will be in better health than ever before. Poor girl, she has found the language very hard, just as has Miss Cuthbertson, a trained nurse in the lower Mission. If one has never studied Latin or any other language it would be almost too much to face India. Now for me the Grammar is nothing, just play.

I have enjoyed talking to Mrs. John Forman and Miss Emily Forman about Mrs. Olmsted with whom the daughter Florence has been living. They feel that she has been most kind. It seems that Mrs. Olmsted used to be Mrs. Forman's S.S. teacher once upon a time. I was not surprised to hear that Florence became lonesome in that household where there was no bright young company, so this year much to Mrs. Forman's disappointment Florence was sent to the Missionary Home in Wooster, O. Mrs. Freeman is staying up here all this month to try to get malaria out of her system.

Each Saturday I have been in Landour since DJ departed, we have had a picnic on some fine sightly point. These Woodstock teachers are adept at that sort of thing. Once we had hot creamed potatoes and coffee with the cold meat, salad, delicious rolls, gingerbread and apple sauce. But last time Miss Mitchell cooked hot creamed eggs over a little charcoal fire out there and we had hot baked potatoes with it. I never went to such tempting picnics in my life. We go at two o'clock and stay till the sunset rose glow falls upon the snow peaks yonder. Shall I ever forget them in this glory? I hear rumors that there will be a final picnic this coming Saturday, after my examination is over. We always take rugs, pillows and fancy work so that the afternoon is spent most cozily together.

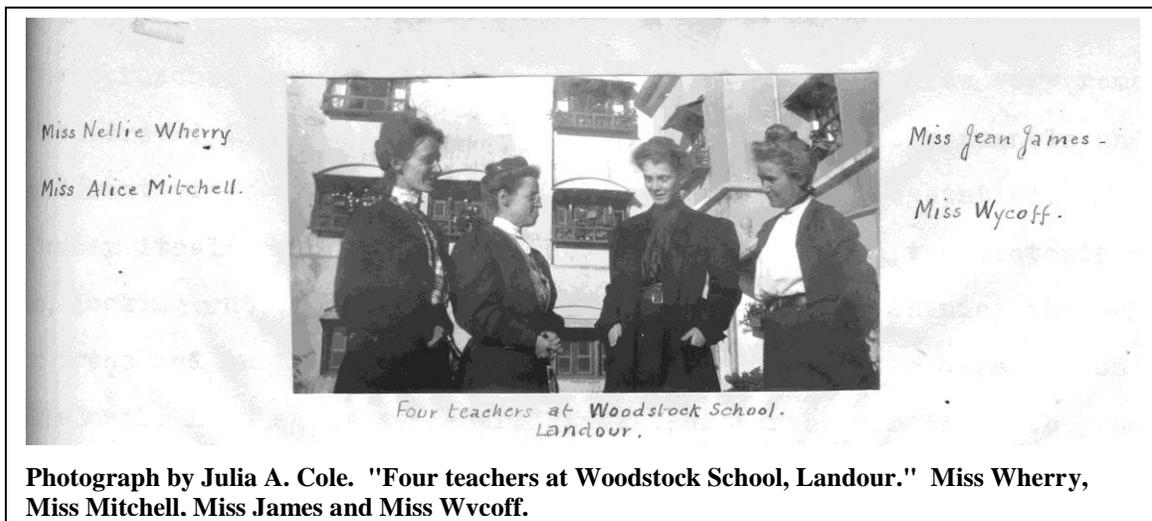
My Friday examination will be six hours long and I shall write it here in my room. The Papers will be sent to Miss Mitchell for me. I feel the old enthusiasm of college days to

try my mettle. So glad I enjoy, instead of dread, these tests, and yet I can't think that I am well prepared for it and you may hear of an ignominious failure. But never mind. It is now almost half past eleven. I was so afraid if I didn't write tonight I might feel too crowded to do it on Wednesday and Thursday. How I should hate to disappoint you even with a shorter letter than this. There, the town clock is striking twelve. How dreadful! It is just a little offering on love's altar to you. I never do sit up after ten o'clock; so one night won't matter if only I don't get stupid tomorrow.

Goodnight, dear home people. A kiss for each of you,
Elizabeth

October 22, 1905
Last Sunday in Woodstock
My Dear Mother,

Just see me now! All curled up in the window seat behind the curtains, with my pen directed toward home. I am partly listening to Miss Jenks reading aloud the address by Robt E. Speer in the last *Evangel* to Miss Mitchell, Miss Wherry and Miss Clark, who are all in the room. We have had a beautiful friendship together here in this school, and I am constantly reminded that God never denies one thing without supplying another. There are compensations for every thing and it just does us good to keep our eyes open for all the pleasant little side things by the way. Mother, have I ever known anything in my life that wasn't beautiful? Why is God so good to me? I just want to praise Him all the time.



Wednesday in Jagraon. Sunday evening I was interrupted by the arrival of Miss Clark, no not Miss Clark, but Miss Clark, Miss Cook, Miss McElroy, Fuller and Turner, who all came to say Goodbye. It was Miss Cooks' birthday and she had been remembered by all her friends at the breakfast table and Lucia Fuller had made a delicious cake. They brought me down a slice, and we divided it into six pieces so that each of us might have a taste.

Dr. [Sarah] Vrooman³¹ was with us over Sabbath on her way back from the Rajah's palace in Seree, where she had been summoned to attend the Rane who was very ill with Pneumonia. As she was leaving, they gave her 500 Rupees for the visit and 290 rupees as a personal gift. Wasn't that handsome? Dr. Vrooman is a very peculiar little soul in some ways. Her grandmother was a Chinese Bible woman whom one of the missionaries married. She is a vegetarian, thinking it is wrong to take life; but strangely enough she never thought that it was inconsistent for her to eat soup and gravy. She has cultivated such a low tone of voice it is very hard to catch her words. She claims that through not eating meat she finds her hot temper much calmer and sweeter.

After Christian Endeavor several of the girls asked if they might not come in for a last little talk and I let them come although the last evening was pretty full. We had a good earnest talk and I still feel that all those girls need is some one to come very near to them spiritually. We six teachers had a little farewell prayer together about the school and Annual Meeting, before retiring.

Early Monday morning Miss Jenks and I were off. We did well to get the coolies started by 6:30 and ourselves in dandies by 7:30 after Chotta Hozari. The air was fresh so early and we enjoyed the trip down very much, stopping in the bazaar to buy some fine large kúlú apples at 4 cts a piece, and at the Half way house for a breakfast of boiled eggs, bread and butter and coffee. We reached Rajpore at 10:30 where we dismissed our coolies with much begging for more baksheesh and took a "tikka gari" to the girls High School, where Miss Donaldson and Miss Woodside welcomed us with open arms. Here were several home letters to read, tiffin at 1 o'clock, a good wash and we were refreshed. It was hotter of course than in the hills, but still we did not mind it. I am to have one of Miss Donaldson's kittens as soon as it grows large enough to leave its mother. They are half Persian, with lively fluffy fur. The one I chose is pure white, with pale eyes. When the girls come down at Christmas time, they will bring my kitten.

The Dehra train left at 2:30 and reached Saharanpur at 7:30. Mrs. Velte kindly took us in for the night and although she herself left early next morning for Ludhiana. It is her turn to cater for Synod and Annual Meeting this year. She and Miss Downs and Miss Given (Saharanpur and Jullundur). We stayed until the 12:45 train, taking advantage of this opportunity to see the theological seminary and Mr. Borup's industrial work. The Seminary has a pleasant building but there are only about 20 students. They looked very small as they sat in class room in one corner of the school, under Rev. John Forman. There is much talk just at present of removing the Seminary to some other place more central for both Missions.

