

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SEED.

Children dear, can you read  
The mystery of the seed,  
The little seed, that will not remain  
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery, passing strange  
Is the seed, in its wondrous change,  
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,  
And the golden wealth of the harvest-field.

Ever, around and above,  
Works the Invisible Love  
It lives in the heavens and under the land,  
In blossom and sheaf, and the reaper's hand.

—Sower, you surely know  
That the harvest never will grow,  
Except for the Angels of Sun and Rain,  
Who water and ripen the springing grain!

Awake for us, heart and eye,  
Are watchers behind the sky:  
There are unseen reapers in every band,  
Who lend their strength to the weary hand.

When the wonderful light breaks through  
From above, on the work we do,  
We can see how near us our helpers are,  
Who carry the sickle and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know  
That good seed never will grow,  
Except for the Angels of Joy and Pain,  
Who scatter the sunbeams and pour the rain.

—Child, with the sower sing!  
Love is in everything!  
The secret is deeper than we can read:—  
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

## KASHEBI.

SOME FACTS IN THE LIFE OF KASHEBI, A  
BRAHMIN WOMAN, AS AN INTRODUCTION  
TO A LETTER WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

On the Western side of Hindoostan directly North of the Mahratta Province, where our Missionaries are laboring, is the Province where Kashebi lived. This woman like most women in India, had been married at the age of five years. Her husband, a widower, was married to Kashebi when he was ten years old. This girl's education had been mostly of a kind which modesty forbids our describing. Her religious training had been left to her mother, who was accustomed to take her to the god's room, and teach her to pray for such things as wealth, male children—and that her next appearance upon earth, might not be in some vile body: for the new birth of the Hindoos is the returning after death into some other body which may be reptile, beast or bird. Kashebi and Dowlutram, the husband, saw each other the day of the wedding and met again only once until the age of twelve, when she was removed to the house of her mother-in-law. She was a beautiful woman, and notwithstanding the severity of her mother-in-law, did win the love of her husband, and she loved him with the fullest affection. Her amiable and noble ways made her a favorite in the house. When an event drew near upon which her hopes of life-long misery or happiness depended, more than once every day she fell down before Mata the great mother goddess, weeping and praying for the only gift which would prove her worthy the respect of the family. She even employed a Brahmin to stand in the sacred river, with water up to his neck, half a day at a time, and the sex of the little coming stranger was the important part of the event. But the prayers were all unavailing for the baby was a girl. For two long months of ceremonial confinement, she was kept apart in a little damp room, having no sympathy and not a visitor, except the attendant who brought her food and gave her such attention as was absolutely necessary. Even her husband could only look at her through a grating, and in his anger and disappointment he did not even do that. When poor Kashebi was restored to her place in the family she found herself despised. Before the little stranger was a year old plans were laid for her marriage, but the beautiful Moti was not fully wedded until she was six years old, and in three

years more her husband died of small-pox. When Kashebi heard of this she was almost frantic with grief, tearing her hair and beating her breast, crying, "My poor Moti, my lost child, no sons, only a girl and she is a widow." The most fearful of curses had fallen upon her, and the years of sorrow and abuse can never be told. When Moti arrived at twelve years of age, priests were called and she was deprived of all her rights of caste and the endearments of home. Her beautiful hair (of which every Hindoo woman is proud) was shaven off. Her handsome clothes were exchanged for a coarse, black wrapper. All her ornaments were removed from her arms, neck, ears, nose and ankles. From that day forth, according to the Hindoo custom she must sleep on the ground and be both prisoner and slave. Even her mother would be condemned if she should show any signs of tenderness towards "one whom the gods had cursed."

