The missionaries are appropriately called 'those invisible women of the Empire' by Jenny Sharpe (Sharpe, p.93) She goes on to remark that 'The effort to demonstrate that women contributed a nurturing, sympathetic and maternal alternative to the masculine ethos of Empire ignores the centrality of such feminine values to the discourse of civilizing mission.' (Sharpe p.93) It is the missionaries and teachers in particular who get closer to the real India than any other English women coming to India. Their work aligns them with the natives amongst whom they struggle to carry out their mission work. These missionary women come mostly from the lower rungs of British society. Some join it fired by evangelical fervour while still some others enter it under compelling circumstances. Whatever their motives in joining the Mission, their dedication and the hardship they encounter is the same. They have to adapt themselves to a
new way of life in a country which is physically, socially as well as spiritually alien. Jenny Sharpe is justified in pointing out the exclusion of the life experiences and good work of these women in the discourse of the civilizing mission. It has indeed been very much neglected. My study in this chapter will attempt to highlight the heart rending plight of these missionary women. Paul Scott’s *The Raj Quartet* presents penetrating insight into the lives of two such dedicated missionaries working in India whose lives will be the focus of this chapter.

**Miss Crane** served in India for about thirty-five years mainly in the capacity of a missionary. But she had not come to India initially with any missionary zeal. Tracing her life history we can see how circumstances led her into the mission field. She was born in London in 1885 in a moderately well-to-do middle-class family. Her mother died early; thereafter her father took to heavy drinking, neglected his private school and isolated himself from his friends and
pupils. Her youth was spent bearing her father’s drunken outbursts, accusations and even misbehaviour. When she was twenty-one he died leaving her penniless. She hardly had any other qualification and the only job she was fit to take up was either that of a governess or a house-keeper.

Accordingly she takes up the job of a governess to a spoilt little boy. She thinks she was unhappy in her father’s house due to poverty and his drunkenness but in that wealthy household too she is unhappy. The little boy calls her Storky and indulges in ‘...a precocious show of sexuality in the night nursery.’ (JC, p.5) According to Indrani Sen, ‘...women of subordinate classes came to be equated with easy sexual accessibility...’ (Sen, p.2) as reflected in this young boy’s behaviour towards her. Placed in such a vulnerable situation she wants to ‘...find a place in an unknown world that would come at her as a new and fresh and, if not joyful, then at least adventurous and worth-while...’ (JC, p.6) So she immediately applies to an
advertisement for the post of a travelling nurse-companion to a lady taking a journey to India with two small children. The provision was if the service of the appointee was satisfactory, she could stay in India as a governess and if not she could easily find a similar job with another family journeying back home.

The voyage is pleasant, she is treated like a family member and the children too become fond of her. But once they reach India she notices that she is treated if not exactly like a servant but certainly like a poor unwanted relation the family is burdened with. For the first time she experiences a kind of social snobbery quite different from that of England, ‘...it was complicated by the demands, sometimes conflicting, of white solidarity and white supremacy.’(JC, p.6) Her employers treat her better than any high-born Indian but marginalize her in their own social circle. She is placed in the lowest rung of the hierarchal ladder. Here too life becomes difficult for her because she is confused as to what
is expected of her and what her standing is in that society. She spends three years with the Nesbitt-Smiths adapting fairly well to the adverse Indian climate. But despite such mixed feelings and loneliness she has one assurance that she belongs to a community strongly bonded by their white colour. She may be marginalized within that class-conscious society but she feels that because of the colour of her skin, she is safe from any external harm.

At this stage she secretly falls in love with Lieutanant Orme, a man with the appeal of a hero of a romantic novel. Hers is a hopeless case because he would never notice her plain looks with so many eligible pretty girls around. The class segregation also denies her that privilege. She tells herself, ‘And he...was a fancy, a mere illusion that never stood a chance of becoming real for me’. (JC, p.8) When the Nesbitt-Smiths talk of sailing back she thinks over her future. She does not want to return home and end her life being just ‘Crane, Miss Crane’ in different households. She wants to be
called just Edwina but with ‘...slender hopes of marriage’ (JC, p.5) she does not know how. Unable to decide, she thinks of religion as the only way out for women like her though she never really believed in religion. She goes to the local Protestant Church seeking God ‘...as a comforter but not as a redeemer’ (JC, p.10) It is touching to see her sitting alone in that Church and wondering ‘...whether she would be Crane to Him, or Miss Crane, or Edwina.’ (JC, p.10) There she takes a decision which she says is the moment of certainty of her spinsterhood. Later, Mr. Cleghorn, an assistant teacher in the Mission School articulates this situation faced by women like her. He says, ‘“...your sex is made, Miss Crane, for marriage or for God,’...took her hand and patted it, as if to comfort her for the fact that the first, the temporal of these blessings, was certainly denied her.” (JC, p.20)

