

# Sunday Reading.

## A Strange Indian Belief.

"The common people in Western India," writes the Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar, (as quoted by Mr. Lowe in his book on Medicine Mission), "think that cholera is a punishment sent on men by an evil goddess. As they suppose that it would offend her to call her a bad name, she is called 'Muree Ai,' that is, Cholera Mother. They also think that giving and taking medicine for the disease only excites the Mother still more, and that the only proper way to get rid of the pestilence is to honor the mother, and so induce her to go elsewhere. In all the villages, there are one or two small temples dedicated to the Cholera Mother, in which there are a few shapeless stones painted red. These temples are built near the extreme limits of the town, so that the goddess may stay far from the houses of the people. At the time of an epidemic these are repaired. In most towns there are a few men and women of the lowest castes who are devotees of this goddess, and when cholera is prevalent they get much attention and much profit. Even intelligent men come and ask these ignorant devotees, 'What is the Mother's pleasure? How long does she intend to favor the town with her presence, and what can we do for her?' Then the devotee pretends to go into a kind of trance, and, after a shaking fit, replies that the Mother says that she intends to remain so many days, and would like such and such attentions. These attentions the people gladly show."

"Among the millions of devil-worshippers in Southern India, the following legendary tale accounts for the existence of disease, and indicates the source of deliverance. On a certain day, when celestial food was being sent to Siva by some of the interior gods, the giant Tarhand overpowered them, and seizing the repast devoured it. Siva became very angry at the loss of his meal, and determined to punish the offender. He created the sacred Vedas for the assistance of Patishree-Kalee and Veeerapattaram, and delivered them into their hands along with a trident, Siva's emblem and instrument of destruction, directing them to make war with Tarhand. They executed their commissions so promptly and effectually, that Siva's enemy was destroyed, to Siva's great delight. Siva was so pleased with their success that he endowed them with unlimited power to inflict all manner of disease, and to kill all on earth who opposed them, or neglected to offer sacrifices at their altar. The consequence was, that many were killed, or grievously afflicted with terrible diseases. This produced great consternation, and led the people to enquire of the priests as to the origin, and the means to be adopted for the removal of these calamities, and they informed them, that although Siva had given the demons the dreadful power which they were exercising, still they might be propitiated if they would offer sacrifices at their shrines; festivals were accordingly established at which bloody sacrifices of sheep, goats, and fowls, with plaintains, flowers, incense, were to be offered, and those who joined in these and similar ceremonies, were promised protection or deliverance if afflicted with disease."

## Becoming Hardened.

Preaching has still one of two effects. The hearer is either softened and yields himself to the sweet influences of the gospel, or he is hardened and resists them. It is a very suggestive thought that even three months' preaching by the great Apostle left some of his hearers in the latter condition. "They believed not but spake evil of that way." Christ himself referred to hearers of this kind, likening them to a much-trodden path. The seed which the sower sowed, fell on the wayside and was carried off by the birds. It did not penetrate and so it took no root. There are many influences which harden a man. A distaste for the Gospel will do it. If the belief gets into the mind that a good moral life is sufficient for salvation, the declaration that no man can save himself, but must admit his helplessness and plead for mercy through Christ, will be humiliating; and the man hardens himself against the Saviour. An indisposition to make the sacrifice demanded by the Gospel will do it. Nothing hardens a man so thoroughly and hopelessly as the knowledge of what is right combined with persistence in doing what is wrong. Conscience is silenced, the wrongdoer is ashamed to pray and he becomes less and less sensitive to the voice of truth. He becomes less able to surrender evil habits, to sever injurious connections, and to give up his own way. And the love of money or pleasure will harden a man. It turns all the faculties of his being in one direction and concentrates them on one object, gradually monopolizing the entire man. Men hardened in some one of these ways may be found in every community and sometimes they are found in the Christian church. Who has not seen men whom the most pathetic story of want and distress fails to melt? Or men so hardened by educational prejudices as to be impervious to the presentation of some new aspect of truth? From such a condition every one should pray to be delivered. The docility, the child-likeness of the man whom the Holy Spirit is changing day by day into the image of Christ is the condition of being most desirable in the Christian. It is only by the yielding to the divine nature mysteriously imparted to him that he can become what God desires him to be. The wish to fulfil that aim should be ever present in the Christian's mind and heart, accompanied by a dread of any influence within him or around him that is liable to harden him.