Just at this time Dowlutram, the father, made the acquaintance of an English gentleman, who asked him if he would not be happy to invite his wife to visit the ladies of his secluded family. Many excuses and delays were invented, but finally, after some years had elapsed, the Missionary's lady found her way to the proud Brahmin's house. She was never allowed to see the hated Moti, who after a time found a way of escape, and, years afterwards, was heard of in a disreputable house, having chosen a life of shame, rather than endure the bondage of her father's house. I should like to tell you more of the poor mother's trials, in the introduction of a new wife, to whom was transferred the love, attention, jewels and fine clothes she had once delighted in. But I must hasten to tell you that the two years of faithful instruction by the Missionary had revealed to this poor, crushed, but noble minded woman, the truth that a woman has a soul—an immortal soul—and that even sinful woman may go to Heaven, and that the way is provided by Jesus Christ, the Son of God Himself. I have not time to tell you of the experiences and perils that made her a member of the Missionary's family, and of the "household of faith" but I will send you part of a letter written by her to her husband.

Kashebi's letter to her husband from the Mission House.

My husband will please receive the salutation of Kashebi his wife. Through the mercy of God our Father I am well and hope you are well also. The reason of my writing is this: I want you to know where I am and that I am now baptized, and a member of the Christian Church. It was not true what you told me—that the Missionary when baptizing a convert put beef into his mouth, whispered a charm in his ear, and makes him drunk with wine. Neither is it true that all the people are low caste or out-cast people; but whatever they were before they are very kind now and far happier among themselves than Hindoos are; and just for the reason that they are far holier and purer. Nor was it true that I became a Christian in the hope of being married again. I am your lawful wife still and never can be anything else while we both live. I had no Comforter while I was a Hindoo, and in my sorrow now I have an Almighty Comforter, who is more precious to me than all the wealth and friends of the world. I am not blaming you for saying those things, for perhaps you said them in ignorance, and even if you did not I would not reproach you. My dear Saviour when He was reviled, reviled not again, and shall not I do like Him? You offered me a thousand dollars and ornaments and honor if I would forsake my Lord. I would not take a million of money and an ocean full of jewels, nor the crown of all India and forsake Him! What! He gave His life for me and I barter away His love and my soul for worldly treasure? Never! I am now

one of His people and I mean to serve Him with my whole soul till I die. Do not blame my friend the Missionary's wife, for what I have done. She knew nothing of my resolve till it was carried out. She advised me to try and serve Christ in my own family, but I saw I could not do this. I am very sorry I cannot love you or your mother as Christians; but I love you still and shall never cease to pray for you, that you may see the folly of worshipping idols and turn to the only true and living God, through His Son Jesus Christ.

Kashebi's letter to Christian ladies:

SISTERS IN JESUS CHRIST, Kashebi sends to you her Christian greetings. I am not worthy to address you I know, but I think you will not be angry with me. I am only a babe in Christ yet, but I hope to grow strong by and by. I want to speak to all my Christian sisters in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, for now I know that all these countries exist and are full of Christ's people. Indeed of most of those countries I had never heard till my dear teacher told me of them. I suppose that your children, even your little girls know all about the countries of the world from their childhood. Happy for them that they were allowed to learn and have good educated mothers to teach them from their infancy. And now my dear sisters why do not more Christian ladies come to our country to teach heathen women about Jesus and His salvation? If you only knew their need of teaching of every kind, as I know it, you would almost leave your husbands and families, and home work, and come at once. I see quite plainly that nothing but the knowledge of Christ will raise our native women from the deep ignorance and degradation in which they now live. Those of them who have met English women feel as a Hindoo man once said "like ducks among swans." They wonder what has made you superior to them. I know what has done it. It is your holy religion, and Christian education, for I think wherever women enjoy these, men will not trample on them as they do in this country: but alas! our women are still without either. I am like one who has spent half a life in a vile prison myself a prisoner, I have been among prisoners and have seen all the badness of their natures, and of their daily actions, and the harshness and cruelty of the jailers: and, if I had a thousand tongues and a thousand lives, I would employ them all to deliver those unhappy prisoners. Will you not help to deliver them? In my country there is a tree called Lemandu. It is a bitter tree, root, branch, bark, leaf flower and seed, all are bitter. So is sin, the bitter sap that flows through the heathen tree, and it has made them all bad. Can you not change the heathen tree into a sweet one? The love of God is the new sap that is needed for this, and you can carry it out to India in the pitchers of your hearts. Will you not do it? Again, I want you particularly to know that gentlemen (Missionaries I mean) cannot do much for our Hindoo women. So Christian work must be done by Christian women, and if they are doctors as well as teachers so much the better. What can I say more to you? If the love of Jesus will not constrain you to pity our oppressed and ignorant women, my poor words, I am sure, will be of little worth. You will not find our women rude or uncivil, but you will find them in a dreadful state of ignorance, and many of them prejudiced and opposed to learning, but do not be discouraged. The same God who opened the door to my family, shone into my sorrowing heart, and became my Comforter, will open other doors, shine into other hearts, and in His own time will turn all India from its idols to serve Him and His dear Son.

