SACRIFICE AND SERVICE

Let my heart now bring, O Lord,
A sacrifice of love outpoured.
Let my lips speak forth Thy praise,
A sacrifice, in joyful lays.
Let my hands in service bring
A sacrifice, for Thee my King.
Let my days be ever Thine,
A sacrifice, of thought not mine.
Let my will and strong desire
Be a sacrifice on fire.
Let me Lord be all Thine own
And daily offer at Thy throne
Some sacrifice to Thee complete
That carries too a savour sweet.

—Josephine E. Turnbull.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE OLD YEAR

"THOU CROWNED’ST THE YEAR WITH THY GOODNESS."

Standing upon the threshold of a new year it may be profitable for us to review a little the record of the one just passed and as we do so the first thought in our minds is that of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God, our loving Heavenly Father, for the goodness and forbearance which He has shewed to us all through the year.

There is the constant miracle of the continuance of the support of so many missionaries on the field and the sending out of new ones. The Lord has continued to touch hearts in the home-land, so filling them with His own love to the lost and perishing that they gave, some out of their abundance but very
many out of their poverty, so that if the Master came to us as He did to the disciples of old, asking “Lacked ye anything?” We would have to answer “Nothing Lord! for Thou hast dealt bountifully with us.” Though we have often failed, sometimes mistaken His leadings and fallen short of much that He would have accomplished through us had we been in closer fellowship with Him, yet has He not forsaken or cast us off but His mercy and grace have abounded towards us and His abiding Presence is yet in our midst.

Though our mission has passed through a year of much sickness and trial, many of our dear ones having been for some time on the border-land, yet God in His tender mercy and love has spared them to us so that we have more reason than ever to praise Him as Jehovah Rophi, the Healer of His people.

How some of these precious lives were spared can only be explained by Bunyan’s well-known figure of the devil trying to put out the fire with water while One stood on the other side pouring in oil. It seemed at times as though the feeble spark of life must surely be quenched as one after another the waves of pain and weakness passed over it, but Praise God! He has not permitted one to be taken from our midst but has raised all our dear ones up to life and strength as monuments to His love and mercy as well as witnesses to His unchanging faithfulness.

Then we have to praise God for the arrival of several new missionaries on the field as well as the return of some old ones who have been a considerable time in the home-land. How it rejoices our hearts to welcome these new missionaries coming with fresh courage, faith and zeal for the work. How, remembering our own early days, we laugh with them at their mistakes in the language and at the same time deeply sympathise with them and help them as they tackle its difficulties, knowing that some of them will assuredly reap where we have sown, succeed where we have failed and we shall yet see with rejoicing their golden sheaves some of which are the fruit of our labour and toil.

The welcome of a missionary on his return to the home-land is as nothing compared to the warmth of greeting given
the old missionary on his return to the field. He or she is the comrade who has stood with us in many a hard fight, shared our joys and sorrows, entered into our life with a sympathy and understanding which even our nearest and dearest according to the flesh, could not do.

Next comes the native Christian community. How some of these precious ones have ripened during the past year; how a few of them are beginning to enter into the purpose of God when He called them out of darkness into His marvellous light and baptised them into His own Spirit of love for the perishing souls around them.

In our orphanages also there has been a quiet work of grace going on, some of the little ones learning to pour out their souls to Him who answers prayer and having their faith strengthened by receiving what they have asked while many of the older ones have gone out to found Christian homes and bear their part of the burdens of the local Church.

Altogether we have great reason to praise God for what He has done for us during the past year.

THE NEW YEAR.

"I WILL SEND MINE ANGEL BEFORE THEE TO KEEP THEE IN THE WAY."

What will the New Year bring to us? Changes; yes! Would we desire to go on just as we have done in the past? God's Word tells us of the eagle stirring up her nest that the little ones may no longer have there a resting-place and a home and has He not in love begun to stir up the nest for some of us, but it is ever true that

"There is One amid all changes
Who standeth ever fast,
One who covers all the future,
The present and the past.
It is Christ the Rock of Ages,
The first and the last."

and He bears us upon the wings of His love over depths and heights that seem appalling to us.
God through the prophet Jeremiah, tells us of Moab that he had been at ease from his youth, had not been emptied from vessel to vessel and so had settled on his lees, therefore his taste remained in him and his scent had not changed. Is this what we desire? To be left alone? To settle down comfortably in our places? or to be “like ointment poured forth” filling the whole house with its perfume, “a sweet smelling savour of Christ unto God in every place.” Do we not hear it said of some, “that is W———,” “that is just like Mr. so and so,” “he is the same old Mr. S. Still.”—His taste remaineth in him, his scent is not changed.

How ready the enemy is to discourage us with his “new year” suggestions, “things are getting worse and worse,” “everything is going to pieces,” “this and that is going to happen;” how black he often succeeds in making everything appear to us in spite of all the promises of our unchanging and omnipotent God.

Shall we not enter into the New Year with a “Hallelujah! The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, He makes me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name’s Sake.” We shall see more of his power, understand more of His ways and experience more of His love this year than ever before, for “goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”

The God, who has so wondrously provided for us in the past, loved and borne with us, even undertaking for us that “when we shall see Him, we shall be like Him,” “This God is our God even until death.”
ONE morning Miss Williams and myself were called to the hospital to see one of our Christian women, who we were told was very ill and on going there found her very weak, partly from lack of suitable nourishment.

As there was nothing at hand we sent her husband to our bungalow for milk, etc., while we attended to some of her other immediate needs.

