"Though dark be my way,
   Since He is my Guide,
It is mine to obey,
   It is His to provide.

Though cisterns be broken;
   And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoketh,
   Shall surely prevail."

EDITORIAL NOTES

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP THE MISSIONARIES?

Missionaries who have been home on furlough tell us that they have often been asked this question by those who really desire to help in the work but do not know how. There are numbers who cannot support a missionary and many cannot even support a native worker or an orphan, is there any way in which these can help a missionary except through their contributions at missionary meetings?

FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT IS THE WAY OF PRAYER.

This does not mean just the general prayer so often heard "God bless all the missionaries," but the setting apart of a definite time each day to pray for missions, then prayerfully and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, choosing the field which He wants you to help and perhaps the particular missionary or work on that field to which He may direct attention.

In this way you may know that you are as definitely called of God to work for India, China or Africa as is the
missionary working on one of these fields. Having thus first
given yourself to Him., 2 Cor. viii. 5, you become a "worker
together with God." 2 Cor. vi. 1, working according to 2 Cor. xii.
2 and remembering the promise 2 Cor. ix. 6. More will be accom-
plished by this concentration of effort than by scattering little
gifts promiscuously over all the fields.

SECONDLY.—GET IN TOUCH WITH THE FIELD.

If any of the missionaries are personally known to you
write to them telling of your desire to help them and, if God
has laid any particular part of their work on your heart, ask
them to tell you of its needs. If none of the missionaries are
personally known to you write anyhow, telling them you are
praying for them. Even if you are unable to do anything more
than this, the knowledge of your sympathy and prayer will cheer
and help them.

This personal touch is necessary as some things which
would be very useful if sent to one field would be absolutely
useless on another and this is also true in a lesser degree of
different parts of the same field.

THIRDLY.—WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?

So many are saying "if I were only rich," "if only I had
the opportunities of so and so what I would do." Remember
that God has made it possible for every boy and girl, every man
and woman to do something for the advancement of His king-
dom and "if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according
to what a man hath and not according to what he hath not." The
teaching of God's word is that if you are not doing all you
can for Him with what you already have, you would not do so
if you had more, nor will more be given you. Luke xvi. 10, 11.
Sending money is not the only way of helping missionaries
though perhaps it may be the most convenient and require
the least thought on the part of the sender. On some fields,
where roads are good, the bicycles which you have discarded
could be profitably used in the Lord's service, books, which have
been a blessing to your own souls but are now lying unused upon
your shelves might be a great blessing to many a lonely worker
and any missionary working in a large city where there are numbers of students and others who understand English, would greatly appreciate a bundle of interesting, illustrated tracts or papers occasionally. Even small children can help by collecting and forwarding coloured picture-cards which can be used for Sunday-school purposes. These need not necessarily be scripture-cards but any bright coloured advertisement card or old Christmas-cards with pictures can be used. Little ones will come and sit listening to the gospel story in a school-room or under a tree, learn a text of Scripture or portion of a hymn and go away satisfied with a bright card. If this method succeeds in S.S. work at home, where pictures abound, how much more in countries where such things are not obtainable.

FOURTHLY.—REGULARITY IN SENDING HELP GREATLY INCREASES ITS VALUE.

No missionary thinks of asking help for his own personal needs, these are provided for by the Society to which he belongs but there are many details in connection with his work and its extension where timely assistance greatly relieves his burden. Bicycles or carts need repairing occasionally, small tents are necessary for himself and his workers on tour, horses or bullocks must be fed, houses rented for workers or for schools, a stock of Bibles, Testaments and books for sale as well as tracts in two or three languages for free distribution must be provided for catechists and colporteurs. These and many other oft recurring expenses must be met by donations from the homeland, otherwise the missionary is responsible and must meet them from his own personal allowance and, if the blessing of God is on his work, there may come a time when to do so is a heavy burden if not an impossibility. A burden makes a rough road rougher. Some one says "Have faith in God. He will provide for the needs of His work." Yes! without this the missionary would not be here but has not God in all ages provided for the needs of His work through the willing hearts and loving gifts of His people? "Ye also as workers together with Him."
Fifth and Lastly.—Interest Others, Your Companions and Friends in This Work.

Being in touch with the missionaries yourself and knowing the needs of the field, you can speak to others privately and at meetings, intelligently putting before them what has commended itself to your own heart so that with their help you may accomplish much more than if you tried to work alone. "Now He that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness; being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgivings unto God."

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GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, KHAMGAON

By Mildred Patten

The adage, "Variety is the spice of life" is nowhere more applicable than in an Orphanage. In fact, sometimes it is too spicy, never too insipid.

We realize that the patrons who so lovingly stand by us financially and prayerfully, are justified in wanting to take the pulse of the Orphanage occasionally to find out its condition and the only way to do this is to get a glimpse of our regular occupations and employment.

We are a busy beehive, with little time to "sit," a favourite occupation of the Indian, for we know that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

At half past six prayers are over and each girl receives her piece of bread and then everybody scatters to their various occupations, the school girls to school where they stay until twelve-thirty and the other girls to their cooking, grinding, and industries.

The school girls spend the afternoon in drawn-thread and other fancy sewing, making thread buttons and other occupations.