Edwina Crane tells the senior chaplain of that Protestant Church that she would like to stay on and train for
the Mission. She honestly tells him, ‘no, not to carry the
Word. I am not a truly religious woman...But there are
schools, aren’t there? ...I meant train to teach at the mission
schools.’ (JC, p.11) He agrees to arrange it for her but warns
that more than the education it is ‘the chapattis’ for which the
Indian children attended school. Mrs. Nesbitt-Smiths is
shocked by her intention. She exclaims, ‘Good Heavens,
Crane! What on earth has possessed you...You’d be with
blacks and half-castes, cut off from your own kind.’ (JC,
p.12) Edwina sticks to her decision. Mr. Grant takes her to a
humble school in the out-skirts where she is welcomed by the
children as Miss Crane Mem. The Indian children sing a
common hymn but she feels:

...an incongruity, a curious resistance to the
idea of subverting these children from worship of one
she herself had sung to when young but now had no
strong faith in. But she had, too, a sudden passionate
regard for them. Hungry, poor, deprived, hopelessly at
a disadvantage, they yet conveyed to her an
overwhelming impression of somewhere-and it could
only be there, in the Black Town-being loved. But love
as their parents knew, was not enough. Hunger and
poverty could never be reduced by love alone. There
were, to begin with, free chappatis.(JC, p.16)
Amidst this wretchedness, she sees the dire need of service from people like her ‘...to promote the cause of human dignity and happiness.’(JC, p.16) She is no more conscious of her white superiority. An impulse to shed off the façade and to achieve a sense of personal dignity by doing as much in her power to work for uplifting them and making a difference overtakes her. She wants to bring hope in their lives. Thus starts her ‘...long and lonely, difficult and sometimes dangerous road that led her, many years later, to Mayapore, where she was superintendent of the district’s Protestant mission schools.’(JC, p.16)

After some basic training in Lahore she joins the Muzzafirabad Mission School. She is appreciated for her unique method in imparting learning as well as loyalty to the Indian children with the aid of the picture of Queen Victoria with her subjects. Yet another incident there distinguishes her even more. During a civil disturbance a group of rioters come to burn down the Mission school while Edwina is
teaching the children in the class-room. She valiantly stands in the doorway, with the frightened children cowering behind her and speaks to the rioters so forcefully that eventually she succeeds in making the charged-up mob to retreat without causing any harm to the school. This exemplifies Jenny Sharpe’s remark, ‘...women express their reliance upon a language of colonial authority, claiming to have scared off hostile villagers by speaking to them authoritatively...’(Sharpe, p.70) Then she returns to the dais and continues her lessons. She is applauded for this heroic act by the missionary, the civil as well as the military authorities of the Raj. Since then to those children she becomes a heroine. They can hardly be attentive to what she teaches but looked towards the doorway for yet another mob to appear which their teacher would quell. Edwina has to apply for transfer and chooses to work in even more difficult and dangerous outposts. Barbie Batchelor who succeeds her in Muzzafirabad says she had a tremendous gap to fill in. There was a kind of challenge for her to do half as well.
What strikes Barbie when she meets Edwina for the first time in a missionary conference is her extreme humility. Edwina seems to be at unease when Barbie mentions her courageous act in Muzzafirabad. Edwina feels she did what was to be done or maybe it was a cowardly mob. She is uncomfortable with the adoration given to her.