Looking about for water and finding none, I started out in search of a little and a Marawadi kindly supplied me with enough for present needs.

A little later, having made the woman comfortable I stepped out into a little verandah and very soon a Brahman came and introducing himself, very kindly, and politely said, "if you need milk or water please come to us and we will be very glad to supply you as we have our own buffalo so have plenty of milk and have also a servant to bring water."

Upon enquiry I found that he with his wife and mother-in-law were occupying an adjoining room, his wife being an invalid and here for treatment, being in such close proximity he had evidently observed our difficulty in getting milk and water for our patient. As he seemed so friendly I asked if I might be allowed to see his wife. He said, "Oh! certainly, she will be very glad to have you visit her" and led the way to her room.

There on a bed, propped up with pillows and blankets was a dear little woman, I should say no taller than an ordinary American girl of ten or twelve, and so emaciated that as I looked at her I thought how easily I could lift her off the bed.

As I advanced into the room she looked up and with a beautiful smile illuminating her countenance gave me a hearty welcome and asked me to sit beside her on the bed so that she could the better talk with me. She had been unable to walk for over a year, the limbs and lower part of her body being paralyzed; but was improving under hospital treatment. She was a well-educated lady and also well instructed in the Hindu religion, especially that part of the Shastras (holy books) which refer to women and their duties.

Miss Williams was talking to the husband in English so I was quite free to converse with the little lady, and what a dear little woman she was, how interestedly she enquired about my family, and Oh! the sad, sad look that came into her face when I told her I had no husband or children; "What! have you never
married? In our religion a woman must marry when she is young." I said "Yes! I know that is your custom but we think it is better for our young girls not to think of marriage until they are quite grown up and even then, if they do not choose to marry at all, it is all right." I shall never forget the look of distress that came over her wan, sweet face as I said this and with tears standing in those great, lustrous eyes she tried to shew me that in order to gain an entrance into heaven, I must marry. She illustrated her theory by telling the story of a beautiful young Hindu girl who, leaving this earth sought an entrance into heaven. Among the other questions put to her by the god, she was asked if while on earth she had been married.

She replied that she had not, whereupon the god said that he could not give her a place in heaven but that if she really and earnestly desired to win heaven she would be allowed to return to earth where she must marry and faithfully serve her husband and family for a lifetime and then at her death she would be given an entrance into the realms of bliss.

The girl obeyed the god, was born again on earth, married, was a faithful wife and servant to her husband and in the end received as her reward, a place in heaven.

She also said, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes "we must pray much and think much about the god and heaven." I said, "Yes, we must pray much and be true to God but my God does not require me to marry in order to win heaven. He has given me other service for Him and if I am faithful in that and keep my life pure and holy, He will accept me for He has given us a promise in our Scriptures that He is preparing a beautiful home for all who love Him and are true to Him in this world." Again the tears came in her beautiful eyes as she said "Oh! but God is a Spirit, we cannot see him, how then can we serve him? We can see our husbands and therefore we can serve them and God accepts it as done unto Himself and will reward us accordingly. You know that the way to heaven is like this,—the world is like a large room with several doors and we are like blind men put into the room and given permission to go out by the first door we come to. How will a blind man find the door?

"Only by keeping his hands on the wall as he walks round the room. If his mind is fully occupied only with the thought of trying to find the door and getting out, he pays no attention to the numerous things that are going on around him to distract his attention but on the other hand, if he is careless or indifferent he is liable to be so annoyed even by a fly or a mosquito buzzing around that he takes his hand from the wall, misses the door and passes on for another long period till he comes to the next one."
Pardon me if, just here, I am led to say a few words about ourselves: as Christians, ministers of Christ, are we so devoted in our love to Him, so zealous in His service, with eyes so fixed upon Him as the one and only door that we cannot be turned aside or annoyed by the flies and mosquitos—the trials and testings that come to us in our everyday life, in our associations and dealings with one another or with the world? Or do we sometimes become a little careless or so overburdened by perplexities and cares that we lose something of what God has for us? Oh! May we learn to cast our burdens on the burden-bearer and run with patience, yea even joyously, the race set before us.

But to return to our little Indian sister—she listened attentively as I tried to tell her of One who in His infinite love and mercy gave His own life a willing sacrifice to pay the penalty of our sins and redeemed us from sin and destruction, making us accepted of God for an inheritance in heaven through faith in His atonement for us. The thought of such love and such a sacrifice seemed very wonderful to her and she admitted that such a Saviour was worthy of adoration but still her mind was so filled with the superstitious teachings of her own religion that she could not conceive of any other true way of escaping eternal condemnation and gaining an entrance to heaven than by a strict adherence to the principles which had been so thoroughly instilled into her young mind.

And thus we left her, not however without receiving an urgent invitation to "come again as often as you can;" as she said this I could read in those wonderful eyes, the depths of sorrow and pity she felt for us that we—Miss W. and myself, should be forever shut out from heaven and all its happiness if we died unmarried.

This is an exceptionally intelligent young woman, naturally of a spiritual disposition and my heart ached as I looked at her, so young, so beautiful, so sweet and loveable, talented in many ways and seemingly so near the border-land but so ignorant of the true God and Jesus our Saviour.

I am longing to go back to her again and shall do so the first opportunity. Do not forget to pray for this dear little Brahman woman and the hundreds, yea thousands, of her country-women who are in a similar condition.