Probably many of the people at home know of the splendid gift from Mr. Strouse—a fine building to be used for training teachers and Biblewomen.—One side of it is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Eicher and the latter has charge of the schools in general and teaches the Bible classes. We find the school greatly improved since it is removed far enough from the Orphanage so that it is free from distractions. We have had a real sifting time.
in the Training School, believing that the standard of the school should be quality rather than quantity. This has lessened the numbers greatly, but the effect is quite noticeable in the character of the girls. Those who are left in the school are more serious and thoughtful, while those who were taken out have settled down to steady work in the industries. There is a more earnest purpose displayed than before, instead of the natural aimlessness of the Indian, more "pressing toward the mark."

The wedding bells have rung merrily in the last two years, about forty of the older girls going to their own homes. Some are working with their husbands in the Lord's work, many are taking the important place of homemakers, and as they come back to visit us we see how they have developed, and praise God that so many of our girls are making good wives and mothers, and some developing into women of strong character. Some of the young men from the Boys' Training School in Bodwad have just become engaged to some of our best girls, and we pray much that these young lives may be all for God as they go forth together into His service.

Many of the girls have been down with fever this unusually hot "hot season," but we praise God that none have been seriously ill and all are better. Some have definitely trusted God and of course He has delivered. Plague has been all around us, but has not "come nigh our dwelling," cholera also is in town but has not touched us. God is showing to our heathen neighbours that He is the God of deliverances.

We have had a remarkable answer to prayer with regard to one of our wells. Every hot season the water fails for about two months. This makes it necessary for the girls to walk about two miles in the heat to a river to bathe and wash their clothes, and they often get fever from it. Nearly all the water used in the compound has to be carried a long distance on the girls' heads, and it makes the work of the hot season much harder. This year, quite early, Miss Fuller began to pray that the well would not run dry, then we all took it up, and though we have used the usual supply of water, we testify for the glory of our faithful God that we have not seen the bottom of the well yet, and the rains will soon be here to fill it up again.

We are glad to be able to report a steady growth in grace in the girls, voices long silent are heard in testimony, and the number are increasing steadily, there is also much interest shown in the daily Bible Readings which we have held with the girls this hot season, many of them taking notes and trying to catch each point.

We have taken up practical, heartsearching subjects, with
much prayer that the Holy Spirit would use them to make a way into hearts, and we are sure He is doing it.

We ask continued prayer for these dear girls,—yours and ours, that they may glorify God among the heathen.

"The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much."

"THE GRANGE" OR OUR NEW REST HOME
AT PANCHGANI
BY SARA COXE

EVER since our party gathered at Panchgan to rest during the hot season, we have wished that the readers of our little paper might share our joy with us and take a peep at our new Rest Home, “The Grange.”

Some of our missionaries have come from a year of toil in the villages and heated cities of India. They have worked in season and out of season and beside all waters, trusting God to give the fruit. Some, who are studying the language have left the hot plains to study in the cool of our mountain home. But all, raise grateful hearts to God, for His untold goodness toward us in giving us such a place in which to rest.

We may well praise God for our Rest Home, and say, hallelujah, for, we believe with all our heart that it came to us as a direct answer to prayer. We had been praying for months that God would give definite guidance in regard to the location of the home: so that it would be suitable for all our missionaries. Finally our Brother and Sister Turnbull were lead to rent a small cottage in Panchgan, for the hot season. After living in the cottage about a month, “The Grange” was offered for sale. After much prayer our friends felt that God had heard prayer and that this was the place He would have for our Rest Home.

Panchgan is situated about 215 miles South of Bombay in a lovely range of hills called the Western Gaus. The climate smooth and beautiful. There is constantly a gentle breeze from the sea, which is only 50 miles away. Panchgan can be easily reached by our missionaries from either of our fields, Berar or Gujarat.

There is a splendid Church of England School here. It is said to be one of the best educational institutions in the country. The missionaries’ children can attend it. The question of education is a very serious one in India, as many of the best schools are situated in the north or south, but this is very convenient as it is centrally located.
"The Grange" is an old English residence. The building is 125 feet long and contains eight bed-rooms 25 feet wide. There are also living and dining rooms 35 by 16 feet in size.

A splendid verandah 8½ feet wide sweeps the entire length of the building. There are nearly five acres of land attached to the property, so that the building can be improved or enlarged at any time.

The climate is such that the home may be kept open the entire year round, thus, giving the missionaries who cannot possibly leave the plains during the hot season an opportunity to come later.

As we sit on the verandah to read, write, rest or study, as we watch the sun play and dance on the hills and valleys in front of us, as we breathe God’s fresh, pure air, our hearts turn toward Him in great praise for all He does for us in answer to prayer.

“Praise the Saviour, we who know Him,
Who can tell how much we owe Him,
Gladly let us render to Him,
All we are and have,"

“Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.”

MISSIONARY LIFE
BY W. R.

Many in the homeland are accustomed to look upon the life of a missionary as being filled with romance and thrilling experiences; while often to the missionary himself it becomes so hum-drum and uneventful that unless he is very careful to maintain his freshness through constant communion with God and meditation upon His Word, his work becomes more or less stale and mechanical.

Going day after day to villages and people knowing nothing of God or Salvation, his preaching is necessarily mostly confined to a repetition of the primary truths of the Gospel, telling them over and over again to each new audience; especially is this true of the new missionary, who owing to his imperfect knowledge of the language is compelled to use the same words and expressions time after time, while constantly haunted by his inability to express to the people in language which will commend them to his audience, the truths so dear to his own heart and which he knows mean life to them. How often is he conscious that the language he is able to employ has not been such as to impress his hearers and the devil makes the most of this to taunt him with his uselessness and failures.
He has not only left father and mother in the homeland, but a language and people whose manners and customs he thoroughly understood, to work among a people whose language it takes weary months and years to learn and much longer to thoroughly understand their customs, religion and habits of thought.

