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# MARY REED OF CHANDAG

BY

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THE MISSION TO LEPERS  
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“ How bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
of everlasting day ?

“ Lo ! these are they from suff'rings great,  
who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd  
those robes which shine so bright.”

Paraphrase lxvi. 1, 2.

Rev. vii. 13-17



MISS REED AT THE AGE OF 83  
(October 1938)

## MARY REED OF CHANDAG

December 4, 1854—April 8, 1943

**T**HE second child and oldest daughter in a family of eight, Mary Reed was born at Lowell, Ohio, U.S.A., on 4th December 1854. School and college days were followed by ten years in the teaching profession. Happy and successful in this calling, Miss Reed yet felt that her lifework was not to be found in the homeland, but in her Master's vineyard overseas, and in 1884 her offer of service for the Indian field of the American Methodist Episcopal Church was gladly accepted. By the end of that year the new missionary was at her post in the historic city of Cawnpore. No hint of a delicate constitution is indicated in the early years, but within a few months of reaching India the state of her health gave cause for anxiety, and restoration was sought at the beautiful hill station of Pithoragarh in the Himalayas. Here, under the guidance of Miss Budden of the London Missionary Society and her colleagues, much time was devoted to language study and to observation of the various activities carried on in this remote corner of the mission field. A visit of

special interest and significance was one made to the leper homes at Chandag about three miles to the north of Pithoragarh. These homes, erected by the Mission to Lepers, were an extension of work at Almora, fifty miles to the south, where one of the earliest organised efforts in India to minister to lepers was made by a British soldier in 1835. The sight of the sufferers at Chandag never faded from Miss Reed's memory, but no premonition crossed her mind that she would one day be called upon to minister in a unique way to these stricken ones.

Renewed strength permitted of work being resumed at Cawnpore and later to be taken up at the girls' boarding school, Gonda, six years completing the first term of service. By 1890 another breakdown seemed imminent, and with a view to obtaining expert medical advice, as well as of enjoying happy reunion with her family circle, the worn-out worker set out for her homeland. The nature of her illness completely baffled the doctors, its only symptoms being a peculiar tingling sensation in the forefinger of her right hand and a strange spot on one cheek near the ear. While in hospital at Cincinnati the probability of having in some unaccountable way contracted leprosy flashed into the patient's mind, and procuring all medical books within reach she read and re-read their references

to this disease, afterwards confiding her suspicions to her own doctor. This physician, who had no practical experience of the scourge, was greatly perturbed, and sought to dispel the idea. Still the conviction lingered, and in order to secure the highest authoritative opinion the invalid was sent to New York where her own verdict was endorsed by a specialist. No indication is given as to what passed in Miss Reed's mind at this terrible revelation. Were her feelings akin to those of another missionary to whom the shock of a similar sentence came home with a sense of crushing disaster? "Had he told me I was going to die that night I would have said, 'The Lord's will be done,' but I was scarcely prepared for the other verdict. I went out into the street and wended my way through the crowd; I scarcely knew where I was going or what I was doing."

No time was spent in brooding over the dark prospect before her. Convinced that the trial was sent for a special purpose, Miss Reed's thoughts went out to the land of her adoption, and the noble resolution was formed that the remainder of her life should be devoted to the care of those similarly afflicted.

Always thoughtful of others, and determined to spare her dear ones as far as possible, the heroic sufferer confided the nature of her

illness to one sister only, and asked her mother and other members of the family to permit her to go forth without any special farewell, just as if she were coming home again the same evening. "We didn't understand at that time her motive for not kissing any of us good-bye," said her mother, "and when the train pulled out of the station Mary was smiling and waving farewell, while the rest of us were in tears," the brave traveller, in her own words, setting out again for India "under conditions in which no other missionary ever returned."

During a brief stay in London two specialists were consulted, and each independently confirmed the diagnosis of the New York physician. Constantly confronted with the sight of suffering which they could do little to relieve, few cases touched the hearts of these doctors as Miss Reed's did, and as one of them made his examination and realised something of what the result might mean to his sensitive patient, he covered his tear-filled eyes with his hands.

