I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover, and to do
With cheerful heart, what God appoints.
I will trust to Him,
That He will hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good.

—Jean Inglelow.

EDITORIAL NOTES

MISSIONARY FURLoughs

The question of missionary furloughs is one which has to be met sooner or later by every missionary society and their supporters in the homelands.

A society may send men and women to the foreign field for some years without being called upon to provide for their return in any considerable numbers, but there comes a time when to postpone consideration of this question or fail to make proper provision for it, is only to make the emergency greater and the drafts on the mission treasury heavier as the number of applications increases and the necessity becomes more urgent.

The length of time a missionary can remain on the field is determined ordinarily by three things, viz.,—healthiness or unhealthiness of the field, and of his surroundings on it, his own constitution and physical strength, and, the nature of the work he is called upon to do.

It would be easier for a man to live and work ten years in some parts of China or a hill-station in Northern India than three years in some parts of Africa or five years in the hotter or more unhealthy parts of China or India. Government finds it
necessary to give its officials working in certain parts of the West Coast of Africa, a furlough every three years while engineers and others coming to India for trade purposes often come on three or four year contracts, and some of the larger missionary societies also have found it economical to send their missionaries home every five years. Cases are not unknown of missionaries remaining on the field for a year or two after they were physically unfit for the burden of the work, being nervously broken down, losing their influence among the people, and if not dying upon the field, going home in such a wrecked condition physically, mentally and spiritually that even if they returned to the field at all it was only after a long term in the homeland.

Furloughs Not a Loss to the Work.

Though at first sight it might appear that the money spent in giving missionary furloughs is a loss to the work yet really it is not so. The money sometimes spent in maintaining a missionary on the field after he becomes unfit for work would almost, if not entirely suffice to bring him home and he would then be able to return to the field at the end of the usual term.

The experience of many missionaries has been that most of the time in the homeland has been spent in deputation work, arousing the home Churches to a fresh interest in the field, and getting individuals interested in mission work, so that the results of his visit to the homeland, in increased prayer and interest in the work as well as in additional financial resources to the Board, are rather a profit than a loss to the work as a whole.

His Return to the Field.

We have heard that it is sometimes easier for a new missionary going to the field for the first time to get his outfit and passage money than it is for an old missionary returning from furlough. Surely this must be a mistake. We would not say anything to discourage the new missionary, but he goes to the field where he must give most of his time for two years to language study before he can be of much use, he may fail in this, or his health not permit him to remain on the field; whereas the old missionary has the language, understands the manners and
customs of the people and returns to take up a more or less established work. For these reasons it would seem that where there must be a choice between the sending out of a new missionary and the return of an old one, the interests of the work on the field would be better served by the return of the old, tried missionary and letting the new man wait for a time.

A Higher Aspect.

Perhaps a higher aspect of the whole missionary question, not only for the furloughs of missionaries and their return to the field and the sending out of new missionaries but for the whole support of the work, would be, what does God want? Do not old missionaries and new, and we are afraid sometimes missionary Boards as well, get their eyes too much on the financial aspect of these questions. Money is said to be "the power of this present evil age" but is the "almighty dollar" also to be the power of the Lord's work? If God wants a missionary home from the field for rest and recuperation or a new missionary out to the field, He knows just how to get them there. If we want to really know what is the God-appointed power by which our work should be carried on and are willing to work thereby, let us turn to His Word in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews where very little is said of money or position except the renouncing of them but we are told of these workers for God that it was "by faith" their work was done. Are we working according to the amount of money we can raise, and straining every nerve to get it, or are we working by faith in God? If we need men because of the greatness of the harvest, He has said, "Pray;" if silver and gold are needed, they are His and He has said, "Ye have not because ye ask not;" If open doors among the heathen—"Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?"

This does not mean careless negligence or drifting but, as we said at first, a thoughtful, intelligent meeting of the question, a definite holding of it before God seeking to know and do His will at each step and trusting Him to meet each need as it arises. He would say to the Board, to the missionary and to the candidate, "Have faith in God."
WITH three natives helpers started our district work in the middle of November last at our out-station Viramgam, where we camped for about three weeks visiting all the surrounding villages within eight or ten miles. The message as far as we could judge was received with open opposition in two villages, with more or less indifference in several villages, and with more or less acceptance in at least half a dozen villages. It is especially about two of the last class mentioned I want to write. One morning about 4.30, I and one of my helpers started out for two villages about four miles distant. Part of the road was very stony and rough, and the small bullocks could not make great speed, so when the first village was in sight and we came to a place where two roads parted I asked our cartman, who seemed to know all the roads leading to the different villages, if the road to the right would take me to that other village, which, according to the chart would be less than a mile distant. Being told that was the road I left the native helper in the cart to preach in the first village and then came along. I went on ahead alone for about 15 minutes, then the road led into a field and that was the terminus. No sign of any village and no person to be seen only wild jungle ahead. I, however, walked ahead in the direction I thought the village would be. After a little I saw some persons coming in the distance, so I moved on in that direction. It was two women and one young man. Seeing a European suddenly appearing from the jungle they got terrified and took to their heels with all their might. I however managed to arrest the attention of one of the party and she told me the road to the desired village, and after about ten minutes walk I found the little village hidden away between some hills. Being a somewhat chilly morning I found a little group of men at the entrance of the village sitting warming themselves around a bonfire (a very common sight at this time of the year.)

