

There can be very little doubt that many of the colored boys and girls, young men and young women, have their heads turned by a little education. "A smattering of knowledge is a dangerous thing" for the negro as well as for a white man. It is also true that many who have this smattering are afraid to soil their hands because they consider manual labor degrading. That is not confined to the negroes either, but owing to the prevailing poverty of the colored people it is probably worse for them in many ways. But we must ask what would the condition of the negroes be without the higher education furnished by the Christians of the Northern States? Not only do the ministers and missionaries receive their education in these institutions, but many of the teachers, lawyers, doctors and artisans of the colored race. Whether they will continue to live among the white people of the South or migrate they must need these professional men. Industrial education is not receiving the same attention in our institutions as in some others, such as Booker T. Washington's, but it is not neglected.

High schools and Academies for the whites are quite numerous and some of them have from two to three hundred students. Some of these have Baptist principals and teachers, but they are not under the control of the denomination. It is the same with the female seminaries now in existence. But Wake Forest College, about sixteen miles from Raleigh, is under the control of the denomination and students preparing for the ministry are helped by the churches. It has done excellent work for the denomination and has about two hundred and fifty students this year. The Baptist Female University is being built in Raleigh. It is likely that it will open its doors within a year. It is the property of the denomination and is under its control. The Baptists adhere firmly to the principle of complete separation of church and state, but I understand that some Presbyterians accept some state aid for their educational work in the mountains and elsewhere. The Baptists of the Western Convention lost Judson College some years ago and have lost ground in their church work ever since. The Presbyterians are now on the ground doing their utmost to win the territory formerly occupied by our denomination. No one blames them, I heard a member of our Mission Board praise them. Of course, we oppose taking money from the public treasury for educational work by Presbyterians as well as by Catholics.

Many of the pastors have not been at Wake Forest even. Many have spent some time at Louisville, the largest Baptist Theological Seminary on the continent. The Seminary is generally represented at our state conventions. A few of the pastors have been educated at Northern Seminaries. Sunday Schools are receiving considerable attention but are greatly hampered by the lack of general education. In our own Sunday School there are several grown up young ladies who cannot read a word. Some of the teachers have to carry on the work as in the days of Robert Raikes. An excellent Sunday School missionary has been in the field two or three years, trying to create interest in the work, organize it and make it more efficient. He holds institutes, conventions, district chautauqua, and a state chautauqua. The attendance at some of these gatherings is very large, and great attention is paid to the singing as well as to the speaking. He also visits individual Sunday Schools. There are places where it is difficult to find anyone with sufficient education to conduct a Sunday School.

The colored Baptists have one or more Sunday School missionaries doing a similar work. Some little girls in Sydney saved their picture cards from the Sunday School and sent them to us. They were given to the colored Sunday School in this place, and a note of acknowledgment was received saying they were very thankful and would be glad to get more. It is true the writing was not the best, but we were able to read it and understand the meaning. I should not wonder if they will do enough good to pay for the postage. There can be no question that among the ten million freed men of the South, there is much good to be done. If any of the children in the Sunday Schools in Canada, want to help in the work, I am acquainted with the Sunday School missionary of the colored Baptists in this part of the state, and will be glad to get and give any information I can to inquirers. My chief hope of solving the race problem is in solving the sin problem. "Muscular Christianity," and "the gospel of soap and water," and education may polish the outside a little, but only the regeneration of the heart and the renewal of the mind, will ever make the two races dwell together in harmony and rejoice in each other's welfare. As both races get more and more of the spirit of Christ, who came to redeem not only the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but men of every kindred and tribe, as both races come to see that the greatest in the estimation of God are those who are most serviceable, will each individual in each race find his right place and true position in life, and in all the affairs of life. It is only by means of the Gospel we can ever hope to reach the people, black and white, to do without their tinsel and tobacco, their snuff, and whisky, morphine and laudanum and spend the money and the strength in educating their children and evangelizing the world and improving their temporal as well as their spiritual condition. The money and strength that is worse than wasted in these ways would build decent houses, schoolhouses and churches, and make them centres of usefulness and happiness and joy and blessing. The abandonment of tobacco and snuff alone would certainly tend to both cleanliness and comfort.

Home Life in India.

BY PAULINE ROOT, M. D.

Into a Hindu kitchen, if the Hindu be a Brahmin, you could hardly as a stranger enter, and yet swept, garnished and polished as to mud floor, chunam walls and brass cooking utensils, it would not be attractive.