We, who have the true light and liberty, owe so much to these Indian sisters whose souls are as precious in His sight as are those in our own homeland. And you, fathers and mothers, who read this little story, think what it would mean to you if your own little daughters were subjected to such a life as is the
fate—yes, I believe fate is the right word, of these dear little girls in India. Is there nothing for you to do to alleviate their wrongs, to lift the dark cloud of ignorance and superstition from their lives and bring in joy and hope through the knowledge of your Saviour? Pray, send, go, do something for these dear ones for whom the Saviour has done so much.

Pray for us also that we may be fruitful in this land to which our God has called us.

TO INDIA VIA THE PACIFIC
BY HATTIE O'DONNELL

AFTER several weeks of busy preparation for India in which all my friends had a share, some in helping with the making of the outfit, others in canning and drying fruit for use in India, and others in packing boxes, etc., finally all was ready. Never shall those last few weeks with the dear ones at home be forgotten. It had been the desire of the family that during my stay in the homeland we should have a “Family Reunion” before I again left for my distant home. This was granted the last week before my departure and our little family (with but one vacant seat, which cannot be filled until our “Family Reunion” around the throne) was reunited after thirteen years of separation. Many were the pleasant recollections brought afresh to our memories by the different members, of instances which took place in our younger days before we had left our old Canadian home. How quickly the week slipped by! The parting day had come! Trunks and grips and all other packages were hurried off to the station at an early morning hour and soon we were all on our way to San Francisco, where my boat was waiting for me.

The last good-bye had been said, and our vessel—the Asia having left her moorings, slowly glided out through the beautiful “Golden Gates” into the great Pacific. Being favoured with very pleasant weather, and with a goodly number of congenial fellow passengers, of whom twenty-two were missionaries for various fields, the days slipped by very quickly. Our first port, Honolulu, was reached on the seventh day. What a charming place it was! The beautiful green hills, the soft velvety valleys, the many oriental trees such as the tall graceful palm, the wide-spreading banyan and “the flame of the forest” covered with its scarlet red blossoms (known in China as “The pride of India.”) made us think of our beautiful hill stations in
India and we felt at home. We had now over two weeks of ploughing through the deep before reaching our next port—Yokohama. Although all perfect strangers to each other when setting out on our long voyage, we had now become as one large family and so together with reading, writing and chatting the days sped by both pleasantly and profitably. The missionaries on board spent an hour together each A.M. in Bible Study. Yokohama was reached on Sunday. Here we bade farewell to a number of our missionary friends with whom we had enjoyed sweet fellowship—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and family who had come out as Bible Teachers to Korea to teach in a Training School for Native preachers. At Kobe, our next port, we spent several hours in visiting many of the pretty curio stores and took special interest in watching a Japanese Artist paint some of their pretty dishes in porcelain and setsuma ware. The scenery all the way along the Japanese coast was most beautiful. Our steamer got into the harbour at Nagasaki about midnight and casting anchor lay there until the following evening. On rising in the morning and going on deck just before sun-rise we beheld one of the most picturesque and artistic views in God’s beautiful world that we had ever imagined could be. We had to hurry through all of the Japanese ports on account of it being about the time of the Emperor’s birthday and to be in one of their harbours on that day would mean a delay of several days on account of not being able to get the coal men to do the coaling of our boat.

Leaving “Beautiful Japan” behind, we entered the Yellow sea (so called because of the yellowish colour of its waters) and crossed over to Shanghai. Here we were met at the pier by Mr. Woodbury of our mission, who had come expecting to find two lady missionaries on the Asia for their work in Shanghai. We were sorry he was disappointed in not finding them but were glad to have him there as our guide. He took us to their beautiful new home and we were greatly interested in listening to them relate some of God’s wonderful leadings and blessings on their school and seminary work. After having had lunch with them we were taken by one of the C. I. M. missionaries, who had been a fellow passenger, to visit the headquarters of their work in Shanghai. We were very much pleased with their fine buildings, their large, well-kept compound, the beautiful green lawn etc., but what was most interesting of all, to us, on the premises was the large chapel which was erected by their beloved founder—Hudson Taylor—and which now bears his “Inscription” on its walls and also the inscription of the many missionaries of that mission who laid down their lives in China during
the Boxer trouble. Leaving Shanghai that evening our family was much smaller having left many behind us at that port. At Hong Kong all changed steamers and we had five days to wait for our next steamer before proceeding on our journey. We were met by missionary friends and taken by them to their home in Canton (which is one night’s journey by boat from H. K.) and here we were entertained for three days. During our stay with them we had ample opportunity of seeing and learning something of real Chinese life, their home being right in the heart of the city. Often as we pushed our way through the masses of humanity in the narrow streets and crowded bazaars of that awful city, and saw the results of sin and heathenism written on every face, we realised as we never had before China’s need of a Saviour.

Having left China behind our faces were now turned India-ward, and our hearts were full of joy at the thought of so soon being among our dear fellow workers and Christian people again. As we journeyed on, we passed through the ports of Singapore and Penang, spending a day in each place, and then across the Bay of Bengal to Colombo. Here we spent a happy day with Miss Bishop at the “Missionary Rest Home” on the beach. A motto on the walls of the large spacious drawing-room attracted our attention, “Until the day break and the shadows flee away” and it was made a blessing to us. After the heat of the day had subsided we spent a few hours in riding through the Cinnamon Gardens in rickshaws, before returning to our boat, and the lines of that grand old missionary hymn of Bishop Heber’s, which had somewhat to do with my call to India, came afresh to my memory.

