“TILL HE COME”

A little while for patient vigil keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith’s flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

—Printed by request.

EDITORIAL NOTES

“LOOKING UNTO JESUS.”

It is related of General Grant that during the fearful battles of the Wilderness when his aides came galloping in from all directions each telling what the enemy was about to do, the general, tired of hearing all these stories, at last said “gentlemen, for God’s sake get your eyes off what the enemy is doing and think a little more of what I am about to do.”

Is not this good advice for us also? We see the world with all its boasted progress going farther and farther away from God, the times getting harder and harder, iniquity abounding so that many who once loved God and His Word growing cold conform to the customs of those around them, professing Christians studying the Word of God but in works denying Him, “holding a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.”

While these things are so, and God’s Word tells us will be increasingly so as the end of the age approaches, there is nothing inspiring or uplifting in letting our minds continually dwell upon the work of the enemy. Our God is marching on
and is preparing for a grand consummation which is neither uncertain nor unknown.

Numbers who have never known Him are learning to trust Him and proving the truth of His Word, His book is printed in greater numbers and in more languages than any other, the ranks of His children are becoming more united and presenting a more solid front to the enemy, His Spirit is still calling men and women from high places and lucrative positions to give up all for His service and meeting with loyal responses, His Saints are "being purified, made white and tried." His Spirit is being poured out in many places so that His people are being brought into deeper fellowship with Himself and many are receiving an enduement with power from on high for service hitherto unknown in their lives. As the pressure of the enemy increases so also do the manifestations and gifts of the spirit increase, and the time is surely near when Satan shall be bound and our Lord shall reign, for His is the kingdom, the glory and power for ever and ever, Amen.

In this world we are pilgrims and strangers and though it may be pleasanter to pass through green fields and beside pleasant rivers yet it is simply a "passing through" for we are citizens of that other country on our way home.

We are interested in His service, His people, and the progress of His kingdom, and are waiting for His personal coming and the time when we shall see Him Who has loved us, cared for us and led us through all our wanderings to Himself.

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THE VOICE FROM KOREA
Life of Faith, June 29th 1910

MR. F. KEHL of Calcutta has asked us to mention that he has arranged for a reprint of this remarkable account.

He writes: "It is indeed a privilege to make God's voice which speaks to us from Korea, known in India. Are not such reports the "broken pieces" from the great feast in Edinburgh at which our ascended and reigning Lord was so manifestly present. "What care He took, when on earth, to have the fragments gathered up after He had fed the multitude; would He not have us gather up and scatter these precious fragments that hungry ones in India may be strengthened and refreshed."
PUNJA MANA
BY LEWIS F. TURNBULL

Nine miles from Mehmedabad one of the first stations opened by the Alliance Mission in Gujerat, lies the little country village of Karoli. There is nothing unusual in its history or appearance to distinguish it from the villages in the surrounding district. The irregular rows of mud huts, the wells, the small bazaar, the rude public assembly room (chora), and the filthy idols, all look the same as in other villages, while the same sins, sorrows and sicknesses abound. As is the case in every village, the low-caste people have their homes on the outskirts.

Twenty-five years ago a little brown baby boy came into the home of a young heathen couple living in a humble mud hut in this village. The father was barely twenty years old and the mother still younger. The birth of the little son brought joy to the young parents and he was given the name of Punja, meaning rubbish, so that the evil spirits would not think him worth taking away.

For a brief eighteen months the little family was unbroken when suddenly the father died. The grand-parents, on the father's side, began at this time to plead with the young mother to give little Punja over into their care which she eventually did. Being of low-caste she married again and went to another village leaving Punja wholly to his grand-parents in a village nearby called Rudairn. A few months later the little chap, while playing about at home, fell backwards into the open fire in the corner of the room and nearly lost his life. The back of his head was terribly burned and he will always bear a great scar, but God had a work for him to do and he recovered.

He heard the gospel for the first time when twelve years old and heard it more frequently the next year when the missionaries in charge of Mehmedabad were touring in the section where he lived. Punja was convicted of sin and desired to become a Christian but his grandfather, a leading man of his caste, bitterly opposed him thinking that only beggars became Christians and fearing that Punja would be taken away to some distant town by the missionaries. Two years later both the grand-parents and the mother died so Punja was free to follow his choice.

Shortly afterwards, during the terrible famine of 1900, the missionary in charge of Mehmedabad gathered in many boys and girls to care for them,—Punja was among the number. The
children were divided into classes and taught accordingly. Punja, although now fifteen years old, had never been in school but he determinedly applied himself to the difficult task of learning his letters. His teacher was a little Christian boy eight years old, a son of one of the catechists and many a scolding did the youthful teacher give to his pupil for not learning quickly.

In the summer of the year 1901 at the close of the famine Punja was baptized with fifty others by Mr. Ramsey, who had come over from Berar to take charge of the Mehmedabad work for a season, as the missionary who had been carrying on the work during the famine, had gone to his reward a short time previously.

After joyfully confessing Jesus Christ as his Saviour in baptism, Punja was sent back to his own village, where he lived alone in the little mud hut left him by his grand-parents, and attended the government school until he had passed the third standard. At this time the funds for supporting such boys in school were very low so he had to begin to earn his own living.

I shall never forget my first real acquaintance with Punja as he came into Mehmedabad one day early in 1904 with one of his hands severely torn by a heavy log falling on it. I kept him on our mission compound until the hand was healed, and always found him a humble boy ready to do anything he could with his one good hand.

Shortly after this he was given a small school to conduct among low-caste children in a village three miles distant from Mehmedabad. It was in this village that he won his first soul for the Lord,—a boy who was afterwards baptized. From this time on he was sent to different places to fit in wherever he was needed.