After the usual "Salaam" greeting I asked them, first about the condition of the village if plague was there or not, etc., then, after a short introduction of my business to their village, I sang a Marathi hymn and explaining its contents preached for about half an hour on the vanity and sin on worshipping God through idols and, having explained the way of salvation, several began to inquire about what seemed to them a new and strange Saviour. No gospel preacher had visited their village for at least six years and then only probably for about one hour.
They asked again and again the name of this Saviour, I spoke about and repeated after me several times the precious name of Jesus. Afterwards I asked if there was any one who could read. They pointed to a young man of the carpenter caste, who with many others had listened with eager attention. He got a gospel of John and I asked him to kindly read it carefully himself, and also to read it to the others, which he promised to do; so I left them silently lifting my heart to God in prayer that he may watch over his own word.

A few days later Bros. C. Eicher and A. Garrison went out in the district from Nargaon, and, as they camped for a few days about four miles east from this little village and not knowing about my visit to it, Bro. Eicher with some helpers decided to go there. After the people listened a little this young man exclaimed with a smile “why this is just the same story” the other “Sahib” told us. He then told them he got a gospel from me and related some of its contents which had greatly impressed him. Will you dear friends join with us in prayer for this young man and the people of this village that there may come forth some fruit to the glory of God. Another larger and more important village about three miles farther north than this and the place for a large “religious Fair” was visited a few days later. The people listened attentively for nearly three whole hours while I and the three native helpers proclaimed the gospel. On the outskirts of the audience which at times were about one hundred and fifty persons there were three or four young Brahmins almost constantly on the move trying hard to disperse the crowd; but with no effect.

How my heart went out in prayer for this dear people as I looked into their eager faces. Naturally speaking there is not much prospect for any fruit at that place. A headquarters for idol-worship and seemingly a stronghold of the opposing Brahmin element; but “through God we shall do valiantly, He it is that shall tread down our enemies.” After New Year we moved our camp towards the Malkapur district. As I for the last thirteen years have toured more or less in that district, and the people on the whole are more friendly and open to the gospel, we naturally feel more “at home” there. Our first camping place was on the west border of the district as from there villages of both Malkapur and Bhusawal districts could be visited. We found the people very friendly and the leading men of two important villages applied for a native preacher to be placed among them. Our next camping place was on the west border, but farther south. About thirteen years ago, in the first month of my touring experience in India, Bro. Schelander
and I visited this and other neighbouring villages staying one day at each village. We have not been able to visit this section of the district since then, once in thirteen years! The people were most friendly and the first three or four evenings a good company came to our tents about eight p.m., and sometimes staying as late as ten p.m., listening with eager interest. But suddenly the company ceased to come, and it was evident that some Brahmin teacher had been around warning the people against us and our teaching. Still we had always a good attentive audience whenever we went into the village. About two miles from that place there was a big "Yattra" (religious Fair) to be held from January 14th for six days. The first day it was estimated there were about 60 to 70,000 people present and of course a grand opportunity of reaching many people with the gospel message both verbal and written. On the 13th we had the joy of seeing our force considerably increased by the arrival of Bros. C. Eicher, Alle and Kiel Garrison together with some ten young student-preachers from the Training School at Bodwad. We had a blessed time of fellowship together at our tents as well as in the work, preaching and selling gospels at the Yattra. After their return to Bodwad we moved our camp ten miles south east to the Government road between Malkapur and Buldana. Here we camped four years ago for five weeks celebrating both Christmas and New Year out in the tents. We had now a hearty welcome by the people. Many of them seeming real glad to meet us again. There are several, who are seriously inquiring into the truth at this place and we earnestly hope and pray they may soon take courage and step out. Almost every missionary and native helper out on tour has more or less difficulty about the water question, e.g., if they are not camping near a river, which cannot always be done at this place, however, we had no difficulty about that; but were allowed to draw our water from a well nearby our tents and owned by the Brahmin priest of the village. Some farmers working on the threshing floor on that field were occasionally asking for the loan of our rope and pail to draw up water from the same well for their own use. A most unusual thing in this land where the Christians generally are looked down upon as defiled and "outcastes." One morning when visiting a small nearby village we met an elderly farmer who listened with eager interest, first at a threshing floor and afterwards when we went to the low caste quarter he came there and listened another half an hour. He had one half anna coin (one cent) in his pocket and insisted that we should have it. Then he said "I have never been in jail, never used strong drinks, never given false evidence in court, etc., still my heart is
not pure like that flowing water in the river (pointing to the river nearby) and how can it become pure like that? How glad we were to point him to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. Again and again he repeated "Yeshu Chreest." "Yes, faith in that name will cleanse your every sinspot away"—we said. My heart was so burdened for the poor old man and I felt as if I would take him in my arms and bring him to Jesus' feet; but we had to leave him without him taking any decided stand for Christ. How one realizes his utter helplessness and inability even to bring this people to the point of, or beyond the point of decision for Christ; but that is the work of the blessed Holy Spirit. Will you not, dear friends, with us lay hold on God in prayer as never before for a real break to come soon among this people.—Amen and Amen.