What though the spicy breezes,  
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s Isle,  
Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile,  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

After two more days on the deep, we woke early on Sunday morning with songs of praise on our lips at finding ourselves safely arrived in the harbour of Bombay. Standing on the deck that last morning, watching the sun rise from behind the hills, our hearts breathed out a prayer that we might be found faithful. “Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.” Amen.
AN ANNUAL FESTIVAL

GURUNATHASWAMY ranks high among the three hundred million deities of India. He is represented by a large silver idol and has a special yearly festival in his honour attended by thousands of people from many miles around. The festival is held on a large space a little distance from the village of Puthupalyam. The crowds this year were very great. All the previous day and night unbroken streams of people poured past our bungalow towards the village. Family parties, parties of friends, and village parties, with all the necessaries for several days' camping in the open-air; country carts laden with people and merchandise, and cattle and sheep for sale and slaughter crowded by; and as the road in front is usually covered with a coat of dust from two to four inches thick, you can imagine what it was like. During the Tuesday night we heard several loud reports. These were the salutes of honour with which the great day began.

On Wednesday morning we all went to the festival ground. Here were assembled the thousands who had passed our house, and other thousands who had come on other roads. It was a hot day, even as we count them in India. Camp fires were burning everywhere. We had to make our stands where we could amid the smoke of the fire and the smell of cooking. With these and the heat of the day, and the constant din all around, it was tiring, but this year

THE PEOPLE LISTENED WELL,

so we were amply compensated. We had several meetings in different places, and most of us felt that real good was being done. Naturally enough, the people were excited, and in the main rather restless. While we were preaching loud reports of exploding gunpowder, and the blare of the trumpets over against the silver idol would make our audience melt away to almost nothing, but a few stood all through. The gospel was preached, Scripture portions were sold, and large numbers of tracts were distributed.

We went round the festival ground afterwards. I don't know what these feasts were like originally, but now it is more of a fair than a feast. Hundreds of stalls were erected and almost anything could be bought. Comparatively few were round the centre of interest. Buying and selling was the chief order of the day, so far as we could see. Perhaps the religious responsibility of the people ceased after a short visit to the god. We had a passing glance at the great, silver idol, which was exposed in the open.
AN ANNUAL FESTIVAL

It was almost covered with huge garlands of flowers, priests were all around, some fanning it to keep off the flies, others were blowing large trumpets, and others beating tom-toms. A number of people were prostrating themselves at full length before the idol, and the people around were crowding and crushing to get a few drops of the water that was being sprinkled by one of the priests.

This is just an imperfect picture of real heathenism. Some of the people have been heard to declare that though we preach against their swami yet we worship him when we go to that place.

WHAT A NEED FOR THE GOSPEL!

The people do not want it, but how much they need it! We were about seven in the midst of as many thousands. How few to adequately make known to them the Saviour they need! Yet it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit.'

In the afternoon our workers went to the village. Here again were stalls of merchandise, and dense crowds of people returning from the festival ground. The meetings were well attended, and the people listened very well. All our workers were much encouraged this year.—Darkness and Light.

—

GOD OUR HELPER

BY SARA COXE

"O UR soul waiteth for the Lord, he is our help and shield."

During the past months we have proved again and again that God is our help and shield. In times of deep trial and need we have turned to Him and He has been our helper.

There is a small heathen village near the orphanage and during the month of August there was cholera in this village. Some nights we could hear the people beating tom-toms and crying to their gods for deliverance from the plague. One night there was a great noise and when we went out to see what it was, we found the people had taken strands of yarn, had dipped them in milk and were winding them around the outside of the village to keep the plague out. There is one old heathen woman there, who said, "the plague will not touch the orphanage, because, they pray and their God answers them." We did pray and there was not a case of cholera among us, although we were having intercourse with the people of the village daily.

A few months ago one of our best girls and most promising
Bible women died. At the time of death she was in great victory and those of us who were with her praised God for this soul who was so ready to meet Him. The same day on which she died a young man in the village near by was dying. There was dreadful wailing, the women were standing around beating their breasts and the whole village was in an uproar. Soon we knew, by all the noise that a soul had gone out in the dark.

There is a village named Antroli about 2½ miles from Kaira. Some years ago Miss Woodworth began to visit this village. The people were hard and cold and Miss Woodworth felt that it was the hardest field of labour in her district, but we have been praying for this village and recently the people have welcomed the missionaries and some have listened to the gospel with interest.

One day two of our girls were going to the hospital, when they saw two women sitting near the road. The women called them, saying, “we want to talk to you.” But the girls had work to do and felt that they could not stop. The women insisted, they said, “we have asked our priests about this, now, we want to ask you.” So the girls listened to them. One of the women told a dream which she had had. She said, “I dreamed that a man in our village was very ill and that a hideous monster attacked him and killed him. (Shortly after he died). Then the monster turned and attacked me, but, a man with uplifted hands came between us and saved me. The man’s hands had holes in them, and I wonder if this can be, Bugvan, the true God.” The girls told the women about Jesus. They were so glad to hear, especially about His death on the cross. We learned after that, the women were from a distant village and had never heard about Jesus before. Will you pray that these women may be saved?

Some time ago while Miss Wells was working in the field with some of the girls, she felt something touch her and turning around saw, a poisonous snake. She had just time to get away from it, when one of the native boys killed it. We praise God for keeping her.