While in England and during part of her subsequent journey the company of an American friend was a great comfort and support. Together they visited Canterbury, and as they wandered around the old church of St Martin the guide pointed to a small opening in the wall and said, "That is the

lepers' squint!" "Had I known then what I knew afterwards," said her companion, "my heart would have bled for the woman at my side. Calmly she stood there before us with a heavenly light in her eyes, not a muscle of her face betraying her heart's secret." In Paris a few days later when they were to bid one another farewell, Miss Reed revealed the nature of her affliction, and as the meaning of the words dawned upon her listener she covered her face with her hands, crying out, "Oh, not that! Do not tell me THAT has come to you!" As she grew more composed, she said that every Christian should unite in prayer for Miss Reed's recovery, but the serene reply was, "I have not yet received my assurance of healing; perhaps I can serve my Father better thus." On their last evening together Mary sang for her companion:

"Straight to my home above  
I travel calmly on.  
And sing, in life or death,  
My Lord, Thy Will be done."

Not until arrival in Bombay was the poignant letter penned to her mother divulging the well-guarded secret, and in this she wrote, "I shall have the joy of ministering to a class of people who, but for the preparation which has been mine for this

special work, would have no helper at all; and while I am called apart among these needy creatures who hunger and thirst for salvation, for comfort and for cheer, He Who has called and prepared me, promises that He Himself will be to me as a little sanctuary where I am to abide, and, abiding in Him, I shall have a supply of all my need. He has enabled me to say not with a sigh, but with a song, 'Thy will be done.'" This letter came as a crushing blow to the happy family circle, but her mother said, "The concluding words saved the day, and we felt that if Mary could sing while working among lepers, as a leper, we too should do some singing and working over here."

Miss Reed's own Missionary Society had no suitable sphere to which she could be allocated, but an approach to the Mission to Lepers met with an immediate response in her appointment to the superintendence of its leper homes at Chandag, where amidst surpassing loveliness of natural surroundings the company of suffering men and women whom she had seen five years before passed their days. "Chandag the beautiful," as Miss Reed so often described it, is referred to by another missionary as "one of the fairest spots on God's beautiful earth." Situated about 6,400 feet above sea level it commands a magnificent view. Northwards lie the

eternal snows, eastward and westward are fertile valleys dotted with villages surrounded by clumps of trees and fields of grain. Almost instinctively the well-known lines of Heber spring to one's mind, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," for, more than any other disease, leprosy has the power of disfiguring and maiming the Master's fairest creation. Referring to his visit to the leper settlement at Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands, with which the heroic labours of Father Damien will always be associated, Robert Louis Stevenson says, "What daunts the onlooker is the monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded." Yet there was no murmur, no shrinking, as Miss Reed entered a similar scene.

The first meeting with her fellow-sufferers took the form of a short service, at the close of which she briefly told how she had been set apart by God to labour amongst them. As her words fell on the ears of those who knew from personal experience what this isolation and suffering must inevitably mean, they wept in silent sympathy.

Little by little the work at Chandag was extended and beautified. Near the missionary's bungalow, "Sunny Crest Cottage," are the homes for the women and girls, sheltered from the wind by a fine row of blue gum trees which also provides shade from the fierce rays

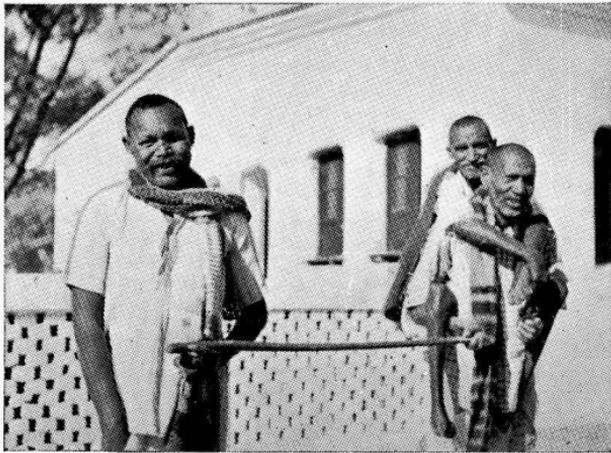
of the sun. Down the other side of the hill stands Panahgah, "Place of Refuge," the settlement for the men, who have their own meeting house. Right on the crest of the hill is the beautiful little church "Bethel" (gifted to the women's side of the home by a group of university students in America), spotlessly white inside and out, a landmark for miles around.

