HOME AGAIN.

Ella L. Jones

The most delightful of voyages lasting six weeks has now been placed in memory's gallery and I am really back in dear old Guindy, so glad to feel once more that in a sense I have an abiding place.

There were six of us left to travel as far as Saidapet together and they shared my intense feeling as we awoke Saturday morning, January 9, and knew that a few hours would bring us to our own. The landmarks began to thicken, Guindy station appeared on the right as we sped along, and I just felt that I had to keep my mouth shut to keep my heart from jumping out. We swung around the corner and the train stopped once more and there stood Brother Hudson. It was a glad time and we were soon on our way over the well-known road to Guindy. Now and again a glad salaam seemed so like home. Miss Keeney unable to wait, met us on the road, and in a thrice we drove into beautiful Guindy where Miss Keeney gave of her hospitality through the faithful hands of Joseph Spence.

Mr. Hudson kept saying we must hurry, everybody is waiting at Vilacheri, but when we nearly reached the turning of the road to the caste village Mr. Hudson stopped the horse and began pointing out the things of interest. The reason was that we had overtaken the herald. A few moments passed and we proceeded to Vilacheri gate where I left the carriage and was greeted first by Mrs. Hudson and wee girlie Ruth. Between the long line of friends we went mid singing and joyfulness, garlands, flower petals, etc. In the schoolhouse our little service was held. After the Scripture, prayer and singing, Mr. Hudson spoke of "comings" and the great coming One, then he reminded them that it was some years since I had spoken Tamil but he thought I would say a few words. He did not know that I had been preaching sermons on the way to the Tamils I met in ports, and every one was on the coming One. They were all so pleased to think I had not forgotten Tamil but rather had improved. That made me feel pretty nice.

The two compounds are certainly beautiful indeed and the people as lovable as ever. So many of the big girls have gone to schools, hospitals and homes of their own that I feel
The joys of the home trip were many indeed and for all of them I thank God and all the dear home people who were ever too good to me.

Next week my village work begins and I go on my knees wishing only souls for my hire.

To-day is the first day of pongal and to the Indian the rain that is blessing us is a prophecy of a good year. May the blessings of God come so through the years of service or until He comes.

January 13.

THE BRAHMAN WOMAN

Arranged by J. M. Saunders

The priestly Brahman caste has from the morning time of Hinduism been called the holy aristocracy of India. It has been given this place by many of the writers of their sacred books. The Law Book of Good Conduct of the sage Manu which is considered the highest authority on Hindu customs and duty says, "that the Brahman is by right the lord of the whole creation." For many centuries this has been the Brahman’s rank, and for all these centuries knowledge has been his perogative till the most exclusive and most intellectual type of man in the world has been evolved, and yet seven or eight million of gentle, refined, sensitive Brahman women are to be pitied above all the women in India. This may seem a harsh indictment, but facts will justify it.

To begin with, the arrival of a girl baby is looked on as a misfortune. She is brought up in ignorance. She is married while she is a child.

A Brahman girl left a widow must always remain a widow. Till 1829 tens of thousands of Brahman widows were burned with the bodies of their husbands. Even to this day the Brahman widow is compelled to pass her life in penance, privation and drudgery.

"How many children have you?" I once asked a man. "Two," said he. "But," said I, "are not those little girls yours?" "Oh, those girls; yes, if you count girls I have five children."

A Hindu woman does not wish to be the mother of daughters. "May you be the mother of sixteen sons," is a Tamil marriage blessing, for the birth of a son is a sign that the favor of heaven rests on the father and mother, while the birth of a daughter shows that some time or other, in this life or in a previous life, one of the parents has been a great sinner. And the mother believes this as strongly as anyone.

When the time for marrying his children arrives it is the father of the bride who must in these days pay a large dowry to the father of the bridegroom. Sometimes he will have to pay the whole cost of the youth’s education to the close of a university course. According to the rule of his caste, his daughter must be married while a girl and to a member of the same caste. It would be utter shame to daughter and father if she were not married, and to avoid the stigma the father must borrow the largest sum that he can cajole the local money-lender to part with and bribe—that is what it really comes to—the father of some suitable boy to allow his son to become husband of the waiting girl.