That the time may come quickly is the prayer of your redeemed sister.

KASHEBI.

## MASSACRE OF CHURCH MUSIC.

BY THE REV. F. DEWITT TALMAGE.

There has been an effort made for the last twenty years to kill congregational singing. The attempt has been tolerably successful: but it seems to me that some rules might be given by which the work could be done more quickly and completely. What is the use of having it lingering on in this uncertain way? Why not put it out of its misery? If you are going to kill a snake, kill it thoroughly, and do not let it keep on wagging its tail till sundown. Congregational singing is a nuisance, anyhow, to many of the people. It interferes with their comfort. It offends their taste. It disposes their noses to flexibility in the upward direction. It is too democratic in its tendency. Down with congregational singing, and let us have no more of it.

The first rule for killing it, is to have only such tunes as the people cannot sing. In some churches it is the custom for the choir at each service to sing one tune which the people know. It is very generous of the choir to do that. The people ought to be very thankful for the donation. They do not deserve it, and if permitted once in a service to sing, ought to think themselves highly favored. But I oppose this singing of even the one tune that the people understand. It spoils them. It gets them hankering after more. Total abstinence is the only safety; for if you allow them to imbibe at all they will after a while get in the habit of drinking too much of it, and the first thing you know they will be going around drunk on sacred psalmody. Besides that, if you let them sing one tune at a service, they will be putting their oar into other tunes and bothering the choir. There is nothing more annoying to a choir, than at some moment when they have drawn out a note to exquisite fineness, thin as a split hair, to have some blundering elder to come in with a "Praise ye the Lord!" Total abstinence, I say. Let all the churches take the pledge even against the milder musical beverages, for they who tamper with champagne cider soon get to Hock and Old Burgundy.

Now, if all the tunes are new, there will be no temptation to the people. They will not keep humming along, hoping that they will find some bars down where they can break into the clover pasture. They will take the tune as an inextricable conundrum; and give it up. Besides that, Pisgah, Ortonville, and Brattle-street are old-fashioned. They did very well in their day. Our fathers were simple-minded, and the tunes fitted them. But our fathers are gone, and they ought to have taken their baggage with them. It is a nuisance to have these old tunes floating around the church, and some time, just as we have got the music as fine as an opera, to have a revival of religion come, and some new-born soul break out in "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!" What right have people to sing who know nothing about rhythmic, melodies, dynamics? The old tunes ought to be ashamed, when compared with our modern beauties. Let Dundee, and Portuguese Hymn, and Silver-street hide their heads beside what we heard not long ago, in a church just where, I shall not tell. The minister read the hymn beautifully. The organ began, and the choir began as near as I could understand, as follows:

Oh—aw—gee—bah  
Ah—me la he  
O pah—saw—dah  
Wo—haw—gee—e-e.

My wife, seated beside me, did not like the music. But I said: "what beautiful sentiment! My dear, it is a pastoral. You might have known that from 'Wo haw gee'; you had your taste ruined by attending Brooklyn Tabernacle." The choir repeated the last line just four times. Then the prima donna leaped on the first line, and slipped and fell on the second, and that broke and let her through to the third. The other voices came in to pick