Edwina is then posted as the supervisor of the district’s Protestant Mission Schools in Mayapore. Her circle in Mayapore is very small. She sometimes dines with the chaplain and his wife and attends an annual invitation to the Deputy Commissioner’s garden party at his bungalow. She hardly has any intimate contact with anyone where she can just drop in and say hello. So she invites the Indian ladies to tea at her bungalow on Tuesdays. But Gandhi’s declaration in 1942 that the British should leave India ‘to God or to anarchy’ (JC, p.34) baffles her because she thinks he is inviting the Japanese against the Raj. Relations get strained, she takes down his portrait from the wall and the Indian
ladies too stop coming probably seeing her now no more as a friendly Englishwoman but a representative of the other side. The inevitable estrangement between Edwina and the Indian ladies is not so much the result of personal antipathies as arising out of political misunderstanding. As Steele wrote in 1894 ‘...racial feelings enter into the picture no matter what anyone tries to do about it and make real social intercourse between...two races an impossibility.’(in Greenberger, p.152) In another effort to fill the vacuum in her life after this she arranges tea-parties for the lonely young British soldiers of lower ranks on Wednesdays. Such invitations indicate how much she yearns for company to lessen her loneliness.

After Mary de Silva’s death ‘...there was not a man or a woman in Mayapore, in India, anywhere, British or Indian, she could point to as a friend of the sort to whom she could have talked long and intimately.’(JC, p.34) Mary de Silva was the teacher in the Dibrapur Mission School. For six long
years Edwina paid weekly visit to her bungalow not only because she was the supervisor but also because she always got the feel of home on reaching there. They drank rum together and talked for hours about their lives.

Miss Crane has certain traits for which she is well known in Mayapore, such as her outspokenness, her ability to ignore condescending behaviour of those above her in rank and her habit of going to sleep during sermons. The people think of her ‘...as a woman whose work for the missionaries had broadened rather than narrowed her.’(JC, p.29) She never really cares to project herself as solely religious. Therefore during the war when different committees are being formed to direct voluntary work she is called in by Mrs. White, the Deputy Commissioner’s wife to help in a number of such committees for social welfare. Her assertive role in these committees earns her recognition and individual respect from the English ladies even if for them ‘...Miss Crane was only a mission school teacher and as
many rungs below them...’ (JC, p.29) Her life is described by Mrs. White as one who:

... has obviously missed her vocation. Instead of wasting her time in the missions and thumping the old tub about the iniquities of the British Raj and the intolerable burdens borne by what her church calls our dark brethren, she should have been head-mistress of a good school for girls, back in the old home counties. (JC, p.29).

Her circle gradually widens, the ladies now stop to talk to her in the cantonment bazaar and invite her to tea. She is often invited to dinners in the Deputy Commissioner’s bungalow. However, through Lili Chatterjee we come to know that Mrs. White invited Edwina only when she needed ‘...an extra-woman to make up her table and balance the bachelors’ (JC, p.65). But for poor Edwina these are the occasions she enjoys, drinks plentifully and has the feeling of a memsahib despite her humble job.