The home which the Veltes occupy is very spacious. There are not many large trees on the compound, and everything looks dry and bare. I presume it is because the compound is comparatively new. We found after we reached the Borups that they were just finishing breakfast. Mr. Gould was there, being appointed inspector of the industrial work for the Mission this year. Well, the Industrial shops are very interesting. The

³¹ Dr. Sarah Vrooman is included in Brown's list of missionaries (1901-1907 W) (1119).

making of furniture, blacksmithing, tailoring and making of shoes. The work was beautifully done, on American models. One boy who was supported by a man in Philadelphia, and who had taken his name, was about to send a large dining table to America, which he had made. It was splendid work and it bore a brass plate signifying the gift and make.

I saw a strange case in the infirmary, of a boy who for eight months has been asleep. He wakes up only occasionally, every few days in the early morning, for about 5 minutes or so and can use all his powers and can take nourishment. But when he goes to sleep no power on earth can waken him. He feels no sensation, his jaws are set, and he lies like one dead. If his hands or limbs are raised, they stay exactly where you put them, never coming down, although one would expect their own weight would do it. Eight doctors have examined his case but can find no parallel case. They say he could be cut to pieces, while he sleeps in this hypnotic state, and he would never feel a prick. How long will he lie there? Shall he ever come out of it? He lies on a cot as one dead, with a cloth over his face. He breathes perceptibly and the bodily functions seem to do their daily work. An idiot boy tends to him. It is all that he has sense enough to do. The sleeping boy is only sixteen. Such strange things as we see here in India!

Our train brought us in to Ludhiana in time for a delicious supper at Mrs. Wherry's where I deposited my luggage and then came out to Jagraon for a day with Miss Jenks. Miss Wherry, Miss Morris, Jenks and Helm live together out here. I had a luxurious night on an American bed and under Miss Wherry's eiderdown quilt. These young ladies are the only Europeans in Jagraon and they have charge of a large district work as well as the Christian community and little school on the compound.

The following excerpts from Edith Jenks' annual reports to *WPBMN* show women's involvement with evangelical itinerating:

1905 AR: "Miss Morris and I are in camp now about twelve miles from Jagraon, living in a tent and going from place to place as we did last year in the cool season. We camp at one place and visit all the villages within four or five miles, then move on to another central point. We have been out two weeks and have visited twenty-eight villages, talking to women as long as they care to hear or have leisure from work. Sometimes they are friendly, nearly always polite and respectful, very rarely rude. We meet few who have any idea of sin or of their need of a Savior" (39-40).

1906 AR: Miss Jenks with the other ladies has been largely engaged in itineration. They have visited about one hundred and twenty-five of the five hundred villages in the district, but have found more eager listeners to the message and greater sale and distribution of literature than ever before. So large is the district that the four ladies stationed at Jagraon have been at home together only about two weeks during the entire year (41).

1909 AR: Jagraon may be regarded as a "woman's rural mission to women." The Mission House is near the railway station. Of her work in this district Miss Jenks writes, "Itinerating was continued during the winter till the end of February. Nine different centers were visited, together with many of the surrounding villages. The people are more friendly than formerly, and the district seems ripe for an ingathering from among the low caste people" (120).

Miss Jenks has adopted a very cunning little boy, three and one half years old, "Yusuf" as black as your hat. Miss Wherry has a little girl of five or six name "Pushjba" and these children are in and out of the house continually, they are great pets, though of course they live with the other children in the dormitory.

Father's letter was awaiting me here. It was the one of advice to DJ about going slow; he being perfectly well now has forgotten about the Ani trip. He does though take excellent care of himself and is not rash or careless although he does put in a tremendous amount of work, and has just been taking his second year examinations. Did I tell you how easily I got though my two papers? They were not answered all perfectly, but I know I passed and it is a real satisfaction to have done even this much. I have no idea of trying the oral exam now unless Dr. Ewing urges me just to try it.

Tomorrow, being Thursday, I go back to Ludhiana to meet Johnson who gets in for Synod about six o'clock. We are to occupy a room in Mrs. Wherry's house. We expect a great blessing during these coming meetings. Mr. Jones from the Assam revival will be with us, and there has been much prayer for this gathering. Every time I ride in a rickshaw or a dandy, I think how you would enjoy this way of getting about.

Mrs. Ewing's collarbone has knit! Hurrah for Dr. Handley. But she will not come to Annual meeting this year. Instead she takes care of Mrs. Griswold's children so that the latter may come, without taking them out of school. I shall be glad to see Mrs. Griswold again. She has written me another sweet letter, although writing is not a pleasure to her.

Dear Father, your letters are all a treat to me. Send special love to Mary and Ed in Harriman. I feel as though I must write them separately some how. I hope Ed is improving on the mountain. And love to dear Lois too, please. I don't forget Grandma.

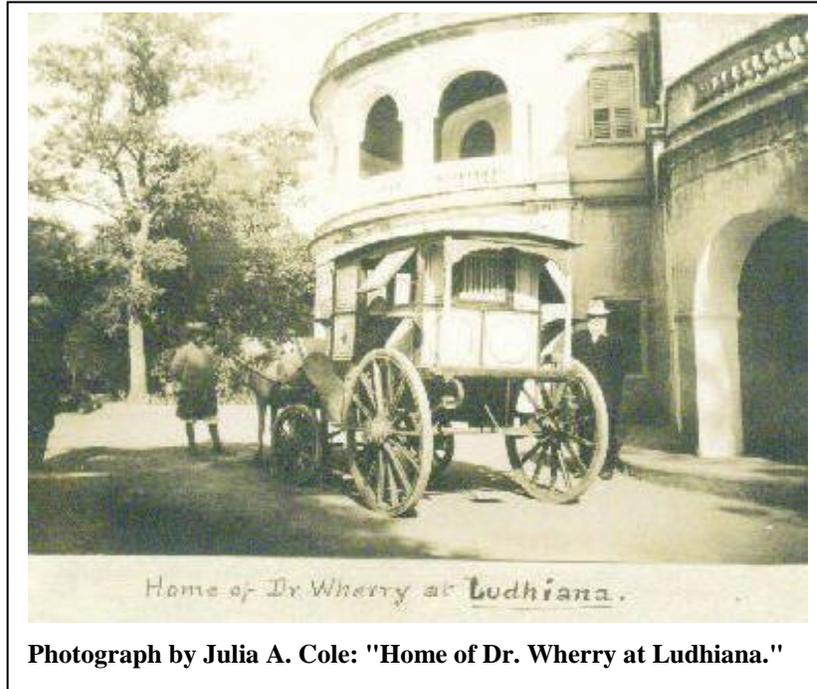
A special kiss for her,
Elizabeth

November 2, 1905
Ludhiana, India
My Dear Father,

Your nice long letter with the check came safely. Thank you ever so much, and again we do thank you for our piano. It makes a home seem home like. Not a moth got into it this summer. We are now fixed fairly well as to the smooth running of our household.

My last letter was written from Jagraon. We are now in full swing at Annual meeting. DJ and I have a comfortable room at Mrs. Wherry's house this year. She said she thought it would be so nice to see more of us this year, as they would see you so soon. Mrs. Wherry is a lovely housekeeper, but really tries to keep things too clean and nice.

India demands certain easy going ways, for the servants will ever quite learn our home ways.



Elwood Morris Wherry was a champion for Christianity in the intellectual tournament of religions in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Historian, seminary professor (at Saharanpur), manager of the press at Ludhiana, editor of the Christian periodical, *Nur Afshan* ('Light Scatterer'), author of numerous books and articles on Islam, Presbyterian delegate to ecumenical conferences on the Mohammedan world, Wherry represented the culmination of a force within the missionary community in India which moved in unison with the rise of the supremely confident western imperialism of the pre-Great War period, the type given stirring expression in Kipling's call to duty, "the White Man's Burden" (Brush 218-219).

Webster wrote that Wherry was the most outstanding scholar of Islam at the beginning of the 20th century. He was a member of the Punjab Mission from 1868-1922, a graduate of Jefferson College (1862) and Princeton Theological Seminary (1867) and spent most of his career in Ludhiana doing evangelistic work among Muslims (102). Wherry always discussed Islam in relationship to Christianity and never really in its own right. He considered them to be two distinct religions in sharp competition with each other—one true, the other false, and both making exclusive claims upon their adherents. This judgment was based upon both Wherry's own exclusivist Princeton Theology and his view of Islam as basically an unprogressive religion cast in a definite mould from which it could not break without destroying itself (102).