In December, 1906 he married one of the brightest girls in Kaira Orphanage and together they started a happy Christian home in the village of Lale, where Punja was installed as a regular mission catechist. During all this time he was faithfully studying the prescribed course of study for the mission catechists. In June, 1908 he and his wife went to Dholka to enter the Bible Training Class there. While he was not brilliant he was faithful and earnest and spent some months of hard study in Dholka. Later on, upon leaving Dholka, he went to Mehmedabad to join in special meetings that were being held among the native workers there and where God was graciously working. Punja was greatly distressed, because he felt the Lord was not meeting him as He was many of the others. At night after going to bed he cried earnestly to the Lord to show him what he should do. He says that at this point it seemed to him that he saw a bright angel who smiled on him and pointed out
several things that he must make right. Be that as it may, from that time on Punja seemed to have a real hold on the Lord with power to pray with the sick. Shortly after this experience he was called to pray with a young girl who lived in a village called Vasua Margya. The girl’s father was an unstable Christian, who had a short time before agreed to marry his daughter to a heathen man for a certain sum of money, (a common custom in India among the Hindus) but he called on Punja to come and pray as his daughter seemed possessed with a dumb evil spirit. Punja prayed with her but her writhings continued. Punja pleaded with her to try and say, “The blood of Jesus” but she seemed to have no desire for deliverance. In great earnestness Punja threw himself on the floor and groaned in prayer for her. Finally the girl repeated over and over, “The blood of Jesus” and was instantly delivered. For sometime she was alright, then the father went back into the world, the girl was stricken again and this time the father called in a heathen sorcerer who, after exacting a large fee from the frightened father, delivered the girl and left them as they are at present, in awful, heathen night—a sad example of what happens to those who forsake light for darkness.

While Punja and his wife were still living in Lale their first child was born. He was given the name of Mark and is now a bright little chap nearly two years old.

The next move for Punja was to be sent to Deroda, a village in the adjoining district of Matar. None of the other workers cared to go to Deroda, as it is so far from the mission bungalow, but there Punja went; there he has laboured patiently and prayerfully. A life lived in touch with God will always tell—so it has been with Punja as five men in Deroda have been won to the Lord and have received baptism. It is over a year since they openly confessed Christ and the reader will be glad to learn that they are still true disciples of Christ. Three more young men are now desirous of being baptized. How these converts love Punja! Not because he covers their sins for them and makes it an easy thing for them to become Christians for he deals faithfully with them about giving up all heathen customs and sins but he also has the power to show them the great love of the living Lord and their lost condition without Him.

The Lord has used him in the healing of several who were dangerously sick. He is respected by all classes in Deroda for his clean, earnest life.

I would rather have a spirit-filled worker such as Punja than several more brilliant or better educated young men without Punja’s spiritual experience.
If the Lord lays it upon the heart of the reader please pray that Punja and his little family may be kept in spirit, soul, and body, as they endeavour to let their light shine in the villages where there is such appalling spiritual darkness.

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GOD’S GRACE IN TRIAL
BY S. P. HAMILTON

JUST two months ago to-day, while driving home from a village where we had gone to hold a preaching service, I was thrown violently from the carriage on a hard road and had my left shoulder dislocated and the arm broken quite near the shoulder. After a night of intense suffering my wife and I went to Ahmedabad to have it examined by the Civil Surgeon. He told us at once what the injuries were and after putting me under chloroform, set the shoulder but was unable to do anything with the broken arm owing to the intense swelling. We remained in Ahmedabad at our mission bungalow and I shall not soon forget the days of suffering that followed. Not only on account of the injuries I had received but also owing to the extreme heat. After ten days, I was again called to the hospital to have the broken bone set as the swelling had become somewhat reduced.

I was put under chloroform, the bone set and the arm very tightly bandaged. That afternoon the pain became so excruciating that I could bear it no longer and as the doctor lived nearby I sent asking him to come and slacken the bandage, but his reply was that to do so would hinder the broken bone from knitting properly. However, desiring to lessen the pain, he sent for a bottle of morphia but before it reached us we had cried to God and He heard and relieved me from every bit of pain. That evening the doctor called and seeing me so restful asked me if I had taken the morphia. How glad I was to be able to tell him that the bottle which he had sent had not been opened at all but that God had heard prayer and given a glorious deliverance. My shoulder had turned black owing to the severe bruise and there was great danger of gangrene setting in but prayer was made day and night by the dear missionaries and native people and thus my life was spared.

After twenty-five days in Ahmedabad, we came home. We have returned twice since then to have the shoulder examined. The last time I was kept under chloroform for nearly two hours and my arm was put through all the different motions. How
can I describe the few days that followed. The doctor had
given me so much chloroform that I was unable to eat for three
days and my shoulder and arm felt as sore as a boil owing to
the muscles being exercised after so many days of inaction.
Never have I known such intense suffering as I have experienced
during these two months; but the Lord has been with us through
it all and we have proved the promise true that when passing
through the rivers they shall not overflow.

With all my heart I desire to thank the dear ones who have
shown such true sympathy and who have so faithfully held me
up in prayer. I know of some who though weak and tired in
body have spent the midnight watches in prayer for my recovery.
May the Lord richly reward them for their sympathy and
self-denial.

I am as yet not fully recovered but am making steady progress.

NOTES OF PRAISE FROM BHUSAWAL
BY P. HAGBERG

AFTER “settling down” at this station the native workers
came in from the district and one of them was anxious to
take up the work in the outstation at Warangaon, eight miles
from here, where he had been stationed last year, so I went
with him one day to see what could be done in renting a house.
We found the whole village, or rather town, (there being over
4,000 inhabitants) completely deserted. Owing to plague
raging there for the two previous months, the people were
scattered in all directions outside the town. The house which
the native worker had occupied was rented to some one else
and, as no other house was available, the only thing to do was to
build on the site purchased by the mission some time ago,
so in the beginning of April we started building. As it would
be a comparatively small building we hoped by “pushing the
work” it would be ready in about three weeks; but things move
slowly in India and it was over five weeks before the walls
were up. After a most difficult time in the district, on account
of heavy rains before Christmas and the moving from Shegaon
to this place, I felt quite tired out, and it seemed at first
almost impossible to undertake that work at this time.

