

# SISTER INDIA



"SISTER INDIA"

# SISTER INDIA

ONE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEMS  
OF "MOTHER INDIA"

By

M. EDITH CRASKE

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MANCHESTER, TORONTO, MADRID, LISBON  
AND BUDAPEST

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THIS—MY FIRST—BOOK  
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO  
MY INDIAN SISTERS



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## FOREWORD

BY THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

I HAVE a feeling that introductions to books, except those written by the authors, are almost impertinences, and therefore I have seldom written them. I do so in this case for one reason only, and that is, that if, in what has now become more than half a century of public ministry, God has given me in some measure the ear of the people of God, I would use that gift in making known to them the fact of this book and its vital significance in an hour like the present in the history of India.

Edith Craske is my personal friend, and for a number of years was my valued and trusted fellow-worker. When she joined me at Westminster I gave into her hands a piece of work among the young in the interest of Missions, with a perfectly free hand to do it in her own way. This she did in founding the Missionary School, and until the Day of perfect Light she will never know how far her work has gone in inspiration and influence. And yet again I served for some years with her on the Board of a Missionary Society, she acting in a secretarial

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capacity. There I saw her keenness and ability manifested in a new way. It was a real joy to me when she became allied with the work of Ludhiana, and the opportunity came to her to visit the field and see at first hand this work of God in the hands of Dr. Edith Brown.

*Sister India* is the result of that alliance and that visit. It is written against the background of two of the greatest and most significant books of the last decade. Miss Mayo's *Mother India*—terrible, amazing, stabbing its readers to attention—has put the British Government and the Christian Church in debt ; the former, for its impartial recognition of what it has done in India ; and the latter, for the references—though few—to its work in that land. But it is incomplete in that it is diagnosis only, with no prescription or prognosis. Dr. Stanley Jones's book is of untold value, not only as showing the way in India, but revealing the true principles of work for Christ in any land. It also is incomplete because it only deals with the "Intelligentsia." That is not an adverse criticism, but the recognition of a limitation. The Intelligentsia of India can never be adequately dealt with while it exists in such conditions as revealed in Miss Mayo's book. Lands where motherhood is degraded can never produce a final Intelligentsia.

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In *Sister India* Miss Craske makes no attempt to give a complete programme for the mighty work of dealing with the problem of this vast people. What she does is to bring before us a vision of a Cross-section of the work already being done in the name of Christ. Using the somewhat abused word in its finest sense, the story is a ROMANCE. From a beginning so apparently small as to appear of no value in the presence of the massed misery of Mother India, in under forty years it has sent forth streams of mercy that have blessed thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of that mystic land.

Even now it may be said that by comparison it is only a drop in a bucket. Granted—but that is ever the history of the Road of Christ. Nothing in human history looked more desperately futile than the Cross on Golgotha, but that was God's way, and the only way. And what wonders it has wrought! The most privileged of the sons and daughters of Adam are those who have gone the way of the Cross with Jesus.

Here then—as I see it—is the place and value of this little book—for small as it is in bulk, and better so in this rushing age—it is a clarion blast, calling the crusaders of Christ to seek to find some place of helpfulness in this work,

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which moves forward to touch the deepest sore in India with healing and renewal.

That it may fulfil its purpose is my prayer for it, and this Foreword is written only in the hope that it may introduce it to just a few more of the children of God.

TABERNACLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., U.S.A.

## INTRODUCTION

**F**OR how many, I wonder, does the dream of a lifetime come true? Yet such was the good fortune of the writer of these pages. From my earliest years the lure of the East wove a spell o'er my soul, and to become a nurse and serve India's women was the goal of my youthful ambition. That goal of service has been reached—but not as a nurse.

It was a circuitous path that led thereto, and not until I was well past my youth did I set sail for India, to spend four wonderful months on a medical tour from West to East, through Central India, and from East away into the North-West.

I think I hear the murmur of my reader, "Oh, these people who presume after four months to write a book about a land of hoary antiquity, a land faced with colossal problems, which will tax the skill and patience and devotion of her statesmen and reformers for many generations to come!" Granted! But who was my travelling companion, who the interpreter of my experiences? A woman who for wellnigh forty years has been living in India, wrestling

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with one of the greatest problems in that land, namely, how best to succour India's suffering womanhood. My companion's name is honoured throughout the length and breadth of India, not only as a skilled surgeon bringing relief alike to the highest and lowest in the land, but as the Founder and Principal of the Women's Christian Medical College at Ludhiana, in the Punjab.

An outline of the life-work of this remarkable woman, Edith M. Brown, M.A., M.D., comes later in this book. Meanwhile, reader, stay the charge of presumption!

## THE ARGUMENT

IT is surely not without significance that two recent "best sellers," dealing with the same subject, leave the reader with diametrically opposite impressions.

Read Dr. Stanley Jones's *Christ of the Indian Road*, and one feels India's hour of deliverance is at hand, such clearness of vision and spiritual insight have her sons.

Read Miss Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, and the heart bleeds for the women of that great land, in bondage to the dire misconceptions of men.

The question immediately arises, can both these books be true? The answer is in the affirmative, unless incompleteness invalidates veracity, for the diverse impressions gained are entirely due to what is left unsaid.

Dr. Jones tells us that he writes concerning the Intelligentsia of India, that is, 7 per cent. of the population. But what of the 93 per cent. of whom he says, "These things are still there . . . but I have left them out of the picture"? What things? Among others, the cry of the child widow, the sigh of suffering girl wives, the sob from behind the purdah of stricken woman-

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hood. His beautiful picture is surely out of perspective unless "these things" be at least in the background of his reader's mind.

On the other hand, Miss Mayo says concerning *Mother India* that she is "leaving untouched the realm of religion." Hence there is no light on her dark picture. It was the chapter itself called "Mother India" that most appalled, at least the women readers of the book, until, made physically sick by the disclosures, they declared that such things cannot be true.

Eager for contradiction, the pages of *Father India* and *Unhappy India* are scanned, but all in vain. Dhais (native midwives), with their hideous methods and ghastly results on the girl-mothers of India, are never even mentioned. Yet it is these facts that make the heart bleed—not politics, nor economics, nor a faulty system of education! Is there then no reply, save recrimination and mud-slinging? Yes, there is an answer, but it is found in "the untouched realm of religion."

A lady doctor, who has worked many years among the women of India, was asked, "Is *Mother India* true?" Sadly she confirmed, medically, the statements made therein, saying, "That is why we are here and not at home." "But," she added, "it is one thing to expose a wound, it is another thing to heal it."



## THE ARGUMENT

Exposure is necessary to healing. But is it not the exposure of these wounds, and the omission to detail any effort to heal, that has caused the sensitive soul of India's Intelligentsia to smart ?

It is because many wish that at least one ray of light had been allowed to fall on Miss Mayo's dark picture that the author of this book, who has seen "light in darkness," feels compelled to write.

Let it be remembered, however, that exposure is necessary to healing, so that if there be any onus, let it rest on those who, having gazed on Mother India's wounds, now "pass by on the other side," and not on Miss Mayo, who, as time will show, has rendered conspicuous service to India's suffering womanhood.