We are having wonderful meetings. The three days of devotional sessions were richer than anything the Mission has ever known in its history. Oh, how very different from a year ago. The revival is here, and our own dear missionaries are being transformed

before our very eyes. Such conviction of failure has been upon all, that the confessions have been humbling and child like. One after another have told of the deep experiences, struggle and victory of recent months. Mr. Velte has perhaps gone ahead of all. Each morning he tells us of some new searching or revealing which has come in the night season. The trenches are being dug very, very deep and such a new bond of love and harmony is present we cannot deep back the tears for very joy. In reviewing the work of the past year, each one made a personal report and then added the soul experiences, which were born out of the year. The Spirit Himself has opened our eyes and convicted us of sin.

We had a wonderful Educational meeting, a Conference, just what we need and just what should be always normal for us out here. Dr. Ewing has been going through some deep experiences during the past three months. He cannot trust himself to speak of them, but he too has become a man of prayerful spirit. The College has begun its new era. The revival has awakened our Christian students who are now witnessing twice a week in the bazaars and doing personal work in the corridors with non-Christian men. One of the students has set St. John's College (C.M.S. hostel) on fire with this new life. We are going to let God have His own way this year.

There are three or four very difficult problems before this Annual meeting. The first, and now on its third day of deliberation is concerning the women's status in the mission. Here-to-fore women have never been regarded as real members of the Mission. They have had no vote in general matters, only on questions pertaining to strictly "Women's Work." This condition has brought about much dissatisfaction, culminating last year. Some of the ladies feel very much dishonored and there are awkward positions continually growing out of the query, "Isn't this Women's Work? It certainly affects it." There are some men in the Mission who take Biblical grounds against women voting in Ecclesiastical matters. This is not an Ecclesiastical body as Rob't E. Speer has written on to say. But this is the point. On this question which is intensely personal and previously would have torn us all to pieces, there has been the most beautiful spirit of love and prayer and submission to the will of God. It really is a great triumph of Grace. We shall have to wait a day longer for the decision.³²

No, Father, I don't agree with you that such a life of consecration as Frances Havergal lived is unnatural and exceptional.³³ I believe it is the normal life of a Christian. We can all have it and it is desirable. As far as intensity goes, that is largely a matter of temperament. If not, let us trust God to develop that degree of earnestness in us which is needed for His work. Most of us are abnormally weak Christians.

³² The decision was made a year later. Dr. J. C. R. Ewing, Lahore wrote on November 1906: "The Annual Meeting. The Woman's Question was settled in a very quiet way. Women in the future are to vote on all subjects" ("Letter #16, dated November 14, 1906").

³³ For her Board of Missions application, Elizabeth wrote, "From 12-15 Years of Age: By far the greatest inspiration which came to me at this time, and which gave definiteness to my religious thought even after was the reading of 'Life and Memories of Frances Havergal' by her sister. Here I saw for the first time consciously that there was such a thing as a deep satisfying personal religion. Consecration took on new meaning. This one book more than any person or teaching or influence opened my spiritual eyes. For years it went with me everywhere, and was more read than my Bible."

Our two new recruits this year are Miss Kerr from Pennsylvania and Mr. Carter, a Princeton man, who has had a Pastorate for seven years. He was in Chambersburg Penn, where Wilson College is. He greatly admired Frances Bridges when she came there, and he has met at Silver Bay my dear Miss McLauren and Mr. Dwight Potter of Oakland, Cal. and all the leaders of the Student [SVM?] movement. Mr. Carter is a great addition to our numbers. He is not married and he is old enough to find any of our young ladies delightful. Mr. Pengwren Jones has come from the Cassian Hills to tell us of the great revival in Assam. He has held four meetings among us in which we have heard marvelous things.

The people have had visions and trances and have danced before the Lord, in very Biblical fashion. It has made me feel that God gives to Oriental people such manifestations of Himself as would most impress them. They have been very greatly helped by these things. Paul's vision of the Saviour on the road to Damascus did not influence his life more than do these visions to the simple folk of the Cassian Hills. May it not be the very same? I wish you could see our little group at Ludhiana. We have grown so proud and fond of each one, and when dear Miss Thiede dresses in her stiff black satin and white lace fichu, she is a precious sight. I have been finishing this letter in [the] meeting while Mr. Jones has been talking. There is little time for a really chatty letter this week. On Monday evening we go back to Lahore. Hurrah!

Dear little mother, I am just going to add a line to you and thank you for the letter of Mabel Milham Roys, copied for me. Thank you so much.³⁴ The box of slippers has just come by Dr. C. B. Newton and they are such beauties. I must write both Grandma and Aunt Helen a note of special thanks, but not this week, as it is time now that this got into the mail. I am feeling very well indeed. Latif is here.

Love to Ed and Mary, Lois and dear Grandma.
Your daughter,
Elizabeth

[Not transcribed
December 17, 1905
Lahore, India
Dearest Mother]

[Not transcribed
December 27, 1905
Delhi, India
Dearest Father]

³⁴ Mabel Milham Roys, (wife of Charles K Roys, MD), missionary to China, 1904-1920, withdrew from service when her husband died (Brown 1108).

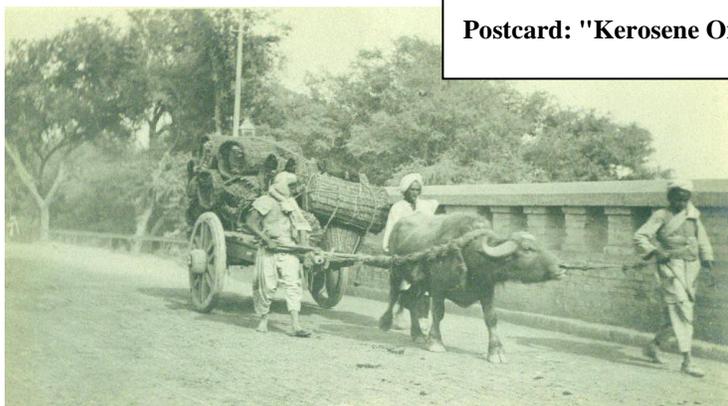
Transportation in India.



Postcard: "India Transportation." (DJ's handwriting.)



Postcard: "Kerosene Oil Cart." (DJ's handwriting.)



Postcard: "India Transportation." (DJ's handwriting.)

Chapter 13: Early Lahore, 1904-1906, Continued.

13.3) 1906 Letters—These letters were already typed in carbon-duplicate.

January 7, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole [Excerpts]

January 10, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Friends [Room 48]

January 18, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Home Folks

January 31, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to John A. and Julia A. Cole

*February 4, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Dear ones at Home

April 14, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole

[Sunday, Easter, 1906: Elizabeth Cole Fleming to Julia A. Cole] [Excerpt]

[April, 1907, DJ Fleming to Friends of Lahore]

January 7, 1906 [Excerpts]

Lahore, India

Dearest Mother,

It is cold to day with no sun to cheer us, so we are sitting by a grate fire making the experiment of burning soft coal instead of wood. We can get bags of this coal from the coolies. The little bed of red hot coals is very peaceful and comforting. Pussy unfortunately being white is into every kind of mischief. Must I wash her every day? We are overjoyed by your letter today saying you will send us the [magazine] "Missionary Review of the World." Last week DJ received a request from one of its Editors to write an article upon the Evangelistic results in Educational Missions. This may not be the exact title but it is the thought.

Dr. Ewing was publicly honored this New Year Day by the presentation of the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal for his distinguished services on that Earthquake Relief Committee. He has received letters from all the Government people in the Punjab and a cablegram from England. Does it not raise the standard of Missionaries or should he have the gold medal melted as Chinese Gordon did and give the money to God's cause, saying, "I receive not honor from men."³⁵

Monday eve.