Who shall tell the sense of isolation—no Sabbath with its helpful services and communion of Saints as they bow in worship together in the house of God, no conventions for the deepening of spiritual life, cut off even from the weekly prayer-meeting and only hearing an occasional sermon in his own language when he attends a church in some hill station where he goes at long intervals for rest and recuperation. Instead of these, false worship on every hand, determined opposition in many places, his motives constantly suspected and misinterpreted even in places where he is best known.

Then there are the filthy and insanitary habits of the people, especially among the lower classes, which breed small-pox, cholera, malaria and other diseases to say nothing of such pests as fleas, vermin, bed-bugs, mosquitoes and flies which are actively engaged in spreading them.

To some also the food, especially in out-of-the-way country stations, is a constant trial. European food being expensive and hard to get. While it takes time to become accustomed to the native food, goat-meat, buffalo-milk and butter of questionable purity.

Even when the missionary goes home on furlough this sense of isolation does not cease. He is out of touch with many of the things which interest his nearest and dearest relatives, because of his long absence cannot enter intelligently into their business problems, finds the place that used to be his taken by another and even his physical needs of rest and adjustment to the change of climate but little understood.

With all these drawbacks what are the compensations of the missionary life which enable him to go on with perseverance and rejoicing, gladly undergoing these and many more privations which we have not mentioned.

First. There is the consciousness of his clear, definite call from the Lord to just this place and service; lacking this he becomes discouraged in the face of difficulty and soon gets tired of the work which becomes distasteful to him while with it he can confidently claim the Lord's promise to be to him "A little sanctuary" in the midst of the heathen; knows that "In all these things he is more than conqueror" through his Lord who loves him, and confidently looks forward to that day when he shall hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," from the lips of the Master, who has been with him all the way and knows all
the weariness, loneliness, trial and opposition through which he has come.

Secondly. There is the consciousness of the Lord's presence and upholding at every step coupled with the sympathy and prayers of God's people at home. We are workers, but not alone, for "We are workers together with, Him." He who is inspiring and encouraging us is also inspiring and encouraging others to needed prayer and effort on our behalf so that nothing may be lacking, whether spiritual or temporal, for the successful prosecution of His work. He is also moving upon the hearts and working in the circumstances of the lives of men; often by sorrow or loss preparing their hearts and turning their minds from the perishing things of earth to those things which are lasting and eternal and in this way preparing their hearts to receive His Word.

Thirdly. The heart thus cut off and isolated from the things of earth comes more and more into touch with heavenly things, so that for everything, whether temporal or spiritual; our own needs; the needs of the work; development of character; ripening of the fruits of the Spirit in the life and preparation for His coming, "Our expectation is from Him."

Fourthly. The coming of the Lord becomes the hope and mainstay of the missionary and to judge things in the light of that event an instinctive habit so that much that seems of the first importance in the lives of others takes a secondary place in his. There is nothing in his work or surroundings to hinder the prayer "Lord Jesus come quickly" but much to inspire it.

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MY FIRST VISIT TO AN INDIAN VILLAGE

SOON after I arrived in India, Miss Peter invited me to accompany her to a village a few miles from Kaira Girls' Orphanage. Early Sunday morning we started out in the gardi taking one of the native girls with us.

Kaira Orphanage is over a mile out of the walled city of Kaira. As we drove around between the wall and the river, we saw a group of priests, "blind leaders of the blind." Here we stopped a few minutes while Miss Peter boldly proclaimed salvation through the blood of Christ, and exhorted the priests to leave their awful sinfulness, and turn to the living God. They were very much stirred up by being called sinners, and some became very angry, but one confessed that in truth they were sinful. These priests depend upon the gifts of the people for their maintenance, and live the blackest lives imaginable.

Leaving these priests to ponder the message given them,
we drove through the narrow stream of water, and over the sandy bottom of the river until we arrived in a village of mud huts.

On the way Miss Peter told me of the home we were about to visit. Some time ago she and Miss Woodworth found, lying in a room used as a stable, a woman, naked, dirty, starving, blind and forsaken. She truly could have said, "No man careth for my soul." As the missionaries talked with her, she told them that her own son had broken her back. She was also suffering from other distresses. While the missionaries fed her, they broke the "Bread of Life" to her hungry soul. When her bodily hunger was appeased they bathed her. She had not had a bath for many months, and it was found necessary to use a tile from the roof to scrape her body. She showed much gratitude for the service of the missionaries, and listened with eagerness to the gospel story; she believed it, and found in Jesus what she had never found in her home or among her people—a Friend. A year later she went home to Glory happy in our Christ.

Finally, we arrived at the mud house that served as a home to the poor blind woman. We saw the room where she spent so many months of misery.

Outside the door there were two cots. Upon one of these Miss Peter and I sat, while our native girl sat cross legged on the ground. About 15 people gathered in all, some sitting upon the cot opposite us, and some upon the ground. A few came and went as they felt inclined.

A song or two were sung, a message given by Miss Peter, and a few words spoken by the native girl. Not having the language, I could only pray. The people listened well, but showed no sign of yielding, so Miss Peter suggested that she had better not come again. Then they begged her to return.