This system of bridegroom-purchase penalizes and humiliates the father of the girl bride in a hundred ways. It is no wonder, then, that the Brahman father looks on the birth of a daughter as the beginning of many woes.

Until not so many years ago girl babies were often put to death in certain royal (rajpaut) tribes because of the difficulty of securing husbands for them when they grew up. That practice does not continue, thanks to British rule, nor do I think it will ever revive. But so serious is the matter that speaking at the Provincial Social Conference at Kurnool three years ago, Mr. (now Mr. Justice) P. R. Sundara Iyar, himself a Brahman, observed that the difficulty of getting husbands for girls in the Tamil Districts of South India was becoming so great that, if a better public opinion did not soon come to prevail, female infanticide was not far out of sight.

In all India the number of women and girls who can read and write is infinitesimal. Including the dancing women, who are often well educated, there is only one in a hundred who can read and write.

The result of this heritage of ignorance is that all her life the Brahman woman goes in abject fear of countless demons and hobgoblins, and is the prey of all manner of designing religious rascals.

Many a mother dreads to have her child...
vaccinated lest the goddess of cholera should be
angered at such interference with her sport and
carry off the child. She firmly believes that a
jealous or admiring glance will make her child
ill, but on the other hand she is sure that a tiny
copper medal stamped with a dozen Sanskrit
letters will protect her child from "the evil
eye."

In every house in South India the women
listen attentively for the chirping of the tiny
grey lizard who lives among the rafters of the
houserooft. The number of times it chirps, the
particular corner from which it chirps, and even
the part of anyone's person that it may strike
as it falls headlong from the roof after too great
an effort to catch some passing moth or mosqui­
uto—all these are omens.

At the great temple, the Brahman woman
worships some form of the gods Siva, or Vishnu,
or of the goddesses Durga, the terrible, or Lakshmi
the beneficent. She has a number of little
idols in her home that she worships daily. She
knows nothing of the laws of health; she will
wash the clothes taken from the body of a person
who has died of cholera in the stream or well
from which other women are drawing water to
drink. And all the while she believes that
smallpox and plague and cholera are the capri­
cious work of malevolent deities, who delight
in death and must be propitiated with offerings
of blood, though bloodshed in every form is
abhorrent to the Brahman.

Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, who was a great
authority on Hindu social customs, says, in his
book on the Indo-Aryans, that there is scarcely
a respectable household in all Bengal in which
the mistress has not at one time or other offered
some drops of her own blood to the dread god­
dess Kali to avert her wrath from a sick son or
husband.

Ignorant and superstitious women cannot
help being credulous, and stories of idols that
can cure diseases, of miraculous healing at
sacred springs or shrines or on sacred hills are
readily believed by them. A rumor that the
doors of the temple at Tirupati opened and
closed themselves mysteriously, that a three­
headed serpent had been seen near Tiruvallur,
that the wife who made a pilgrimage to Sriran­
gam assuredly received the blessing of children,

There was something about her that fascinated
me. She was always very shy, but I got her to
talk to me about her family and home life several
times. There were many of them and they
were poor. Many times she had not enough
to eat, but still she was a happy little thing
and never complained. Her people were all
Hindus and did not want her to come to the
sewing school, but she persisted and got her
way.

She picked the work up very quickly. Her
needle just seemed to fly and she developed
into the very best worker. Best of all she
never seemed too busy to pause and listen to
Martha's stories of "Yesu Christu" and sing
the Gospel songs and lyrics. These she learned
and would often sing them by herself. She
came to Sunday-school twice a week and her
classmates and "puja" (offerings to the gods)
started that night and I did not see the child
again.

Before I went away to the hills I urged Martha
to talk to Nagammal personally every chance
she got as she showed decided interest and
intelligence in regard to the Gospel story and
was beginning to ask questions. When I came
back Martha's first words to me were that
Nagammal was to be married the very next day
and would go away to a distant village to live.

I was very much disappointed to hear this and
upon asking the particulars learned that her
people had become frightened at her learning
so much about "Yesu Christu" and had quickly
consummated an engagement of long standing in
order to get her away from the school.

