

they put on all the girl's jewels, Yenktayya poured the customary few drops of fluid into the girl's mouth. Then, the woman began to press down the eye lids and squeeze the lips together, at this, nurse remonstrated, saying that they should wait for a few moments after the breathing had actually ceased before acting in this way. With these words, nurse once more slipped her fingers on to the girl's pulse and then made Yenktayya do the same. In their anxiety not to omit any ceremony or custom, they had actually treated the girl as dead, before the pulse had stopped or the breathing had ceased! I was called back at once and was allowed to give stimulant and medicine but all these happenings only made the father and the sister and other women more certain that a demon was at the bottom of all their trouble. Do what I would, I could not keep them away from the bedside and they succeeded in persuading the girl that she had become devil possessed by eating pigs flesh. Her incoherent ramblings were quoted in support of the fact of demon possession. Up to that time she had taken everything we gave her very well indeed, showing in fact a marked preference for nurse and me. By Monday morning all this was quite changed. Seshamma herself demanded a puja to be done to exorcise the devil that had taken possession of her and I knew we were no longer welcome in that house. Sadly and reluctantly we put our things together and came away. Yenktayya expressed himself as utterly disappointed with the conduct of his family, and I think he spoke the truth. A week later they brought her to hospital, but it was too late, she had developed pneumonia in the meantime and nothing that we could do produced any immediately apparent effect so at the end of three days she was taken home again to die,—a bright young life sacrificed to the awful ignorance and superstition of the people.

BEARING BURDENS.

BY NON-MEDICAL MISSIONARY OF NORTH INDIA.

THERE is, in the science of teaching, a technical phrase, "the point of contact", which might well be transferred to the science of living in general. A child, we are told, who is interested, finds difficult things slipping into the mind and the memory just like the easy things, and sticking there too. Said a teacher of some experience "keep within the compound", and even the dull syllabus for Primary schools lays down that the small children shall learn addition and subtraction "in connexion with concrete objects". Five black crows with grey feathers on their heads sat in that neem tree over there, and then three flew right away—*Bagi*? And there is not a boy who cannot tell you. In what marked contrast do stories of children appear, when they are told to amuse the grown-ups, and in spheres of work other than teaching, as indeed in many a school too, how little is the desire to find a point of contact. Future Catechists and Bible women, and husbands and wives in the making share with Nurses in training, and indeed with members of an Indian Con-

gregation the disadvantages of English Education. For the fact may not be hidden that with all the advantages of ideals, of learning, and of character, the English teacher in India has the crowning disadvantage of importation. Where are the memories of one's own childhood? Where is the knowledge of one's own difficulties and failures? All set in another back ground; all expressed in strange thoughts, by strange standards and in a strange language. There is indeed little wonder that the Christian and the Convert is badgered up and down with admonition and reproof; that the catechist and the biblewoman tend to be mere purveyors of *manadi*, and that the Nurse does best under English eyes, and so soon drops from the lofty cleanliness of the West without these eyes. No, it is not that Western ideals are wrong; they are probably right on the whole, and must not be lost sight of. The cause of the instability, of all English work in India is deeper down, and lies more on the road than towards the goal. The road is the same and the goal the same for teacher and learner, but the teachers must realise the starting point; returning but one mile to shout is of no avail, when the learner is still out of hearing. Let us draw back to the first stage of the journey, and there is borne in upon us an extraordinary difference of ideal. The goal is out of sight, and we now look forward to the place of our evening meal and a good sleep, having borne indeed the burden and heat of the day.

But let this metaphor drop. Too much idealism heaped in piles on the average Indian only buries him in despair, and we accuse him, and all the lot of them, of mixed motives with the emphasis on the word mixed, and a sneer connected with the 's' in motives. But is it fair? When any man has a solemn decision to make, are not a hundred reasons for his course better than one, so long as they include the one above all others? The word 'ought' may be weak by itself for most of us, but with a hundred other reasons grows strong. The great artist himself makes a hundred sketches before he attempts the master-piece, and how many are they who only attempt the sketches and are praised for each one. In India, we should truly be concerned in building castles, but chiefly to this very end in the making of bricks and the shaping of stores.

Teachers have to become learners in the art of learning, and in the whole breadth of the human life of India to assume the attitude of which the Greeks spoke in their wonderful word sympathy. They have to be what they cannot be: to be not themselves but the other: not as it were under Allahabad tiles but under sticks and mud: taught not in the thousand institutions of England and in a house, but learned in the difficulties of Rs. 10 a month, and made skilful by a mother who has never mastered her own life. Ideals are useless so long as they remain ideals: they need to be domesticated and tamed for use in the dust of North India.