

When you asked him how it happened, the answer invariably came, "Mine enemy hath done this."

Sometimes it would be the mutilated stump of an arm or a leg, perhaps both, and the same reply was given, "Mine enemy hath done this"; thus confirming the traditions of the Northern tribes who are warlike and revengeful and never spare an enemy.

And now for the object of my visit, which was to nurse a Medical Missionary who had recently come out from Home (Home with a capital H, if you please), and while performing a minor operation had the misfortune to poison his finger. This poison permeated his whole system, and when I found him he was wasted to a skeleton, having been operated on seventeen times for liver and other abscesses. His condition was pitiful in the extreme, and yet he was firmly convinced that he had not been brought out to India to die so soon. He fought bravely and patiently, helping us by all the means in his power, and we had the satisfaction of seeing him "his own man" again, at the end of seven or eight months.

Dr. Lancaster had several native and one European assistant to help him, as well as an English Matron, with native women helpers under her, for the women's section. There was no hard and fast rule about the patients wearing hospital garments, but I saw several cupboards full of clothing, which had been provided for them by kind friends, and they could have the use of them when they liked.

There were as few rules and restrictions as possible; so few, that we might almost say there were none, except the unwritten law that if the patients came to the hospital for treatment, they must listen to the reading of some portion of the Bible at least once a day, and this was done quite unostentatiously.

The Evangelist would take a Bible and sit down on a morah (cane stool) near a group of men patients, and begin to read aloud. It was a beautiful sight to see them. The fair-haired Englishman among those wild warriors in flowing white garments, their long black curling hair showing under their massive turbans and falling over their shoulders. The fiery black eyes flashing now and then as they listened to the story of the Cross. Sometimes nodding their heads gravely when any sentence appealed to them more than usual.

The unrest among the frontier tribes at the time of my visit, made a police guard at night a necessary precaution, and the Political Agent sent ten armed men to protect the doctor's house, which stood within the same enclosure as the hospital buildings, a high mud wall, several feet thick, running all the way round.

These members of the frontier police were a fine body of men—very fierce-looking, with loud, noisy voices, and much self assurance. It was more as a precautionary measure than anything else that they were sent, but as it happened, we did hear several shots fired in our vicinity about twelve o'clock one night, and the five policemen who had taken up their quarters at the back of the house, were roused from their heavy slumbers, and joined their brethren in front, when they all stood huddled to-

gether, not attempting to find out the cause of the disturbance.

When everything grew quiet again, and the marauders had been chased off by the native city police outside the hospital walls, our brave protectors folded their hands devoutly and thanked God that *they* were unhurt. Our readers may wonder why the guard went to sleep, but you will never find a native watchman keep awake at night. He brings his charpoy (light wooden bedstead) and places it on the verandah just outside your bedroom door, perhaps to give you the idea of greater security, but I firmly believe his choice of position is on his own account, so that he may not feel quite deserted at night.

He retires much earlier than you do, and snores audibly the whole night through; making perhaps one or two rounds of the premises, and with the dawn he disappears to sleep again after his exertions of the night. Luckily we were not often aroused during the night, and we never discovered the cause of that midnight attack.

Among the patients in the hospital was a small boy who had had his hand shattered by the explosion of a rifle. He was the son of one of the leading tribesmen, who were just then giving a lot of trouble by perpetrating daring raids into British territory. An expedition across the border was pending, and evidently the small boy knew all about it, for he asked everyone he met for an English rifle, and seemed to have set his heart on having one—failing that, he wanted cartridges. When I asked him what he would do with a rifle and cartridges, he promptly replied, "there was going to be a big fight, and he was only waiting for his hand to get better so that he could join his father and fight against the English."

In April it began to get very hot, and by the end of the month everyone who was able went away to one or other of the beautiful hill stations among the Himalayas. My patient was among the number, but he was still very weak and partially paralysed, and had to be carried on a stretcher. I am glad to say he was none the worse at the end of our thirty-six hours' journey, and it was then, among the invigorating atmosphere of the Simla hills that he picked up his strength.

Before we left Peshawar I was only able to pay one visit to the native Christian Church situated in the heart of the City. It was a Sunday morning and we drove through the bazaars, gay with stalls displaying bright-coloured garments; shoes in red and blue leather with their long pointed toes turned up, and caps of rich hued velvet embroidered with tinsel. The flower sellers had chains of jessamine and roses for sale, and the sweet shops exhibited neatly arranged trays of most tempting looking *meethise* (sweetmeats).

This was the only opportunity I had for going into the bazaars, it not being considered safe just then, for Europeans to wander there, though I longed to explore the shops where wood-carvings and quaint curios are to be found.

The Church is a little gem of architecture, with its carved screens, pulpit, and reading desk, all made locally. The service was conducted by a member of the Church Missionary Society, and was

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