THE MAHIJI FAIR
BY A. JOHNSON

MAHIJI is only two miles from the G. I. P. Railway Station of that name, and only ten miles from Pachora. The fair at that place is celebrated at the full moon in January of each year, in honour of the goddess Mahiji, or more correctly, Myji. Who this individual is, or was, I have never been able to learn. She is represented by a brazen idol, to which thousands pay their vows and respects at this fair. Their vows are paid in goats, and hundreds are killed in her honour at this time, of which certain portions go to the priests, and the rest to the family reunion dinners, some of which perhaps finds its way to the markets.

It must not be understood however that these fairs are exclusively religious festivals, many other features have crept in, until in some respects they do not differ from an ordinary bazaar. In other respects they do not differ from an ordinary fair, with shows and circuses, and again they take the aspect of social picnics, which latter seem really the most innocent features of the fair. About 2 p.m. of the first day, hundreds of family and other friendly groups, numbering, all the way from half-a-dozen up to two or three dozen in a group, may be seen scattered over large areas, busy, either preparing, or already enjoying the family feast. Even the outsider cannot help share in a measure the enjoyments of these social groups, by just watching them.

The Missionary naturally shrinks at first from going with the gospel message to these immense gatherings of people of opposite religions, fearing opposition and disturbance. But on a fair trial
he finds these great convocations quite congenial soil for scattering the gospel seed, in oral as well as in the printed form.

After the worshipper has paid his vows and respects to the goddess, he feels himself perfectly free to enjoy himself as he likes for the rest of the time he spends at the fair. Some at the shows, circuses and merry-go-rounds, others at the grogshop and others again in even more degrading haunts. But for some the gospel of Jesus has such an attraction that they will stand and listen for hours at a time, or, perhaps, listen awhile and go away, but finding nothing in the fair to interest them any more, come back and stay longer.

The priests, on the other hand, are too busy receiving tribute to interfere much with the gospel preacher, or book-seller. This may account in a measure for the minimum of opposition usually experienced by the gospel preacher at these immense gatherings.

Just sixteen years ago, that is, in January 1895 the writer in company with nine more missionaries and one native preacher first visited this fair with the gospel. At that time Rev. M. B. Fuller, our Superintendent, was our leader. He and the native preacher, Satvasen, did nearly all the preaching. Both being attractive preachers they held the immense crowds quite motionless till late in the night of the first day. The rest of us being mostly apprentices, spent most of our energies in prayer, assisting in singing and selling gospels. Only a little less than a thousand gospels were sold at that time, and all of us thoroughly enjoyed the experience at this fair.

As I call to mind the names of those who were with us at that time I find that just half of our number have long since been transferred to regions above. The departed ones are: Rev. I. M. Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Heron, Mr. Lenth and Mr. Dutton. It would not be easy to find a more loyal and consecrated company than those five. Only the Master knows why they had to leave us so soon.

For the last sixteen years it has been the writer's privilege, either alone or in company with other workers, natives or missionaries, to visit this fair each year; and to miss it would be a real disappointment.

This year I did not know that any missionaries would join us. Brother Shelander of Jalgaon, who has been with us for a number of years, had only promised to send his book-seller and a native preacher this year, and I knew of no others that would come. It was a happy surprise therefore, when on our arrival we found Mr. and Mrs. Scarf of the Peniel Mission, Dharangaon, with a staff of workers, both men and women, encamped in the village across the river, which is in their district. Later on Mr.
Shelander also arrived with the book-seller and a preacher. Sunday morning we all joined forces in a convenient location for preaching, and had an attentive audience all the forenoon, but Mrs. Scarf with her Bible-women soon withdrew to another locality where there were more women. In the afternoon we took our stand in a different locality, but did not get so good attention, and changed again to another place, when we had good attention for the rest of the afternoon.

In the evening we enjoyed the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Scarf, for dinner, after which we had a quiet prayer service in their tent together with the workers, then separated for the night, each of us glad to seek their place of rest. The next morning we joined again for another preaching service in the fair. By this time the crowds had thinned out some, and though our audience was not so large, we had marked attention, deep conviction being manifested by some. I did not get the exact number of gospels sold at this time, but the approximate aggregate was 175. The seeds were scattered, but who shall say what the harvest is to be. We have at least the consolation of having followed the ancient preacher’s advice: “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for then knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.” For sixteen years the seeds have been scattered at this fair as well as in the surrounding country, as yet there has been no harvest. But surely the harvest is with the Lord, and who are we to limit Him, either as to time or place? “As thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit:—even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.” We can afford to toil on, and await God’s time for the harvest, but we cannot afford to get discouraged and substitute something else for the preaching of the word. The saying of Christ, that “the fields are already white unto harvest,” cannot be applied to every time and country alike. It was because the plough-share of John the Baptist had furrowed up and down the land, that it was white already unto harvest in Christ’s time. Every country may be ready for the plough, or the scattering of the seed at any time, but that is not saying that it is white unto harvest.