Am sitting over a cosy bed of coals. DJ and I have talked all the evening without knowing it. Wahli Mohammad was over again today. DJ puts great emphasis upon the scientific laboratory method; "Believe nothing till you test it." "Taste and see that the Lord is good." "Prove that Christ's way is the best way by testing it." We do long for Wahli Mohammed. He would make a magnificent Christian; so keen and straight forward, the finest student in the college!

³⁵ Charles George "Chinese" Gordon (1833-1885) was a British soldier and administrator. He served in the Crimean War, went to China in the expedition of 1860, taking part in the capture of Beijing, and in 1863 took over the command of F. T. Ward, who had raised a Chinese army to suppress the Taiping Rebellion. For the achievements of this Ever-Victorious Army he was popularly known as Chinese Gordon. Appointed governor of Sudan in 1877, he waged a vigorous campaign against slave traders. He resigned in 1879, but after various appointments in India, China, Mauritius, and Cape Colony (South Africa), he was sent back to Sudan, where Muhammad Ahmad. Although under orders to evacuate the Egyptian garrison from Khartoum, Gordon took it upon himself to attempt to defeat the Mahdi. He was cut off and besieged at Khartoum for 10 months. A relief expedition belatedly dispatched from England reached the garrison two days after it had been stormed by the Mahdists, who killed Gordon. Gordon's death stirred public indignation and contributed to the collapse of the Gladstone government in 1885 (*New Columbia* 1109).

I went this morning to see Mrs. Muntaz Ali, a Mohammedan lady in purdah.³⁶ She wants to learn English for she is much interested in elevating her own sisters and is constantly writing books for them, which are printed on her husband's press and she has two magazines circulated already. I go with Mrs. Siraj-ud-din and listen to her. How I long to talk and understand freely. It is a treat to know this little lady. She is very clever and public spirited. She thinks if she only knew English she could translate some of our literature into her magazines for the poor Purdah women, who never go outside their four walls. [...]

Mr. George Sherwood Eddy was here for tiffin today. He is working up the India National Missionary movement and he had a great task to win over the Bishop of Lahore (CMS) but exciting as the interview was, it came out successfully. The Bishop feared this would be an anti-foreign movement but Mr. Eddy quoted from Gamaliel's advice "If it be of men, it will die, if of God you cannot quench it."³⁷

Our roses are lovely now. There are only a few bushes left blooming for the others were cut down for the spring bloom. My violets are lovely now, coming out, dear things, how I love them. Mr. Caldwell will be in Chicago University this April for a years study and MA degree. He leaves in February. I am excited to think of his seeing you and going to our church.

Much love to all,
Elizabeth

January 10, 1906
Lahore, India
My Dear Friends,

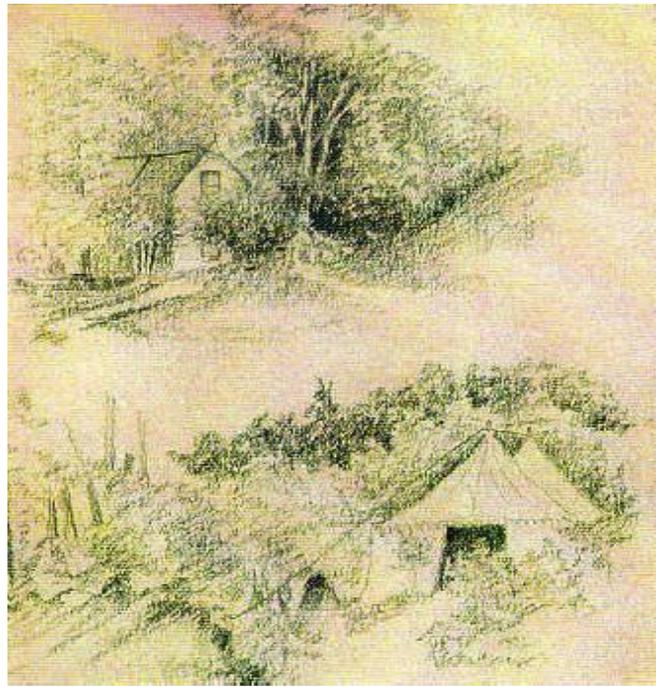
Before we get very far into January, I want to share our Christmas vacation with you. On the morning of Christmas day as we took the train to Dhariwal, a five hours trip, and from there went into Camp with our good friends the Gordons of the United Presbyterian Mission. They met us at the station with their trap and a camel for our luggage. We always have to carry our mattresses and bedding when traveling in India. It makes a very large awkward roll, but it is the style, so that is all right.

A pretty drive of three miles along the canal with snow mountains in full sight brought us to a quaint little mud village and passing this the Camp rose to sight. We found ourselves in a pretentious settlement of two large tents and nine out tents, including two missionary families, two horses and carts, nine camels and a pet monkey.

The life of an Evangelistic itinerating missionary is very simple in its plan, but exceedingly busy. Mr. Gordon is up by the first streak of dawn and out to the village where he can talk to the people before they go off to the fields. The tent is the center of attraction for miles around and is surrounded at all hours of the day by on lookers and those who come for medicine or just to visit. A wedding took place one day in front of the tent, when the groom paid the marriage fee of 16 cts and went home one way and his new bride another, after the ceremony.

³⁶ I have not been able to find biographical information about Mrs. Muntaz Ali. Elizabeth mentions Mrs. Ali's work again in her April 19, 1908, letter.

³⁷ As mentioned in part three of Chapter 7, "Robt. Speer thinks it would be hard on the children" and part three of Chapter 9, "Chicago is not the only place which has murders," the Eddys became lifetime friends and part of the Flemings' extended family when my Aunt Betty married Uncle Kerry Smith, the widower of Sherwood Eddy's daughter, Margaret. In her November 19, 1910, letter Elizabeth will compare G. Sherwood Eddy's "power" to Bertha Condé.



Sketch by Julia A. Cole. (Untitled. Camping tents.)

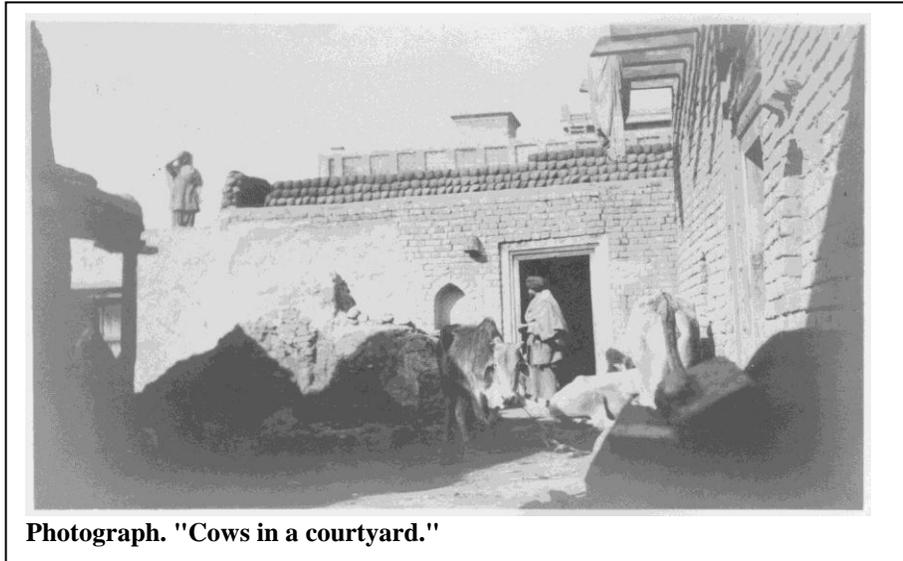
The first thing which we did after arriving at Camp was to be asked to drink the proverbial cup of tea, after which we were in good condition to wait for Christmas dinner. That was a dinner! We had eight people around a little camp table and we ate by the dim light of two kerosene lamps, the sumptuous repast of Roast Chicken, baked beans and mince pie. Oh, it was good! It was even more fun to see the delight of the two little Gordon boys as they opened their toys and Christmas stockings which we brought them from the big city of Lahore. How fitting it was to close that Christmas day telling the “Sweet old story” to the crowd of villagers who came to the tent. Mr. Gordon used his stereopticon lantern, which came from America and threw those large colored pictures up a sheet, which he stretched between two poles as fine as could be.