The heat was also fast increasing, yet being confident that I
was in God’s will my daily prayer was “give Thy strength unto
Thy servant” and His strength never gives out. Praise His dear
name. I felt a wonderful upholding power to both body and
mind and I learned later that some dear friends in the homeland were especially remembering me in their prayers at that very time. As dear brother Schelander kindly came and overlooked the finishing up of the house we were permitted to go away in beginning of May to Mussoorie, N. India, for a few weeks of rest. In middle of May the native worker with his family (wife and seven children) were happy to move into their new house, so the prayers of many years to get a permanent foothold in this place have been answered. I visit the place quite frequently and am glad to find the people friendly and a good many show deep interest in the message. There is one Mahamedan and one low-caste family who seem really inquiring after the truth. Dear friends please remember these in your prayers and all the Native workers, especially those who are alone on the outstations, that they may realize the presence of God and be kept above the depressing and deadening influences of the heathen around them, serving God with a fervent mind.

JALGAON NOTES

BY C. W. SCHELANDER

We wish to send a note of praise for God’s blessing and upholding during the past hot season. We intended going to Chikalda for a few week’s change during the heat but stayed on and the time went by till it was not worth going. We did not feel the heat much. I was repairing the house which took nearly one month. When we saw the condition of the roof we were indeed glad that we were at home to fix it, since otherwise the whole house would have been flooded at the beginning of the rains.

At the same time we had some quiet times studying the word at home which we had longed for.

Our children, as well as ourselves, have been keeping well also our Native helpers and Christians. The plague was very bad during the month of March both in Jalgaon and the district, so we had to give up the touring in the beginning of that month and our workers went away to their relatives for vacation. We too went away to the Satpura Hills visiting our Swedish brethren working among the Bheels and saw something of the work among that aboriginal tribe. We were most struck with the resemblance in their ways of living, etc., to the people of British East Africa.

Jalgaon is no longer a little town but a large city with nearly 20,000 inhabitants and a rich, and well-organized Munici-
pality, the secretary of which, until very lately, was a well educated Jew. We have a free hospital, and a fine Native General Library with a large hall, used only on special occasions, containing seats for 500 or more persons; also a roomy tennis yard and a fine garden of over four acres of land with many varieties of tropical flowers and trees watered from an artificial lake three miles away. From this lake the whole city receives its water supply.

In February we had an Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition. Sir G. Clarke, Governor of Bombay, opened it. One of our Native Christian women received Rs. 13-0-0 as prize for hand-work. There is a cloth factory, with the latest machinery in use, employing over 2,000 workers. They sell their cloth all over India. The real owner is only 18 years old. He has given 15,000 rupees for a High School which is to be built soon. At present we have an Anglo-Vernacular school taking up about half a block and mostly all of the Brahman community can speak good English. They are all very friendly but not inclined toward Christianity in general, though there are a few who are secretly studying the Christian Scriptures. One of the clerks in the Collector's office says that he believes on Jesus in his heart. Mostly they are of the Reform Party. There is a large girls' school and one of the teachers is a Christian and another Christian girl is a student in the Anglo-Vernacular school.

There are daily two markets, one in the middle of the town in the morning, and one just outside the city in the evening. We preach in both of these places. On Saturdays we have the weekly big bazaar, a market, when thousands of people from near and far come, and sometimes we have a service lasting from three till six in the afternoon in the market-place.

There is plenty of work for all labourers and wages are high, trade is very prosperous and property has risen one-third in value since the Government fixed its headquarters here.

There is the usual staff of European officials, and among the Native officials we have one Christian magistrate drawing over 100 dollars a month.

On 13th of June we had one baptism here and on the 17th our bookseller was married to a girl from Khamgaon. He was 20 years old and she 15. He made a big dinner for all the Christians. He is a very smart young man and not poor. He has kept house for himself the last year and his house has been very orderly and clean.

Last Sunday, the 26th, we organized our Native Church with a membership of twelve persons. There are four others baptized and received as probationers to be taken in after three months.
This Church according to the constitution adopted by the members, can be called a “Covenant Church,” and is very much like the “Swedish Covenanters” in U. S. A.

If parents desire their children to be baptized it cannot be denied though dedication is encouraged. If children are baptized as children then they must be confirmed when coming to age before being taken into the Church or taking the Lord’s Supper. Last Sunday two were confirmed and taken into the Church.

The first Sunday of every quarter the Lord’s Supper is to be administered and new members admitted, but communion is to be open to all whether members or not.

If all the Protestant Christians in Jalgaon joined our Church there would be 25 grown up members, but some belong to the Church Mission and others to the Free Church of Scotland.

NOTES FROM BULDANA

BY O. DYNAM

THE following notes are sent forth with the desire that friends may unite with us in prayer for the subjects mentioned.

A young man living in Buldana has been a backslider for some time but now appears to be endeavoring to put things right. In one of our Sunday meetings lately he confessed some things that we knew nothing of and did it with a humility that surprised us. Since then he has been doing much better and seems to be reaching out for more grace. He has a dear little wife and two little children, and we tenderly commend this family to you for an interest in your prayers, not forgetting to praise God for what He has already done.

We have a native brother with us who was baptised only about seven months ago but who has been reading the Bible and other good books for some years past, he works half the day at odd jobs and studies the other half.

Thus far, his conduct, his perseverance and interest in his studies have given us good cause to hope that in the near future he may make a very useful man.

Our native helper has lately passed through a serious operation for his eyes. At one time it looked as if he might lose the sight of his right eye altogether, but God graciously delivered him, and his eyes seem in better condition than they have been for years. Scales, gathered over the eyes, were hindering the
sight and causing severe headaches; these were removed by the doctor, the result being a clearer vision.

Oh! that a similar thing might be done in thousands of cases concerning spiritual vision. This brother and his wife are mission workers and we commend them with their two little ones to you for praise and prayer.