Christ clearly taught that there are ordained sowers as well as reapers, and that they shall rejoice together in due time. The sooner we recognize this truth the less mistakes we shall make. But this truth is not for the idler and the careless. It is given to sustain the faith and confidence of the weary toiler in the hard and unyielding soil.

Dear readers! You have no doubt been praying the Lord to send forth labourers into these barren fields, and He has answered
your prayers, will you now pray Him for the increase. Not merely to satisfy the labourers on the field, and the praying and giving ones at home, but to satisfy Jesus, who has travailed for every field.

The promise is: "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." "We shall be satisfied when we awake in His likeness."

AHMEDABAD NOTES
BY AGNES FRAZER

To some of us, the latter part of last year was a time of peculiar trial and testing, mingled with many blessings and deliverances.

During the earlier months of the year, Mrs. Armson and the writer were engaged in work in the city, among high-caste Hindu women and Parsees and it was very evident to us that in our work we had the Lord's approval; as we found favour with the people, and doors were opening to us as fast as we were able to enter.

In a few homes we found some who confided in us; and we could kneel with them around one common mercy seat and pour our hearts out to God in prayer. We are confident too, that God heard and answered prayer for some of these dear ones.

Many times we started out to work weary in body; but we would return in the evening refreshed because of the joy that filled our hearts, and because of the privilege of being able to point some precious souls to the Lamb of God that taketh away sin. Our hearts burn within us for the work in this large city, and it is our prayer that hundreds of doors that are now closed to the gospel may be opened.

In the latter part of last May on account of the intensity of the heat Mrs. Armson succumbed, and we were obliged to leave the city and go to Tithal by the seashore where some of our missionaries were residing for the hot season. We stayed for two weeks and then returned to the city much refreshed. But on account of illness in the home Mrs. Armson was not able to join us in the city work again. Dear Miss Hansen hearing of our need came from her own work in Sabarmati to assist us in the city work. During her stay with us we were enabled to visit a number of homes and we also preached the gospel to small companies of people in different parts of the city. After Miss Hansen left us, on account of prolonged illness among us the much loved work had to be laid down, and has not yet been resumed. On
the first of December our hearts were greatly cheered by the return of our beloved sister Miss O'Donnell from America. We praise the Lord for bringing her back to us and to the work that needs her so much. In the latter part of December we began to make preparations for touring in our district and on 3rd January 1911 we were ready to start out for the district work. But just as we were ready to go word came from one of our native workers, that his little boy was sick with smallpox. This was very unwelcome news and we shrank from the thought of having to go and live in a place where there was smallpox. But again we committed this matter to the Lord and the assurance was given us that all would be well and so we started out as we had purposed to do. We had the parents and the little boy isolated in a small tent a few hundred yards from where we were living and the very first night they were in that tent a cold stormy wind came up and it began to rain. We knew that if the rain continued for any length of time that the tent would be soaked through and it would be impossible for them to live in it with their sick child and to let them return to their house would be bringing others into positive danger, so we were puzzled what to do for a few moments. But praise the Lord there is always a place of refuge and deliverance for those who know their God. So in our distress we cried unto the Lord to stop the rain and in direct answer to prayer in less than ten minutes the rain ceased and God also gave to us the assurance from His own word in Psalm cxv. 11 that He, the Lord, would be their help and their shield; and from that hour we had no anxious care about them; for we knew God had undertaken. And faithful to His promise He was their help and shield. The child soon recovered and the parents were kept safely from this dread disease, and not another one of our number was taken down with it. Truly our God is a safe refuge and a strong deliverer.

During the time we have been out on tour we have travelled over nearly all of our district and have preached the gospel in every village. Our native workers are young men who have had definite dealings with God and it gives us unspeakable joy to hear them preach the full gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; for we know that back of what they say there is a consistent, godly life. With the permission of the mission council we have opened two day schools with over 40 children in attendance and have organized a Sunday School with about 40 members. We are trusting that the work among the children may result in much fruit. About the middle of March when it will be too hot to tour in the villages, we will (D. V.) return to the city of Ahmedabad to resume the work laid down several months ago.
Now for this work that seems to us so little compared to the great work that is yet to be done, we request your fervent prayers.

Plead with God to give us souls from these dark villages and that doors may continue to open to the gospel in Ahmedabad city. And for us, that we may live in absolute surrender to God and in acquiescence to all of His blessed will in the work.

TOURING NOTES FROM MATAR
BY JOSEPHINE TURNBULL

THE touring work this season has been accompanied thus far by the usual amount of incidents that are insignificant to all except those to whom they personally relate.