Poor little Nagammal! A mere child married
to a man fully twice her age. She cried and
cried at having to leave her sewing. The cere­
monies and "puja" (offerings to the gods)
started that night and I did not see the child
again.

I feel sure that she had heard and learned
enough of Christ so that she will never forget
and I only pray that the knowledge will some
day shine forth and that I shall see her in the
Kingdom.

A CALL TO PRAYER

I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless a need there be that I should pray.

"Too hurried oft are we to spare the thought,
For days together, of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read his signal as a call to pray.

"Perhaps, just then, my friend has fiercer fight,
And more appalling weakness and decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right;
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

"Friend, do the same to me. If I intrude
Unasked upon you, on some crowded day.
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude;
Be very sure I need it; therefore pray."

—Selected.
THE past two months have been exceptionally busy ones for your president, for besides looking after the general work, editing the paper and doing considerable office work, attending board meetings, etc., she has given twenty addresses and has several appointments still to fill. Please remember her at the Throne of Grace.

THE following extract from a letter recently received at the office contains food for thought:

"Well, I start for India again. This is the way I go. Some go personally, and others by paying and praying. The latter is the way I have to go. The Father will give this order a safe journey to you. Am asking Him to make every dollar of it mighty in winning souls. Enclosed find P. O. Order for $50."

The command "Go" has been given to every follower of the Master and must be obeyed. The writer of the letter has the go spirit and is exercising it, are you?

WHO will help us get this amount through Brother Tenney's generous offer? Perhaps you did not read it in the January paper. He offers to give our society sixty-five cents on every copy of his splendid book, Jesus Our Friend, which we can dispose of at $1.00 a copy. This is a book of two hundred and twenty pages with one hundred and seventy-five fine pictures, bound in pretty red cloth, of the life of Christ in picture, song, and story, and should be in every Christian home. Brother Tenney has placed one thousand of these books at our disposal, which will mean $650, for us when they are sold. We need the money, and you will enjoy the book, so help us by sending an order.

A TEA Meeting was held at South Vernon, Vermont, February 26 from 2:30 to 5 p.m. The meeting was under the auspices of the Young Woman's Auxiliary, and tea was served at the parsonage. A short program of music and reading had been prepared, and the rest of the time was spent in a social way. Tea was served at ten cents a cup, with cake and cookies. There was also a table of homemade candy on sale. Four dollars and fifty-five cents was realized from the sale.

THANKSGIVING AND PETITIONING LIST

We are thankful:
For the many requests to present our work, which shows an increasing interest on the part of our people.
For Miss Jones' safe arrival in India.
For Miss Saunders' improving health.
For the interest that is being taken in their schools by the different States.
And we pray:
That our income for March may be sufficient to meet all expenses.
That our missionaries may have souls for their hire in these trying days.
That we may faithfully work to interest the young people and children in the great work of carrying the Gospel to the world.
That our Board may have wisdom for their duties, and may especially be guided in the decisions they make at the Board meeting which is to be held the last of March.
That Mrs. McFadyen may be greatly blessed of God as she goes from place to place in the interests of the work.

NOTICE

THE W. H. & F. M. Society of Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut will hold their annual business meeting Thursday, April 1st, at 1.45 p.m., at the Dexter Street A. C. Church. Reports of the year's work and election of officers. Address by Miss J. M. Saunders, our missionary from India.

B. S. H. Bemis, Pres.
DEATH CLAIMS A FAITHFUL WORKER

MISS MABEL E. PLACE fell asleep in Jesus, February 21st; death resulted from uremic nephritis. The Providence Adventist Church and the mission cause have lost a devoted, loyal worker. Mabel had been organist of the church nearly twenty years. Her music was all arranged for the Sunday service when she became seriously ill which terminated fatally four hours later. She had been Secretary and Treasurer of the W. H. & F. M. Society of Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut ten years, always interested to help, and faithful in performance of her duties. We shall sadly miss her in this branch of the Master’s service. It can be truthfully said that our conscientious, faithful sister died at her post of duty.