Far out in the district there seem to be about twenty-six who are quite interested in the gospel. During the last touring season we were camped at their village and night after night they came to us displaying quite an unusual desire to hear the Word of Life. We have visited them several times since, and last time, found one of their number sick who invited us to pray with him and we did so; after prayer he got up on his feet, taking the name of Jesus as he did so; before this he had not been able to stand for nearly a month.

Notwithstanding these encouragements we see much in their manner of life, as we visit them from time to time, that is quite foreign to the Word of God; yet we have been led to entertain great hopes concerning them and trust friends will unite with us in carrying these precious souls in the arms of faith to the Throne of Grace.

Some time ago I wrote of a Brahman who was interested in the gospel and came to us almost daily for over two months for instruction and was on the point of being baptised when he suddenly disappeared. After an absence of several months he turned up again a few days ago, still exhibiting an interest in the gospel and says the desire to become a Christian has never left him. This is another soul for whom Christ died and for whom we may have the privilege of pleading. He has many fears and many real obstacles, but God is able and our eyes are unto Him.

Last Sunday there were 130 at our Sunday school in the town. We have only one room available in which to hold this school, it is impossible to get this number into it so we are compelled to take part of them into a room next door where a native family is living. Truly we need a little chapel here wherein to hold this Sunday school and also other services now held at the mission bungalow.

TESTIMONY AT FIRST HAND

SIR ANDREW FRAZER speaking in Edinburgh at the annual meeting of the National Bible Society of Scotland, said, perhaps he might be permitted, seeing he had come amongst them from the mission field, to tell them something of what he had seen of the circulation of the Scriptures in India,
When he first went to India he found men afraid to talk with him about the Scriptures except very privately; but he remembered one man—he supposed about the year 1874—who came regularly to the Bible readings, even at noon, carrying through the streets a large Bible, which might almost have been a pulpit Bible, till he got the name of the 'Bible man.' He was at that time a fairly orthodox Brahman, the head of the public school of Bhandara—a man well known in the district, and the pluckiest man in that respect that he (Sir Andrew) had ever known. Now they would be surprised to see how men went about with the Bible in their hands; and he thought it one of the most interesting things he had seen shortly before he left India—and that not for the first time—the presentation of Scriptures to undergraduates and successful students in the University of Calcutta by the Young Men's Christian Association. All of them came with a desire to get possessed of a copy of the Scriptures for the sake of studying the religion of the British people. They all received the Book respectfully and cordially; and it was a wonderful thing to see them coming forward to receive it—Hindus of all castes, and occasionally a Mohammedan—in view of their fellow-countrymen without any sort of hesitation.

LEFT ALONE WITH THE BIBLE.

One other reminiscence occurred to him. Very early in his Indian service, when he was stationed in a district in the north of the Central Provinces, he had a friend who came on Sundays to read the Scriptures with him. This man came to him privately, and stated difficulties in regard to the Scriptures of so puerile a character that he often thought he was not in earnest. When he was transferred to a distant part of the province Sir Andrew gave him a copy of the Scriptures, and he heard nothing from him for years, till when in Nagpur, coming in from camp one Saturday, he received a letter from the Rev. John Cooper expressing the hope that he would be in church the following day, because there was to be a baptism, in which, he was sure, he would be interested. It was the baptism of his old friend, who, after the ceremony, came round to shake hands with the elders, and when he came to Sir Andrew, recognising him suddenly and forgetting the crowd, in oriental fashion he dropped on his knees and touched Sir Andrew's feet, leaving him much moved. He had not heard from the man all that time, and had not believed in his earnestness; but left alone with the Bible, with no human being to guide him, he had found rest and satisfaction at last in the Lord Jesus Christ.
THE POWER OF THE BOOK.

Ministers of the Word and by the Word.—"I had a conversation recently with some of our leading Indian ministers. Three of them had been high-caste Hindus, living in different parts of Bengal, and were pupils in three village schools. They had never seen a Christian preacher or missionary. They obtained gospel portions in each case through colporteurs passing through their respective villages. These gospel portions were the first message they received about the Saviour. The more they read, the more their interest grew. They procured other books, and sought out a Christian preacher for instruction, believed with the heart unto righteousness, and were in due course baptised. These three men, led to Christ by similar experiences, though in different parts of Bengal, are now faithful and honoured ministers of the gospel, preaching to their non-Christian fellow-countrymen, and caring for a large number of Christians." The missionary who reports this striking testimony to the power of the Word, adds, "I could quote many instances in which our best converts have been brought to Christ through the reading of a gospel obtained from our colporteurs."

A PRINTED PREACHER.

A Hindu guru, or teacher, became possessed of a copy of the New Testament. He took it to his village, and at nights gathered the people together and read portions of the Scriptures to them. A few years later, when a missionary passed through that village, he found that through this New Testament twenty families were really believers in Christ, and after a time they were all baptised.

SELF-BAPTISED.

The following remarkable case is reported from Calcutta: "There were two high-caste educated men who lived near to each other, who frequently met together to read the Bible, and to pray. They also read the Bible to their wives. The question of baptism began to trouble them. They felt that they should be baptised, but to be baptised in a Christian Church meant the break-up of their family and social life. At last they solved the difficulty by baptising each other in the house of one of them.
In this way they believed that they obeyed the command without breaking up their families. I used to see them frequently and they were most devout men."

**A FACE LIT UP.**

"I recently learned of the death of a Brahman friend in one of the villages, who was much interested in the Bible. When I visited him he talked freely, and apparently in all good faith declared his faith in Christ. I could have converse with him as a Christian brother. He never reached the point of confessing Christ in baptism, but it was generally known throughout the village that he was a Christian at heart. Long shall I remember the lighting up of his face as he spoke of reading the Bible, and of his faith in Christ."

**HANDING ON THE TORCH.**

"Some years since a Hindu showed much interest in Christian things, and read and studied the Bible much. At his death the Bible was given to a friend. This individual has family prayers, and is generally known as a believer, though he has not united himself with any Church."

**A TEACHER OF OTHERS.**

"A school teacher who has not himself become openly a Christian has been a teacher of others. A teacher with his wife were so taught and influenced by him that they have been baptised. At least four others have been greatly helped by him."