Miss Crane never compromises in her duty. On 9th August 1942 Gandhi had declared Quit India Movement and the situation all over was turbulent. Yet she decides to drive
the school children of Dibrapur back to their homes in Kotali and then proceed to Mayapore. Mr. Chaudhuri, an Anglicized Bengali who is a colleague tries to dissuade her from taking the risk but she does not listen to him. Instead she suspects him when he tells her that the telephone is not working. Though she tries to overcome the colour barrier still subconsciously the racial segregation works in her also and she hates it. She says, ‘And I am ashamed, and am always ashamed, because my suspicions this time first over the telephone, and now over the Gladstone bag.’ (JC, p.47) In Kotali, Mr. Chaudhari and the children’s parents insist that the situation is not good enough for her to drive to Mayapore. But she is adamant. It is only when Mr. Chaudhuri says that he too will accompany her in that case that she confesses to him, ‘Thank you, Mr. Chaudhuri...I should have been afraid alone.’(JC, p.50) This shows she was suppressing her personal fear for the sake of maintaining the façade of white indomitability. Infact, Mr.Chaudhuri’s presence has always affected her. She feels uncomfortable to deal with him in the
manner she generally deals with other Indians. The racist assumption of superiority in her is unsettled by his personality. As she drives with him along the Dibrapur road she tries to communicate with him in a different plane but a ‘hump’ ‘...was always there, disrupting the purity of that flow, the purity of thoughts’ (JC, p.53) just because his skin was of different colour. She wishes she could express how she feels for him but she is not the kind of woman ‘...who would defy...’ (DSP, p.572). She is always bothered by the colour barrier. Unfortunately they are accosted in the journey by a violent mob. Mr. Chaudhuri is accused of being a traitor by those rioters for they said, ‘No self-respecting Indian male would ride a dried-up virgin memsahib who needed to feel the strength of a man...’(JC, p.55) He is murdered and she is knocked senseless. When she regains consciousness she sits by the roadside holding his hand in the rain lamenting, ‘I am sorry it was too late.’(JC, p.58) She realizes his love and loyalty to her only after he dies while struggling to defend her but it is too late for her to make amends.
Miss Crane catches pneumonia due to that exposure in the rain. She is admitted in the public wing of Mayapore General Hospital. Initially, she is sympathized a lot for she epitomized the racial victimization of an Englishwoman by the natives. But when she refuses to help identify the culprits she loses all the sympathy and becomes unpopular in the Hospital too. Lili Chatterjee having met her earlier in White’s bungalow had ignored her as a mediocre missionary but regrets her view after the incident. Lili goes to visit her in the Hospital. She notes that the few white friends Miss Crane had did not come to visit her on the excuse of time while her Indian friends dared not to. The soldiers together sent her flowers while poor Indians like Mr. Narayan sent some humble gift. But it is doubtful if the Hospital staff bothered to deliver these to her. Crane probably never knew about these caring gestures. As for Mrs. White and Mavis Poulson, Lili says, she knew they had always ‘meant to go’ and see her but could not do so due to lack of ‘proper opportunity.’
Miss Crane feels terribly lonely and uncared for. After her release from the Hospital she resumes her tea parties for the young soldiers in her bungalow but notes the difference in them. The lads try to cheer her up but they have changed from what they were before the riots. Even Clancy, her favourite, who earlier shared jokes with Joseph, her Indian servant now ignores him totally. She sees the wound in the old man’s pride and self-respect but all she can do is go to her room and remove the picture of the old Queen and lock it away. The picture is now insignificant because the sense of protectiveness, love and loyalty it embodies exists no more.

Besides, she now

...found herself too tired, too easily weighed down by the sheer pressure of the climate and the land and the hordes of brown faces and the sprinkling of stiff-lipped white ones, to channel any of her remaining pneumonia sapped energy into solving moral and dialectical problems.’(JC, p.60-61)

Lili Chatterjee goes to visit Miss Crane again in her bungalow when she learns about her resignation from the Mission. She sees the two blank spaces on the wall and asks
her if she had started her packing. Miss Crane replies, ‘Oh I
shan’t need to pack...’ (p.81,JC) and smiles at her. The
implication is known only when she dons a white sari and
sets herself on fire and thus kills herself. Lili’s comment on
her act is very appropriate:

... I suppose what I’m saying is that she made
friendships in her head most of the time and seldom in
her heart...I think at the end the reason for her
madness was that she had the courage to see the truth
if not to live with it, see how all her good works and
noble thoughts had been going on in a vacuum. I have
a theory that she saw clearly but too late how she had
never got grubby for the sake of the cause she’d
always believed she held dear, and that this explains
why Mr.Poulson found her like that, sitting in the rain
by the roadside, holding the hand of that dead
schoolteacher, Mr.Chaudhuri. (JC, p.104)

Miss Crane must have realized this irony of her life and
work. Thus ends her lonely life in India.

**Barbie Batchelor** retired from the post of the
Superintendent of Protestant Mission. Apparently, she
derives a sense of freedom and contentment with her pension
but she is very insecure because she has no clear idea where
to go and what to do. She hoped that the Mission would absorb her but no such offer came.

Barbie is a good teacher especially of small children, they bring out her maternal instincts and she enjoys the affection and esteem they and their parents give her. But to her the three R’s are never as important as the teaching of Christianity. She has a firm belief in God, in Christ the Redeemer and in the existence of Heaven. She is also concerned about the fate of those who are unbelievers. She wants to redeem them. So after her parents’ death she gives up her job in a Church School in London, joins the Mission and comes to India. Her dream is to bring hundreds into the fold here. It would be the most satisfactory experience for her. However, once in India she is disappointed to find that the Mission put more emphasis in helping the Indian children learn the language. Very few among them got baptized. She has to control her missionary zeal and work in a secular manner. Slowly she gets inured to the system. The Bishop
Barnard Schools to which she belongs does attract Indian boys and girls but those whose parents want their wards to acquire the standard education needed for entrance into government colleges and Indian universities. One question that constantly nags her is, ‘...What gifts our mission has brought to the children of India, and if – among them – has ever been the gift of love.’ (TS, p.212)