B. S. H. Bemis.

REPORT OF ANNUAL DISTRICT MEETING AT WORCESTER

The annual meeting of the Middle Massachusetts District was held in the Adventist Church, Worcester, Mass., February 7. The service consisted of devotional exercises, a hymn by the Junior Society, reports by local Society, Young Women’s Auxiliary, and Junior Society, and a report from the headmaster of Jeldenpet School, India, also a report from Miss Saunders regarding the same school, which has been partially supported for several years, and fully supported last year by the Worcester local. Following this, Mrs. Chadsey spoke on the India work of the denomination which was very interesting.

Harriet P. Lawrence, Pres.

A GOOD SHOWING.

I THOUGHT perhaps you might like to hear from the ladies of the Toronto local once again. We held our annual business meeting the last of January and were very much encouraged by the splendid reports given of the year’s work. Of course you would have to live in our fair city to realize to what extent this great war has affected everything in general. We feel it as every one else does, but it should act as an incentive to greater activity, in mission work, particularly. Knowing the time may be very short, let us redeem the time.

We raised during the year for missions, home and abroad, eighty-eight dollars and fourteen cents ($88.14). We have supported a Bible woman in India the last two years, and we voted to support her another year, the Juniors also support an orphan there. We have had the opportunity of helping those less fortunate with warm clothing and food this winter, work that always brings a blessing to the giver as well as the one that receives.

The future looks bright, and we of the Toronto local wish to do our share of the Master’s work, for “the night cometh when man’s work is done.” The ladies expressed a desire of seeing this in All Nations. We seem so far from the head of our society, but we would like others to know we are very much alive in Toronto.

L. M. Taylor, Sec.

BOSTON BIBLE SCHOOL HOME

IN response to our call for sash curtains for the dormitories, we have received enough for all the windows in the new building, but still need six pairs to replace those that are nearly worn out in the old building. Our greatest need at this time, however, is money for our coal bill. The expense of heating the enlarged Home is of course much more than it was before the new part was added, and gifts towards this will be greatly appreciated. We also hope that as soon as the weather will admit of shipping those who have promised potatoes and vegetables will send them, as these will greatly help in our boarding department.

Since last report the following donations have been received: Comforter, Springfield, Mass., local; comforter from Somerville, Mass., local. We have a good supply of bedding at the present time, but need several rugs for the dormitory floors. Braided or woven rag rugs would be very acceptable.

OUR STATE SCHOOLS

VERY little has been said, since the annual convention, about the schools which the different States and organizations are supporting, but the monies have been coming in and by request we give this month a list with the amount that has been received from each for this year’s support. The cost of supporting each school is $144.

Maine supports Tiravamoor school and has paid $121.55; New Hampshire supports Iniubakum and has paid $121.50; Quebec and Northern Vermont support Perambakum and have paid $90.65; Northern California supports Adyar and has paid $103; Oregon and Eastern Washington support Nilangiri and have paid $35.80; Western Washington and British Columbia support Nookumpaliam and have paid $95.60. Some of the States, as will be seen, have their full amount nearly paid, others are not so far ahead, but as the year does not end until their annual meetings another summer, we expect all will be paid up by that time. Some of the States were also a little behind on last year’s payments, therefore, although they have sent in more money than is credited to them in this statement it did not apply on this year’s support.
JOURNEYING ON
Ella L. Jones

THE Siberia carried us safely to Hong Kong when we bade her farewell and hastened to Thomas Cook and Sons to get our passage on to India. A friend of the Baptist missionaries had reserved the last available cabins for them, and only because two of their party were at the last moment unable to sail was I able to get passage on the “Kitano Maru.” Our party of ten was divided because of lack of room and five of us went in second class which is not very good on this line. After Cook had told us of the accommodations he said we must get permission to leave the country, so we hastened in rickshaws to the Provost Marshal’s office to be told that our passports must be signed by the resident American consul. Again we hastened to the rickshaws and had a hunt for the consul’s office. There we were shown a new order from America, saying that every one must have their pictures taken and put upon their passports. There was no time to have pictures taken before sailing, so the consul made things right with the Provost Marshal, who gave us our permits to leave the country. The whole day was gone and we were still without our tickets; but Thomas Cook and Sons opened early for us in the morning and we rushed onto the steamer just before sailing time. Oh, yes, we have been to China, but only on a lecture party of two or three streets of Hong Kong. We had a grand view of the splendid harbor anyway and were so glad of the quiet rest of the steamer after the rush and bustle.