**THE BIBLE IS CHANGING HIM.**

"There is a farmer in one of our villages who has had a Bible for years. He has many hindrances, but the Bible is changing him. He is growing from year to year. He has a large influence as a teacher of the Bible although a Hindu. Many are learning the truth from him. Now that his heathen foster-father is dead, we hope he may openly become a Christian."

**FATHER AND SON.**

"We have just received for baptism a Brahman boy of seventeen who was converted through reading the Gospel of Luke which his father kept on the book-shelf. The father had previously believed in Christ, but was afraid to confess Him openly. The boy declared his intention of coming out openly. This brought the father to decision, and both father and son are to be baptised next week."

When the living Word is brought by a living messenger to an individual or to a community, and when the testimony of experience certifies the promise and appeal which it makes, the
normal method of evangelisation is followed. But, apart from human teaching, the living Spirit lights up the living Word, so that its truths shine forth.

In India there are many secret readers of the Word. These are on the road to faith. A Mohammedan priest asks a missionary for a commentary, in order that he may get in private the guidance which he fears to seek openly. A Hindu official purchases some gospel portions, and welcomes an opportunity of talking quietly and reverently with the colporteur in reference to them. Men read, and are guided by the Spirit of Truth, till one day they openly show themselves as Christians. There is a great underground river flowing, whose existence is proved by a new verdure and freshness in individual lives. Taking up the cross of Christ means much in India.

But the rivers are not all underground. There are men and women stepping into the open and receiving the seal of baptism. In one place there have been five baptisms, the Lord giving power to the Word carried by a colporteur. Here, it is a Brahman, there, a Mohammedan, and there again, an Out-caste. But spiritual results cannot be tabulated in statistics. Impulses are stirred, aspirations are excited, responses, faint at first, are awakened to the appeal of the Christ who “tasted death for every man.” When the Master speaks, hearts respond.

The total number of sales last year show an increase of 20,228 over those of 1908.

The catholicity of the Society is strikingly illustrated in its Indian work. It finds the superintendents of its colporteurs in missionaries, who not only represent each great section of the Protestant Church which conducts missions in India, but who also belong to varied nationalities. Most hearty thanks are rendered to these missionary correspondents who ungrudgingly give time and thought to the Society’s work, and without whose co-operation it could not be effectively done.

I am here to say that we have no use for missionaries at the ends of the earth who will upset the new-born confidence of those who believe that God has spoken to them in these last days by His Son.—Bishop Ingham.

“This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” This, the Bible will do for us, it will do for them. Therefore it is worth while seeing that people in all lands, and of all tongues, have it in their hands for daily use.—Archbishop of Canterbury.
ON EVERY hand, from platform and pulpit alike, we hear so much about the wonderful progress of the 19th and 20th centuries, the magazines are crowded with marvellous things that are taking place. To-day, all over the world, in science, arts, schools and colleges important discoveries in medicine and in the realm of mechanics are reported; the earth, sea and air are apparently conquered and there is a net-work of telegraph wires and railways all over the earth. The sea is covered with fleets of last merchantmen, ironclads, torpedo-boats and pleasure yachts; in our homes we have electric lights, Singer sewing-machines, self-cooking apparatus and so many other labour-saving devices that we are led to believe there never was such a glorious period in the history of the world. The daily newspaper draws our attention to such engineering feats as the completion of the North-River bridge, which now entirely eclipses the once famous Brooklyn suspension bridge, to the erection of some grand forty or fifty storied building, the construction of some powerful Mogul engine that travels from 70 to 90 miles an hour and takes its water as it goes.

We boast of the Panama Canal, the building of the 60,000 horse-power Lusitania or the formation of a billion-dollar stock company. With all our wonderful railways, plush-upholstered Pullman cars, electric lights, labour-saving appliances, fifty storied buildings with their many elevators, the ease with which we can converse with our friends hundreds of miles away sending the messages by wireless, our magnificent libraries, free reading-rooms and the daily newspaper.

THE QUESTION REMAINS

are we really any further along than many nations were some thousands of years ago? Solomon says, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done and there is no new thing under the sun." The boasted advance of political science, administrative ability, the discoveries in medicine and mechanics, the free institutions of learning with all the so-called political, social and moral reforms, the building of new empires, the laying down of European zones in dark Africa, the great temperance waves that have just passed over the land, the Peace Conferences and Peace Temples, notwithstanding all these things we are led to pause and enquire, are we really advancing or receding on the lines of morality and true righteousness?

A little study of Ancient and Modern history will surely prick our bubble of conceit on some of these lines. What modern engineer, with all his latest appliances, could erect or set in position the world-famous Colossus of Rhodes, or put into place some of the immense stones that are found to-day in the Pyramids of Egypt, or the massive foundation-stones Solomon laid in his fortifications at Tadmor, or even in the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem?

The wonderful monoliths and Sphinx of Egypt will easily out-rival our fifty-storied buildings. The Sphinx at Gizeh is one massive granite stone 190 feet long, the temple of El Kanack with a circumference of 12 miles, with its thousands of inlaid and overlaid pillars dwarfs into insignificance all the St. Paul's and St. Peter's in the world. Nebuchadnezzar erected at the mouth of the Tigris a metropolis more scientifically laid out than either London or Paris and covering twice the extent of the latter city, with its world-famous hanging gardens, the gigantic temple of Bel with its golden idol.
40 feet high, its many gorgeous palaces, its fountains and statuary, parks and gardens, business marts and theatres; enclosed with a wall 400 feet high and 100 feet thick, fortified with 250 towers, streets laid out in perfect squares and its 100 brazen gates of entrance; enclosing gardens and orchards watered by powerful hydraulic engines and containing a collection of all kinds of exotic trees and plants. We talk of our fine silk and linen yarns, yet the Egyptians, 3,000 years ago, wore linen cloth which contained 540 strands to the inch; examine your very finest Cambric handkerchief and see how many you come short of this, it was sold for its weight in gold it was so valuable.

