

BOYS AND GIRLS

Daily Life in a Mission Field.

(Rev. I. S. Hankins, Atmakur, India.)

Interesting experiences vary the monotony of jungle life and make up for much of one's isolation. They also illustrate the real life of the people. Some are humorous, some are serious, some are suggestive, some make us glad, some arouse pity and some righteous indignation.

A HOPELESS CASE.

There was a leper who, having heard in some way that I had helped a man whom native doctors could not cure, came to me hoping that I might cure his incurable disease. His fingers and toes had, many of them, already fallen off. His flesh was getting numb so that he could not feel the pricking of a pin nor even the burning of his flesh. He prostrated himself before me upon the ground, and said:

'Kuranin, sir.' 'Have mercy upon me.'

'But,' said an educated Hindu to me, 'what you see is only different names for the same, the only one God.'

This man was an educated man and could not himself believe his own religion that distinctly teaches a plurality of gods. Christianity had in some way affected his belief.

I said to him: 'You personally may believe what you have just said, but this is not according to your own religions.'

I asked him about the god of their temple which was Siva, and the god of a near-by village, Vishna. If they are one god why should they fight and one kill the other, and the devotees of the one be threatened with eternal death if they worship the other god? This is what their religious books say concerning these two gods.

His argument is that which educated Hindus are compelled to adopt, and I meet it very often. They are trying to make their religion fit in with reason and the

preaching, as well as the corner-stone of belief. Positive preaching like this has produced a wonderful effect upon the heathen world. A college graduate, a Brahmin said to me:

'The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the greatest and most powerful, as well as inspiring doctrine of the religious world.'—
'Baptist Missionary Herald.'

The Courage of a Coward.

(New York 'Observer'.)

The city express puffed into the way station like some big monster out of breath. It was just on time, as usual. The people of the town crowded the platform and started, as usual. To-day, however, the crowd was somewhat larger, as every one knew that there were to be some city waifs dropped at that station. Every year a few boys and girls were taken to the country stations, from the crowded orphanages in the city, to find homes among the farmers.

The mail-carrier gathered up the mail bags that were tossed on the platform; the country girls giggled at the country boys; the smaller boys raced after one another and got in everybody's way; the man in brass buttons dragged people off the cars and pushed others on.

Among the few who got off at this station was a thin, tall, kind-faced man, who jumped briskly down, followed closely by five scared-looking children who stumbled over one another in their eagerness to keep near the man. Everybody stared at the group.

'Good-morning,' said the tall man, addressing the crowd.

The postmaster stepped up to return the greeting, as he was a man of importance as well as of kind heart.

'Howd'y, stranger, howd'y,' said he, shaking hands.

'Hady'r breakfast?' he inquired with hospitality.

'Oh, yes,' said the stranger, 'but we want to go to some place with these little folks.'

'Y'r welcome to walk right up to my house. It's handy for the rest of 'em to come to.'

Thanking the postmaster for his offer, the tall man with his little group followed him across the muddy road to a small wayside house, which proved to be the home of the postmaster and his family, the leading grocery store and the postoffice.

It was not long before the farmers and their wives began to gather in the small sitting room.

Being modest country boys the crowd that gathered around the doors was a quiet one.

Of the five waifs that crowded close to the tall man and looked with frightened glances at the faces about them, little Dora was perhaps the most forlorn and unpromising. Her face had no color in it, except the color given by the freckles that covered it. She had weak blue eyes and stringy red hair.