We second class passengers found ourselves in rather close quarters for the cabins are small. I was in a cabin with an English and a Japanese girl, and a Chinese lady and baby. While the other four were in together, we were not sorry when we reached Singapore and were able to come over first class where we could breathe free. The trip has been splendid just the same, and nothing could be more beautiful, and every one says, who has traveled this way before, and they never knew the weather to be so delightfully cool.

Two days from Hong Kong was Christmas and we had a very merry one. In the afternoon of the day we sailed, we of the second class invited the first class ladies over to tea on Christmas day and they invited us to dinner. The next day was spent in making things for the morrow. Each one dove to the bottom of trunks and suit cases and wonderful finds were made. It was a busy happy day.

Early Christmas morning we were awakened by sweet Christmas carols sung by our friends. At half past nine we met and opened the packages from the dear home folks. There were tender thoughts and words for those far over the sea. At ten o’clock we had a sweet Christmas service, and all read the story of old and pretty and helpful thoughts on the spirit of Christ. At half past three our tea table was spread, decorated with a wee Japanese tree covered with tiny stockings and little things made the day before. We had a merry hour over our tea cups and parted to meet at dinner. After dinner we gathered in the cabin and read the story of Christ’s birth, death, resurrection and the prophecies of His return, and together our voices went upward in prayer and we all felt that it had been a good day and wondered if every one at home had had as much of joy as we.

On schedule time we reached Singapore where our pictures were taken, and they now adorn our passports. The gardens of Singapore are beautiful. Here one sees so many Indians from India, and I looked at them in amazement they are so very dark. I exclaimed, “Those Tamils are black.” Some one said, “Why, of course.” I told my friends I felt like taking them all home and scrubbing them up. But I must own that I did not realize they were so dark. They looked good to me just the same and I had such a good time talking to a number of men and one woman. I talked to two men about the soon coming kingdom and how they could be ready to enter in. I did enjoy it so much and was pleased that the Tamil came to me so well.

This morning we stopped at Malacca for a few hours, and hope to reach Penang to-morrow. Only a week now and I will be in dear India.


IS IT TRUE?

A MISSIONARY was doing her daily round of zenana visiting, and in one home gathered a number of women around her and earnestly and lovingly told of the wonderful salvation God has provided for us. She told of the love and mercy of God, of the “riches of grace” in Christ Jesus, of the “transcendent greatness of His power in us believers,” that He can “wholly sanctify,” and make us “more than conquerers,” here and now.

“We’ve a story to tell to the nations”—surely a wonderful story! An old woman in the group was listening intently. Presently she broke in on the speaker and said, “That is very wonderful and very beautiful, but is it true? Has your God done that for you?”

Is it true? Has our God done all that for you and for me? Our missionary passed on to another home and told once again how Christ can transform lives and make them pure and holy and loving and meek and gentle, like His own. As she spoke, a woman in the company got up and went out of the room. When she returned the missionary asked her why she had gone away. The woman replied, “I went to ask your servant if that is the sort of life you live in your home.”

Is that the sort of life we live in our homes? Can the people we live and work with testify
to it? We turn to the old Book and read, “Not I, but Christ liveth in me”—“more than conquerers through Him that loved us”—“the God of peace sanctify you wholly.” And on our knees we ask, “Is it true? Does it mean just all it says?” And we read on, “Faithful is He that calleth you, Who also will do it.” We had somehow thought we had to do it, and we had sometimes tried and failed. But when those who have taken the first step and have been saved from the guilt of sin, ask us concerning these promises, “Are they true? Has God done this for you?” what shall we say?

My thoughts go to yet another old woman, who wanted salvation. She came often to be taught the way. After much teaching I thought it was time she took a definite step, so one day I said to her:

“Haven’t you got salvation yet?” I said.

“No,” she replied, “but I am praying to God for it.”

“When is He going to give it to you?” I asked.

“I do not know,” she said, “but I am earnestly praying for it.”

“What do you really want it?” I asked.

“Yes,” she answered, “I do want it, and I am praying for it.”

“Do you think God wants you to have it?” I said.