We hailed as a new discovery the diamond drill which was used for the first time in boring the St. Goths Tunnel, but the ancient Egyptians were quite familiar with its use and they used to cut immense hard blocks of red granite with the precision of a jeweller. We boast of our magnificent ocean grey-hounds such as the Mauretania and Lusitania, which cross the Atlantic in four days; but the Tyro-Phoenician fleets with their magnificently equipped galleys traded 3,000 years ago from England to India. In the year 250 B.C. the Alexandria of Hiero the 2nd was as large as one of our first-class battleships and Ptolemaeus Philopater built one that was manned by 4,000 sailors who could handle her so beautifully that they knew how to beach her for necessary repairs. Yes, we have free libraries, so had Egypt and Babylon, we stop our teeth with gold, so did the ancient Egyptians, we now embalm our dead, the ancients were past masters in this art. We will not take up the subject of pigments for paints, the coloring and tempering of metals, the manufacture of jewellery paper, leather, the hardening of copper, for we speak of these things as “lost arts,” yet the ancients were perfectly familiar with their use; but we must stop here as there is no end of comparison.

**Morality.**

But where are the moral advances that we claim to have made? And what about the great open and running sore of slavery that Livingstone spoke so much about, and who has not heard of the awful atrocities that are being practised on the natives of the Congo, in the lustful greed for rubber, or read about slave girls of China, that land teeming with one-quarter of the population of the world? Who is there that has not heard of the child-wives of India and its enforced widowhood of 23 millions of its inhabitants who daily suffer a living death, eating only one meal a day and must fast for a day twice in each month till death releases them; Africa, with its 200 millions, has long been designated the Dark Continent?

Civilization has not eliminated evil in the lands that are boasting most of their progress. In these the spirit of lawlessness and anarchy stalks through the land. Dr. Delisch of Germany says “the number of juvenile offenders in Germany has risen in ten years from 30,000 to 70,000.” In the U.S.A. juvenile courts have had to be established for their many youthful offenders. The Secretary of the New York Prison Association says, “that while the population of the U.S.A. is increasing 20 per cent, CRIME is increasing 33% per cent.” Socialism, Anarchy, Nihilism, Communism and Materialism are rampant throughout the world, and their waves are mounting higher and higher. In one of our recent magazines we read that 400 Church of England Ministers had declared themselves in favour of advanced Socialism and just a few weeks ago President Taft of U.S.A. declared that the problem of the near future was socialism and that it will have to be met in a very tactful way. Oh, how all this is so very clearly depicted in the Word of God, we see the “mingling of the iron and miry clay” in the toes and feet of Nebuchadnezzar's golden image.
Despite the Hague Peace Temple we can hear the steady tramp, tramp of mailed feet marching and counter marching all over Europe, not in simple companies or squadrons, but in legions, yea, by thousands and millions. We are apt to think that this condition of things prevails only in Europe, but hear what chairman Tawney of the Home Committee on Appropriations of the U.S.A. says, "We are now spending this year for war preparations or on account of past wars $84,975,238 more than England, $136,670,838 more than Germany, $153,859,936 more than France."

"According to the statement of the Treasury Department at Washington on April 30th, 1909, we have thus far during this fiscal year collected from all sources except postal receipts $493,027,989. Up to that date we had expended on the Navy $96,376,012, for the Army $110,107,924, a total of $206,483,937."

"Therefore we have expended 72 per cent. of all the revenues thus collected during the current fiscal year on account of wars it is SAID we are preparing to avoid, and wars which we have had in the past, leaving only 28 per cent. to meet all other governmental expenditures including internal improvements, the erection of public buildings, the improvements of rivers and harbours, etc., etc., this is to my mind appalling."

The youth of European countries are being forced into the ranks (against their will in the case of thousands) with weapons in their hands, not for peace. On the contrary, they are being carefully drilled and scientifically trained for the express purpose of slaughtering their fellow men. Europe is being drained to the tune of over one billion dollars annually for the up-keep of their standing armies, we are living on the brink of an awful inferno, and that hackneyed phrase "the European War" will soon not be a phrase but a dreadful fact. No wonder the world has to organise "Don't worry and keep sweet societies."

CORRUPTION.

Look at the political corruption that is cropping out and coming to light in many lands amongst those that hold high and honourable positions; glance at the curse of intemperance so that in Great Britain alone the yearly drink bill would buy every foot of land in the United Kingdom, sending its hundreds of thousands of victims into a Christless grave every year. Some of us remember the exposure of Modern Babylon by W. T. Stead, but to-day the ramifications of the White Slave Traffic is in almost every land. Considering these things the very foundation of our boasted progress is pulverized beneath our feet and we long for the time that Isa. Ix. 21 speaks of "thy people also shall be ALL righteous."

Despite the wonderful discoveries in medicine over a million die from plague alone in some years, the growth of consumption, the nervous cerebral derangement, short sightedness, anemia, hysteria, insanity and above all the frightful growth of suicide is alarmingly on an increasing ratio. In the U.S.A. there are over 10,000 homicides annually and in France and Italy percentage has a much higher showing. The Rev F. S. Sheets, D.D., one of the prominent ministers of Chicago, in a sermon preached some time ago, referring to a case of suicide said, "My sympathy is with these poor old people, and I do not blame them for what they did, I told my wife once that if ever I got old and sick and destitute, I meant to open a vein or take morphine. She laughed at me but I meant it, and I would not hesitate a moment to commit suicide under such circumstances and take all the chances at the bar of God." Watchman and Truth. What more need we say on the subject when a so-called preacher of the gospel will speak from the sacred desk such rank blasphemy as this.
What shall we say when we look into the life of the professing Church of God, surely oh surely, the leaven is working all through the Church. The Romanising Spirit has been at work for a number of years in the Established Church of England, and thousands of its ministers are at heart Romanists.

It is no uncommon event to see crosses, crucifixes, the Madonna and child, and the services prefaced by the minister parading the Church with basin and holy water sprinkling the congregation with a small mop.