In her Indian experience, Barbie bears a ‘secret sorrow’. With time she feels her faith loosing its initial ardour. She still firmly believes in God but has a sense that God did not approve of the way she has spent her life. As she confesses towards the end to Sarah Layton, ‘One may carry the Word, yes, but the Word without the act is an abstraction. The Word gets through the mesh but the act doesn’t. So God does not follow...’(TS, p.363) She partly blames the Mission for this and hopes that there might be a chance of regaining the joyful sense of contact with God now that she was
retiring. However, below her cheerful expression another fear of lonely old age also grips her.

Mabel Layton’s advertisement for a single woman to share accommodation with her in Ranpur Gazette just a week before Barbie’s retirement is an opportunity for her. At once she applies sending an account of herself and the amount she could afford to pay. Barbie deduces from the name of the house, Rose Cottage, that the other woman, perhaps a gentlewoman, may be of as limited means as herself. By now, she herself has long lost the tell-tale signs of a poverty stricken lower middle-class person and has learned to carry herself as a gentlewoman. But she still has some fear and awe of those women of higher rank especially those with sufficient money to support their position.

Mabel chooses her as the most suitable of applicants and invites her for a vacation to Pankot where she could decide on permanent accommodation. Barbie is extremely
happy and grateful to Mabel. Actually, Mabel invites Barbie to stay with her in Rose Cottage ignoring her step-son’s wife, Mildred and her two daughters who have the right to stay there. They are compelled to live in a rather congested grace and favour bungalow in the lines of the Pankot Rifles regimental depot. Mildred can not question Mabel so Barbie becomes her target. Apparently Mildred and Mabel seem perfectly amiable because

There was something unpalatable about a family quarrel because it could undermine the foundation of a larger and essential solidarity. There was no known quarrel between Mabel and Mildred but family feeling had not been conspicuously shown...(taking in Barbie Batchelor) confirmed the impression that Mabel and Mildred had never hit it off...(TS, p.36)

So every time Mildred comes to Rose Cottage, Barbie is made to feel like an intruder who is enjoying something she has no right to. Poor Barbie is in constant conflict whether to make herself pleasant or scarce. But whatever she does, the effect on Mildred is the same. Barbie feels so insecure that she cannot help being frightened and nervous even in the presence of visitors if Mildred is there. Besides,
she is in constant fear that the proximity of Mildred and her daughters will remind Mabel of her duty towards them which will mean she would have to leave the place. However, gradually she starts feeling at home as a co-hostess. She directs Aziz, the servant in running the house, takes the responsibility of the dog and to the girls she becomes affectionate and caring like an aunt. And ‘Indeed she seemed to acquire something of the thick skin such a woman had to cultivate if her feelings were not to be constantly hurt by inattention to her questions, opinions, and fund of boring anecdotes.’(TS, p.35)

In Rose Cottage she gets shelter, a home and more than that a chance to fulfill her sense of unaccomplished mission. When Mabel dies she says, ‘...I loved her so much and it seemed she was my chance, my gift from God to serve Him through her...’(TS, p.256) She pleads with Mildred to carry out Mabel’s wish to be buried beside her husband, John Layton at St. Luke’s in Ranpur. Mildred gives no heed to her
appeal and instead humiliates her, ‘You were born with the soul of a parlour-maid and a parlour-maid is what you’ve remained. India has been very bad for you and Rose Cottage has been a disaster.’(TS, p.255) Barbie is shocked by the callousness with which Mabel is buried in St. John’s, Pankot. She feels helpless and another guilt of not fulfilling a wish is heavy on her. She is so badly affected by it that she laughs and her laughter is nothing but an alternative to shrieks of wild and lonely despair.

