

Our Mission Bands

A Mission Band in Every Church in Our Convention in Three Years

MISSION BAND LESSON

A Rainy Day in India

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Patter! Patter! Patter! It rains, O, how it rains! Everything outside is being flooded. Not a soul is to be seen. O, yes, there are some women coming with some sticks of wood. They are carrying them on their heads and the bundles look almost as large as the women themselves. They are coming as fast as they can and now they are turning in at our gate. Their wood, which is quite soaked through, they have laid down outside and they are standing in the kitchen now drying their garments, which of course, are wet through, for each has only one, "quaka" which is a straight piece of cotton about four yards long wound about the body.

These women go regularly in the forest to gather wood which they sell in the town for about eight or ten cents a bundle. With the money they receive they will buy the daily food for their families. Do they seem worried or anxious? No, they are chatting away for they have never known anything but poverty, hunger and in the cold season, cold.

Let us follow them to their homes, a very tiny hut with mud floors, no windows at all and only a small door so low that one has to bend almost double to enter. What do you see inside? Well, there is a very old dirty mat in one corner and a piece of gunning bag in another which serves as beds for the family. In a third corner there are two black earthen pots used for cooking their food. But what is that niche in the wall, and that little image standing in it? It is their family god and there are some tiny blossoms beside it for they have been worshipping this image. Such an ugly looking fellow he is! He can neither hear nor see nor move.

"Hello Mother" sings out a little voice as the mother enters. This is the voice of the son and heir. "Did you get very wet and did you get some wood? Can I have some rice for dinner tonight? I am so hungry."

"Yes, dear, we shall have some rice to-night."

"Mother," continues the voice, "do you know that it is wrong to worship idols? Well, it is—our teacher told us so today. And it does seem rather strange to worship a thing like that (pointing to the idol). Our teacher is a Christian and he says we must pray to God in Heaven and he told us today all about Jesus and that we must pray to Him. He told us the most beautiful story about Him, and do you know, mother, I almost love Him already." "Hush child. Don't let your father hear you talk about Jesus. He will be very angry for he wants you to grow up to be a Hindu. The Christians are getting quite a number of people to believe in this teaching and I almost think there is something true in it, for to-day when we ran into the Mission House out of the rain the missionaries didn't drive us off as some folks might have done and the Umagara (Missionary's wife) spoke very kindly to us. And I noticed last Saturday as I went by that there was a group of beggars at their gate and a servant was giving them some pennies. There were all sorts of people there, even lepers; and although he didn't touch them, he went near enough to give them pennies just as he gave to the others. You will tell me all that you learn at school and I will think about it and bye and bye we will tell father. But I must prepare him gradually for the news."

This is how the story of Jesus is being spread throughout India. I wonder how many boys and girls at home are trying to help others to live like Jesus. You know that just living a sweet, happy, true life will tell others that you love Jesus even if you never say a word.

Then bye and bye when you get bigger you will love Him so much that you will just have to speak for Him. This is the only life worth living. Will you try it?

"Jesus said suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for