Miss Reed at once plunged into a busy and happy life, rolling all the professions into one as she preached, taught, prescribed for and nursed her patients in turn, often dressing the worst cases with her own hands. Describing the strenuous nature of her duties a visitor said, "As a rule she gets up in time to bid the stars farewell as they fade out of sight." A sister, keen to be able to follow her routine, asked if she might have the outline of a week's programme. An endeavour to comply with the request was made, Monday's entry brightly commencing "Rose at 4 A.M." Little wonder that by the middle of the week Wednesday's record was "I was too tired to write notes."

Leprosy is no respecter of persons, and in many homes well-educated men and women able to share in the management and responsibility are a great asset to the superintendents. In the early days at Chandag, however, Miss Reed's heavy burdens had to be borne alone,



“BETHEL,” THE WOMEN’S CHAPEL, CHANDAG



INMATES ON THEIR WAY TO A COMMUNION SERVICE AT ONE OF THE INDIAN HOMES. THE BLIND MAN, LED BY A SIGHTED PATIENT, CARRIES HIS CRIPPLED FRIEND

as an unusually large proportion of the inmates consisted of illiterates and of those maimed or practically helpless.

Gratitude is a marked feature of leper homes. A pathetic little group of very grateful patients, to whom the shelter of the Chandag home with all its love and care meant everything, was composed of refugees from the neighbouring State of Nepal, where lepers were often put to death by exposure or violence. In spite of their gratitude, lepers are very human, however, and in a community made up of so many elements, with not even language in common, the missionary was often sorely exercised to devise ways and means for maintaining order and harmony. "Faith, oil and works" are commonly regarded as the best prescription to produce satisfactory results in leper work, and early recognising the importance and value of the last item Miss Reed set herself to interest and to employ to the utmost the time and labour of her family. A task which could be performed by an ordinary housewife in a few minutes often means hours of work for a crippled leper, and in the care of their own and their more helpless neighbours' little rooms what would otherwise have been a weary passing of time was happily and usefully occupied. The herding of the cows, the care of the grounds and gardening proved

healthy and acceptable forms of outdoor work, and the ministering to the more helpless called forth all that was best in both the men's and women's side of the homes. The latter task—often peculiarly trying and even repulsive—was, on one occasion at least, made the test of a young patient's sincerity. At the time of her baptism this woman, who had come from a high caste home, was asked to sit up with a low caste sufferer who was very ill. At first the convert hesitated and hung her head, but after a few gentle words from the missionary victory was won and the service was gladly rendered.

Shut out from intercourse with the world and isolated from contact with other missionaries, music was a great solace to Miss Reed, and the gift of an organ brightened many a lonely hour. Her collection of hymns had its foundation in the old home days when her father, a noted hymn-singer, early inculcated the love of music into his boys and girls. One visitor who expressed surprise at the way in which hymn followed hymn with hardly any use of a book was met with the reply, "Well, you see, when I am here alone in the cottage night after night, shut in till day breaks again, I sing these hymns. Why, if I didn't sing songs in the night I'd never have strength for the tasks of the day!" Pictures of celebrities, including members of

the Royal Family, adorned her walls, books were her dearest and closest companions. A glance round her well-filled shelves showed the variety and depth of her literary taste. "That's my bookshop," was her remark to one much interested as she produced a little cotton bag which held cuttings of reviews of books, mainly of a religious and biographical nature. "When I see reviews which attract me I cut them out of the paper and put them here. Then when gifts make it possible for me to buy new books I dive into my bag and select what I think best and send off an order." Pasted on her main bookcase was the quotation "No man knows solitude who makes books his friends."

