


SOUTHERN UNION WORKER



"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."

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Service

There is no greater privilege given man than the privilege of service. Service is the law of life. We receive to give. We receive as a result of and in proportion to our giving. The first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." Like unto the first is the second commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This, the law of love, calls for a whole-hearted and complete surrender to the service of God and of humanity. This service not only makes us a blessing to others, but a blessing to ourselves. True growth and development depend upon service.

Christ came to this world to teach men the lesson of unselfish service. His whole life was devoted to this one overpowering object. It is written that "he went about doing good." His life, sustained by an unflinching trust in, and a constant communion with, God was devoted to the service of heaven and of earth.

"The same law of service is written upon all things in nature. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the trees of the forest, the leaves, the grass, and the flowers, the sun in the heav-

Suggestive Program

for Missionary Volunteer Mid-year
Rally Day July 24, 1920

Opening Song No. 566 "Christ in Song"
Scripture Reading
Prayer
Song No. 624
Reading "Service"
Reading "The North India Boy's
School"
Talk "A Mohammedan Home"
Special Music
Talk "Pioneer Work in India"
Reading Article by Miss Chilton
Receiving of donations or pledges
Closing Song No. 548
Benediction

ens and the stars of light,—all have their ministry. Lake and ocean, river and water-spring,—each takes to give. As each thing in nature ministers thus to the world's life, it also secures its own."

To be a true Missionary Volunteer means to serve. The name without the deed is meaningless. If all of the nominal Missionary Volunteers were active not only would much more helpful service be rendered our fellow men but a deeper Christian experience would prevail throughout our societies; for the law of service is the law of the Christian life.

The object of Mid-year Rally Day is to call the attention of our young people, our Missionary Volunteers, in an especial way to the service of God and of man; to cause them to take account of what service they as individuals

and as society members have rendered so far during nineteen hundred and twenty, and of what has been accomplished on their Missionary Volunteer goals; and also to afford them the opportunity of giving of their own means for foreign missions.

On the back page of this issue is shown the Southern Union Conference goals for this year, by conferences. As you; doubtless, already are aware, our mission field is the North India Union. To this field we are endeavoring to send \$2000 for a boy's school, mentioned in the following articles by Brethren Blue and Mattison; and \$675 for salary and expense of Miss Vera Chilton, who explains something of her own work in the two accompanying reports.

Surely the needs and value of their work which is being carried on in that far away land will be fully appreciated by all of our young people, who will desire to give of their means so that this important work of furthering the news of a soon coming Saviour will not be stopped nor retarded, but be given an impetus. The recent visits of Elder M. D. Wood to the churches throughout this Union has given many of us the opportunity of hearing first hand and in detail of the very interesting work being carried on in India.

Let us as young people on this Mid-year Rally Day consecrate all that we are and have to God for service.

JOHN C. THOMPSON.

The North India Boys' School

Could you step into our boys' school at Hapur I am sure you would be interested. You would first inspect the class rooms and would wonder that no desks were provided and no chairs except for the teachers. On the floor are spread some mats and on these the boys sit while they work away at their books. They are very industrious and the hum of the boys as they drone over the arithmetic lesson sounds something like this:—"Aek batta do," "Aek batta do," "Do batta ten," "Do batta ten," while they say over the fractions one half and two thirds. Each boy is provided with a kind of a slate made of a thin board. On this he writes till it is full and then goes and washes it off and smears it over with a kind of white clay. After drying, it is as good as new. Sometimes they have English slates, but they are expensive and break easily. School lasts about five hours and then there is the usual domestic work. Some help with the cooking and others carry water from the well, while others still look after the school rooms and the dormitory.

In winter the school is held out on the sunny side of the house. Though India is very warm in the summer time, some parts are cold in the winter. It never gets cold enough to freeze but sometimes there is frost, and as we have no way of heating the school rooms, it is more pleasant out in the sun.

This year a very interesting part of the work of the boys has been the Harvest Ingathering.