## A Bond of White and Red.

The King's Daughters are ever finding spheres, in which the bond of sisterhood in Christ is exerting its power. Miss Francis C. Sparkaw who has charge of the Indian Department writes to the Silver Cross of one King's daughter who, once a student at Hampton, and now a wife in the Indian Territory, has found a sister in a King's daughter in Virginia from whom she has received much kindness. Letters of interest and cheer have gone from the wife in the more favored home to the wife on the reservation and have been very helpful to her as she is surrounded by Indians whom she wishes to help, and yet who are jealous of the better living which she and her husband have arrived at. Not these only;

bright interesting literature has been sent and many other things also that beautifully home and make it more attractive, not only to the inmates, but also in the eyes of the untrained Indians, who have a natural artistic love of beauty. Magazines and books and pictures, tidies and tablecovers, pretty mats and other things, games for the children, and many things that may be mailed instead of being boxed, all these mean making home more homelike, a more attractive lesson in civilization to the Indians who see it from afar, and may find in it things which they wish to imitate.

Miss Sparhawk has been so much impressed with this sphere of helpfulness that she, and the committee working with her, propose putting into communication with Indian girls and mothers King's daughters who would like to correspond with them. And in the Indian schools, also, the poorer of which are bare and bleak enough, there is opportunity for the same kind of work. Every special case varies a little and the needs may be best known individually. And this individual touch is the real knowledge and laying on of hands.

## "God's Providence House."

England has many quaint, old-fashioned cities within her borders, but probably none more attractive than the ancient town of Chester on the river Dee. This is really one of the oldest and most famous of English cities. It is built quadrant-shaped, its four walls—a relic of Roman times—surrounding an enclosure about half a mile square, and its numerous gates and towers vividly recalling the age when every considerable city was fortified in like fashion. A stone bridge with a single span 200 feet in length is, next to a bridge over the Danube, the largest of the kind in Europe. Visitors to Chester, while they may admire its quaint attractiveness and the loveliness of its surrounding, naturally turn to the antiquities of the place. The venerable cathedral is exceptionally fine, and "Julius Caesar's Tower," which is a wing or adjunct of Chester Castle, is a piece of architecture of a very remote age. Of more recent date, but hardly less interesting are several seventeenth century houses in Lower Bridge street and the odd-looking structure on Watergate street, known as "God's Providence House." This strange, fantastic edifice, like many other houses in Chester, has a striking front, which is studded with small, lattice-like windows in so many different designs as to produce a grotesque effect. The top is Gothic, but the rest of the building is a species of mixed architecture, not unlike that seen in some old German and Dutch cities. This house, which is shown in the illustration, is said to have received its peculiar name from the fact that at that point, the plague which was then devastating England, was stayed, and in commemoration of this event the legend "God's Providence is mine inheritance" was inscribed on the front wall above the roomy balcony. The "God's Providence House," which is a favorite resort of visitors, was reconstructed in 1892, on the old lines, and presents today the same appearance it had three hundred years ago.

## A Song in the Night.

"One night," says Mr. Proudfoot, "a sailing vessel was becalmed. On board was a sailor lad who had run away from home and had fallen into great sin. During his night watch his thoughts went back to his old home in the far-off highlands of Scotland. He could, in his fancy, see his father and mother and the younger children at family worship. He could hear the chapter read: 'All we like sheep have gone astray.' That was the favorite chapter of his father. And how true it was in his case. The Bible his mother had given him lay unopened in his bundle somewhere. He had never looked at it. Now they were singing a Psalm. Surely that was not imagination! He heard the sweet words come tunefully over the waves. Was he dreaming or in a trance? There it came, verse after verse, until the whole Psalm was ended, then there was silence. The lad felt as if the influence of the home was upon him again. As soon as his watch was over, he went to his berth, and fishing out his Bible, read that familiar chapter in Isaiah. Then falling upon his knees, he implored forgiveness on his backsliding, and help to stand firm in the future. When morning broke, a ship was in sight; she had been near the whole night, and on board were a number of pious emigrants, who the night before had sung that song which had so affected the sailor lad."