At the Communion he turns his back upon the people throughout. Mass is openly celebrated, and the Bishops speak of "sacrificing priests," banners are carried through the Church; the Bell, Priest, Wafer and Idol have a very prominent part in the service.

In the Free Churches on the other hand, the Church notices are given up mostly to tea-parties, mock-shows, oyster suppers, and smoking clubs in the Church parlours. Secret societies and Masonic orders are undermining the Church attendance, and foundation stones of Churches and Universities are laid with Masonic rites. Professor H. Willet of Chicago University declares, "Jonah and the whole episode is just a child's yarn." The Red Sea opening to allow Israel to pass through is "only a myth." And he says some parts of the book are "not decent reading."

At the regular monthly meeting of the M. E. Ministers of N.Y. held March 6th 1899, the Rev. S. P. Cadman, pastor of the Metropolitan Temple of the M. E. Church, read one of a series of papers on Bible criticism, in which he boldly stated the proposition "that the inerrancy and infallibility of the Bible are no longer possibilities of belief among reasoning men." Mr. Cadman said, "the authorship of the greater part of the Old Testament is unknown, and the New Testament likewise contains many contradictions. The truth of such Bible stories as Jonah and the whale, the fate of Lot's wife, Elijah's ascension, the age of Methuselah, Daniel in the lion's den, and God speaking to Moses from the burning bush are questioned." The Chicago Record says, "The acceptance of Dr. Cadman's proposition was heard with respect and applause by 400 ministers." The Church Advocate calls it "a bold rationalistic assault upon the inspired Scriptures."

We do not have to buy Tom Paine's or R. Ingersol's infidel lectures, they are given weekly from hundreds of pulpits. By lustful scoffers, "wolves in sheep's clothing;" with their Higher Criticism, so-called, the inspiration of the Scriptures is denied, the miraculous birth of our Lord derided, and His miracles are openly scoffed at.

The old-fashioned gospel of salvation from sin and death, through repentance, restitution, and faith in the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ is not popular, and is not heard as often as it should be. Instead, in many places, we have Spiritualism, Christian Science, Theosophy, revived Buddhism, and various psychological cults that have lately sprung up; offshoots of oriental occultism and demonic in their origin. Is it any wonder that conversions are scarce, prayer-meetings poorly attended and in some places closed entirely, while our young people are running the streets in pursuit of eternal pleasure and not finding it?

We find Buddhism, Paganism, Romanism, Mohamedanism, Hinduism Mormonism being placed side by side with the religion of Jesus Christ in the religious parliaments and congresses of the world; to-day, in England we find Hindoo temples and Mohamedan mosques, in the U. S. A. there are already 16 temples erected to the god Krishna. The writer went through one costing over a hundred thousand dollars, erected by American ladies, (who have, through
occult studies "denied the Lord that bought them," for the worship of one of the most vile and unclean gods in the Indian pantheon. My heading should not have been "Drifting," but Rushing for we surely are rushing to a frightful doom and at a fearful pace. The cup of iniquity is nearly full, the hosts are preparing for battle, the eagle has scented the affray, the clouds are gathering in midnight blackness, the spirit of lawlessness is abroad in the land, it is an age of disrespect to elders, the looseness of the marriage tie, and now Denmark proposes to do away entirely with divorce, and allow the parties to dissolve the marriage tie at pleasure, when both parties are agreeable (this is not law yet, but has been set forth), in San Francisco the ratio of marriage to divorce is one to five. The tremendous amount of secret sin, the political, social and moral corruption, the carelessness in things pertaining to holiness; the "fig-tree blossoming," shows that the time is almost ripe, let us gird up our loins, standfast in the Lord and not DRIFT with the on-flowing current, but press onward and upward till the day dawns, the trumpet sounds and we hear the "Well done good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

HOW LONG?

How the hearts of the members of the world-wide prayer circle are going up these days! We had thought that there would be a world-wide Revival long before this, but there has not been. It is true we have had awakenings, breakings and refreshings in various places in different countries, but until now, we have not had what we had hoped for, what we have prayed for. Why is it?

In almost every missionary magazine that one picks up, one reads that hearts are looking up and saying, "Lord, how long? How long ere Thou come and take Thine own?" And who is there of us who has not sent up that same cry: "How long, Oh Lord, how much longer must we wait? How can we wait?" And yet we wait on.

Surely it is time for something else. Some of us have been so full of our own longings and the pressing forces about us, and the loneliness of the situation has dulled our hearing, but there is a Voice so clear, so distinct, ringing over the battle-field. Our Great Commander calls: "How long are ye slack to go in and possess the land which the Lord . . . hath given you." Josh. xviii. "You look to Me and say: 'How long?' But I say unto you: 'The land is yours; how long are ye slack to go in to possess?'" Oh ye askers, ye prayer members, to you God has said: "Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Ask and I will give." How long are ye slack to go in to possess the land?
But perhaps we have never got to the claiming point. We have only asked, and asked with very little faith, always wondering whether God will give to us what we ask, and generally being very surprised when we get it. Oh, how many of us ask and then wait and see whether God will really answer.

Some years ago I was in Boscombe. There was to be a Parish outing from St. John's, but alas in the early morning on the treat day, the rain came down in torrents, the Rev. S. A. Selwyn gathered the Sunday school teachers and some other praying friends together and asked for—aye and did more—claimed a fine day for the children.

About an hour before it was time to start the sun broke out, and the crowds came up, most of them well prepared for rain. Off they started for the New Forest. The vicar himself had neither umbrella nor mackintosh!!! There were a few others who also had learnt to claim as well as to ask, and they too went off to the forest not prepared for rain. And God honoured their trust and gave them a warm, sunny day, made lovely by the consciousness that it was His gift to them. Many hearts that day learnt a new song of praise.

Some said: "Wasn't it rather foolish to go for a whole day without an umbrella or cloak;" others said: "We did not know whether God would answer our prayer." But there were some in that big gathering who had a deep rest in their hearts and we knew, as we looked at their faces, that they knew in Whom they had believed; and could trust Him.