In almost every village there have been good crowds of listeners among the better castes and many have told us that they believe we preach the truth but the caste question keeps them from accepting. In several villages where our entrance seemed most unwelcome and where the dogs flew at us as if to dare us to proceed, we finally had our best meetings in that we have felt the presence of the Holy Spirit to quiet the people, cause them to listen, and to give us power in speaking. Sometimes we have felt that most of the women were as dense as the cattle with whom they live in such close proximity, but here and there we have found one with whom it has been possible to have an earnest conversation about personal salvation. In one village where we were having a meeting with a large crowd of caste women the joys awaiting those who accepted Jesus were emphasized. The Bible-woman has just spoken about meeting loved ones again, whereupon, one woman spoke out most vehemently—"Don't tell us we'll meet our husbands again, we've suffered enough from them in this life!" And she was a widow!

One low caste priest who has long been halting between two opinions has at last yielded and given up his necklace of beads which we hold as a trophy. Several others have asked for baptism, and not a few are reading the Scriptures with inquiring minds.

Just before Christmas we were camped near a village where we have quite a few Christians, so we invited them all over to the tent to have tea with us one afternoon. We also invited them to bring their own drinking vessels as we had a limited supply with us at the tent. You should have seen the conglomerated mixture of cups that graced the tea-table! It wasn't a very "select" looking crowd that gathered under the big
tree and partook of a liberal supply of tea and sweet biscuits but as we looked at them we thought of and longed for the time when they, with us, shall be changed and they'll have on white, shining garments, the crippled ones will have good limbs, the sore-eyed ones will have good shining eyes and we'll wave our palms together and sing “the song of Moses and the Lamb.” And so, we are willing to spend and be spent to get all we can to join that most “select” party above.

We are praising God for the good listeners of this touring season but our hearts cry out to Him to make them not only “hearers” but “doers.”

QUESTIONS AND REQUESTS
BY MR. DINHAM

The following “questions and requests” sent us by Mr. O. Dinham of Buldana will show the reader that open-air preaching in the villages and bazaars is not always the quiet time which many suppose, where the preacher has it almost always his own way.

He is often met with a running fire of questions some frivolous, some witty, some earnest and some ignorant with perhaps in some cases a few of an insulting nature thrown in.

It is quite common for a preacher after having spoken for some time on the love of God and His desire for the Salvation of men, to be suddenly interrupted with the question “which God?” nor is this question out of place, as among the many deities of which they have heard and whom they have worshipped, if there is one who really loves and cares for them, surely they should know of him.

Some of the questions that are asked, and some of the requests that are made by our dark-skinned friends over here are sometimes more amusing than difficult, and at other times more difficult than amusing. Philip’s request is oft times repeated:—“Show us God, and we will believe in Him! We can’t believe in a God that we cannot see. I have often wondered, and sometimes asked—if that be the case, how is the blind man (of whom there are thousands in this land) going to believe?

“You tell us that God is a Spirit, and cannot be seen; we believe that but your Bible says that the Spirit of God was seen in the form of a dove. If it were the Spirit of God, how could it have been seen?”

“How much money may I expect if I become a Christian; and what kind of job will I get?” “Give me a
field and a pair of bullocks, and I will become a Christian!"

"This old man has lost all his teeth; you cause a new set of teeth to come into his mouth and I will believe in your Jesus!"

"Sahib! When is it going to rain? just tell us this. Sahib—how do your young Missionaries live clean lives? (as a matter of fact, we don't believe they do)." This, and similar questions, always opens the way for a strong gospel message.

"Keep a distance from me, you smell bad, I smelt you coming! Such a request, and such a remark, never fails to give an opportunity to prove God's sweet promise—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

If our thought concerning caste is incorrect, how does it happen that you are sitting on a chair, and we are sitting on the ground? Who gave the cow life? Why God did. And you take away what God gave, and yet you talk about going to heaven? You say that Jesus is God, yet man nailed Him to the cross, how could the weaker slay the stronger?

This question gives the opportunity of bringing out that beautiful verse in John x. 18—"I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again." Sahib! give me a few limes, will you? What do you want them for? To offer to our god. Oh we don't give away limes for such purposes! Well, my baby has got a sore throat!

In conversation with a Brahmin Pandit one day upon this subject, he informed me that he considered I would be perfectly right in giving the limes, so long as I was told that they were for a sore throat, even though I knew otherwise. I begged to differ with him!

Said a Pateel one day to me—This stone here (referring to one of their god's) is an image of God and some time ago in that village just on the other side of those fields, there was a picture of the King in the School-room. One of the boy's defaced it, and he was severely punished for it; and if we in any way dishonour this image of God, don't you think that we will be severely punished? But the most touching question of all is that one that is being wrung out of the hearts of the women and little girls of poor dark India. And I think the words of Lamentations 1. 12, express the heart-cry of these precious and heavy-laden souls: —"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" Dear readers, it is to you, they are asking this question! Oh let this heart-cry touch your heart: "Is it nothing to you, Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, (as they stand, as it were, stretching
their hands and their hearts across the sea, to you) behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" The bitter wail of the widow, and the frightened scream of the little-girl-wife, and the poor diseased bodies of those who were married by their parents to the stone-god in their childhood (babyhood), and thus forced into a life of shame. Oh my brother, my sister, "Is it nothing to you?" Behold, once more, and you will see, that there is surely no sorrow like unto this sorrow. Take them into your hearts and bear them to the throne, and if the Spirit of God say's so—Come.