Last Sunday, December 4th, Misses Woodworth and Wells were returning from a village where they had been preaching. As they were passing over a steep part of the road the gardie (bullock-cart) overturned and both were thrown out, the gardie fell on Miss Wells and she was considerably bruised. Both were much shaken up. We praise God that He kept them from being seriously injured.

Some months ago new houses were being built for our servants. They were begun before the rains came and were all
completed but the roofs. One day an early rain came. As the bricks were put together with mud we knew they were apt to fall, but we prayed and the buildings were not damaged a bit. We praise God for this, had they fallen it would have meant the loss of several hundred rupees.

Miss Woodworth and I have been visiting some in Kaira City. Once we saw a man in the road who was a priest. He had a crowd of men and women around him and he was waving his arms and talking in a loud voice. His face was painted, his hair flowing and our hearts were sorrowful for the people who were following such a man, one who was so completely under the power of the enemy. But our hearts were also gladened that day, for we have been praying a long time for this city, we were invited into two high caste homes. We went in and were soon seated on the floor of the best room. A number of women came in and our hearts yearned to bring them to Christ. We are looking to God for this city. We are sure He is going to give us souls here. The city is not only walled from without but it is also walled inside against the gospel of Christ. Pray for us.

AT A CHRISTIAN FESTIVAL

Bishop Warne writes in the Indian Witness, "The Mela lasted three days, and we had three or four services a day with an attendance of from seven hundred to a thousand people, and one hundred and fifty baptisms. It was a time of great spiritual refreshing. The leaders from thirty-six villages were present. The converts represented nine different castes, though the majority were from the Chamars. I baptised a young Brahman whose name was Ram Gopal. He was the only son and heir in a wealthy Brahman family and was married to a Brahman girl, the only heir in another wealthy family of Brahmans. He became interested in Christianity, has been persecuted, imprisoned, beaten and offered very large sums of money if he would give up his idea of becoming a Christian and come back into Brahmanism. He deferred the time of his baptism for more than a year in hopes that his wife would come with him. He escaped from confinement with nothing on him but a loin-cloth and was baptised in garments borrowed from one of the preachers, having forsaken his wealth, his parents, his relatives, his wife, and accepted persecution and humiliation before his people for the sake of Christ. He had already won another Brahman and I baptised them both at the same time.
A GLIMPSE AT HINDUISM

One evening several of us went down to witness a Hindu wedding feast given in front of one of the temples. We succeeded in getting quite close without being observed. For every Hindu wedding five feasts are given, two by the girl's father to the boy's relations, which are returned by the boy's father. The last one, which we saw, is given by the girl's father to all the relatives on both sides and to the village. The guests of honour—men only—were seated with the bridegroom, on an elevation. A bonfire served to give light while they ate, and revealed to us their faces. Below them were a few women and very many men intent only on getting their share of the feast. Most of them were in the darkness. We did not see the bride, and the few women were the first to leave. Their plates were large leaves pinned together with sticks. They were served with boiled rice and vegetable curry (a peppery mixture which is supposed to be good in proportion to the hot spice in it), three kinds of native sweets, and for drinking they had water which had been presented to the god. For dessert, they had cigarettes and pan supari—betel-nut and lime wrapped in a leaf of the piempul tree.

Now and again the air resounded with the songs or shouts of praise to the bridegroom or to some of their gods or a prayer to some god for the prosperity of the bridegroom. A wedding feast sometimes lasts until morning, but this was over in a short time and the guests left one by one.

Hearing some music, we crossed the sacred precincts of the temple courtyard, careful of course not to step on any stone, for every stone may be a god. In the trunk of a large banyan tree is a repulsive looking god entirely covered with the typical red paint. The tree is blighted as if to show that God's curse rested upon it. In front of the god is a large tank open to the sky and surrounded by a low wall. Steps lead down to the sacred water which the worshippers drink after bathing. In front of the temple about a dozen men were singing portions of the holy (?) Vedas, in honour of their many gods. One man would "line" a stanza, and the rest would sing after him, keeping their bodies in swaying time. One man rose and was swinging himself on one toe like a top. Their musical instruments were unique. A long drum, called a tom-tom, was the largest and noisiest. The dholke looked like a tin can around which strings were wound. Stones from the ends of strings beat against the tin. Small cymbals, one part of which was fastened to the thumb and the other to one of the fingers, kept up a constant clanging. Their religion consists only in the outward manifestations, while ours reaches the depths of the heart,
A light was burning in the temple, and occasionally a worshipper entered, first ringing a bell and then bowing to each god in turn, for in every corner there is a god. Near at hand was a hideous looking object of worship, the image of a monkey, besmeared with filth. Similarly painted with filth and ashes, a holy man sat hidden in the shade of a tree. He is supported by gifts from the people, who receive special merit for helping him.

Although we could not understand the words of the song, and were glad we cared not to enter into the spirit of the worship, we realised that all this was done in the name of religion, and it made our hearts ache, and we were glad to get back home and pour our hearts out to God that He would still have mercy on this people and that He would make His messengers effectual. Will you unite your prayers with ours?—Louise D. Calkins. "In Missionary Tidings."

BABIES TO SELL

"Dear me! What do you call that?" The new missionary shaded her eyes from the setting Indian sun and peered down the road.

At first, a tent woven of straw seemed to be walking right straight toward her, but soon three pairs of brown legs were visible beneath. She watched with growing interest. They came straight on and halted under a spreading banyan tree on the mission premises. Then the tent began slowly to come down, and presently settled, as if for the night.