The evening was a bit chilly so we wrapped ourselves in shawls and prowled about the outskirts of the crowd to see how they were listening. I wish every one of my home friends could have seen that sight. In the weird star light those turbaned, closely wrapped silent figures, stood for hours spell bound. As each new picture came on there was a little movement of appreciation, but perfect reverence. One of the Catechists with a long pole pointed out all the details as he told the Bible story, beginning with Adam and Eve and closing with the death and resurrection of our Savior. Twenty-five of those village men were baptized the night before Christmas; the first followers of Jesus in that village.

Harlan P. Beach, *India and Christian Opportunity* (1908):

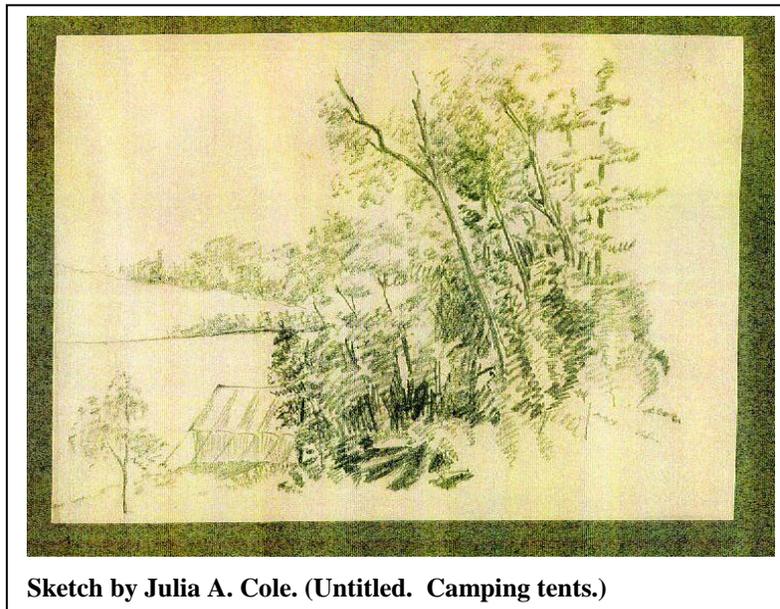
Stereopticon Work: An important auxiliary used in itineration, as well as at the stations, is the stereopticon. This makes night work, when the multitudes are at leisure, the most profitable form of effort. When people are argumentative or hostile, the lantern pictures secure quiet. [Quoted from Norman Russell's *Village Work in India*, page 86-87.] "Usually on entering a large town or village, we take a few photographs of familiar scenes,—the bazaar, the temple, or a group of schoolboys—and, preparing slides at our tents, throw them upon the screen, much to the delight of the amazed villagers, who are led thereby to give all the more attention to the Gospel pictures. . . . The villager is fond of anything in the nature of *tamasha*; he loves to see the changing colors on the sheet; the pictures aid his dull sense in understanding the unfamiliar story; and he will stand patiently for an hour or more in the chill atmosphere of the market-place to see and hear the Gospel message. (187)

I do not forget how their faces beamed whenever we would pass them. Dear simple people, what do they comprehend of this world or the next? Not one in that village can read or write and life is all spent in the daily round of feeding and tending the cattle or the fields. At dusk, we often saw the women preparing the evening meal over a small fire of sticks patting the cake of coarse meal from hand to hand, and in the same compound ten or fifteen feet square were standing the cows or buffalo, the goats, chickens and dogs. Oh, what do they know of a home!³⁸ That word is not translatable into their language for they cannot conceive of such a place. But with those twenty-five who are following the Man of Galilee shall there not break more and more the light of real Life. One cannot but feel that Jesus himself walked among just such people as these and entered such humble huts. Surely He can teach us how to enter their hearts as well.



Photograph. "Cows in a courtyard."

I shall never forget the first night in Camp. There were six of us trying to sleep, no seven, for the monkey had to share the same tent and it was true to its disposition all the night through. The ridiculous picture came over me as we could not get to sleep for hours, for when the monkey wasn't talking there was the smothered giggle of someone from the further dark corner of the tent.



Sketch by Julia A. Cole. (Untitled. Camping tents.)

³⁸ Julia Cole wrote in her travelogue, "Well it may be a home, but I doubt the meaning of that word" (67).

Those of you who are fond of camping will be interested to know that the floors were made warm by first straw, then matting and over this a large native rug. We are really warmer in Camp than in the house. Only when there came a rainy day with the flaps all closed, it was dark and contracted. One night the lamp chimney broke and we sat in darkness around the tiny woodstove. The week wasn't long enough! It flew all way.

Lahore is now cold, at least the houses are very cold with the temperature of 49 [degrees] in each room. Do you wonder we hug the open grate fire? But we can only afford the heating of one room, so when we go out to eat we put on overcoats and let our teeth chatter. This is the week of prayer and we are meeting just as you do for little prayer each evening, and considering the same topic. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston comes to us tomorrow fresh from New York and we are very eager to welcome him.

Tell me, do my letters seem so far away and Missionary like that you cannot feel that they are real? Let me tell you a secret. We feel just the same and have just as many, no more temptations and failings. But we do hunger inwardly for ourselves and these poor starving people. Please let this bear my earnest New Year greetings to each one of you, although I remind myself that it will be February before you hear them expressed.

Faithfully yours,
Elizabeth

January 18, 1906
Lahore
Dear Home Folks,

Dr. Johnston has come and gone, having given us four days of splendid addresses. Dr. Ewing was greatly pleased with him and asserts that no European has ever been in Lahore whom so impressed the public as Dr. Johnston. Even Dr. Hall, with whom he was compared, is thought not to have brought such deep conviction, although his addresses probably read better. For three evenings he addressed a general audience of Christians and non-Christians in College Hall. His subjects were:

1. The final test of religion
- 2 The Scientific spirit of Christianity
- 3 The making of manhood.

Henri Bergson, (1859-1941) French philosopher, wrote that religion is "the crystallization, brought about by a scientific process of cooling, of what mysticism had poured, while hot, into the soul of man" (qtd. in Rabe *Home Base* 10).

The influence of scientific discovery on religion was on the minds of most modern evangelists after Darwin. DJ wrote a pamphlet for The Christian Literature Society of London, Madras and Colombo entitled: "The Laboratory Method in Religion" (1908). This commingling of science and religion shows Wooster College's influence on DJ. From the beginning, science was given a prominent place at the College because it was believed that scientific discovery could only lend greater weight to moral truth. The Articles of Incorporation specify that the purpose of the institution is 'the promotion of sound learning and education under religious influences.' Moreover, the College's motto—*Scientia et religio ex uno fonte* (Science and religion from one source)—emphasizes the integrated life. Therefore there could be no conflict between reason and faith, because of their common source, and whatever the unfettered mind found to be true would be in tune with the infinite harmony of the cosmos; the physical sciences should, therefore, be strong at Wooster. <<http://www.wooster.edu/about/history.html>>.

He was very clear and logical and uncompromising in his assertions that Christianity was the only religion that could stand the test of fruit. The audiences were good and our students thought he was great. They listened with rapt attention and were much affected.

One non-Christian came into Mr. Caldwell's room the next day and cried because the lecture had taken such a hold on him. No doubt many were intellectually convinced and now, oh, if there were the time for earnest personal work, the truth might be driven home to bear fruit. DJ groaned because he has not had a single hour since Dr. Johnston left in which he could talk to students. Committee meetings and special work have kept him very busy this week. Besides the six o'clock meeting, DJ held two each day for Christian workers: one at 8 a.m. and at 8:30 p.m. These two were good, but the six o'clock was truly grand. We entertained missionaries from the U.P. church outside Lahore. I had Mrs. Cummings of Jhelum and Mrs. Gould.