Music and books did not suffice for human companionship, however, and an attempt was made to provide a colleague for the lone worker, an additional little house, "Rest Cottage," being erected for her occupancy and also to act as a guest-house for the few-and-far-between visitors to this centre. Unfortunately the hopes entertained were not fulfilled, and after little more than a year's residence the companion had, on account of health reasons, to leave Chandag.

The prospect of a visitor, especially if one from the inner circle of leper work, was a rare and happy event. In this connection, Mr Wellesley C. Bailey, founder of the

Mission to Lepers, Mr W. H. P. Anderson, Mr John Jackson, Rev. and Mrs F. Oldrieve, Dr and Mrs Ernest Muir and Mr and Mrs Donald Miller were specially acceptable and welcome guests.

The last stages of the journey from Almora to Chandag tax the physical powers of travellers to the utmost, and vivid accounts of its strenuous nature have been given from time to time. Though only fifty miles in length, this final section takes four days to accomplish. Three dak bungalows (rest huts), at intervals, provide the necessary minimum for the preparation of the evening meal and shelter for the night. The first stage (13½ miles) took Mr Jackson and his coolies nearly five hours to traverse, the road winding in and out of the valleys and alternately ascending and descending, the bridle-path at times a mere grass-covered track, occasionally along the edge of precipices which made him wish that his sure-footed little steed would not take the corners "quite so closely." At a height of almost 7,000 feet the Panuanaula hut was reached. The next day's march commenced with a further ascent, pines giving place to oaks and giant rhododendrons, the gnarled and twisted trunks of the trees garlanded with mosses and ferns nearly to the top. At one point the path, cut out of the face of the overhanging rock, was but

4½ feet wide, the only safeguard against a sheer fall into the depths beneath being a wall 2 feet in height. Crowds of monkeys, beautiful birds, and a wonderful profusion of ferns and flowers contributed to the never-ending interest of the scenery. The Naini shelter, the goal of the second day's journey, stands 5,000 feet above sea level and is "charmingly located." The precipitous descent was continued on the third morning until the Sargew River spanned by a bridge was reached. From this point there is a steady climb to Ganguli Hat, the last resting-place, from which, far across the valley and on the next ridge, the church and other buildings at Chandag can be clearly seen by the aid of glasses. As long as strength permitted it was Miss Reed's custom to welcome visitors at a little distance from the home and to conduct them personally to the Rest House so carefully and lovingly prepared for their reception. A service in "Bethel," visits to the men's and women's homes, fellowship, intercourse and song with their hostess, filled to the full the programme for the usual few days' visit, remembrance of which long remained in the memory of the hostess and her guests.

The preparation of the little church and its adornment with beautiful flowers were the missionary's personal and loved tasks,

and a service at Chandag was a moving and never-to-be-forgotten sight. During Mr Bailey's memorable visit a joint open-air service was arranged for men and women inmates, of which he wrote, "After the women were seated in the sunshine, a long white straggling line of very helpless creatures was seen wending its way up the mountain-side from the men's home." In front of the women and close to the speaker were three little girls with winsome faces but all far gone with the disease. Among the men were several boys with sad, pathetic looks. In order to learn if the rapt attention of his hearers meant an intelligent appreciation of what was being said, Mr Bailey stopped occasionally in the middle of a sentence, asking that it be completed, and in each case this was correctly done. On this occasion eighteen inmates confessed their faith in Christ.

Through the gift of a much-prized gramophone and set of records the missionary was enabled each Sunday morning in the quietude of her own bungalow to participate in the Church of England service.