GOPIBAI
BY V. ERICKSON

NEWS has come that one of the jewels gathered in during the famine of 1897 has just been taken up higher, and while we rejoice in her gain our hearts are sad as we think of the vacancies in her home and the little band of Christians where she was greatly loved.

When about 12 years old she came with her father from the Central Provinces to Amraoti seeking food or work. The father met with a serious accident and was taken to the Government Hospital near our bungalow, she, hearing that we fed the hungry, came with others to get a portion. Her devotion to her sick father was most touching. Most of her time was spent at his bedside. At last, he passed away and she consented to come and stay with us and later went to the Orphanage in Khamgaon, where she gave her heart to the Lord and was baptized.

Possessing an unusual degree of self-reliance and independence of character, she was sometimes a bit trying but on the whole was a good, helpful girl developing into a noble woman and meeting with real heroism the deep sorrows and trials which she was called to pass through after leaving the Orphanage in Khamgaon for a home of her own.

Gopibai never felt called to preach but by quiet effort and prayer helped erring ones into the right way, and her life bore witness to the truth; she lived out the gospel that others preached.

We praise God to-day, that she came to us and He laid it on the hearts of dear ones in the homeland to provide for her support in the Orphanage, and that instead of being in the darkness and bondage of heathenism or in the habitations of those who die without hope, she is safe in the realms of eternal bliss and has experienced the joy, not only of seeing Jesus face to face but of meeting her three little ones who have gone on before.
A CRITICAL MOMENT
BY BLANCHE HAMILTON

INCIDENTS FROM VILLAGE WORK.

IT is only a poor, old, illiterate woman of an Indian village of whom I wish to write. There was nothing to distinguish her from the others we met that we should be specially drawn to her unless it was the sign of her widowhood, her shorn locks. In fact at first we were somewhat repelled as the first impression made was that she was trying to break up our meeting. However we beckoned her to our side, took her hand and asked her to sit down until the service was over and then we would answer her questions. Are you alone God's people? are we not too, or do we stone your Jesus? were the first ones. The others were in reference to her hard path in life, why she could not die and so escape it.

The open-air meeting being over, we followed her to the court in front of her verandah. She sat down at the corner of the house under the low, dilapidated, tiled roof where her buffalo calf was tied and began to clean her teeth, performing simultaneously her morning devotions which take no little time with the Hindoo. We slipped, to her side away from the crowd and seized the opportunity of pointing her to Jesus. We let her talk a few moments to gather a little of her story. It ran as follows—She had eleven sons but only one was living and he disowned her. According to her theory her fortune was a poor one for she had performed many works of merit and fed many fakirs. To use her own language she had passed four stages in life, youth, "Dherdism," prime and old age. She indicated it by pointing to the first four fingers on her hand but the fifth, death, would not come though she longed for it.

We listened up to this point while standing in a bent position, the roof being so low we could not stand erect and the place so narrow and filthy we could not sit down, however we forgot our environments in the longing to have Christ revealed to her heart. What assurance have we that she will ever be more ready for the word another day? It proved to be a solemn moment and through a chain of unavoidable circumstances we were not permitted to see her again. During the conversation the calf was making persistent and incessant demands for food, chewing first her sardie then her hand, somewhat to her annoyance. Several times we allowed it to lick our hands so her attention might be undivided. This together with the din and noise of
the passing venders, barking dogs, crying children and other confusing noises all conspired to drown the voice of Calvary, nevertheless she sat quite still for awhile and stopped applying the snuff-like concoction to her teeth and the tears came to her eyes when we told her Jesus was outside but wished to enter her heart if she would yield to Him. Like the woman at Samaria's well she ceased looking for some prop of religion to fall back on, either her own or borrowed from her ancestors but faced the important question, "What will you do with Jesus"? Almost unconsciously we bent lower to catch her answer for it seemed as if we could almost feel God's heart throbs for her and heightened by the contrast, the yawning gulf below awaiting if the final decision should be in the negative; above, the golden city, who can picture the contrast!

An artist has painted the picture of lost souls in the form of a precipice and the swirling waters resolve themselves into human forms about to be dashed over the brink.

Further conversation with this soul was interrupted. Pray that the seed may not be snatched away but that she may become one of His fold.

Since writing the above our hearts have been greatly encouraged and gladdened by seeing some precious fruit. Another woman, while listening to the gospel began to weep. She gave her heart to the Lord and then and there was saved and instantly healed of a loathsome disease. She put away tobacco, her jewelry and broke the sign of her idol now at once. The Lord himself spoke to her about them. She then asked to be married according to the Christian custom and Mr. Hamilton performed the ceremony. She had been married by a Hindoo priest. She wanted to be baptized on her wedding day but as there are other candidates, it was postponed.