Our knowledge of the Brahmin's method of preparing their food and of serving it comes to us from their own people, or from those who were born in the country and knew the Hindu home life as little children. For ourselves it is no uncommon thing to be asked to wait at the door of a patient's house because "the master" is eating his evening or morning meal, and our presence would be an offense. For our shadow to touch the dish would mean pollution. His meal is usually simple, and placed before him upon the floor in one or two brass or silver dishes. It could easily be removed for the moment that it would take the doctor to pass by, and in some instances it has been removed along with his serene high-mightiness to another room. All due respect, however, is to be paid to custom; and this man's meal is not simply a "quick lunch" affair to be disposed of in any unseemly manner—simple as it is and so simply served, it is a "function," and is not partaken without certain rites and ceremonies.

We may not eat with Hindus, nor look upon them as they eat, nor, truth to tell, would we wish to do so; but they have all hospitable instincts toward us, and invariably offer us some delicacy (?) while we are with them.

The golden lime is always presented, and often garlands of beautiful oleanders and jessamine are put around our necks, and bracelets of the same fragrant blossoms are put on our wrists. We are offered the areca-nut and betel-leaf on a silver or brass plate—and if we refuse it we refuse what, with spices and lime, is considered the most delicate morsel that mortal can roll under his tongue—a panacea for all life's ills! To the Westerner the odor is pungent and disagreeable, while the reddening and later blackening effect upon the teeth is repulsive. Usually we touch the offering, express our gratitude, and sometimes take some away, but few foreigners, I think, find pleasure in joining the social betel party.

Plantains, oranges, rock candy, pomegranates and palmyra sugar are urged upon us, and sometimes coffee; but, alas! not coffee as we care for it. This coffee is coarsely ground, mixed with brown sugar, and then boiled till it is a pasty sweet semi-fluid, anything but attractive to most of us. Another beverage sometimes offered to the tired doctor is milk—(one instinctively shrinks from milk who has once seen the milkman at his trade in India)—milk into which the gentle hostess with her brown finger stirs brown sugar before presenting it.

Occasionally, too, a grateful patient sends an offering to the house, often a fine fruit cake, big and much frosted, but too dry and mealy to be palatable. Not unfrequently savory messes are presented which we welcome with doubtful enthusiasm. One I recall came from a Hindu, and was a leg of mutton seasoned with cinnamon, curries, and chutney—and boiled in rice. Mohammedans are our most grateful friends in this social way, and send in huge, round, flat baskets covered by gaily decorated dome-like baskets, whole course dinners, beginning with "Plough"—a curried rice dish—and ending with a wheat-mush delicacy seasoned with rosewater and followed by sweetmeats.

I have tasted all the things, but seldom finished one dish; and yet I must own that it was not because they were unsavory or really unpalatable, but because they had for me the sick-room environment which so often deprived me of pleasure in any food.

And now you will ask how we, as missionaries, return the kindness. We can not invite them to dine with us, nor can we invite them to our social five-o'clock tea. The men might, and at times do, come to a reception or a tennis party, but even they do not eat with us, though, contrarily, they sometimes give dinner parties for us, when we are served in true English style, except that the host comes in with the dessert.

It is the shy, pretty, dainty women whom we would win. If a man owns a closely shuttered palanquin carriage, brougham or bullock cart in which he can trust his wife, we sometimes receive calls from these women whom we work for. Thousands, of course, can not pass at all from the close confinement of Zenanas; but times change even in India, and out of secluded and darkened goshas homes many women now come to see us. Of course we must banish all servants and men visitors from the place, and then carefully close all shutters; but, once safely inside, these women are as pleased as little children. It is entertainment enough to them to sit on the floor while we chat with them, and to be at liberty to jump up to see all the strange things.

Some little souvenir the genuine Hindu always wishes to take away, and so they honor us by choosing some trifle like a picture or a fan, which they ask us to present to them.

As to refreshments, caste custom (and by caste here I do not mean necessarily contempt of us who do not belong to their social circle) prevents us from offering anything liquid like tea or coffee, or chocolate, or even lime water, nor can we offer anything which has been cooked in our kitchen. We may offer plantains or any fruit, rock candy and imported sweets from England. These we import for just such occasions, and, as we uncook them in their presence, they are still like little children in their pleasure. The going-away etiquette demands that we—the hostesses—make the first move. So, after a pleasant social hour, we rise, thank them for having given us a call, and express our pleasure in their visit, and beg them that, "having departed," they "will soon come again."

If you ask what effect such social visiting has upon the professional life, I can simply say that in the few short years that I worked in India my entrance into the homes grew easier month by month. Always the houses were opened, but at first with so many restrictions.

In the houses of the very poor, or low caste, we can not but feel that there can be nothing hid from the most careless observer. The drying of the grain in the sunny streets or courts; the winnowing and pounding, cleansing and grinding, the boiling of the rice, and the rubbing of the curry paste—all this goes on at our side while we carry on our work. But in the houses of the wealthy, or of the higher castes, we are often shut in with our patient to the tiny mud-floored and plastered walled cells, which are often given to those so unfortunate as to be sick—women in high caste homes.