"Dear me!" said the new missionary again. "I wonder if they are going to stay here. I must see what they want—in the morning." And so when morning came and the missionary felt very brave, she walked out to call on her new neighbours.

A big man with no shoes or stockings or hat or shirt was cooking the breakfast in a tiny brass pot placed upon a few stones. A little girl was scouring her shining white teeth with a piece of charcoal.

"Salaam," said the man, putting his hands together at his forehead and bowing almost to the ground.

"Salaam," said the little girl, shyly, and then running toward the tent, she pulled away the straw door and looked as if to say, "Won't you go in?"

The missionary stooped and put her head inside, and what do you think she saw? The dearest, littlest mite of a brown baby that lay upon the ground blinking its eyes in the light. And over in the corner on a pile of weeds lay the poor sick mamma,
The little girl carried the baby outside in her arms. "It's a nice fat little baby," she said, kissing it.

The man frowned. "The gods are angry with us. They send us only girls." Then he straightened himself up and looked at the missionary.

"Will you buy it, your honour? We are too poor to fill so many mouths, and this is but a girl."

The poor sick mamma, hearing the words, crept to the door. "Oh, Miss Sahib," she pleaded, "do take her. Your face is kind. You will be good to her. She won't be much trouble. Soon she will be big and can serve you. Please take her, Miss Sahib. Don't leave her," and the face had a piteous, frightened look.

"I won't buy your baby, but I will take care of it if you will give it to me," said the missionary, soberly, for she knew that every year in India many little girl babies, who are not wanted, die mysteriously, or are sold to wicked men.

"Take her," said the father, crossly.

The mother lifted her head for one long kiss and a parting caress. The tears ran down the older sister's face.

The next morning when the missionary looked out, the straw house was gone, and only a few ashes showed where the visitors had been. But the new baby who, one day—God willing—shall go back to teach her people all about the kind heavenly Father who loves little girls as well as boys, slept sweetly on her clean blanket.—Mabel Lossing. "Deaconess Advocate."

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MORE THAN HE EXPECTED

A young man employed in one of the railway offices overheard the remark that the best book from which to learn English was the English Bible. He was immediately possessed by the desire to obtain a copy. Discovering that a friend had one with which he was willing to part, he offered in exchange a volume of Renan. The offer was accepted. The young man set himself to read the Bible in order to improve his knowledge of English. Before long, however, the Book began to grip his attention; it fascinated him; he read it through once, twice, thrice. At length he was convinced that the Christian religion was true, and that Christ was able to save him from his sin. He went to see the missionary who tells the story. After a long conversation he satisfied him that his knowledge was clear and his experience definite. In the end he was baptised and received into church fellowship—won, "like Tatian and Justin Martyr by devout study of the Holy Scriptures."—India Methodist Times.
A STORY FROM THE MADAK HOSPITAL

A FEW weeks ago a patient had been carried many miles in a dhoolie to us. I lifted the big sheet that covered her, and got my first sight of poor Ellamma. She was young, not more than twenty-four, but already death had marked her for its prey, and ravages of cancer were very apparent. Her mother was with her, and pleaded ‘Even if you cannot cure my daughter, let her be in your hospital; for there is comfort there, and she is my only girl, with two little daughters, and the gods, too, have taken her husband.’ Again as we shook our heads telling the mother how hopeless the case was, and how her death in the ward would frighten other patients, she once more pleaded, ‘But we have no one on our side, and only you white people have any pity on widows’. Fully realising that her death would be considered defilement to us and to our hospital, we remembered also the Compassionate One moved all such superstition aside as He touched the bier, and, thus remembering, we let the mother of Ellamma have her way.

‘For a few weeks she was an inmate in our hospital, and day by day she heard of the God of Love, until one day our old Bible-woman Abiskekamma came to us with a face radiant to say ‘Ellamma’s mind is turning to our Lord Jesus, for she knows now that He is different from her old gods and wants to give her children into His care.’ The next day the face of the sick one was still more changed, the eyes sunken, and the lines deepened, but still with motherly instinct, ever and anon, her eyes turned upon her beautiful ones, her fair Sathe and Latche, and she saw them, amidst a world of Indian girls, but, alas! fatherless and motherless and with such a slender chance of ever growing into pure womanhood, that her heart turned with a greater longing to the God of the fatherless and motherless. Once more as we went our nightly rounds, we saw on her face a strange sweet smile as her long thin wrinkled hand was stretched out and laid on the head of her child. Her lips moved; but it was with difficulty that now and then we caught the word, ‘Call the Padre and bring the water—I will give them to Jesus—I will give myself to Jesus too.’ The same night Mr. Posnett came, and in the presence of the dying mother took from the little ones their heathen name and baptised them Irene and Agnes. As the children knelt in prayer with clasped hands at their mother’s bedside, once more the dying eyes opened and a moment or two rested, suffused with the tears of weakness and of love, upon the children; and then touching the missionary’s hand, she said, ‘too believe in Him, make me a Christian too,’ and so she passed to be with Him in Paradise.”—Harvest Field.
CHRISTIANS ARE LOYAL TO CHRIST