Each boy planted a small garden and promised to give all he could make to missions. Doesn't it sound strange for them to give to missions, when they are the very ones for whom we give? But they are actuated by the same principles that guides us in giving and they see other parts of the world where the Gospel must go before the end can come. They are always interested in the progress of the work in all the world and they feel that they are a part of it. They have the same spirit of sacrifice that we have and many times they really give till they have nothing left for themselves. Each morning you might see the boys out looking after their gardens as soon as it is light. They are anxious to see what has happened during the night, and to see whether the seeds planted yesterday have come up yet. It is also necessary to guard the few vegetables from any stray goat that would plan an early breakfast there.

The time came at last when the money was to be gathered in, and the teacher in charge had planned a program. There were some appropriate songs and recitations and while they sang "Hear the Annas Dropping," they dropped in the few cents that they had received. You must remember that they had to sell the vegetables in small quantities and perhaps receive only half a cent each time they went to market with them. But they had carefully saved all they had gathered and in all it came to a little over one dollar. That seems small, but in reality it meant many times that amount of labor. Compared to the same labor in the States I suppose that it would be ten or fifteen dollars at least. It created a great enthusiasm in the

school and will mean a greater interest in the needs of the cause.

I want to tell you that these boys appreciate the privileges that they have in attending the school. They are boys, and of course, they have to be corrected and reminded many times of their duties; but they are willing and obedient, and they compare favorably with our children in America. They are anxious to learn and are especially proud when they can read the Bible and can read enough to sing. They love to sing and most any time of day out of school hours they may be heard humming some familiar hymn. They are good singers, but have one fault in pitching the tunes so high that one can hardly reach the higher notes.

The prayer meeting is an interesting season for the boys. It is a real prayer meeting, too. After the reading of a few verses from the Bible we all kneel in prayer, and unlike some prayer meetings that I have been in, there is no lost time. The boys all take part in the prayer and the prayers are brief and so simple. Childlike, they ask in the most simple way for the very things that they need. They ask for power to be good boys and to live like Jesus wants them to. They ask God to bless the work in India and to bless all the missionaries and preachers, to bless the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters. They pray for any special ones that may be ill, and for the teachers.

Our most successful workers are the ones trained in our schools. It is a paying investment to train our boys for the work in India. The parents are very poor and in most cases are

not able to pay for the expenses of the boys, even though the average expense for each boy is only about two dollars per month. We must provide some way for these boys to attend school. We are trying to get some means to help them in the way of industries, but it cost to make such an investment in the necessary things to start the industries. The boys are willing to work, but we have to give them something to do that will make a profit for the school. We are trying to solve this problem along with many others that confront us in the school work. These boys take this opportunity of thanking you for the money that you are raising for the new school buildings and they will pray that every young person in that Union Conference may be abundantly blessed during the coming year. I. F. BLUE.

A Mohammedan Home

I know you will be having your mid-year Rally Day in July, so I want to come to you fresh from India with a message of encouragement and good cheer so that you may press forward with courage and joy knowing that your efforts and labour "are not in vain in the Lord."

There are many things I might tell you and in which I know you would be deeply interested, but at this time I wish you to have your thoughts concentrated on one special phase of your goal, one the importance of which I never tire of emphasizing, the blessed influence of the Gospel in the very heart of the home life. To illustrate this I am going to give you just a simple little sketch from the life of one of my girls:

Begani and Lata are two sisters, bright, intelligent and very lovable. They belong to the

highest sect of Mohammedans. and their father was a Maulavi, well-known in Lucknow circles. Their brother is at present one of the head Maulavis in the Lucknow Islamia High School. All who are connected with work for Mohammedans will realize that they are about the most difficult class to work for, so I was glad when an opening came for me to teach in this home.