The advance on the medical side of leper work in comparatively recent years is one of the great encouragements of modern medical science. In Miss Reed's early days there was little or no prospect of a cure. In her own

case the malady made rapid progress during the first six months, causing constant and severe pain, but by 1892 great improvement was recorded. "The Great Physician has my case in hand, I am sure. I believe that I am to be made whole." Three years later there is another encouraging report, "As for the dread malady which did cause me indescribable suffering until I made my body and the care of my health over to the Great Physician, there are only the faintest traces: the marks have become nearly invisible. I am to all appearance a healed woman." This gratifying improvement made it possible for the missionary from time to time to break the monotony of her solitude by spending a few weeks with her friend Miss Budden whose loving sympathy had helped so wonderfully in the first dark days. Progress was not uninterrupted, but from 1898 onwards for a number of years steady improvement was recorded, making it possible for Miss Reed on three occasions to have the unexpected joy of again entering public life. In 1898 the invitation from her own Missionary Society to attend its Annual Conference at Lucknow was accepted. A right royal welcome was given to the exile, but when called to the front that she might address the audience the effort could not be faced, and she simply said, "Let us sing," the great

company joining in the Hindustani translation of her favourite hymn :

“ O for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My great Redeemer’s praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.”

Greatly refreshed and strengthened, the delegate returned to her mountain top to take up her work anew. After a further spell of five years it was decided that health conditions permitted of a real change, and an eighteen-months’ furlough, part of which was spent in Palestine, was granted. During her absence the supervision of the homes was placed under the care of Rev. C. W. Ross de Souza of Miss Reed’s own Missionary Society. Under his superintendence a peculiarly sad incident occurred necessitating the removal of a young woman about thirty-five years of age from the Home for Christian Women at Pithoragarh to the Leper Home at Chandag. It had been suspected for several months that this inmate had contracted the disease and she was kept apart from the other women. Gradually the symptoms became more and more pronounced, and the fact that Naruli was a leper could no longer be concealed. Miss Budden personally took the patient, to whom the revelation was a stunning blow, to Chandag, where

everything possible was done to lighten her burden. After a little time Mr de Souza wrote, "What makes it so sad is that the poor woman protests that she has not the disease. We are keeping her in a room by herself and trying to comfort her, but she feels her position keenly, especially having to leave all her companions and co-workers in the Pithoragarh Home. Can you not find a patron for her?" That "man's extremity is God's opportunity" has been abundantly proved in work among lepers, and it was so on this occasion. While Mr de Souza was penning these words in India, God was raising up a friend in America to be Naruli's supporter and comforter. Constantly this lady's prayers ascended on behalf of the lepers to whom her heart went out in loving sympathy, more especially for the woman who should be allotted to her in response to her request: "I should like to take care of some poor woman or girl. I want a *sorrowful* case. Life is very full for me and great demands come in my work, but I feel moved to do this."

At the end of her happy furlough, Miss Reed wrote, "I now expect to spend the remainder of my life in India." Still further improvement in health, however, brought an unexpected pleasure and made it possible for a long-cherished dream to become a reality, as the autumn of 1906 found her at

home in the United States in the midst of her overjoyed family circle. The comfort and pleasure of this trip were greatly enhanced by the verdict of the two London specialists who agreed that the traveller was in "excellent general health" and that the disease appeared to have come to a "complete standstill." Both in the case of the visit to the Holy Land and her American furlough the most careful precautions were taken that no information should be divulged as to the identity of the traveller, and these journeys were made quite normally and in perfect freedom from publicity. There was "no sadness of farewell" as once again Miss Reed turned her face eastwards. On her return journey she had the joy of meeting Mr and Mrs Bailey at Liverpool. Sympathising with her on the shortness of her furlough, Mr Bailey was met with the reply that so much joy had been crowded into the brief holiday that it seemed as if her time with her dear ones had far exceeded the one month spent in America. Announcing her safe arrival "home" (Chandag), Miss Reed wrote, "It was such real joy to be able to resume my duties here to-day. The warm and loving greetings our so poor patients and many other kind friends and neighbours gave me were most inspiring." This, apart from a three weeks' compulsory visit to Almora in



MISS REED'S OLD HOME IN OHIO

1924 on account of dental trouble, formed the last personal contact with the outside world. Years later a sister wrote asking if she would not like to return to spend the remainder of her life in the old home, but the reply was, "No, my work and duty here are not yet finished. How I long to see you dear ones, but the meeting will be in the Heavenly Home."