One evening the Ewing's invited us to dinner to meet the Johnstons, and Mrs. J. said as soon as she was introduced, "Oh I know you like a book; Miss Condé has told me all about you." They were both very kind and cordial. I invited them to tea after church on Sunday and asked in only our choicest Indian workers to meet them. Mrs. Johnston asked to see all over the house, so that she could tell you about it. She says when she returns to America she will be in Chicago on her way east and she intends to look you up. Their daughter Mary (17 yrs old) is very bright and pretty. Dr. Ewing thought her a typical American girl because she took so large a part in the conversation at meals and in company. The English custom is for all young girls to be seen and not heard and never to take leading parts in company.

We have established our new Hindu brothers Devi and Kineyah. Things are moving smoothly and I am not sure but this is the best thing that has ever happened to us. They were favorite servants of the Veltes and McCuskeys for years. I do hope they will stay on for years.

This afternoon Mrs. Kelly called for me in her trap and took me for a nice drive through the gardens and then to her house for 5 o'clock tea.

Princess Bamba has again invited us to dinner Friday evening. She has been ill this fall and I have not seen her although I called there. I could not help thinking of a sentence in Dr. Josephine Young's letter which said she had been especially led to pray that I might help Princess Bamba to a real Christian faith. Oh, I wish I might! The Princess is very cordial and approachable, but the Conventions of Lahore afford only formal opportunities to get acquainted. She is under the impression that there is good in all religions and is too liberal to be definite.

What do you suppose dear Mrs. Griswold has done? She has today moved Grace Puran, a sick girl in the village, into her house to nurse. Grace had bad malarial fever and their house is a perfect barn. It is the end one of our little row. Her father keeps cows and they live almost in the house. There is dampness all about and no sunshine. The poor girl thinks she is going into consumption as her sister did. She has just graduated from Mrs. Kaye's school and is now studying kindergarten at Lucknow. But just think of Mrs. G. with Arthur scarcely well, taking this case of 103 to nurse in her own house. Isn't she just splendid? I hope some day I shall learn how to do just such practical things.

Mrs. Clark has gone today to Ludhiana for a month's Osteopathic treatment under Dr. Noble of the North India Training School. She has left all her children in the care of Miss Carrie Clark, who is here now on a vacation from Woodstock School. They have from December to March instead of the summer, for the hills these cold months are the trying ones.

I am going tonight to hear DJ's stereopticon lecture on the Life of Gen. [Charles George "Chinese" Gordon.] He has so wished for his "Letters to his Sister" in preparing this. You can send my old copy some day. The lecture is to be held in the Museum.

You ask why so many non-Christians come to our college when their own colleges are available to them.

1. Our fees are less than the Gov't College.
2. They want to learn English and hear it spoken by Westerners.

3. They find better treatment in a Mission College than a Gov't College where no personal interest is taken and students are never invited to the homes of Professors.

The instruction in both Colleges is equally good (supposedly).

You ask also about the "Wasp Room." No, we never took particular pains to clear it up, but as soon as they found [we] were inhabiting the room they left us. There is not much more light. Only the veranda door and three little windows under the eaves up high, but as these are part of them toward the afternoon sun, it is warmer and lighter on the whole, though I must admit the room is not really light enough to sit in, and it does not compare with the sewing room. We still sit in here all the time, at least I do. It is my own pet room of all the house, and evenings DJ usually brings his books in too, so as to enjoy the fire.

Father says he doesn't know yet which ways this house faces. Surely it is West and our kitchen lies to the South. The name of our street is McLeod Road. Two such lovely packages came by registered mail this week. One from Flora Miller of Albany, Oregon, where I was entertained. It was a dear little gold bar for fastening my collars, just what I needed. The other was a lovely pin of old gold, with one amethyst stone in the bar and a pendent of one seed pearl. This came from "S.O." May Bolster, Laura Galacar and Florence White and was really a belated wedding present, so they said. Weren't they kind?³⁹

My little Bible Study class meets now on Mondays and we are beginning "Isaiah." I was encouraged last time because every one took part in the prayer circle afterwards.

Little Pussy is almost too lively for us. She steals things from the table and puts her head in the water pitcher whenever she wants a drink. Her affectionate disposition demands attention for she always wants to be on your shoulder or in your lap. Not a mouse in sight, but really which is worse, pussy or mice? She is a darling but at times a nuisance. Did you hear anything about Frances Bridges' wedding?

Love to all,
Elizabeth

Note: This next letter will be Elizabeth's last until the collection begins again on March 5, 1908. My Aunt Betty was born on May 5, 1906; mother and daughter returned to the United States to recover from malarial fever from January 1907 to November 2, 1907. During this time at home, Aunt Betty was able to meet her great-grandmother, Myrtilla Alvord, who died six weeks after the Fleming women returned to India.



Photograph. Aunt Betty and Myrtilla Alvord. Summer 1907.



Photograph. Aunt Betty and John A. Cole, 1907.

³⁹ In 1895, Elizabeth spent Thanksgiving at May Bolster's home in Roxbury, south of Boston.

Malaria, infectious parasitic disease that can be either acute or chronic and is frequently recurrent. Malaria is usually transmitted by an Anopheles mosquito that has picked up the causative organism, Plasmodium, from the blood of an infected person and transferred it to that of a healthy person in the course of its feeding. At the onset of malaria, bouts of chills (ague) and fever lasting several hours and occurring every three or four days are the usual symptoms. If the disease is not treated, the spleen and the liver become enlarged, anemia develops and jaundice appears. Death may occur from general debility, anemia, or invasion of the cerebral tissues. Quinine and cinchona, the specific drugs in treatment of malaria for centuries, have been largely replaced since World War II by several superior synthetic antimalarials, among them chloroquine (*New Columbia* 1669).

January 31, 1906
Lahore, India
Dear Mother & Father,

I wondered if you have remembered this day especially. I quite forgot, until at seven o'clock I was wakened by DJ coming into the room bearing the Chotti hosari tray blazing with 12 little colored candles and strewn with roses and garland. How thoughtful he is!

We have had a charming visit from Mr. and Mrs. McCuskey and their baby Margaret, with her Ayah. They came Friday and stayed until Tuesday and were a pleasure all the time. Wee little 2 ½ year old Margaret is just like a fairy doll, so dainty and winsome. Her mother keeps her dressed spotlessly and with the prettiest of pink or blue ribbons to tie back her brown curls and run through her little gowns. She brought her family of five dolls, one being almost as large as she herself; a lovely rag doll named Clara. It was such fun to see her playing with these before our big wood fire toward evening. Margaret seemed never to break or soil things and was Oh so obedient and sunny. I gave the McCuskeys a badminton the first afternoon, asking over about 20 of our Missionaries and Indian friends. Mrs. Ewing had us for tiffin Saturday. Mrs. Orbison gave a birthday party that same afternoon to all the children and we went too with Margaret. We were amused with Rhea boy, who would not play with the others in the garden but kept running in to see when the "Tea party" would be ready; and then when all the children were gathered about the dining room table with its candles, buns, candy and two round cakes, Rhea looked like business until his little stomach was full and then to wear out the rest of his energy pinching the little girls next to him.

[...] I tried to make baked beans and I soaked them and boiled them for hours but they would not get mealy. However we enjoyed the flavor of them as it took us home. We cannot bake for hours here, but we could boil them soft, and then brown them in an oven.

[...] We are being very much bothered by our neighbors chickens who eat our garden and enter the kitchen and take food and pick off the dishes. It is a delicate thing to force the Christian community to pen them up.

[...] These days are very comfortable. We do not have the intense cold of last year and our dear little home seems very pleasant. It will be hard to leave it but probably we shall be asked to go up to the other end of the town, perhaps into the Orbison's house when they and the Ewings go on furlough, a year hence.

Love to you all. How is dear Ed? Special live to Grandma.
Lovingly,
Elizabeth

[Not transcribed
February 4, 1906
Lahore, India
Dear Ones at Home]

Saturday, April 14, 1906
Dehra Dun
My Dear Mother,

Since I was cheated out of my letter to you last week, I am going to begin at once to have this open sheet by my side and then I can have a word with you at any time. I sealed that last envelope, just before taking the train on Thursday. There were crowds of people at the Station going off on Easter holidays and heathen festivals. Mrs. Kelly was starting for England and had a lot of friends to see her off.