I was much pleased with my two pupils and soon a deep, tender, mutual love sprang up in our hearts. It was a very great joy to unfold to them all the wondrous, hidden beauties of the Saviour's love and life. They were interested and intelligent listeners, and it was not long before my heart was rejoiced to find from their ready answers what a grasp they were getting of Christian truths. There are many precious experiences and interesting details, too numerous to repeat, so I pass on to the incident which I want especially to bring before you. As they began to grasp the elementary principles, I tried to bring before them some of our special truths, laying emphasis on the Sabbath observance. I was, perhaps, a little disappointed not to see quite the visible response I had hoped for, but passed on. A short while after this instruction, I was obliged on account of the intense heat, when it is impossible to work in the Zanas, take my hill leave, little expecting what would take place in my absence. When I came back to Lucknow I found that which I always so much dread for my pupils, had taken place—they had arranged for Begani's marriage to the resident of another town and when I came back it was only to find my loving pupil's place vacant.

But the mother came to me

with deepest gratitude and rejoiced my heart. She told me what a wonderful effect the Gospel teaching had had on her daughter and she especially seemed touched with her strict *adherences to the Sabbath*. The greatest day of the wedding when the bride departs for her husbands' home was arranged for Saturday. Now it is the custom for an Indian girl, when a bride, to remain absolutely silent, to be just like a stone-statue, not to have any will or desire of her own, it is considered against all modesty and custom for her to say anything. But this girl braved it all, so her mother told me, and entreated that the ceremony might be on any other day they liked but not on the Sabbath. Strange to say they consented and she left on Tuesday.

Her mother continued with joy shining from her eyes, that in her son-in-law's home there had been a double wedding and the other bride who had entered the new home with Begani was very pretty and attractive and she was immediately much spoiled and petted by the family, while Begani was neglected. But soon the Gospel teaching so asserted itself in Begani's life and she was so gentle and good that she won over the heart of the entire family, and a short while after the beautiful bride received instructions to sit by Begani and learn of her. What about Begani! In the hour of victory what was her attitude? Simple, sweet, and unspoiled she declared, "Whatever of good you may see in me, it is because of the Gospel teaching received from the Miss Sahib." And so she witnessed for her Saviour and for the power of the Gospel.

Her husband loves her as very few Indians love their wives; he

loves her for the sweet character developed in her through the teaching of Christ. A few months ago they came to see her mother and I found her steadfast as ever and her husband said most earnestly, "Miss Sahib, as you have taught my wife all these good things so continue to teach her sister, Lata, that she, too, may grow up in this teaching." The mother, too, entreated me to continue teaching Lata that she may grow up like Begani and the mother often comes and listens to the Gospel lesson with great interest. Lata is a sweet, apt pupil; loves her Saviour, and remembers the Sabbath.

Begani was much grieved at having to leave her mother, but she told me the one longing of heart was to come back to Lucknow to hear more of her her precious Saviour and to this end she is praying.

I leave this little narrative with you to plead its own cause. I ask you if there were only this *one* Begani in India would you feel that your labor was in vain just for her? No; I feel sure that you would not think so. There are other similar cases and many yet to be found. So be strong and of good courage, rally ye this day round your Master's banner, yea, His banner of stars and stripes—many, many stripes of self sacrifice and agonizing prayer in His service, but oh, the glorious stars in your crown.

Your fellow soldier,

Vera Chilton.

Pioneer Work in India

*To the Missionary Volunteers,
Southern Union Conference,—*

First I should like to thank the young people of the Southern Union Conference for the interest they are taking in our

work in India and for the sacrificing efforts you and they are making for this work. It is our purpose and effort to spend the means given for the work in the wisest way possible and we are trying to invest it in the best channels for bringing fruit into the Kingdom. We need your prayers that we may know how to do this and that God may direct us in the spending of every cent.

Since our work here in this station is new, I shall tell you something about Hapur, its location and surroundings; and about our work from its beginning here.

Hapur is located in the fertile Ganges plain, in one of the most productive areas in India. It is about 18 miles from the Ganges river and near a place called Garmukhtesar, one of the great bathing places of this sacred river. A Mela is held at Garmukhtesar every year in November and thousands of pilgrims come from far and near to bathe and worship there. We are about 35 miles from Delhi, the capital of the Indian Empire and one of the most interesting and typical Indian cities in the Empire. Hapur is only 18 miles from Meerut, a place noted in history as the starting point of the great Indian Mutiny of 1857. It is a very important military center now for the British.