Her own sphere might well have been regarded as a whole-time task, but Miss Reed never permitted herself to become self-centred. She had a remarkable and intimate knowledge of mission work not only in India but throughout the world. She took a keen interest in the village life of the surrounding healthy communities, and coached many a young lad in the rudiments of English, as well as conducting Bible Classes for young Hindu men who climbed the heights to study the Christian religion. To the hill women and girls who constantly sought her help, she was an ever-willing confidante and guide, and her weekly class for them was a delight to the teacher as well as to her pupils.

An intensely interesting and fruitful part of leper work lies in the rescue and care of healthy children of leper parents. To Miss Budden and her colleagues at Pithoragarh falls the honour of initiating this branch of Christian service which has developed so

wonderfully with the passing years. Leprosy, largely a disease of the young, is, as a general rule, contracted in early days, but it is not hereditary, and when removed soon enough from contact with stricken relatives there is no need for any child to fall a victim. Miss Budden, noticing that some of the children who accompanied their parents to Chandag seemed to be in perfect health, persuaded the mothers to give them into her care, undertaking that opportunities for seeing and conversing with their boys and girls would be provided, but stipulating that having once made the renunciation the mothers would not again touch the little ones. It was not always an easy matter to obtain this promise, but the sight of the young folks growing up strong and healthy often induced the sacrifice which saved disaster and misery in later years. Saturday, "Visiting Day" at Chandag, was eagerly looked forward to by parents and children. On one occasion a very human and touching incident was recorded of a mother kidnapping her little one of five or six and carrying her into the jungle. After a search lasting several hours the child was discovered, but the woman, quite unrepentant, did not return until night.

Miss Reed's mailbag was an interesting one. Round the world her story had travelled, awakening widespread sympathy and securing

the love and interest of many who became warm personal friends. At Christmas time this was markedly shown in many practical ways, even from far-away lands, the Christmas treat in 1910 being provided by Moslem girls in Palestine.

The years of the Great War were trying ones, scarcity of one kind after another being experienced within a few months of its outbreak. Shortage of clothing supplies was the first difficulty, and at the end of 1914 both men and women patients had to do without the warm garments and blankets which in the ordinary course would have been distributed. In 1915 an epidemic of cholera added to the heavy problems of the over-burdened Superintendent, who was basely deserted by her cook and other servants, and who at times felt so overcome that she would fain have run away. No better opportunity could have been selected by Mr Anderson, then Secretary for India of the Mission to Lepers, for a brief visit to Chandag, and his sympathy and fellowship gave the tired worker fresh inspiration and cheer. Of Miss Reed's work Mr Anderson wrote, "Her consecration and devotion are beautiful to witness."

In 1916 the failure of the usual winter rains resulted in shortage of crops and a dark outlook for the food supply, with consequent exorbitant prices. Rice and flour

became almost impossible to obtain at any price, and supplies had to be sought for from the plains, the cost not only of the grain but of its transport over the almost inaccessible paths being enormous. The lines of the old hymn, "Each victory will help you some other to win," were truly applicable in Miss Reed's case, for in the midst of her calamities she wrote, "God is in His Heaven and all is right with the world, for He does not make mistakes, and this unspeakably awful war, and now in our little world here this threatening and much-dreaded (by the people) famine, are part of His wondrous plan, and so one just watches, and waits, and wonders, and trusts, yea KNOWS, that His good purposes are being wrought out." Mental and physical strength were divinely granted to deal with each fresh problem and responsibility, the personal cheering report at this time being conveyed in the gratifying message, "I am so well: the Lord seems to have given me a new lease of life."

Cholera! Famine! And in 1917 the hitherto comparatively tranquil life at Chandag was rudely disturbed by earthquake shock. No lives were lost, but the walls of the missionary's original house were cracked from top to bottom, and the new bungalow, "Sunny Crest Cottage," had to be erected in its place.



“SUNNY CREST COTTAGE”—MISS REED’S HOME AT CHANDAG

Notwithstanding Miss Reed's retiring disposition and her sensitiveness to publicity in any form, her devoted work was not permitted to pass unnoticed or unrewarded, as in 1917 her name was included in the Birthday Honours List as a recipient of the Kaisar-i-Hind (Gold) Medal for valued service amongst the lepers of the Himalayas.