## The Poor Mother-Droge.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, gets my breakfast and sends me off," said a bright youth to a writer in The Household. "Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school, and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" was asked. "Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk an walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get two dollars a week, and father gets two dollars a day." "How much does your mother get?" "With a bewildered look the boy said, 'Mother, why she don't work for anybody.' "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes, for us, she does; but there ain't no money in it."

## "A Little Way Down Street."

My boy, you came in late last night, and this morning, when your mother asked where you were, you said, 'down street,' writes Robert G. Burdette. Then when she asked whereabouts, you said, 'Oh, just a little way.' Here is your home, this bright little spot like a star on the map. The sweetest, purest, safest place this side of heaven; the home where, from father to baby, they love you better than all the rest of the big, wide world. Now, when you start from here and go down street, somehow the street always has a down grade from home when you sneak out after night. See how far you get from respectability and self-respect, when you reach this corner, 'just a little way down,' where you loitered last night. You had to meet them here, because you could never meet them in your home, for two reasons. In the first place, your father wouldn't permit one of them to come into his house, and in the second place you would be ashamed to invite them there, whether your father forbade it or not. It is a long way from your respectable home, from your mother's friends and your father's guests, to this corner down street, isn't it?

Then—look on the map, my boy—see how far it is from manliness? Don't you know your mind will never again be as pure and innocent as it was before you went 'just a little way down street' last night? While you were listening to stories, punctuated with profanity, the dear ones at home gathered in the sitting-room, your father opened the Book, and read. They knelt at the family altar and commended themselves to the keeping of the heavenly Father, and tenderly remembered the boy who was 'just a little way down street.' Then the lights went out one by one, the house was still, and only the loving mother waited anxiously and sleeplessly for the boy who was down street. It was more than ten million miles away from the sweet old chapter that your father read, down to the stories that you heard, my boy. And what a steep grade all the way down! Keep off the street after night, my boy. Other people will think better of you, and what is a far more important thing, you will think much better of yourself.

## Hannington's Grave.

Although the story of the murder of Bishop Hannington was told five years ago, it is only recently that the place of his burial was disclosed. It was pointed out to his successor, Bishop Tucker, by a young man of Uganda who had seen the body buried under the floor of a house. He said it was in an iron box. The following narrative of the discovery as told by Dr. Tucker is printed in the current number of the Missionary Herald: At 6.30 this morning, with six men, I commenced the search. In half an hour our efforts were successful, and the top of the box was discovered. But it had evidently been disturbed since it was placed there. Instead of lying flat, it was at a considerable angle. The lid also had been broken. The people had evidently suspected that something was buried under the floor of the house, and my idea is that, believing it to be ivory, they had made an attempt to get at it. There was no doubt whatever as to identification. Mr. Fisher kindly gave me a long tin-lined box it was quite impossible to remove the remains in the old one. Dr. Baxter and I put in a lining of sweetly scented grass and then we two alone in my tent laid all that was left of the dear bishop in the new case. The next day, we had a very solemn service of communion, and in prayer for the Church militant specially thanked and praised God for his servant, Bishop Hannington, whose earthly remains were with us in camp. All in the party were deeply touched, and I feel sure, have been drawn nearer to God by the affecting event. I hope to carry the bishop's remains to Mengo, and with the Church's service to bury them there—the fittest place, it seems to me, for them to await the resurrection morning.