IN Kondapuram there is a fine young fellow named Mollanna Moses. He was baptised only two or three years ago. For a Mala he is in comfortable circumstances and stood to lose by becoming a Christian. He is a kind of government messenger and works under the caste headman or patêl of his village. Remember that Malas are mere serfs in the eyes of the patêl. A high-handed patêl—and there are many such—makes the Malas quake before him and tremble at his nod. His word is law. Owing to an epidemic the cattle in Kondapuram were dying off at an alarming rate. This was clearly an evidence of the wrath of Poshamma. The patêl at once made a levy on all the villagers and appointed a day for a propitiatory sacrifice. He came to Mollanna's house and wrote him down for three rupees. 'Others may give,' retorted Mollanna, 'but for my part I shall not pay a single dub.' 'Oh, and why not?' 'Because I am a Christian.' 'What difference does that make?' 'That I cannot countenance idolatry. Poshamma is no goddess, but a mere stone, chiselled into a hideous form.' The patêl found that Mollanna was not likely to yield to coercion and went to collect puja money from other people. Mollanna not only refused to go to the sacrifice himself but waylaid some who were on their way to the holy spot, and taunted them as to the bona-fides of their deity. 'She is no goddess,' he said, 'and can do you no harm. What life is there in a stone?' Next day the patêl heard of this incident and came in haste to Mollanna's house. 'Your refusal to subscribe was your own affair, but I'll teach you to show disrespect to our god.' He stormed at Mollanna and was about to slipper him. An Indian resents a slippering above any other punishment, but not so Mollanna. He was ready even to be slippered for Jesus Christ his Lord. 'Slipper me if you will,' he cried; 'but can you by slippering me change a stone into a god? If you slipper me, it is a stone; if you don't slipper me, it's a stone. Therefore, what do you gain by slippering me?' The patêl was dumbfounded in the presence of such defiant fortitude. 'Then how did this epidemic come,' he asked, 'if not from Poshamma?' 'Because the village is dirty and full of dung-hills,' replied our Christian rationalist. 'Keep the village clean and there will be no scourge.' Here was a young Christian who three years ago would have cowered before the form of his Patêl. He would then have promptly paid even a ten rupee levy in fear and trembling, and would have joined the multitude in propitiating the wrath of the goddess. Now he not only repudiates idolatry but fearlessly preaches against it, and beards,
a wrathful patél in the presence of the whole Mala community. Surely God has raised up for Himself a very Daniel in Kondapuram."—Harvest Field.

LIFE OF SADNESS

THE pent up sorrow of years was poured out in the story of a woman's life in India, which follows:

"I was married by my parents when a very young child. I was taught the routine of household duties, and the ceremonies of worship of our household gods. But what good did it do to worship them? What Fate has written in my forehead, must be. My husband died, leaving me one son and three daughters. Since the time of his death I have eaten but one meal a day, and that meal is of rice and vegetables only, and must be cooked by my own hand. Every fifteenth day is the widow's fast day. My one meal is eaten in the morning of the fourteenth. On the fifteenth I must not take even a sup of water. Having not eaten since the morning before I become so weak and faint that often before the morning of the sixteenth I become unconscious. If my son, who loves me thinks I am dying, he may not refresh me with a drop of water to save my life; should he give me such a drink of water, he has to endure one year's penance to atone for sin. Again and again, especially in the hot months, my life has become almost extinct; and I wonder why death has not come and ended my suffering.

"We are allowed no flesh of any kind, and you know how fond we Bengalis are of fish. Sometimes a large fish is brought into the house, more than the family can eat. And I just long for one taste of it! I see all the others enjoy it, and a good share goes to waste; but I dare not put a morsel into my mouth! This may seem a little thing to you, but such a longing comes over me for a taste of fish that I can hardly endure the sight."

"But why are you bound by such unjust rules?" I ventured to say. "Ah," she answered, "If I care to choose a life of shame I might break them. And such treatment is the cause of so many of our widows going wrong.

"But the great sorrow of all I have not told you. My youngest daughter, only sixteen, is now a widow in her father-in-law's house, and has to spend all the days of her life in the round of fasting and suffering. She is servant of the household, and can take part in no social feast nor marriage ceremony, nor in any other pleasure which comes now and then to brighten the dark life of other women. She is a childless widow. Her fate is worse than mine. How can I ever bear her sorrow and mine too!"—Selected.
DRINKING AND SMOKING IN THE PATIALA STATE

A GREAT deal has been said and written concerning the influence for evil of western civilisation and customs upon heathen nations and much of it is only too true but the following cutting taken from the *Indian Messenger* shows that there is also an influence for good which is not lost upon some wise rulers who are really interested in the territories over which they rule and earnestly desire the welfare of their subjects:—

"The Bengali announces that the Maharaja of Patiala has notified throughout his state, that no boy or girl below the age of eighteen shall use any intoxicant or tobacco, under pain of fifteen days’ imprisonment with a fine. Anyone selling intoxicants to persons under this age will be liable to imprisonment for one month with a fine. This is as it should be; one’s heart is filled with sorrow at the sight of little boys with cigars and cigarettes in their mouths, and the action of the Patiala Government in this matter is highly commendable and worthy of imitation by the mighty and puissant British Government in India."