A young lady was taking a long journey to see her father, she had prayed for him for years, sometimes expecting him to be converted and sometimes wondering whether he ever would be. But on this day there came into her heart a deep longing that Jesus might possess him at once. As she sped along in the train God gave her a vision of the cross and the Man of Sorrows dying there for him, she lifted up her heart and said: "Lord, how long? How long must I pray?" And the answer came: "How long are ye slack to go in to possess?" Possess, possess—echoed in her spirit. This seemed so different. When one has prayed for years and then suddenly arrives at the claiming point, a new era has opened out to that one and life is not quite the same again. The young lady then looked up and just said: "Lord, I claim my father for Thee now; make me grasp my opportunity of speaking to him."

When the father and daughter met, she looked into his face and said, "Father, I have prayed for you for years. I long for you to know Jesus. He is such a wonderful Saviour and Friend. But He wants you far, far more than I could ever want anything.
Have you turned to Him?" "Yes," said the father softly, "I've been reading the Bible a bit lately." "Have you given yourself to Him, father?" "No," was the answer. "Will you do it?" "Yes." "Now?" "Yes." And so they knelt together, father and daughter, the claimer and the claimed, and with broken tones the father prayed: "I've sinned against heaven and before Thee; make me all I ought to be, all it is possible for me to be for Jesus' sake." And very really Light came into that soul at evening time.

We have been praying for years, how far are we from the claiming point? How many of us are really expecting the Revival that we have prayed for? Some people tell us that when the Revival touched their district they were not ready for it. They were praying but not expecting. One lady said: "Well, we didn't expect it just then." And, Oh, are not most of us like that? We ask, but we are slack to go in to possess. Why? Because Satan keeps us from claiming. God says: "Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession." Did you know that the uttermost parts of the earth are yours? Your very own, your possessions? There are hundreds of souls there, just there, they are yours, how long are ye slack to go in to possess? Why don't you possess them now? Then there are the heathen. Oh, could we but make real to you the awful suffering and degradation of the heathen, how your hearts would melt! How your prayers would ascend and yet from these very people shall come your inheritance. You are heir to them, they are yours, how long are ye slack to go in to possess? To possess them for Jesus? Oh, let us get from our hidden boulders and in one mighty army face the foe on the field of battle; in the Name of the Lord of Hosts let us claim what is ours.

Onward Christian soldiers
Claiming day by day,
For the Cross of Jesus
Makes a Blood-marked way.

Ah, let us never forget that all that is ours is only so because of calvary, and let us ever remember that all was won for us on that day when Jesus knelt in the Garden, and being in an agony prayed. He poured out His soul unto death. He was numbered with the transgressors and made intercession for the transgressor. Wondrous love. Because of His dying love and His last command let us go in and possess for Him. We can't see all our possessions down here, but we shall get a clear view of them from above.
“The heathen for thine inheritance.” I have seen some who have come from the darkness of heathenism into the knowledge-surpassing love of Christ and their faces tell of the wonderful rest that He gives, and of the love that satisfieth. They have drunk of the “Living Water.” They have taken of the “Living Bread” and are satisfied. How many such have you claimed? They were the heathen, but some one claimed them as their inheritance to lay at Jesus’ feet. There is still much land to be possessed, “How long are ye slack to go in to possess?” Let us bestir ourselves to go in to claim, let us not only be askers, let us be claimers.

Why should our forces fall?
And we no victory see,
When all we know is ours,
If claimed on bended knee.

The mightiest victories we shall see
Will aye be gained on bended knee.

—M. Warburton Booth.

ITEMS.

All our missionaries have now returned from the hills and sea-side resting places to their stations and it is time for those who have remained at work through the hot season in orphanages and schools to get away for a season of rest.

Our annual convention will probably meet at Akola, Oct. 26th. Last year we had Mr. Funk with us whose presence and messages were an inspiration to us all. This year we are left without the help and counsel of Mr. Fuller whose usual good judgment often acted as a balance steadying us all and preventing extremes. In some sense his absence makes us feel like orphans, but then God takes special care of the orphans and we shall not be forsaken or left out in the cold, as our eyes are unto Him. Won’t you remember us in prayer at this time?

Bro. Armson, who has been suffering from a combined attack of erysipelas and neuralgia, is not yet able to be out of bed. Sister Armson is also very much worn out with nursing and
caring for her husband. Both have been a considerable time on the field and will have to go on furlough to Australia before they are able to take up work again in their station. We trust the prayers of our readers will prevail for these dear ones.

Bro. and Sister McKee have gone to take up work again in Sanand, a station which has been closed for some time. We trust they also will have an interest in your prayers.

Little Satwick, seven years old went round for a considerable time with all his extra clothes tied round his neck. When Mr. Lapp questioned him as to his reason for this, he said, "I have no place to keep them." Then the secret was out. Mr. Lapp had just given some nice boxes to a few of the older boys to keep their clothes in and this was his way of asking for one.

One of the little fellows in Akola school had just finished his nightly prayer when he over-heard another say in a stage-whisper, "he hasn't asked forgiveness of his sins." He commenced his prayer again "Oh Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast not let snakes or scorpions bite me when I was in the field to-day and hast given me plenty to eat, now please forgive me for all the sins I am going to do to-morrow." Mr. Lapp explains this by saying he could not recollect that he had committed any special sin that day but wanted to make his prayer conform to the standard set by the other boy. Is this sort of praying wholly unknown among older Christians?

Bees built a nest in the tower of the wind-mill in the garden at Akola. When it was full many little eyes were fixed with expectation upon it planning how to get the honey. At last one younger, more venturesome than the rest, secretly climbed up part way, knocked the nest down with a long Bamboo pole, and sat down quietly and selfishly to enjoy the feast, when a bee stung him in the mouth. Soon another little tot came to Mr. Lapp with news of the sin and its punishment, saying, "Kimo climbed up, you know, stole honey, you know, bee stung him, you know."