## Little Beginnings.

"The beginning of strife is where one leeth out water," says the wisest of men in the Proverbs which he set in order for us. Matchless gems of wisdom they are! Every youth and maiden would be the stronger and the more capable for the tasks and temptations of life who mastered the Book of Proverbs, and who would begin each day's duties with one or more of the Proverbs of Solomon freshly in their memories. Perhaps an hour, or less than that would be amply sufficient, in any day's life to show that what he says of the beginning of a quarrel is just what it was in his day. The "beginning" was like that little rill that came gently trickling from his rocky bed. It was so gentle that you would not have been afraid to place a baby's hand beneath it to catch it as it fell. But wait a little until that rill has gathered strength and size and has gone rolling down the hill. It will sweep everything in its way, and you can no more stop it than you can an express train.

## Messages of Help for the Week.

"God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us. That the way may be known upon earth. Thy saving grace among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee." Psalm 67, 1-3.

"Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches: feed me with food convenient for me." Proverbs 30, 8.

"Have a care upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Psalm 51, 1.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Psalm 51, 10.

"My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken thou me." Psalm 119, 25.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." Eph. 4, 29.

"And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd; and he began to teach them many things." Mark 6, 34.

## Christ and the Soul.

When thou turn'st away from ill, Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good, Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says "Father pardon!" Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern duty wakes to watch, Then His hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse, Then the Lord is in thy house.

When to love is all thy wit, Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole, Then is Christ thy very soul.

## Folded Up.

Your task is ended for the day. You have finished your book, or your dress-making or your work at the shop or factory. It is well done, and you say: "There: that's finished and folded up." Still you have folded up something more important—some thing that will not be unfolded again for ages, perhaps; and yet you will see it again with every line and fold. Your day's history is done and gone from your keeping. You may do the work over again, re-read the book, or remodel the dress if it does not please you; but you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record. What has the record been? Do you feel disposed to say in your heart: "I wish I had spoken pleasantly to brother when he wished me to help him with his flag? It would only have taken me a minute or two, and he was first sad and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare the dessert for her, in my haste to finish my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasps have been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts. "No wonder I have such a poor day's record, when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a verse even," such a day will not remain "folded up," no matter how hard we try.

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No excursion on rainy days.

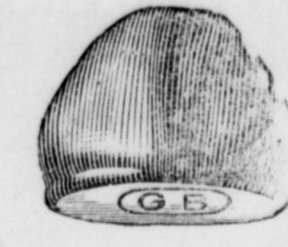


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No. of Members.		Balance in Bank			
Oct., 1882	880	\$1,145 07	July, 1891	20,450	\$204,814 86
Jan., 1883	1,154	2,780 88	Jan., 1891	24,466	283,977 29
July, 1883	1,757	7,582 80	July, 1891	28,884	337,718 71
Jan., 1884	2,216	13,470 85	Jan., 1892	32,303	408,798 18
July, 1885	2,360	19,815 28	Feb., 1892	33,156	411,648 39
Jan., 1886	2,558	29,992 30	March, 1892	34,106	418,084 86
July, 1886	3,046	28,036 93	April, 1892	36,118	433,285 63
Jan., 1887	3,648	31,082 52	May, 1892	37,171	435,591 78
July, 1887	4,628	44,229 75	June, 1892	37,915	432,265 27
Jan., 1887	5,804	60,325 01	July, 1892	38,560	462,083 45
July, 1888	6,921	71,384 40	Aug., 1892	38,945	476,610 40
Jan., 1888	8,111	86,102 42	Sept., 1892	39,714	500,637 51
July, 1888	9,838	96,104 53	Oct., 1892	40,256	520,511 74
Jan., 1889	11,608	117,999 8	Nov., 1892	41,002	535,033 42
July, 1889	14,286	139,110 76	Dec., 1892	41,925	557,822 24
Jan., 1890	17,027	188,130 86			

Membership May 1st, 1893, about 52,000. Balance in Bank, \$680,000.

The total number of applications considered by the Medical Board for the month of April, 1893, was 1500; May, 1890, and for the year ending 31st December, 1892, was 18,247, of whom 17,028 were passed, and 1,219 rejected.

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