The aftermath of the war in the form of profiteering was bitterly experienced at Chandag as at other leper homes, and a striking contrast is drawn between the prices then prevailing and those of pre-war days. "In 1912 we bought flour at the rate of seventeen measures for the rupee, and rice at sixteen measures per rupee. Rice has been difficult to get at four measures per rupee, and not until the wheat harvest in May and the rice harvest in September can we hope for better rates in buying. In our far-away corner the farmers have come to love to sell very small quantities of grain at enormous prices, and have become so difficult to deal with it will surely be a long time before we shall be able to get supplies at reasonable prices, if ever again!"

In 1923, Dr and Mrs Muir and Mr A. Donald Miller (Secretary for India of the Mission to Lepers) were welcome visitors, and the pronouncement by the doctor that the progress of the disease in Miss Reed's case was

apparently "completely stayed" was a source of great satisfaction to herself and her many friends.

Miss Reed used all possible means for the physical betterment of the patients under her care, often with gratifying results. Reporting on marked success in the case of a pretty little girl of ten, she wrote, "Bachchuli seems to have completely recovered. There is not now and has not been for months a mark on her or any indication whatever that she has been affected. I have been giving her and others the medicine from the herb of which I wrote to you, and it has had a truly marvellous effect on three, of whom Bachchuli is one. What a mercy it will be if the disease never returns."

In 1926 the homes were visited by the Civil Surgeon, Almora, who expressed himself as much pleased with his inspection. The majority of cases in residence were far advanced, woefully disfigured, or "burnt-outs" for whom even modern medical treatment could do nothing, but a few who had heard of what it was accomplishing at other centres begged that a similar privilege might be accorded to them, and it was decided that as soon as arrangements could be made they would be transferred to the Almora Home as the expense of appointing a qualified doctor for the few treatable cases in such a remote

and inaccessible centre was not justifiable. Two years later, however, arrangements were made for Dr Manohar Masih of Almora to make regular visits, and nine of the inmates at Chandag (six women and three men) were treated, several showing marked improvement.

In 1932-33 a recurrence of the disease in Miss Reed's own case was checked following intradermal injections given by the doctor.

The time had now come when it was felt imperative that Miss Reed should have someone to share her responsibilities, and the appointment of a retired preacher, Rev. J. Singh, and a helper to purchase and distribute supplies was gladly welcomed.

In 1933 Mr Miller paid his third visit to Chandag, accompanied on this occasion by Mrs Miller and Dr Masih. The few happy days have been commemorated in Mr Miller's booklet, "All My Mountains: An Easter Diary of a Visit to Mary Reed of Chandag Heights." Though much frailer than on Mr Miller's previous visit, she was still very alert mentally and able to appreciate to the full the fellowship of her guests.

One of the brightest communications in 1935 reported the conversion of a high caste woman, who, after having made numerous pilgrimages to various shrines in search of salvation and release from her disease, had for two years been an inmate of the Chandag Home where

she found not only physical help but "life more abundant," another of the little group described by an onlooker as "a battered company of the world's unwanted" transformed into "a pearl in the coronet of the Heavenly King"—Hugh of Lincoln's beautiful designation of his leper friends.

In 1938, on the appointment of Miss K. Ogilvie to take over the administration of the Leper Homes, Miss Reed's active work was brought to a close, although her interest in the physical and spiritual welfare of their inmates never flagged. Miss Ogilvie, like her colleague, was a book-lover, and they delighted in sharing good literature. The privilege of being read to was a great boon to Miss Reed whose failing eyesight in her later years was a heavy trial.

Right at the commencement of her new work Miss Ogilvie wrote of the inspiration which she derived from the lives of many of the most crippled patients at Chandag. "Haruli," she said, "is one of our active helpers spiritually. She has but one hand and is unable to walk, but she crawls to every service and also to minister to the spiritual needs of other great sufferers in the home. Her life is a shining light among us." This interesting patient, sixty years of age, had contracted the disease when but a child of five. "Durga's life," continued Miss Ogilvie,



MISS REED GIVING OUT FOOD SUPPLIES

“ speaks to all of us. She is blind and helpless, a ‘ burnt-out ’ case and a great sufferer, not able to move from one place to another. A true Christian, she reflects the inward peace and joy in her heart.” Seventy years old, poor Durga had been an inmate of the women’s home at Chandag for forty years.