Our reserved compartment was full too. Dr. Ewing, Anna and Rob had gone to Ludhiana the evening before, so we took in Mrs. Gilbertson and Miss Jonkinat on their way to the Presbyterian meeting at Jullundur. Mr. Caldwell too rode with us to Amritsar. He and Mr. Kelly are on their way to visit a Rajah in his native state, beyond Delhousi having received the invitation through one of the Rajah's sons at Chief's college. I shall not see Mr. Caldwell again for three years as he leaves for America July 15th. He will probably take summer work at the U. of C. so you will see him later.

The trip was hot and dusty. Dear little Rhea boy was our delight with his sunny curls and bright face. He enjoyed everything out of the windows and ate bread and butter and milk most of the way. We left Mrs. G. and Miss J. at Jullundur about 10 o'clock, and then Mrs. Ewing, Nancy and I stretched out on the seats for the night. About 11:30 the others got in at Ludhiana and the men took the two upper berths while Anna tried to sleep on two great rolls of bedding in the aisle. We had a fairly comfortable night, at least I did.

At Luxor we were switched into the Dehra line and here ate Chotta hosari from our lunch baskets, with hot tea made from a kettle of boiling water secured at the station. Our arrival in Dehra was two hours late. The sun was scorching hot at mid-day. Mr. and Mrs. Higginbotham came out of the train at the same time, although we did not know they were with us until we got out. Mrs. Higginbotham [Higginbottom?] came out as Miss Cady the year we did and married her husband in Bombay. She has a sweet face and looks delicate to me.

John Bathgate's "Presbyterians and Rural Development in India," (*Journal of Presbyterian History*, 1984):

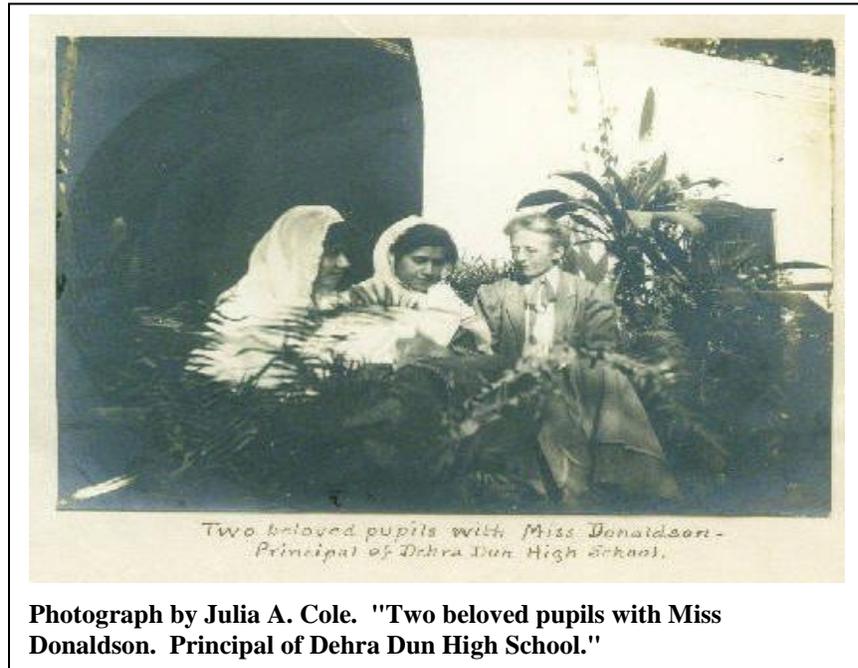
Higginbottom was among the first of the Presbyterian missionaries to see the urgency of a Christian response to the needs of India's farmers. In 1903 the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions appointed him to serve as an evangelist in the Etah area, but shortly after he arrived, the North India Mission reassigned him to teach biology and economics at the recently established Allahabad Christian College, (later named Arthur Henry Ewing). As Higginbottom became more aware of Indian economics and saw the problems of farmers who struggled to produce crops under conditions Higginbottom thought could be improved if farmers were helped to adopt modern methods of cultivation, he decided to devote his energies to that task. After some experimenting on the college grounds, he began to lay plans for a small farm school. He then returned to the US in 1909 to study agriculture at Ohio State University so that he might be equipped to undertake what he now saw to be his lifework.

Returning to India in 1911 with funds gathered during speaking tours, Higginbottom attracted a few students to his farm school and initiated one of the first attempts in India to teach scientific agriculture. In time his school occupied a 500 acre farm and campus and evolved into the university level Allahabad Agricultural Institute, modeled in part after the land-grant agricultural colleges in the US. Higginbottom became an advisor to central and state governments and acquired an international reputation as an agricultural missionary. (238-239)

At the school we were warmly greeted and sat down immediately to a delicious breakfast of beefsteak and potatoes, tomatoes and fruit. Just think of the troop of visitors Miss Donaldson had! Rob and Anna, Nancy and I, Miss McDonald and Miss Kerr all at once. The Ewing's went to the Kelso's close by. That reminds me I must get over to call on Mrs. Kelso today. I have not seen her yet. A good nap refreshed me so much that I went driving toward evening with the others. This morning at seven everyone but myself went up the

hill. I think it would be better to start at five o'clock, as these days are hot. DJ comes Monday and then we will make our plans about going up. Kineyah is with me here in his new blue broadcloth coat just finished. Mosquitoes are present.

Miss Donaldson left last night for Lucknow with the girls who have to go up for examinations. This leaves Miss Woodside and Miss Jones in charge. I like both very much and shall enjoy my quiet visit with them now that the others are gone. It is a relief to know all the packing is over and no matter how much more might be thought of it is too late to do another thing.



Sunday, Easter. Good morning! I have been up reading the four accounts of the Resurrection morning and thinking what would be my sermon to day if I were a Pastor. I just believe we miss some thing by not preparing definitely each Sunday the message of the week. I have been impressed with this; the only message that Christ left after his resurrection was the missionary command. Why? Power had been given; all things were under his feet, victory assured. Therefore, Go! And your labours shall *not be in vain* in the Lord. The personal message to Peter was no less missionary, "Feed my lambs."⁴⁰

Mother dear, I've been thinking in the quiet of this room of what this day can mean to me. It is a real comfort when one reads that command, "Go" to realize it has been done. Excuses do not need to be offered longer for not going. Even the "He that loveth father or mother better than me—or his own life—is not worthy of me." This is not the stumbling block. I had told God I was willing to go where He wanted me to go, and He took me up on it! Oh, as I think of that last Sabbath at home and the parting I couldn't do it again. How did I do it? Still it was obeying, and I am conscious of this. My Easter lesson is this: "Have faith in God. He has power to change these Indian hearts. Your labor cannot be in vain. I need more Faith, Confidence, Hope, and Patience. There is a deadness of non-expectation, which comes to tempt me out here, subtly leaving you to satisfaction that you have come, now let God show Himself!

I feel sure that I am not the aggressive Christian I was at home and because I live within the walls of an Indian home with no demand from the outside, I do not seek or find those riches to feed souls that God is ready to give. Dear Johnson is so persistently hungry for soul food, I should be feeding for him. I never

⁴⁰ "Go!" Christ's final invocation at Mt. Olivet: 'Go Ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature' (Mark 16:15). This command is discussed in part one of Chapter 9, "I had told God I was willing to go."

saw any one so continually grasping after Spiritual realities or so grateful for each book or friend who helps toward God. He never loses the Heavenly vision. Wasn't God good to let me know such a dear Christian man.

Dear Mrs. Kelso just called. Isn't she dear with that silvery hair and sweet motherly expression. She told me of her meeting you, and shaking hands with Father at "48" [Room 48]. She was telling me of her son John's approaching marriage with Edith Kellogg who is daughter of Dr. Kellogg who died at Landour (Kellogg Memorial). I went to the 6 o'clock service and heard Mr. Kelso preach on the importance of the Resurrection to Christian belief.