On the very night of Mabel’s death, Barbie is hastily shifted from Rose Cottage to the rectory bungalow of Arthur and Clarissa Peplow. This too is a temporary refuge for her. Clarissa makes herself clear: ‘...the most practical way out of an unhappy situation and a Christian duty but not to be thought of by anyone as a preliminary to a permanent arrangement being come to. The room was too small.’(TS, p.271) Barbie has to search for shelter. She writes to the Mission offering her voluntary service in a capacity however
menial in return for a roof but that too is turned down. She is at the point of breaking down. She says, ‘Nowadays tears came unexpectedly.’ (TS, p.280) But what shatters her completely is Mildred’s accusation against her of harbouring unnatural feelings for her young daughters, Sarah and Susan. This is how Mildred explains to the station the hasty removal of Barbie from Rose Cottage. When Clarissa asks Barbie about it she pathetically replies:

But what can I say? If it were true I should probably deny it because at the moment I’ve nowhere else to go and if this is going to be said about me I should find it difficult to go anywhere in Pankot. It’s a difficult thing for an elderly spinster to refute. But for what it’s worth, Clarissa, so far as I know my affection for Sarah and Susan is not of an unnatural kind, unless it is unnatural to feel maternally to them, to take pleasure in their company and care what happens to them. (TS, p.283)

Mabel had left a provision for Barbie’s annuity in her Will. Mildred suspects that this idea of annuity must have been Barbie’s because she believes that it is a typical lower middle-class idea of acquiring upper-class security and respectability. This is not the end of Barbie’s humiliation.
Mildred even goes to extent of returning the set of Apostle Spoons to Barbie which she had lovingly presented to Susan in her wedding. Unable to keep it Barbie decides to present it to the Regiment for use in the Officers Mess, in memory of Mabel Layton. Therefore she goes to deliver it to Captain Coley in his bungalow. There she is shocked to witness Mildred and Kevin Coley in an adulterous act. Aghast at the sight she rushes back in the rain and contracts broncopneumonia. After four days in fever she is admitted to the General Hospital under the care of Doctor Travers. The doctor tells Clarissa Peplow, 'People don't die only of disease, you know.' (TS, p.329) Barbie physically recuperates but what still ails her is whether Clarissa will take her back or not in her bungalow. She says to Sarah who goes to visit her, ‘...Clarissa’s had me...the mission’s had me too’ (TS, p.357) She is weak, homeless and knows not where to go. Gradually, she shows signs of madness particularly when she has those intermittent bouts of some kind of mental derangement. Inexplicably, during these
uncertain times, she develops a highly intuitive power, and sees the truth of things like that of a seeress about certain persons and incidents around her. For instance, she guesses by some extraordinary imaginative power that Sarah has visited Lady Manners and the infant Parvati, which is not known to anyone other than Sarah’s immediate family. Similarly, she sympathizes for Daphne and Hari Kumar and suspects that the official version of the Bibighar rape case is incorrect.

The accident which completely shatters her is when she is riding downhill to Pankot from Rose Cottage in a tonga overloaded with her possessions and the tonga collapses. She never really recovers from that accident and eventually looses her voice as well as her memory. She spends the last days of her life in the Samaritan Hospital in Ranpur. Her only visitor there is Sarah Layton. Sarah describes her condition, ‘Her memory had gone, and so had her voice – she wrote everything down - but they said that
was psychological. They assured me she was perfectly happy but it was such a depressing place I found that hard to believe. (DSP, p.157)

Barbie was greatly inspired by her fellow missionary, Edwina Crane. She always felt that unlike herself, Edwina was close to God. Her way of teaching the children with the picture of the Queen, her quelling the mob, working in sensitive outposts and her guarding the body of her Indian colleague in the rain by the roadside, Barbie feels, were acts directed by the love of God. In fact in performing the last act ‘...it sum up the meaning of her life in India...this guarding of dead Indian’s body, it seemed to Barbie that Edwina had achieved her apotheosis.’(TS, p.71) Edwina was her idol. She often wrote to her though no reply came. Actually Barbie and Edwina are only fellow missionaries hardly known to each other. Therefore, when Edwina is attacked by the rioters on 8th of August, Barbie’s reaction is surprising. She appears shocked and extremely concerned about her. One would
think that she was very close to Edwina. Mabel consoles her and gives her support in her moment of anxiety over her friend. She even advises Barbie to invite her friend over to Rose Cottage so that she could be well looked after. The Pankot ladies too inquire about her friend’s condition and request for their wishes to be conveyed. Barbie’s reaction can be interpreted as the externalization of her own urge to belong, to feel closely to someone dear. We can also read it as an opportunity Barbie avails of in receiving sympathy and concern from her own people for which she is craving.