“Yes,” she replied, “I know He does.”

“I do not know,” she said, “but I am earnestly praying for it every day.”

I had my book in my hand, and I said, “Parvati, if this was something you wanted, and I had got it for you, and offered it to you, would you go on asking me for it every day?”

“No,” she replied, “I would take it and say ‘thank you.’”

I said, “Won’t you take the salvation God is offering you in Christ, and which you are longing to have, and just say, ‘thank you’ for it instead of asking?”

I saw the light come into her dear old brown face, and she exclaimed, “How foolish I have been! I’ll just take it and say ‘thank you!’” And she did.

Later on when I met her again she said, “I’ve got it and am saying ‘thank you’ all the time.”

And some of us thought how foolish we had sometimes been! And we thought we would dare to believe that what God promised He would perform—and that we would dare take and say, “thank you” for full twenty shillings in the pound on His Promises, instead of twelve or fifteen shillings as we had often been content to do. “Faithful is He that calleth you, Who also will do it.”—Helping Hand.

SEARCHERS

1. To whom did Miss Jones talk about the soon coming Kingdom?
2. Where were many dark skinned Indians found?
THREE CHARACTER STORIES

YOU can be a robber, or even a murderer, and still be a good follower of Hinduism. There are Hindu gods who are supposed to be the special protectors of many kinds of evil-doers. That is one startling contrast almost everywhere between heathenism and Christianity. A man can be true to heathenism and still practise iniquity; but if he is true to the Jesus religion, he must be honest, he must tell the truth, he must give up all unclean living, he must help his fellowmen. And when the Gospel develops that sort of character, it makes people take notice.

One of the boys who had been trained in our mission school at Moulmein, where Judson had his home for so many years, went out from the mission school to attend the government high school. One day, as he was passing the building, he found a sum of money on the door-step. Immediately there was a battle inside that boy's heart. “It’s mine!” said his desire. “It’s yours!” said all the example and teaching he had ever received—except from the Jesus religion which he had accepted. “It is not yours,” said the new teaching, “it belongs to the one who lost it, and it is your duty to find him and restore it to him, if you can.”

When the battle was over, the right had won the victory. The boy took the money and carried it to the master of the school. The master was amazed at such an exhibition of honesty. He had never heard of such a thing from the heathen. He took the boy and went from class to class in the school, told the story of the finding of the money, and said to the scholars, “This is the result of Christian teaching; I wish you might all have it.” Perhaps it was not the best thing for the boy to exploit his act of common honesty in this way, but it shows the difference between Christianity and heathenism in teaching honesty.

This story from Burma shows how growth in grace helps believers to cast off hindrances to character development which at first they did not think were harmful. At the theological seminary at Insein most of the instructors are native Christians, accustomed from childhood to the use of tobacco, though all but two of them had given it up. On the anniversary of the landing of Adoniram Judson in Burma, these two instructors, in order further to consecrate themselves to Christ by an act of real sacrifice, openly renounced the habit and signed the pledge at the morning prayer-meeting. Three of the students followed their example, so that all the instructors and nearly all the pupils are free from this habit.

The third story is from Africa. Some years ago, under the old regime, the Congo chiefs were required to supply lads for soldiers for the upper river. Now some of them are returning, and the village people had been led to dancing and drinking in rejoicing over these soldiers, and much harm has been done. One soldier, however, showed his courage by writing to his people that he did not want any dancing or drinking when he returned. On his arrival at the station his friends wanted him to drink, but he refused, saying his heart was troubled because of his sins, and he did not wish to add to them. There was rejoicing in his village, but it was rejoicing before the Lord in the house of God, and there was no dancing or liquor, and the steadfastness of this young soldier cheered and encouraged many.—Selected.

PROMOTED JUNIORS


NEW JUNIOR

Ruth Auld, Middleboro, Mass.

Go bravely forth on the untried way,
Though the race be hard to run.
Fresh strength is given for every day,
And the days come one by one,
And for each there is some kind word to say,
Or a kind deed to be done.

Seek joy this year where joy is found,
In labor and in prayer,
In the help you give the lives around,
Thank God, when life and love abound,
Joy meets us everywhere.