Hapur has a Tahsil, a Thana, a High School, a nice municipal hall, and is a junction of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway. By a Tahsil I mean a place where revenue is collected and has the court of the revenue collector which corresponds more or less to our county court in the States. The Thana is the place where the sheriff holds forth with his staff. He and the revenue collector are the most important of-

ficials in a place like this, and they know it without anyone telling them. In many cases the poor Indian is at his mercy, if he has any. These men are called Thanadar and Tahsildar.

Hapur has a population of about 35,000. It is famous for the manufacture of certain kinds of brass vessels and a kind of food or cake called Pappers. These are made from Dal flour and are very crisp and tasty when cooked. When one mentions the name Hapur in North India about the first thing he hears is "Hapur ke Pappers" for the place is known everywhere for this food preparation.

The things I have mentioned above are the important things about this place, otherwise it is as most Indian towns with its bazaars, many and different quarters for the different sects and castes to live in. To describe all these things is more than I am able to do. They can not be thoroughly understood and appreciated till one has seen them with his own eye. I have written you these things because I want you to get some kind of picture of where we live and work. I should explain, however, that we do not live in the city. Living within the walls of an Indian city is a thing that no European ever tries long at a time. It is an impossibility to live in one of these very densely populated places. Our house is about a mile from the city, in a place which the Indian calls the "jungle." We speak of such a place at home as the country. Our Indian friends feel very much worried about us at times and wonder why we have chosen to live so far out where the thieves will get us or what we possess. They generally think

a European has all kinds of money. I fear they don't know the missionary very well if they think we are as most Europeans out here in this respect.

After I passed my second Urdu examination, I left Lucknow on a canvassing expedition with the idea in mind also of looking for a place for us to locate and carry on missionary work for the Indians where there are no other missionaries. This was in the fall of 1916. Out here it is very difficult to find an Indian town or city where there are any places fit for a European to live. I was much perplexed as I went from place to place that I could find no place with any kind of house except those right in the city. I kept the matter before the Lord all the time I was selling our vernacular papers and I believe He answered my prayers

I came to this place on a Friday where there is a Dharm-Sala outside the town of Hapur. I got permission to stop over Sabbath in this DharmSala (this word is a compound word, Dharm meaning religion and Sala means place. It means a place of religion or is the term generally applied to an almshouse.) I then applied to the owner of the place to rent it to me for a year or more. This he did not care to do at first as he has a temple in the back yard of the place, about five feet from the back porch. Finally after promising him that we would not interfere with the temple and the worshippers, he agreed to let us have it for 25 rupees per month, about eight dollars. It took the Brahman priest some time to get reconciled to our staying in his holy place and he gave us no end of trouble at first. Our daughter Rachel was in the hills in school

when we took over the place so she knew nothing about our agreeing to let the temple alone. When she came home, after washing the dishes one day, she threw the dish water onto this temple. We came very near having the whole Hindu population onto us for this act, and it was with great difficulty and after many explanations that we were allowed to stay on. This never happened again you may be sure. The crows gave us a great deal of trouble though. My wife did her cooking on the back veranda and they persisted in flying down and getting the eggshells and then depositing them on top of the temple which was a great trial for the Hindus, especially for the Brahman. They consider eggs the same as they do meat and never touch either. I might add here that within the first year, by treating this Brahman when he was ill and by the help my wife was able to give his wife in lots of ways, he became our best friend and is so to this day. We have recently left this almshouse for a better place that the mission has built for us. The owner of the place told me he would be glad to let us stay on as long as we wished to stay, and we were very good friends after the first one or two affairs like the above mentioned.