The new missionary was much impressed by the remarkable order and cleanliness of the settlement, the more so as an unusually large proportion of the inmates were old people and badly crippled or disabled. Both men and women worked daily in the fields and in their garden plots which they tended with great care, raising many varieties of vegetables. Flowers were a continual source of joy to Miss Reed and her charges, and at Easter time cultivated and wild flowers were lavishly employed in the decoration of “ Bethel ” and the men’s meeting house at Panahgah. Education was not overlooked, and those who had learned to read helped their illiterate companions and also the blind. Much time was devoted to memorising Scripture portions.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Miss Reed’s stay on her hilltop was celebrated on 10th October 1940, a “ red-letter day ” in the story of Chandag. In a brief letter to her sisters she referred to it as the “ golden anniversary of that long period here in His

service," and added that she sent four lines of a hymn which kept welling up in her mind and which so fully expressed her heart's experience :

" Through hidden dangers, toil and care  
He gently clears my ways.  
Through all eternity to Thee  
A grateful song I'll raise."

Eighty-six years of age, Miss Reed signed her letter " Your old, old sister."

Christmas Day 1940 was spent happily, although former generous remembrances from friends in the homeland were greatly restricted through the tragedy of war. Local abundance relieved the situation to some extent as the orange crop was a most prolific one, and the fruit could be enjoyed unrestrictedly at three or four for a pice (one farthing).

As at many another leper home, the progress of the terrible conflict was followed with the keenest sympathy and interest by the dwellers at Chandag, and daily prayer was offered for the support and ultimate victory of the allied forces in their stern task.

By the end of 1942 Miss Reed had completed fifty-eight years' service in the Indian Mission Field, during fifty-two of which she had ministered to her leper friends at Chandag. No wonder that increasing weakness and weariness marked the latter days and

made her long for rest. Her passing was the result of an accident attributable to her failing eyesight. In endeavouring to descend the steps of her cottage she slipped, causing injuries which entailed extreme suffering for twenty-four days and ended in heart failure. On 8th April 1943 she was called Home. Her funeral on the following day, attended by a company of about two hundred Christians and non-Christians, was a moving spectacle, as the tear-stained inmates dropped the floral offerings from their little gardens into her resting-place on the grassy slope in front of the women's chapel "Bethel."

Long will this noble worker and her utter devotion to the cause of her Master be remembered not only at Chandag but in every land where the tale of heroic deeds for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom inspires the rising generations to plan the highest and best for their lives. Many a tribute has been and will yet be paid to Miss Reed's memory. The words of one privileged to see what God had wrought through this faithful servant may fittingly bring this brief sketch to a close: "It is astonishing to see what she has been able to accomplish, and we praise God that ever she gave herself up to Him to work in this lonely field."

## THE UNFAILING PRESENCE

A POEM BY MARY REED

I DWELL alone, and all I hold most dear  
Are far removed, beyond the trackless sea,  
So very far they seem to-day from me ;  
Yet for a moment brief methinks I hear  
The echo of loved voices in my ear,  
The dear home faces seem to shine again  
Then swiftly vanish in a cloud of pain.

Yet it is but a moment that I turn  
And with heart longings for my loved ones yearn  
For hush, I am not alone, a Presence blest  
Fills all my chamber with a sense of rest !  
A moment's darkness, then a flood of light,  
A well-known voice is whispering to me,  
" Am I not better, O Beloved, to thee—  
Am I not better far to thee than all ? "

Low at His feet I then adoring fall,  
Outbreathing there in speechless love and praise  
The song the heart is quite too full to raise.  
Thou art enough, my own beloved One,  
And work with Thee is sweet till day be done,  
And when at eventide I close my door,  
Shut in with Christ, what do I need yet more ?

(" WITHOUT THE CAMP "—  
*American Edition.*)