After the meeting Miss Peter had a word with the son of the old woman, and his wife. They had formerly expressed a wish to become Christians, but their little five year old daughter was to be married that day at sunset to a fifteen year old boy. To accept and confess Christ then would upset the wedding arrangements, so they promised to yield after the ceremony. We left them and drove home. We are hoping that they will not delay too long, but accept salvation ere it be eternally too late.

A TOUCHING STORY

A YOUNG Bengali, a graduate of the Calcutta University, married a beautiful bride. Their love was consummated in the birth of a child. Its natal day chanced to fall on a festive phase of the moon. The mother was but a girl, far too young for motherhood. In her thirst she appealed in turn to
mother, father, brothers. All refused; it was a fast day. Her agony was intense. The husband, taking in the situation, said, “Father, usually, in religious matters, I obey you, but I cannot acquiesce in the death of my wife.” When the family saw that the husband was earnest they put him in chains. The young mother’s life was sacrificed on the altar of religious superstition. I shall never, never forget hearing the broken-hearted husband sobbing, say, “O, missionaries! O, Christians! Come!”

This touching story carries its own message, and we hope that it will be passed on far and wide, and prove a call to many to go out to India to do this great work.—*Life of Faith*.

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**NOTES OF PRAISE FROM AMRAOTI**

**BY W. MOYSER**

Our work the past few months has varied much but in it all we can see the good hand of our God. We have been busy over-hauling, repairing, and white-washing the entire bungalow. In parts of the roof and walls we found that destructive little pest “The white ant” hard at work and he was doing his work thoroughly; some of the rafters and wall plates were entirely eaten away and one part of the roof was in imminent danger of falling in. We do not see why the roof of one room did not come crashing down with the writer when he was upon it examining the rafters to find out what damage had been done. Those small and apparently harmless little insects had eaten the ends of the beams which were in the walls entirely away except for about half an inch, but the goodness of the Lord kept us from all harm for underneath his children are the everlasting Arms. Praise His name! Some of our Missionaries who were home on furlough had left three packing cases of household and personal effects in one of the outside rooms, packed carefully away until their return. In looking through this room, we found almost by an accident that the white ants were busy in these boxes. We carried them carefully to the outside and we found the largest colony of ants the writer has ever seen, the boxes were perfectly gutted and were reduced to mere shells, they surely had had a fine time; nothing had disturbed them and they had been working with a zest that almost baffles description, clothes and shoes were not only destroyed but things that were packed carefully away in tin cans were absolutely riddled and ruined. With the exception of a few dishes and glasses every
thing was spoiled. We heaped boxes and contents into a large heap and made a bonfire of them. This is one of the little things that we have to endure and learn to take the spoiling of our goods cheerfully.

Our house is not entirely repaired as we had to stop the work for lack of water. Some parts of the town were three days without water, and one of the busiest parts of the city was 24 hours without a drop to drink so we could not conscientiously go on with the repairs, when water was so urgently required for drinking purposes. All the wells around our compound are perfectly dry and we can hear blasting all the day long as people deepen their wells in the hope of finding water. Trees, cattle, birds and man are all longing for the break of the monsoon which will bring relief to a dry and thirsty land.

Death has stalked into our midst and snatched one little one away. One of the mission workers from Chandur was confined in Amraoti and in four days the little one passed away to be with Jesus and we laid him in the native cemetery until Jesus comes.

Several little ones have been publicly dedicated to the Lord and we trust and pray that they may become pillars in the temple of the Lord.

Small-pox has twice smitten members of our little flock this season, but God, who hears and answers prayer stretched forth His hand on their behalf and rebuked the power of the enemy and now we are glad to say both are perfectly well. Oh that we might see more of His power in our midst on these lives, for this blood bought privilege is in the scheme of redemption for us. Oh for that appropriative faith that makes these privileges and blessings our own.

We have married quite a number of couples and several more are waiting for me to come to their station.

One more case of the goodness of our loving father. We have been asking the Lord to supply the means to finish a half dug well on our compound so we shall not be dependent upon others for our drinking water, and this week we received a cablegram from America saying “Money coming for well.” You may be sure that we are praising the Lord and that the work on the well will be commenced right away. We have been busy with our meetings and classes for our native workers and for several who are preparing for the Lord’s work and are taking the first year’s course. Pray much for this hard and difficult city, that the power of God may be made manifest in the lives of us all and that the heathen may see and turn to the Lord who can save and keep from sin.
THE "BRIDE OF THE SWORD"

"It was on the 1st of June that little Veeramma was claimed to become the wife of a 'Sword'; but the marriage ceremony was postponed, for an eclipse of the moon was expected on the fifth, and though to be married during this time is a calamity, it is an auspicious time, the natives believe, for mastering incantations and exercising the evil effects of devils; so little Veeramma was being initiated during these days and taught heathen songs which she was to sing at the temple when the day of her marriage should take place.

"Married to a 'Sword'! What can it mean? In the Nizam's dominions, any Hindu or Mohammedan man can carry and use a sword free of license, and so little Veeramma was chosen to become 'one' with this instrument—symbolic of her future—free to be trodden under the foot of men. We are not ashamed to say we paid a sum to redeem her from such a fate. Why did her parents permit such a sin? Those parents were poor and degraded, and though there had been given to them two other daughters, they were not deemed fair enough to dedicate to the gods; but when little Veeramma came, with her olive complexion, and dark, liquid eyes, she was counted worthy, for she would earn money and bring plenty into the mud hut which was so poor and so barren. The government, too, would give a yearly grant of land, and they would receive a tithe from the land owners, and during the harvest season each cultivator would lay a bundle of grass or a sheaf of corn at Veeramma's feet.