As soon as we were settled here, I began visiting the surrounding villages on my bicycle. There are hundreds of villages in this district ranging in population from 200 to 5,000. I can not begin to tell you the difficulties that seemed to be in the way when I first began to visit these simple ignorant village people. I had passed my second examination in Urdu and could preach and talk quite well in that language. I was told the

thing I ought now to do was to get out into the villages where I could use my language. Well, the first thing I found out was that I would have to learn a new language; not a written one but an oral language. The villager has a language all his own and it would do about as much good to talk to him in English as in Urdu, the language the city people talk who are educated. I could see that Hindi would be a great help to me in my work with these people so I began studying during my spare time. I have since passed my first year Hindi examination and I am now studying for my second year examination.

Soon after I began this work, one of our native evangelists came from Lucknow to help me and has been of valuable assistance to me. He has been in our training school for one year. It has been nearly two years now that we have been engaged in this work of going from village to village finding interested persons here and there and telling them about the plan of salvation. I am glad to say that some have believed and are trying to live it, though it is a very hard thing for them on account of their caste system. It did my soul good today to have one of these men that I began work with two years ago, tell his brethren who were all heathen why he wanted to be a Christian. He told them of the death of two of his sons, of their sickness before they died and of how he prayed to Devi and Deota, their gods, for help. He told of how he made offerings to different gods but to no avail. Then he heard of Jesus Christ and prayed to Him and since then he has found great comfort in Him and his hopes are bright. It is a new thing for a Hindu to have a future

hope, Sabbath this man came to me and was telling me about his wife's death in the last recent sickness. I asked him what he intended to do now; he said he intended to marry again. Upon learning that the woman he has in mind to marry has a living husband, I read to him from the Bible what Christ has to say about such. He came to me this morning and told me he had been thinking a great deal about what I had told him and he wasn't going to marry that woman. This man is a Chamar, a leather worker. Our work is mostly with this class and also the Jats and Rajputs. The Great War, the recent influenza and the hard times everywhere have caused the people to think a great deal recently. The famine that is now on has perplexed them no little bit. These things have given us a chance to open to them the Word of Life and show them things they have never heard of from any other books. We find the villager very willing to agree to what we have to say, in fact he can not deny it but to get him to be born into the Kingdom is another matter as it involves giving up his family and all else. I believe though we will find many of these in God's Kingdom if we are faithful in prayer and in presenting the Words of Life daily to them.

We have found the Chamars very susceptible to our teachings but they are a very ignorant lot. About one per thousand or less are able to read. I sometimes think the older ones are past all reasoning or being able to understand. All his thoughts heretofore have been bent in the direction of cheating, deceiving, and lying to such an extent that it seems a hopeless task at times to direct him to higher things.

It is a very hard thing for them to understand why we want to give them the Gospel message and they often think we have some worldly object in view. Why should the Sahib (European) take so much trouble if he has nothing in view from a worldly standpoint? Only recently I was preaching in a village and one of the company seemed quite interested in what I was saying to the crowd. He was their Chowdhri, or head man. For some days these people had been quarrelling among themselves so I was talking to them about the golden rule and going over the point several times that they were to treat their neighbors as they would be treated. I had the interested man to say it over several times after me and then I asked him if he understood what I was trying to tell them. He said "Yes Sahid, and it is very good teaching." I then asked him to repeat what I had been saying and to my astonishment he told the crowd, "Jo kuchh log tumhare sath karen wasie hi tum unke sath karo," (Whatever people do to you, do the same thing to them.) I relate this to show you how contrary the principles of the Gospel are to what they have been taught from their very infancy and what they are now teaching their children. These things are different to anything they know or have ever heard before and it is no wonder they do not understand. It is hard indeed to get the older ones to change. Our main hope lies in the children. We are getting some of these boys and girls in our boys and girls schools in North India. They are bright, but are very poor. We are teaching about forty just now, paying their board and fees that they may have an education

that is pure from all their heathen thoughts and practices. It only costs 20 dollars to feed and clothe one of these for a whole year and keep him in school, and I feel sure the results will pay in the end.