A SADHU

BY K. T. PAUL

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This morning I handed over to Mr. Gnanabaranam one of two silver rings taken as a significant memento from the ears of a *sadhu*. This man’s case brings glaringly to our attention the solemn fact that Jesus Christ is the only hope of India. In dress and demeanour this man is just an ordinary *sadhu*—a pious devotee, who has renounced the world and its attractions in the great search for peace and for God. But his character is so appalling, that, as is an average specimen, there can be no vermin more dangerous to public morality than the innumerable *sadhus* who touch every village in our country in all its length and breadth. The *kushaya* garb throws open to them every door in every village; and brings to them facilities for good and for evil which has been unparalleled in the world since the days of Martin Luther. The man who gave me his silver rings made a revelation which made the blood run cold in my veins. He had come across a *jorari* farmer in an out-of-the-way mountain village who had a fine looking daughter. The man was in straitened circumstances and the *sadhu* was able to persuade him to part with the girl for Rs. 190.
She must have been ten years of age when so purchased. For the last two years the sadhu has taken her about with him; when entering a town he would leave her in the house of a prostitute who could be hired to board her and teach her to dance. After finishing his work of cheating as many as he could in the town, when his “holiness” left the place the girl would accompany him as his ostensible chela (disciple.) In two more years, when her “education” would be completed the sadhu was confident of realising at least Rs. 500 from a purchaser. The man assured us that he is no worse than the average sadhu!

God knows how and why this soul has now come to fear Sin. The test applied to him was that he should give up the girl to us forthwith and unconditionally. It was no little surprise that he did so, though not without feeling. She is now in charge of a European missionary Rescue Home. The man stays with Jaisiri Sing for systematic instruction in the Faith. May we plead on his behalf for the Power of God unto Salvation!—In National Missionary Intelligence.

MISSIONARIES AND EDUCATION

THE Rast Goftar, a Bombay paper, says:—“The aid of missionary enterprise may be enlisted with enduring benefit to teachers and scholars in India. Christian missionaries as school-masters have done lasting and material good to the cause of moral education in Indian schools and colleges. Order, method and discipline are nowhere observed and enforced at school with greater sternness as they are done here. The personal influence of these missionary teachers is in itself a great asset. Drawn from a class of men of high character and moral worth who have taken to teaching as a labour of love and a life-long profession, they have left a permanent mark on the educational work in India. Their educational activity has furnished Indian towns and cities with some very ably conducted schools and colleges. The selfless nature of their work and the high moral tone of individual workers among them have invariably impressed students who have received education under them with that esteem and reverence which we would wish to see established in youngsters towards their betters in age and wisdom. The relation between the teacher and his pupil in their schools has always been one of perfect cordiality, and when the student enters life the memory of the gratitude he owed to
MISSIONARIES AND EDUCATION 455

his school in his young days never forsakes him. The missionary in India acts as a connecting link between its rising generation and his own race in the same sense that he ties together the Christian and non-Christian races in this country by his social work and influence. His sphere of influence cannot be too widely extended and should be enlarged so as to extend from the Indian student to the Indian teacher."

****A BUDDHIST PRIEST BECOMES A COLPORTEUR****

"WITH a Buddhist priest living two or three miles away our former Tamil colporteur got into friendly touch and gave him a New Testament as he seemed really anxious to learn of Christ. After reading the Testament he gave up his robes and a comfortable and respected position and was prepared to face trouble. He became first a schoolmaster and then kept a bookshop for the Buddhists. Nor, as far as we know, was he compromised in either position. He frequently came to the mission bungalow and read the gospel of John. The man seemed to 'ring true.' He had a little property and after leaving the priesthood he married. He had been two years a novice, and ten years a priest of the Siamese Section. His early education was obtained at Trinity College, Kandy, and although all Christian influence from his schooldays seemed to have disappeared, here was an apparent after result—'fruit after many days'—as in so many other cases. His wife was uneducated, but he commenced instructing her. His Buddhist employers were unwilling to continue his services, and as he was willing to take up what is too often regarded as inferior work, viz., colportage, we have appointed him to that and he is doing very well at it. On one of his absences from home while thus engaged, thieves stole about Rs. 300 worth of his money and goods. He bore the loss with patience. Also with exemplary Christian meekness he appears to have borne the abuse and the physical assault of one who told him he had respected him as a Buddhist priest but despised him as a Christian; and by his conduct on that occasion and since, when he might legally and with ease have 'got quits' with his assailant through a case of cattle trespass on his fields, he has by forbearance disarmed opposition and won a friend, and obtained a spontaneous testimony from that friend just as favourable as the other testimony was adverse and insulting."—Bible Society's Report. (Ceylon.)
Bro. Johnson writes from Pachora “the work on tour so far has not been the most encouraging. One reason is that the people are busy with the cotton crop and with the harvest, so think they can ill afford the time to listen to the Padri. Another reason is that a new god has been created five miles from Pachora from an ordinary farm bullock and thousands on thousands from East and West Khandesh and even from Bombay and Poona flock there to worship this new creation in their pantheon. We find only a few in most villages who are glad to listen to redemption preaching.”

In our “Item” column last month we stated that all the funds in hand for the new Church in Pachora had been subscribed on the Indian field. Our good brother wishes us to correct this statement, as about $60 out of the $318 had been received from friends in America. We have no desire to belittle the part which American friends have taken in this building fund and sincerely hope they will encourage our brother by giving him some more to report in the near future.

During the month we we have had the privilege of welcoming back to the field Mr. and Mrs. Carner with their son Lawren Roy, Miss Krater and Miss Little. Mr. and Mrs. Carner have gone to Chandur, Miss Little to Akola, and before this reaches our readers, Miss Krater will probably be out among the villages of Khamgaon in the work she loves so well.

A few days later we welcomed Miss O’Donnell who came by the Pacific route and has now gone to Ahmedabad.

We trust those who met these missionaries in the homeland and heard them tell of their work will continue to remember them in prayer, and also with an occasional letter and gift for their work which will encourage their hearts.