One of our best Christmas gifts this year was a letter of deep repentance from one who turned to the Lord. He had wandered from God.

Under the power of the word a few days ago a poor, old woman was so quickened that she told us to write her name, she wishes to be identified with the Christians. She wept over her sins until those who heard her were much broken. We paid her another visit and found she was able to walk about and her face was beaming. She had been a helpless shut-in for several months. These are the crumbs of His working and a little company is being purified. It is not confined to the women but we leave the report of the mens' work for another time.

© Low casteism.
A DEMON CAST OUT
BY REV. L. J. CUTLER

In the year 1897 a woman with a little child came to our station. A few weeks later her three brothers came and were placed in the orphanage. They remained here for about three years, and were then persuaded by this same woman to leave and go with her.

She was not living a good life at this time, and these boys were not pleased with the things which she did. They asked to be allowed to come back to the orphanage and we granted their request. We never heard from this woman again.

When the lads became older they expressed a desire to visit their relatives. As they were able to pay the greater part of their travelling expenses we encouraged them in going.

After a brief visit they returned bringing many of their relatives with them, with the object of persuading them, too, to join the Christians. However, this step was not successful. Those who came not only left but they took one of the brothers with them. As soon as they reached their own village they married this brother to a Hindoo woman.

The two brothers who remained, one of whom was a catechist, ceased not to pray for the salvation of these relatives. God heard these prayers.

About a year and a-half ago, a sister and the brother with the Hindoo wife, also another brother who had never been under Christian influence came, with his family, to live with the brother catechist.

While living here with us, the sister became possessed with a demon and it took three men to hold her down. The catechist laid hands on her and prayed. After he had prayed for some time the demon came out, and the woman fell prostrate. When she became conscious she was clothed in her right mind.

At the beginning of this year the demon again took possession of her. She and her Hindoo brother were, at this time, working in the mills and living amongst their own heathen people. They appealed to the Hindoo and Mohammedan sorcerers to cast out the demon, but they, of course, could not do this. The brother, seeing that she was becoming worse, with the help of some others quickly brought her about midnight to the catechist.

Mrs. Cutler and the brother laid hands on her and prayed, and in five minutes she was delivered. This was a real testimony to her heathen friends. They saw how our God answers prayer.
This catechist received the baptism of the Spirit about two years ago at one of our conventions, and is being used by God amongst his people.

Let this be a word of encouragement to those in the home and who are supporting our native workers and helpers. Surely it pays to place such workers into active service for our Master.

THE HON. DEWAN BAHADUR N. SUBRAHMANYAM

EARLY in January there died in Madras one of the most eminent Indian Christians in that Presidency. Indeed, there are not half-a-dozen Indian Christians in all India who have risen to the public position which he had reached. The career of Mr. N. Subrahmanyam is a notable one. It is one that may well give stimulus to many another person who has started in life with brighter prospects than he did.

Determined to secure an education, he first of all had to leave his home in Negapatam in order to escape from the unwillingness of his parents. After being helped in the Wesleyan Mission High School at Madras until he had passed the Matriculation examination, he continued there as a teacher and later as head-master. By simultaneous private study he managed to take the B.A. Two years later he took the law degree. After ten years of legal practice he went to England for further study. Having become a barrister, he returned to Madras, where he built up a large law business. For a time he acted as Chief Judge of the Small Cause Court, then as Official Trustee.

Finally he was appointed Administrator-General of the Madras Presidency. Loud opposition was raised in some quarters against the appointment of an Indian to administer the estates of all deceased persons, even of Europeans. But with unimpeachable integrity and with distinguished ability he continued to hold that responsible post up to the time of his death at 69 years of age. He had received the Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal and the title of Dewan Bahadur. Last year the Government nominated him to be a member of the Provincial Legislative Council. He was the Senior Commissioner of the Madras Corporation, the President of the Indian Christian Association, the Chairman of the Christian Benefit Fund, and prominent in many other Christian and public bodies.

He had established five scholarships worth Rs. 30 per month and tenable for five years, to be given to Indian Christian
medical students. To the care of the Wesleyan Mission which had been helpful to him in his own early struggles, he gave a Hospital for Women and Children which he had fully equipped with Nurses' Home and an adjacent bungalow for the resident lady physician-in-charge, and which he had partially endowed. Although he had not been forgiven by his mother for becoming a Christian, still he loved her and ever kept the hope that some time she, too, might receive the inspiration which he himself had received from Jesus Christ. Twenty years after her death he named that Hospital for Women and Children, in memory of her, the "Kalyani Hospital," believing that that kind of effort would please her and would best represent her real spirit.

Simple, humble, genuine in his Christian life, remarkably successful in his business, public-spirited in his many interests, sought, trusted and honoured by the powers that be, Mr. Subrahmanyam was a delight and an inspiration to know personally. He has been a worthy disciple of the Christ whom he bore. He was a true and valuable patriot, who had helped to demonstrate both to themselves and to the foreign Government the rich latent capacities of his countrymen. India needs such men. Christ needs more such men.—Dnyanodaya.