Since we came to Hapur, the Superintendency of the North India Mission has been placed on my shoulders while Pastor Wellman has been away to America on furlough. But every day I can possibly do so, I spend in the village work, and I enjoy this more than any work I have ever done for the Lord. I confess that there are some very hard problems which arise from time to time. Being on a mission station does not merely mean that we go and preach to the people. It means that we have to teach their children, and treat their sick. We must listen to their every complaint and lend a helping hand in every way possible, showing sympathy and love for them, especially for our inquirers. We also do as much colporteur work as the occasion offers. Being near the cities of Meerut and Delhi, we sell a good many of our Urdu and Hindi magazines each month. We endeavour to make our stations training centers for our workers in all lines of our work, and here in Hapur we are trying to get some young men from among our inquirers trained for service in the Lord's vineyard.

The girls school, already mentioned in this letter, is here in connection with our station work. It was started the second week in January. This school was to have been built in some larger place according to former plans but later on our brethren decided it would be a good thing to have it in connection with a growing work in a mission station, so it was decided to build

it here. There is a six room bungalow in connection with the school in which we have been living since September, 1918. My wife looks after the school, that is, sees to the arrangements for the girls' food and clothes, sees that their behaviour is proper, and that their studies are not neglected; also has general oversight of the Indian teachers as well. We will have about fifteen girls the first year with two Indian teachers. The salaries of these two teachers together will be about ten dollars per month. The total expense of the school, boarding and all, will be about \$35 per month besides our pay as European workers. These girls are being taught to do in the very best way their own domestic work such as sewing, cooking, grinding their grain, etc. This we consider as important as their books, and we find the Indian generally, knows very little about such things after he has left school.

Please Remember our work and workers in this station when you pray to the Lord. I ask this not only for us as European workers but for our Indian brethren as well.

Sincerely yours in the Master's cause.

(Signed) M. M. MATTISON.

Lal Bagh, Lucknow, India
Feb. 14, 1920.

My dear Friends:

I have been informed by Mr. Kern that you are taking the support of the work that I am doing for the "Purdah women" of India, as part of your goal for 1920.

Situated as you are so far away from India and in no actual touch with its people, the object of your goal may seem somewhat hazy to you. It will

indeed be a great pleasure to me if by any few words of mine your goal may become a more real thing to you. I do not want to write in a formal, dry, precise way but just in a natural manner as friend to friend.

And, now do you know the *zanana* work is the most interesting work in the whole of India and the most important, too; not because I am doing it but for reasons which I shall try to make clear. A woman's position in India is generally considered to be almost lower than the animals. She is a nonentity, not supposed to have a will or soul of her own, often debased or despised, imprisoned in four walls and kept firmly under. (Of course there are exceptions, but I am speaking chiefly of the Mohammedan *purdah* women among whom I work.) But in spite of all this, in a way she reigns supreme with a peculiar power that the men have found is something to be reckoned with. Many, in laboring for the men, have found that it is abject fear of their wives and the terrible storm that would descend upon them, that have held many back from accepting Christianity, and generally the request comes to send some one to their *zanana* to reach the women of the family. When some *zanana* worker has been working steadily in the homes, their prejudice is greatly broken down and the way is made very easy for the men to accept Christianity. Then we must consider the children, quite a number of whom learn of Christ in mission schools, but when they come home they only meet with opposition from her who should be the tender fosterer of their souls' awakenings. I have had several homes where the children attend mission schools, and it is a great joy to