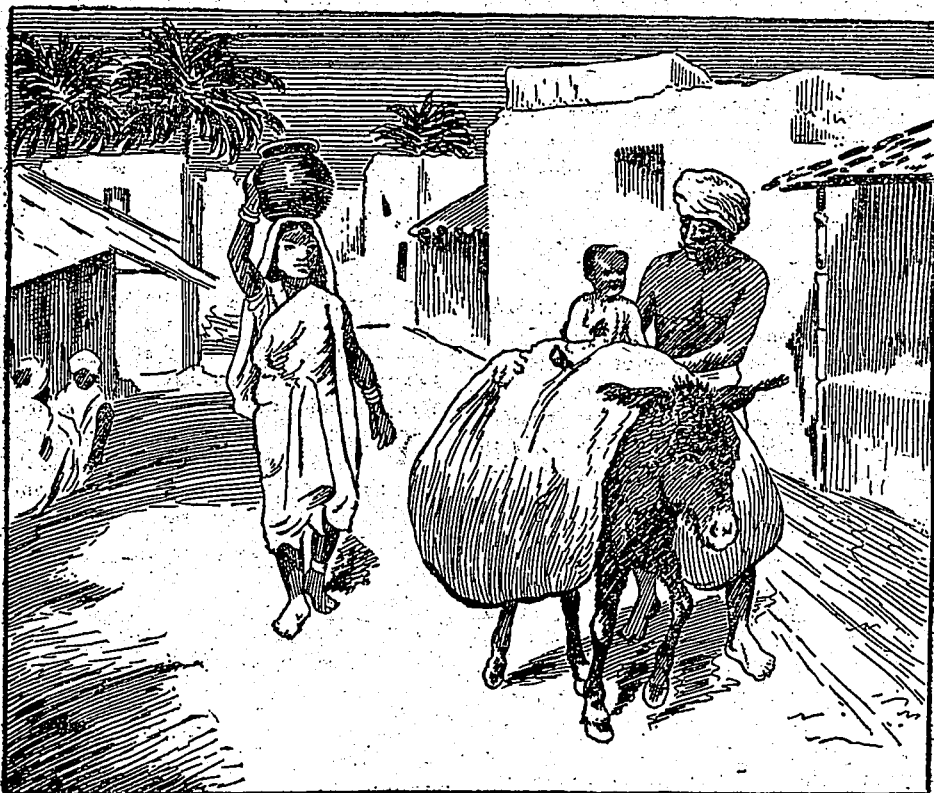
One by one the others were chosen by the farmers and their wives. No one seemed to want Dora.

Presently a fat old lady, followed by a thin little man, came puffing into the room.

It was Farmer Stevens and his wife. They were late, but they had been set on having one of the 'orfunts,' as Mrs. Stevens called the children.

Mrs. Stevens was provoked to find no choice but Dora.

'She's mighty sickly lookin', an' I've alus heard that red hair goes 'long with high



STREET SCENE IN A VILLAGE OF INDIA.

The look upon his face I shall never forget. He evidently had come with great expectation.

How sad to say to him: 'I cannot help you.' He was so disappointed he would not take my word for it. He had, I suppose, an idea if only I would condescend to have mercy upon him that I could really cure him. So he hung around and would not leave.

It is not at all difficult for me to imagine many of the scenes of the New Testament. Many such cases as this have made me wish for that power that the apostles had.

I have helped many people with sore eyes and have quite a reputation in this line. One day I heard a strange noise on my veranda and, to my surprise, there was a man with a cow that had a sore eye, and this man wanted me to doctor it. I told him that my medical knowledge was limited and that veterinary work was not in my line.

IN A HARD PLACE.

What the educated heathen now believe concerning the true God is shown by the following: As is our custom, when touring, we went to the most central place in a certain village. There was a very large temple. I made some allusion to the many different gods and temples of India.

truth of Christianity, but their own books are against them.

THE STORY OF JESUS.

It is wonderful what an impression the story of the life and work of Christ will make upon a crowd of heathen. At one place we were getting into quite a discussion over philosophy, caste and Hindu customs, but when the story of Christ's life, work, sacrifice, resurrection and ascension was being told I could hear expressions of wonder, surprise and admiration softly whispered among the crowd. The atonement of Jesus, the sacrifice for sin, is easily understood and appreciated. The resurrection, in early days with the apostles, is the climax of all our messages. How the preachers do enforce this doctrine and what an effect it has! After relating the resurrection, the preacher with power and effect will often say:

'What one of your gods that you now worship ever rose from the dead? Not one. They have been men and died as all men and saw corruption. But not so with Jesus Christ our Saviour. He arose, he ascended, he is the God-man.'

The resurrection is the cap-stone of our