When Edwina commits suicide a few months later Barbie is utterly devastated because her idol’s earlier gesture which seemed so sublime now revealed someone who was overwhelmed by despair and not purified by love. This revelation heightens her own despair. Edwina had seemed so strong and sure in God’s service that being associated with her itself had given Barbie the hope of redemption but now through this act Edwina’s deep despair has been revealed.
This sense of lost mission and displacement is appropriately shown through Barbie’s consciousness:

...my life here had indeed been wasted because I have lived it as a transferred appendage, as a parlour maid, the first in line for morning prayers while the mistress of the house kneels like myself in piety for a purpose. But we have no purpose that God would recognize as such... (TS, p.258)

Therefore, Barbie feels that like Edwina’s, her life in India too has come to nothing. Where Barbie says, ‘I’ve always been useless, useless to everybody, how many of those little Indian children really loved God and came to Jesus?’(DSC, p.354), and ‘...God has not followed us here’ (TS, p.229) Edwina writes in her suicide note, ‘There is no God. Not even on the road from Dibrapur.’(TS, p.411) Both these missionaries disintegrate physically and mentally. They loose their faith too. Their Indian experience devastates them in a heart-rending manner.

Barbie’s insecure feelings, her loneliness, her desperation to belong can be read from her traits, gestures as well as her actions. She talks excessively. She admits it
herself, ‘...I’ve always been a great talker.’ (DSC, p.387) She talks with people, with herself, with God and with anyone who is there to listen or not. ‘For years she had had real and imaginary conversations...’ (TS, p.182) Besides, she also writes lengthy letters even if no replies come. Actually, these are the means through which she reveals her feelings of loneliness. She constantly seeks to communicate with others, to develop intimacy. Hardly anyone responds to her except Sarah and occasionally Mabel, so these two people are closest to her. Barbie also realizes that her talkativeness is a drawback socially. Therefore she decides, ‘I shall have to learn, have to learn, yes, to be quiet as a mouse. Which wont be easy.’ (TS, p.297). She then develops an alternative habit of ‘imaginary silence’ (TS, p.192) This will not bother anyone. Later, when she looses her voice, she writes and tries to communicate but then the complexity of her feelings have become so intense that they can only be expressed metaphorically which becomes difficult to interpret.
Barbie's obsession with her luggage is another symptom about her state of mind. After her retirement the only sense of belonging she could have is with her luggage. It '... was merely luggage she knew, but without it she did not seem to have a shadow'(TS, p.7) She is interested by Emerson's theory, 'Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history'.(TS, p.74) She identifies her own history with her trunk. She tells Sarah, 'The trunk is packed with relics of my work in the mission. It is my life in India. My shadow as you might say.'(TS, p.296)

Barbie is often nostalgic of her early life in London with her parents. These are the moments when she feels terribly homesick. The instance when she recollects her Christmas days at home and talks of it to Mabel is perhaps the most affectionate and peaceful moment she shares with Mabel. Even though a missionary at times her voluptuous nature gets the better of her. She sings loudly in her bath tub,
not any hymn but old love songs her father used to sing. Another notable thing is her indulgence in coats and skirts, eau-de-cologne and lawn hankerchiefs. These are her ‘...harmless escapes into personal vanities.’ (TS, p.230)

Another rare happy moment in her life is in May Brick’s bungalow mending his Bach.

Such is the fate of these two missionary women who were so optimistic in their venture. They end up disillusioned because they realize that neither their proselytization nor teaching is relevant. They are unable to fulfill their missionary aspirations. Besides, they have to cope with social discriminations among their own kind because of their status in society. In their predicament in an alien situation they seek company, love and sympathy but are denied. Eventually, they not only lose their respect for the Raj but faith in mankind itself. God, for whose service they had ventured out too seems to be alienated from them. They are under tremendous pressure from all sides. Eventually, they
loose their mental balance and perish. One can agree with David Rubin’s remark on them: ‘Both through their sacrifices have become seeress of sort. Their labours had embodied the highest ideals of the British mission, but neither can fulfill those ideals because, as both come to realize, it is nurtured on the usual colonialist self-delusion and upheld by unrelenting racial prejudice.’ (Rubin, p.140)