As to our personal life, it is fascinating in its way, and yet why it is so is not easy to explain even to one's self.

Perpetual heat is our portion, the average heat in the house being 84 degrees for the year, night and day. A drop to 72 degrees seems to some a rare treat, but to more it is apt to drive them specially into shawls or jackets and make them wish for hot coffee rather than tea for the early morning meal. On the other hand, used as we are to heat, there are weeks when one finds difficulty in eating and breathing, and even at night the heat is so intense and parching that it is almost impossible to sleep without punkabs. Dust storms and gales of hot wind sometimes descend upon us with such fury that every door and window must be tightly closed, and even the sweeper has to brush out the whole house morning and evening. And nervous people find their nerves "so on edge" with the constant sighing of the wind that they feel that they "can not possibly endure it" a day longer.

At certain seasons eye flies are so persistent in their maddening devotion that not only are branches from green trees hung to catch them, and strings suspended over the desks, but pieces of gauze have to be tied over the eyes before one can read or write. Fleas, at certain months, seem colonizing, not in our rooms only, but with strong personal attachments to certain sensitive people. We go to our visits in the native houses, and, wearied with hours of work, return to throw ourselves upon our bed, only to find that we have brought back a small regiment of vermin with us.

Within our homes what do we find? Creepy centipedes, it may be in our bath-rooms, pretty, tiny lizards everywhere, and onans with long forked tongues behind our sofa pillows; white ants that crawl and eat and deprive us of everything which the beetles and crickets and silver "puchies" leave, save the hair on our heads. And as to this last, there was a tradition dear to our hearts, that one teacher put her school-girls to sleep upon corrugated roofing on bricks, so that the ants should not eat the girls' hair. After I came to this country I interviewed the missionary, and, to my grief, learned that the precaution was taken because of rats and not ants.

In the rainy season cobwebs collect everywhere in a night, bats fly in our faces, all our black dresses mold, and books must be rubbed daily, while shoes must be wrapped in cloth and oiled silk, and gloves kept in tightly sealed bottles.

The mosquitoes give us to bed at untimely hours and necessitate our wrapping our feet in shawls at prayer meetings! Flying white ants drop their wings in our ears, hair and all other cracks and crannies, and have such a magnetic drawing to soup that often in the rainy season they win the battle, and we leave them to take the dinner, while we reflect on the feast which the small Hindus will have as they collect the delectable little bodies to fry for breakfast, or to eat sans ceremony if they are impatient little souls!

The cobra and his friend, the viper, contest sometimes our grounds with us, and have a predilection for kitchen steps, to the disapprobation of our bare-footed cook, Scorpions remain, but they do not trouble us much. We put our slippers at the foot of the bed, inside the mosquito curtain, and matches under our pillow. Thus we feel armed against attacks from below, if we are called, as we usually are, suddenly from our beds. It is well to shake all clothing before putting it on, and be ready to dodge any concealed enemy. And yet these trifles do not move us, for, in all probability we will come to no harm through snakes, centipedes or scorpions.

But how about eating and drinking? These seem more vital things. Can we regulate our kitchens? Can we teach our cooks neatness? Can we? I don't know! Do we? Hardly, and yet I'm not sure that it's the cook's fault. The kitchen is away from the house, which boasts not even one chimney. For that matter, the kitchen itself has for a chimney simply a hole in the roof protected by a sort of storm shed. We do provide an American stove, shelves and tables, but in all probability the cook will chop his vegetables and meat on a greasy, black board on the mud floor (which is hardened and kept free from vermin by being sprinkled with a watery infusion of bullock's manure!), while he and his assistants and friends chew betel-leaf and sit with bare feet and legs on the floor about that dainty tray.

Chickens, perhaps, and probably a saucy crow, and the servant's children have also to be carefully watched lest they too often join the company. The grain for the ponies has to be fed to them under the mistress' own eyes, lest their out caste keepers eat it all; and the cow (a poor creature, but still a cow when she is not a buffalo cow!) has to be milked at the door, lest the high-caste custodian dilute the fluid which we rather honor by calling milk, with any water which comes to hand—though it may be from the roadside ditch.

And yet what are these seeming annoyances as compared with our mercies? Who has such service? Who has such cooks for \$3.50 a month and "find themselves"? Can any of you home people call up your cooks in an emergency and say, "Twelve people from abroad are at the station; they will be here at eleven for breakfast!" and have your cook and butler beam upon you and ask if they will not also dine with madam.

Could you hand your storeroom's keys to your cook and suggest that certain beds and cots be brought in, and then serenely leave your home to go to your dispensary, office or club? Everybody could not do this in India, to be sure, but we could and did more than once. This accounts for the impression often made on the tourist and casual visitor that the missionary's life is one of ease and luxury.—American Kitchen Magazine for October.