"How were we able to redeem her? In her village was one of our evangelists who had made friends with her people. Often the little heathen child had slipped into the day-school, where the evangelist's wife taught the village children about Christ. For some time Veeramma was missing from the school, and on inquiry the evangelist found that near the village temple a plot of ground was being prepared for the marriage of a devil priestess to a Sword, and the bride was to be no other than little Veeramma. The evangelist saw the priests and the parents, and pleaded; but it was of no use. Then he crossed the river, and came and told the story to Mr. Posnett. The priest and missionary consulted and the needed sum was provided to redeem the child from a life of sin. The conditions of the redemption were that she was to be brought into the Medak boarding school. Though she had not actually been initiated, it was only on the eve of that initiation that we rescued her.

"The patch of ground chosen for the initiation was just ten feet square; and in the center with five different colours had been
drawn a triangle. Daily at five o'clock in the evening little Veeramma had been escorted to this sacred spot and put to sit within the triangle. Before her were placed two earthenware pots of native beer and spirits. The priest came and muttered incantations over her, and burned incense and other spices. The future 'bride' was whipped with the twigs of the Margosa tree, and then was considered fit to be taught to feign 'devil possession.'

"Was it not worth while making the effort to save this poor child from a fate worse than death and to bring her under Christian influence?—Missionary Tidings.

A GLIMPSE INTO INDIA'S NEEDS

SITTING here seven thousand miles away from the homeland, how can I make real the needs? They are so keen, and they grow in intenseness as the days go by. If I could make anyone understand how we need prayer—"real prayer"—you know that prayer that costs, that pours itself out for others—a real giving of one's self that others may be blessed—I would tell you, but the need has to be felt to be understood.

God take us deeper, deeper down,
    Till we can feel the need,
Then shall we know in every land
    Just how to intercede.

Three friends sat over the fire one evening. They were talking about the prayer meeting that had been a few days before. One of the company asked "Why have some people power when they pray and others have not?" She told of two people whom she knew, both "spiritual," and yet when one prayed there was a power that was felt, and with the other there was not. What could be the reason? It gave the three much to think of. Why was it? Was it not because one knew what it was to pray until the answer came deep in her spirit, "Thou hast had power with God, and hast prevailed," while the other knew nothing of the wrestling. Oh for more who will pray till break of day.

One day a lonely missionary said to me, "If I only had 'someone' to pray for me I would be so thankful." Since she came to the field her loved ones have one by one gone home and now she is alone; mail days come round and she very rarely
gets a letter. She didn’t say that she was lonely, but you know whether she is or not. There are many such in India—they want you to pray for them—will you? Some are in isolated villages far away from any congenial spirit—there are no meetings for workers there, no conventions for the deepening of spiritual life there—theirs is a giving out day by day to the heathen, telling the same story o’er and o’er and o’er again, often to an unresponsive audience. They need you—perhaps the Master wants you and they to be workers together by prayer, and, oh! when the books are opened who knows how many names will be found there in answer to your prayers?

Some one said “Tell us some of your needs and then we can pray intelligently.” Will you please pray that we may every one preach “Calvary.” This is not always easy for we find o’er and o’er that “the cross is to them that perish foolishness,” and who likes to be preaching “foolishness”?

Oh the opposing forces are very strong! Satan knows well that his power is vanquished when the Cross is uplifted, and he knows, too, how to stir his own army against the preaching of the Cross and Him Crucified.

The powers of evil are no myth in this land. Do you know that in some places where we go to carry the gospel we feel the unseen forces wrap like a cloak around us? The experience is too awful to describe. We only know the reality of it, and the conflict baffles description. 'Tis well that we are learning that the place of victory is Rom. vi. 10, 11, for as we stand there on the basis of the Cross we are finding that it meets every need, and real overcomers are claiming the power of the Cross for others. Where defeat was their constant theme, now they are singing a song of triumph daily—“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power”—His is the power and His shall be the glory. Amen.

We need prayer, for the field is so large and the labourers are very few, and because there is so much to be done in a little time, our spirits get hurried, and we don’t always carry about with us the balm of rest. India’s people are seeking rest, and how will they find it if we are not abiding in the secret place of the Most High?—if there is nothing about us that speaks of the “Rest Giver?” Pray that we may be all that He wants us to be, nothing more, nothing less, and that we may bear about us daily the dying of the Lord Jesus. “Yea, verily, and I count all things but loss for the excelling of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffering daily becoming conformable unto His death.”—“The Overcomer.”
THE HINDU WIDOW’S LAST PILGRIMAGE

We were on our way back from Saugar Island, Mela, where we and our native workers had been three days, and had eighty miles to run by steamer before we reached Calcutta. We had on our steamer over 2,000 priests and pilgrims. We were still selling Bible portions and talking to little groups here and there about the one atonement for sin. One of our Bible women said to me: “There is a woman with cholera on the steamer.” I went to her, and found the poor woman cold in the last agonies of that dreadful disease. We informed the captain, who curtained off a portion for a hospital; and soon we had gathered into it a number of cases in all stages of the disease, and we began to pray and work, doing all in our power to save life. Among the number was a woman about forty, with warm clothes and better dressed than the others. As I approached her with medicine she said: “Do you think you can save my life till I reach Calcutta? I have a son in the viceroy’s office. I want to see him once more.” I replied: “If you do as I say, I will do all I can. You are warm, and I trust you will live; but your life is in God’s hands.” In company with her was her daughter-in-law, a young woman, and the latter’s mother, and all three were widows.