have mother and children surround the picture and become united in keen interest in the sweet old story. So you see those who teach the men can only reach the men, those who teach in the schools can only reach the children, but happy is the lot of the *zanana* worker who by going right into the home life can get at the very root and heart of the whole family, get at the pivot, on which the whole social system turns. Then, to the women of Mohammedanism has Satan entrusted as it were the keeping and nourishing of their religion. Who is it teaches each rising generation the Koran? Who is it that enshrines it with so much mystery and reverence? Who is it that teaches budding youth to so faithfully observe the five times of prayer? Who is it that guides and divides and reckons the whole doings of the household by religious observances and feasts and fasts, that controls weddings and births and deaths by religious rites, till they don't seem to have a clock or calendar that isn't worked by some religious process, and thus every day, week, month and year is told off by some special religious custom, strengthening and confirming every single member of the community into a hard and fast Mohammedan? Who is it, I repeat "but the women"? Bring the women to Christ, break down prejudice and bigotry, cause them to leave off these rites and ceremonies, and the fabric of Mohammedanism reels and falls to the earth. It is the women that nourish and cherish Mohammedanism in the depths of the *zanana* fastnesses, and this Satan well knows.

Now, you want to know a little about these sisters of yours and their surroundings. Prob-

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ably you would like to know what a zanana is like. Of course they vary but I shall give you a general idea. You must come with one along a high narrow street, so narrow that you can touch opposite sides with outstretched hands, and with high walls on either side without a window, or if, there should be higher up an apology for one, it is closely screened off. We come to a door which has a sack-cloth curtain in front. No male except a near member of the family, dare go beyond this limit, but the zanana worker with a cheery "may I come," or more often unannounced passes in to the mysteries beyond. There is a square courtyard open to the sky in the middle, and a double row of verandas all round, surrounded by high walls which emit heat like a furnace in the hot weather and in the cold winter days shut off every ray of sun. The floors of the verandas are often mud, which before the day is over, get into a most filthy, unsanitary condition.

All around the courtyard is an open drain with often most offensive odors, and in full possession of every place and each making its own peculiar noise is generally a crowd of all sorts of animals and children. Hens, geese, goats, ducks, parrots and a small kind of stork, dogs and cats, to say nothing of a regular brass band of buzzing flies roam

at large in every corner. The furnishings of the zanana are very simple. String beds, often a low wooden platform with a covering where the women usually sit, when not sitting on the beds, some boxes which contain their earthly possessions, a few water vessels and cooking utensils,—these about complete the list.

There in the midst of such surroundings imprisoned within four high walls, in a putrefying atmosphere, without flowers, without books, without the beautiful things of nature beyond a small patch of sky, and above all without Jesus, without that blessed hope which above can buoy our spirits up in trial and sorrow, is spent the lives of these purdah women. If they go out, it is in a closely curtained kind of cage, only to be taken to another walled-in prison. There they sit and lie, tired of themselves, tired of others, with heart aches and heart burnings and fierce jealousies, and for the most part ill and miserable. Think what the zanana worker must mean in their lives, listening to their troubles, sharing their burdens, sympathising in

their grief and sadness, and oh so much more than all this, pointing them to the One who loves them, the great Burden Bearer and to the bright, glad, joyous home where He is longing to take them and just to see them happy with a happiness that nothing can destroy, a happiness which is beyond their highest conception. The Gospel is read, beautiful pictures are shown, and it is not long before, in many hearts, the love of the Saviour shines in.

This is the glorious work you are going to take such a large share in your work for these poor "shut in" sisters is just as real as mine. They will be your sheaves in the harvest, just as much as mine. There, my dear sisters, let us press bravely on together while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Now in closing I would crave one thing which means so much more than money—that you will pray fervently for our work and for these poor sisters. May God bless you richly in your endeavors. The work is His.

Your Sister,

VERA CHILTON.



Southern Union Missionary Volunteer Goals for 1920

	Union	Ala.	Ky.	La.	Miss.	Tenn.	R.
Conversions	125	28	25	19	15	38	
Reporting Members	550	130	110	80	60	170	
Reading Course	200	45	40	30	20	65	
Bible Year	110	25	22	16	12	35	
Standard of Attainment	48	10	9	7	6	16	
Instructor Subscriptions	870	200	185	120	95	270	
Missions	\$2500	\$560	\$515	\$400	\$275	\$750	

Mission Field.....	North India Union
Boys' School, United Provinces.....	\$2,000
Miss Vera Chilton (salary, expense).....	675
Total.....	\$2,675