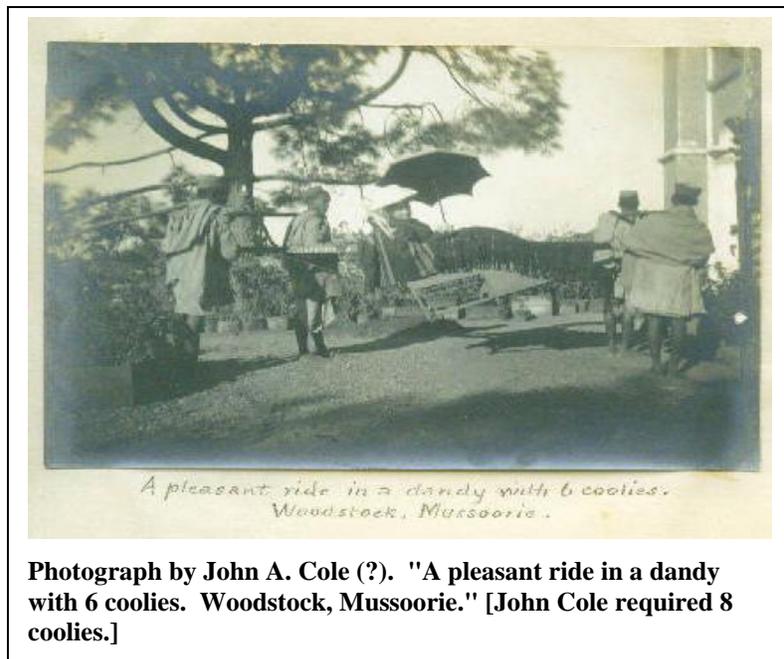
We have just finished dinner and as I sit in my room, I can hear the various C.E Societies singing in different parts of this building. I have never heard so much singing in my life within two days as there is here. The girls seem to love it so.

Wednesday evening.

Willow Bank, Landour,

You will be glad to know we are safely housed in this snug little nest, where the air blows fresh breezes and the mountains are round about us in a wonderful way. I had forgotten how fine they were. Today we had a view of the snow range, a beautiful one from the cottage. We have been taking a few Kodak pictures to acquaint you with Willow Bank. You would love it, and already we have laid plans how we shall rent it the year you come to Landour with us.

It was Monday soon after Johnson arrived in Dehra that we started off for the mountains. Although the middle of the day, we wanted to push ahead. An hour's ride took us to Rajpur, an elevation of 200 [Does Elizabeth mean 2000?] feet lying at the foot of the high mountains. At Mr. Chapman's hotel I had a quiet little room and rested and drank tea while DJ made all the arrangements for the ascent. My dandy was an exceptionally comfortable one, with a hood protection from the sun. The six coolies were strong and steady and Johnson was on his black horse at my side.



Half way up we stopped for tiffin at the Rest House. A neat little widow from Devonshire kept the place, and for one rupee apiece furnished us with a delicious meal of scrambled eggs and bacon, mashed potatoes, cold meat, bread and butter, tea and fresh strawberry ice cream. We ate in a little room by ourselves which had in it a couch and pillows and everything for one's comfort. Before reaching Landour, I felt the weariness of the journey in my head, but otherwise was happy.

Arrived at Willow Bank, the first person to greet me was the little Ayah, wife of the sweeper, whom Grace engaged for me. She has devoted [herself] to me ever since and if I don't look out I shall become perfectly spoiled. She is a tiny little thing and seems very young yet she tells me that she has had five children, three dead. Her quiet ways are very lovable and we are both attached to her already.

The freight boxes arrived early Tuesday morning and now every thing is unpacked and settled. Mrs. Leidenhaur (Canadian Mission) has been most kind and neighborly. She is just below us. I never met her before, but she is the motherly kind who does not stand on ceremony. I had not been an hour in the house before she ran in and asked what she could do for us. They work in Rajputana, a hard place, but own this cottage up here and come each summer with their six little children. Mrs. Keith is another new friend whom you must learn to know as soon as I. She is Mrs. Mitchell's friend, wife of another YMCA. Secretary in Calcutta. Mr. Keith has the department of Religious Literature for the Indian National Committee. They are both graduates of McGill University, Montreal and are young. She called upon me the second day and of course we had much in common through Mrs. Mitchell. She is staying at "Scots Burn" very close by, where Miss Fullerton and Miss Atherton will be later on.

This morning after Chotta hosari, Johnson and I walked to Lal tibi and said Good Morning to the Ewing party. They insisted on our staying to breakfast, which we did and enjoyed the view of the snow mountains from this highest peak. Bob [Dr. Ewing?] is delighted with them and even went so far as to make invidious comparisons with our Rockies at home. I couldn't forgive this in him, although the two could not be mentioned in the same breath.

Miss Mitchell and Miss Wherry were up calling on us this afternoon. They are dear girls and have been much taxed by the illness at the school. Miss Mitchell especially has lost such a lot of sleep. You know she has had full medical training in New York and the Nurse's training in Chicago Pres. Hospital.

Johnson has been reading aloud today from Pres Henry Churchill King's "Rational Living" from Browning and the Outlook. We are very happy to have this week together and alone up here. It seems ideal. Your letters greeted us at this cottage Monday evening. You will see that the Easter vacation is spent getting me settled up here, instead of with the students, itinerating, but there will be other vacations. What more could I not write! I hate to stop, but it is almost nine o'clock! We get up early for the freshness is very enticing.

Special love to Grandma, Ed and Mary and world of tenderness for you and father,
Elizabeth

[Notes from DJ Fleming]

April 1907

Lahore, India

Dear Friends of Lahore:

Like a horrible, invisible monster, dread plague is stealing from house to house in the narrow, crowded lanes of our city. 34,000 people in this Province died from the plague last week. In our own city over a hundred are dying every day, and almost every school and college is closed. A father may leave his young son well when he goes off to work, and find him gone in evening. Even our gardener has left us because he could make more money by digging graves.

This dread disease can hardly be said to have yielded even to experts. Yet ridiculous as it may seem to you, extensive experiments in Bombay where plague has been chronic, seem to show that it is carried by fleas on rats. As the mosquito carries the malaria germ, so the fleas carried the plague germ, and the rats carry the fleas. On this principle the Health Committee of Lahore have started a rat campaign in one section of the city. Here in one week 8000 rats were killed.

But right here is a difficulty. Over and over it has been found that the people, having caught rats in their own houses, will not kill them but take them to the next street and release them. Over many a door is written, "Rat killers are forbidden to enter these premises." Just yesterday I noticed another instance of the same regard for animal life, even when it endangered human life. I saw a man in the midst of the native city coming along with a live snake that was five feet long, in his hand. In answer to my question he said that he was taking it outside the city to release it. The thousands who die every year in India from snake bites might be saved if, instead of gently driving the snakes out of their houses, they would smash their heads as every man in the West would do. Yet just here is a place where they feel superior to us—while snakes and plague rage on.

Note: Both Rev. Webster E. Browning and Rev. Daniel J. Fleming were quoted liberally and at length in the *Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest Annual Reports*. See for example: Rev. W. E. Browning's report from the *Instituto Ingles* in Santiago, Chile, in the *1905 Annual Report*, pages 85-86, and DJ's letter in the *1909 Annual Report*, pages 119-120. As mentioned, missionary women were fairly exclusive in their personal reports, so I consider it a compliment to both of my grandfathers that they were "woman" enough to be included in these annual reports. For this reason, I have added a few notes and letters from DJ within Elizabeth's collection of letters home.

"The universal brotherhood of children of God [means]
that others have the same right to their opinion as we have to ours."
DJ Fleming.



"Others have the same right to their opinion."

Photograph. Daniel Johnson Fleming in the 1920s. This photograph of DJ and quote were used in William R. Hutchison's *Errand to the World* on page 153, courtesy of my father, E. McClung Fleming.