They had been years wandering together from shrine to shrine, worshipping the gods, who they supposed, for some unknown offence, had cursed them with widowhood. They had bowed in the temple among the snows of the Himalayas in the north; and at the shrine on the west; at Ramnath in the extreme south; and at Jaganath in the east. Now, they were returning from their special pilgrimage where they had been told they would find purity and peace.

“Do you think I will reach Calcutta?” she asked an hour later. “I am growing weaker and my tongue is so parched. Tell me, lady, will I see my son again?” I felt the awful responsibility and must be true.

“You may live. We are doing what we can. But have you found the Saviour?” I asked.

“I have never heard of Him of whom you speak, and I am too weak to do much.”

“Only forsake all and cast yourself into His arms and He will save you, and if you die, He will receive you in Heaven.”

“There is no hope of seeing my boy’s face,” she said later; and turning to her companions, she said: “This is my last pilgrimage.” And with a look of gratitude to me, the life went out.
We wrapped her in sheeting and let her slip overboard. As her body floated out to sea, my heart turned to God for help to do more for these women who are going into eternity by the thousands without knowing there is a Saviour.

Another woman asked me if she must die. I told her to give herself into the hands of God, and ask Jesus to forgive her sins. We worked faithfully, rubbing her poor limbs to warm them, while the people looked on in astonishment to think I would touch one of another caste, or work with the dying. Soon, as the poor woman was passing into collapse, she said: "I am dying." She never spoke again, but was carried from the ship next day, stiff and cold, but still alive. And I heard afterwards that she was left by her companions on the shore of the Ganges for three days before she died.

Among the stricken ones was a widow who had come from the mountains of the shut-in nation of Nepal; and, with her son and his wife, had visited the sad but famous bathing place. Her head was freshly shaved; she had made her last offering to her gods and was past speaking. The grief of her son touched my heart. He did everything to warm her and to get her to speak to him again. And throwing himself at my feet, begged me to save his mother. I told him it was too late, and left him alone with her. I returned soon after and found him trying to cut a piece of gold from an ear-ring, and, succeeding, placed it in her mouth, with mud pills and water from the sacred Ganges. These he compelled her to swallow. I tried to interfere—it seemed cruel! But an educated Hindu man nearby begged me to leave him alone, saying: "Of course, I know as you do, there is nothing in it, but this man feels he must perform this last sad duty of a son, and knows no better." The poor man began to speak louder and louder the name of the god "Ram" into his mother's ears, and pleaded with tears rolling down his cheeks: "Mother, say Ram! Ram! Mother, say Ram! Speak once more before you die!" But a gasp and she was gone. To see life go out in all this darkness was sad beyond description. He ceased crying, and drawing water in his lota (drinking vessel) from the river, he bathed her body in Ganges water, and taking from his bundle a new cloth, wrapped the body and prepared it for burial in its watery grave. After mumbling some incoherent incantations over her, he told us she was ready. The ship hands threw her overboard, and as the body sank with a heavy thud into the water below, the man cried with heartbreaking sorrow: "Mother Gunga (Ganges), I have given you my best gift—my mother!"

That midnight funeral, I will never forget. Neither will the sense of the awful responsibility upon us who have the
Light, as I saw that night, ever go out of my life. Oh, the throngs of souls who know not God! And so few to reach them! What will we say to the Lord when we meet Him if we have not done our utmost to reach the lost ones for whom He died?—Selected.

FROM A MISSIONARY

REMEMBER to-day dear reader that you are in beautiful America, the land of the free and the brave, where freedom and liberty are enjoyed as in no other land in the world, where loved ones and friends are your constant companions in sorrow and in joy. Think of the missionary who has left fair America, bade farewell to home and friends and is now a despised foreigner in a land of heathenism and bondage where the companionship of loved ones and friends is denied him—not even does he often see a citizen of his homeland outside of his own company.

As you sit in your comfortable home this beautiful spring day, enjoying your luxurious food and beautiful furnished rooms, think of the consecrated missionary in his little mud hut, no brussels carpet on which to kneel or large armed chair in which to rest, but a dirt floor with a native mat and common chair. No dainties to set upon his dining table, but he has the presence of his God. No father, mother, sister or brother with whom he may converse, but he finds his only delight in communion with his God. But see his face lighten up and his cares roll away as he is handed a letter from America, he opens it, finds it is from a friend or loved one, his heart is rejoiced as he reads the general news, and that some one is interested in him and praying daily for him, but perhaps another such letter he may not receive until after many long, anxious days. When you go to the bank to draw your check, remember the missionary who has no bank, except the great bank of heaven which is better than all, but maybe God wants you to act as the banker in answering the calls of His people.

When you walk to church on Sabbath morning and enjoy the helpful truths given out remember that 50,000,000 are yearly going to meet their God who never entered a church or heard a gospel message to their salvation. We are made to cry out, O, how can we come up to Paul's exhortation, remember those that are bound as being bound with them? How selfish we are inclined to be. But, hallelujah! while we want you to see a few of the denials of the missionary we would have you know that he is the happiest of all people. His heart is full of joy. While
he may oft feel the sorrow and sin around him, yet he can sing
the doxology over things that you would turn from in disgust.
At the end of the month his books may show no balance, but he
feels like he is rich because he leans on his God. While the life
of the missionary is not the romance some may think, yet it is
alike filled with joys, sorrows, victories and perplexities. Catch
the golden opportunities you have of going to the front of the
battle and also of sending some if you cannot go. Pray and
ask God to let you be with the missionary for just a few minutes
in spirit.—Herald of Light.

MISSIONARY CANDIDATES

THE following notes taken from an article in Missionary
candidate secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement,
New York, will be of interest to mission boards and all who
are interested in foreign missionary work. He says.

"Through correspondence and investigation I have been
able to collate a number of actual and typical instances where
missionary candidates did not receive appointment. The record
is not only interesting but full of instruction to those who plan
to give their lives to missionary service. It is also not without
its lesson to all who love the missionary enterprise.

Aside from physical unfitness, the following causes are given
why candidates are rejected. Bad manners, lack of culture, lack
of seriousness, cant, financial carelessness, want of tact, incompati-
bility of temper, the commercial spirit, indecision of
character, unsuitable matrimonial engagements or companion-
ships, and such want of spiritual or intellectual force of character
as made it evident that those who were failures at home would
not prove a success abroad.

The missionary represents Christian culture to the non-
Christian world, and must, therefore, possess it. A recent
instance of a college graduate who was a great linguist and
philosopher, but very uncouth in his manner and uncleanly in
his general appearance, and was therefore rejected on a first
interview, is a case in point.

The missionary candidate should bear in mind that first
impressions are lasting, and in applying to a board cannot,
therefore, be too careful. It is possible to be frank without being
foolish, and to be truthful without damaging one's own case
unnecessarily. To quote again: "I remember one man's
credentials which he presented antagonized the whole committee
because they were full of pious sentiments that did not seem to have reality back of them. Another in writing about his life purpose made an unseemly joke as though he were to engage in some trivial affair, and in another case talked lightly of marriage."

If there is any place in the work of God's kingdom where "team work" is absolutely necessary, it is on the foreign field. The mission station is a unit, and the work is one. If there is discord among the generals, the battle may be lost. It is no wonder, therefore, that all the boards lay special stress on the qualities of adaptability, common sense and tact, and that they desire above all, men and women who are able to live in harmony with others and work as true yoke-fellows without restlessness and grumbling.

Lack of adaptability is not a matter of nativity or citizenship so much as it is of unregenerate habits and temperament. A Frenchman cannot change himself into a German, but it is possible for a man with an irritable temper to become as meek as Moses. A typical case to the contrary is given of a man who applied for appointment as a medical missionary. He had done good work in college, was faithful, earnest, persevering and full of energy. "He was evidently deeply devoted to his work and believed thoroughly that God had called him to foreign mission service. He was also active in Christian work during his college and medical courses. He had, moreover, a further qualification for the work in being engaged to a young woman of rare ability and Christian devotion. In his case, however, there was "one thing lacking." This was ability to get along harmoniously with other men. He rubbed men the wrong way. If he opposed other men he did it in such a blunt, outspoken manner that he turned men from him. He made few friends because of this trait. He admitted his fault, but attempted to justify it. We had great need of medical missionaries and regretted the necessity of declining his application, as unfortunate experience more than once repeated has taught us the great importance of sending out to the field only those men who can work harmoniously with others."

Another secretary writes concerning a similar case: "We have just had a candidate for a principalship who filled the requirements so far as education, experience and Christian life were concerned, but the committee felt that he was lacking in tact and that to place him in so responsible a position as the one in question, when he had not the ability to get on with teachers and pupils, would undoubtedly be a grave mistake, and so, very reluctantly, refused to accept him."
It is unfortunate that these cases are typical of a great class of rejected candidates. A woman applied to one of the boards in the South, and it was evident that she had thorough educational preparation and exceptional opportunity in the study of missionary principles and methods. She had capacity for acquiring languages and fair health, and was on the field for two years, but "was found absolutely lacking in ability to adapt herself to others. Whether her inability to live and work with other missionaries is due to pride, egotism or lack of consecration, it is difficult to say. She has been counselled over and over again, and yet fails to manifest any willingness to surrender her own opinions to those of the majority." Such missionaries are weights and not wings on the foreign field to the enterprise as a whole.

Indecision of character and lack of will-power is another reason for the rejection of candidates. The man who is halting between two opinions as regards his place in the fight is not a good recruit. "We have a man before us just now, very much in earnest, eagerly desirous of doing the Master's will, but not clear as to what that will may be. He throws himself on the committee and asks them to decide for him. He is ready to accept their decision as the divine guidance. He does not feel that he has that spiritual power for which he longs and without which life will be a failure. What is to be done? We have not declined but delayed."

The candidate should cross the Rubicon of decision before expecting appointment. He must be a foreign missionary in heart and soul before applying. Indecision of character grows by degrees and fastens upon us as does any other habit by practice, and one of the most common causes of a weakened character is this habit of indecision.

A secretary of one of the most efficient mission boards writes as follows: "Lack of force is the disqualification which troubles us the most. So many candidates are merely negatively good and useful. They seem to have the idea that a man who can be generally useful in a quiet parish in America is fitted for missionary service. But the work of our ordained men, aside from those who do nothing but teach in colleges or engage in literary work, is that of a bishop and school superintendent combined. Naturally, it takes men of considerable caliber to fill these places. We cannot blame our candidates for lack of force, as this quality, to a large extent, is God-given, and yet they should realize that this requirement must be met, and that if they do not possess it they certainly are not called of God to the foreign field."
A young theological student recently wrote to one of the boards, and after he applied took up a pastorate in order to work off a college indebtedness. On the strength of his college and theological courses and the testimonials gathered, he had received his appointment, but his work in the home church led the board to withdraw it. "He did not reveal a power to grasp the situation in his church or village, at least in such a way as to meet our requirements for leadership abroad. For instance, after six months in the church, he had not secured a list of his members. He was content simply to keep things going in the old ruts and did not show any enterprise."

To use the expression of another secretary in this connection, who will blame any board for declining candidates when it is evident that "they have been a real success at being failures at home; and we do not think sending them to the foreign field will help matters."

There is one consideration of somewhat general application to which it is well to direct special attention, and that is the matter of forming matrimonial engagements. Nearly every board reports cases in which they have hesitated to make appointments of men because of the apparent lack of qualifications on the part of the young women to whom they were engaged. One of the most experienced secretaries writes: "I am sure you will appreciate the fact that so much depends upon the character and qualifications of the missionary's wife; that she can be greatly helpful, a nonentity or a hindrance, according to her character and acquirements."

When we consider the growing complexity of the missionary problem in such countries as Japan and India; the demand for the highest type of spiritual leadership, for example, in Korea; and the fact that there are already in nearly every field native leaders of great administrative efficiency, intellectual power and spiritual discernment, it is no wonder that candidates conspicuously wanting in some one necessary thing should be rejected and it would be a big mistake to appoint them. The very success of missionary enterprise, its growth and expansion, call for generalship of an even higher order than in years gone by. Men who possess superiority without parading it, firm religious convictions and four-square Christian character with an all round intellectual preparation are in demand by all boards and will be sent to the fields as soon after they send in their applications as possible.
ITEMS.

By the time this reaches our readers most of our missionaries will have returned from their season of rest and refreshing at various hot season resorts, and will be again busily engaged in giving out the Word. While distant villages cannot be reached in the rains, much can be done nearby. We are grateful to God for His keeping power manifested in the different stations where some of our missionaries have had to remain through the heat. The orphanages especially have to be manned at all times, yet all have been kept well even in these usually trying places.

Mr. Hamilton met with a serious accident a short time ago. While out driving near Mehmedabad with Mr. McKee, part of the harness gave way while they were on a stony road, the horse started to run and both were thrown out of the cart. Mr. McKee, was only slightly injured but Mr. Hamilton’s shoulder was both dislocated and fractured. He has suffered much but is doing well and we trust all will uphold him in prayer for a speedy and complete restoration.

Mr. Duckworth recently at Viramgam had the joy of baptising a young man of the merchant caste who was converted through reading Scripture portions sold on the railway station. Another man has also confessed his faith in Christ and will probably be baptised soon. Pray much for these two men that they may be grounded firmly in the faith and stand true to God.

We are all very much grieved to hear of the death by drowning of Mr. Bishop, and Miss Williams of the Methodist Mission. They with Mrs. Bishop, their children and several others had gone to Tithul near where our own missionaries were staying, for rest and change during the hot season. Mr. Bishop was a good swimmer but in attempting to save Miss Williams who had gone beyond her depth, he also was drowned. The deepest sympathy of our mission is with Mrs. Bishop and her three little children and also the loved ones of both Mr. Bishop and Miss Williams in the homeland. The Methodist Mission in Gujerat has sustained a heavy loss through the death of these valued workers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Eicher and children spent several weeks during the hot season at our new Rest Home in Lonauli and have
returned to their work in the Young Men's training home at Nargaon. Messrs. Garrison and Cox looked after the school in their absence but they too have now gone for a few week's rest at Lonauli.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Eicher and Mildred are spending a profitable vacation at Panchgani and expect to return to their work about the end of June.

Good news has just been received from the Girls' orphanage at Khamgaon. Some of the girls who have not testified for years have been quickened and notes of praise are falling from their lips. Let us continue to pray that every girl in the orphanage may have a fresh touch from God.

We also ask prayer for the Church in Akola, that the Holy Spirit may work among both young and old until a mighty desire is begotten in their souls to see their heathen brothers and sisters brought to Jesus.

Most every field of labour is now being overcrowded but there is yet plenty of room on the mission-field.

In our next number we will probably be able to give exact dates for the assembling of the annual Summer-schools both on the Marathi and Gujarati fields, we trust much prayer may go up for God's blessing on the workers assembled and also on the missionary teachers.

Mr. S. Auernheimer writes "We praise God for permitting us to visit and preach to the people of 100 villages in our district during the past touring season. We sold gospel portions and distributed tracts in nearly every village. Pray that the Lord may use these messages and His Word to bring light to darkened hearts and that souls shall walk up to the light received. Also pray for a number who need courage to come out for Christ.

Miss E. Morris left Bombay for the Pacific Coast on 22nd June, going by way of China and Japan. Miss Morris has been acting as assistant treasurer of the mission for some years and is now much in need of rest. We wish her a safe and prosperous journey.