THE LEGEND OF A HINDU SAINT

Among the vernaculars of South India Tamil is exceptionally rich in legends of saints and wonder-workers whose names and deeds are quite apart from the classical mythology of the great Sanskrit epics and puranos. South India is the home, perhaps the birthplace, of the worship of Siva, and the imagination of the Dravidian races to this day delights in the long series of chronicles of the lordly saints, the Nayanars, who were the chief devotees of the personified Supreme Being. Ancient scribes pricked out the lives of the saints on strip after strip of palm-leaf, and for generations the learned who have slowly deciphered them by the smoky light of earthen saucer-lamps, and the unlettered multitudes who have listened to the all but sacre cadences, have accepted these chronicles as stories of the 'divine jesting' that Siva is ever enacting in the lives of those who reverence his holy feet.'

Among such saints Sundara, more formally called Sundar Murthi Nayanar, is of notable fame. He had lived in other existences before he came on this world as a Nayanar, and in one of those earlier lives had been one of Siva's attendants in Siva's heaven, Kailasa, and it was by Siva's command that
appeared in the Tamil country of South India, being born in a Brahmin family, and adopted by a king.

He passed through the series of initiatory ceremonies that all Brahmin lads have passed through for twenty, perhaps forty centuries. The time came for him to enter the household's estate and a bride was selected. The prolonged rites that make up a Brahmin marriage were about to begin, says the chronicle, when an aged Brahmin appeared who claimed the youth as his slave. No Brahmin should hold another of the 'twice-born' as his slave, but the old man produced a palm-leaf on which Sundara's grandfather had inscribed a bond yielding his grandson to slavery. In a rage at the disgrace Sundara snatched the leaf and tore it to pieces. The Brahmin then said that the torn document was but a copy and named the place where the original was kept, and at an assembly of Brahmins held at the place Sundara had to yield at sight of the undeniable signature of his grandfather. 'If this is my fate, how can I escape?' said he, and prepared to follow his master.

Some one then asked where the Brahmin lived. 'Know ye not my house? I will show it, follow me,' said he, and entered the temple of Siva and vanished. For the Brahmin was the Lord Siva, and thus did he teach Sundara that he was but his slave.

Many are the stories of Siva's favour to Sundara, and of the reverence with which the people of the rice-plains of Tanjore regarded the saint. Typical of those Tamil folk was the farmer who yearly brought generous offerings of grain, till a great drought came and the good rice withered to dry straw. The farmer went hungry, but most of all did he mourn that he could make no gift to Sundara. Then did Siva appear. 'I have given grain enough to send to Sundara' said the vision, and was gone. When the farmer rose at dawn 'a mountain of rice' filled all the lanes of his village. But how to carry it to Sundara? In his perplexity the pious farmer journeyed to see the saint and told the dream and its fulfilment. Sundara returned with him, and at once saw that no mortals could convey so much grain to his house. But what men could not do Siva could, and entering a shrine of Siva he besought the deity who had given the grain to bring it to his storehouse. Siva heard the prayer and all night long the armies of the demons toiled carrying the grain to Sundara's house in Tiruvalur.

Two other stories may be quoted as instances of that 'divine-jesting' which so pleases a Hindu audience.

The saint was at Tiruvalur at the time of the annual festival in honour of Siva's marriage to the goddess Parvathi, but he had no means to present an offering.
'Then,' says the chronicle, 'he approached a shrine of Siva, mindful to reverence the god, to chant holy songs and to visit the hermitage nigh; he did then sit graciously among the devotees of the place on one side of the great court of the temple. Then by the grace of Siva sleep came upon him. Forthwith he heaped together one or two bricks that were there for some repairs, spread his scarf on them that they might be as a pillow and slept. Anon when he had awakened and arisen he saw that those bricks, all of them, were gold. Then did he praise the divine grace.'

The legend of the twelve thousand gold pieces is longer. On one of his pilgrimages the saint found himself penniless and proclaimed his need in a hymn to Siva. 'Then did Siva graciously give twelve thousand gold pieces, and Sundara the saint stood worshipping and made request, "O Lord God, this gold that thou hast graciously given should be taken to Tiruvalur (my home) that the people there may marvel." A ghostly voice arose, "O Sundara, throw all this gold into the Manimuttu river, and collect it again out of the temple tank at Tiruvalur." Then Sundara cut off a tiny bit as a token and put all the rest into the river.' He continued his pilgrimage for many days and on his return to Tiruvalur called his wife to go with him to the temple tank to collect the gold. He went in faith. But 'the Supreme Siva did not allow the gold to appear in the tank, that by his holy jest the saint should sing yet another hymn in his honour.' Moreover the saint's wife mocked him. 'Seekest thou in a tank what was cast into a river?' laughed she. Thus beset the saint threw himself on the mercy of Siva in a passionate lyric, and suddenly the gold was there in the tank. Joyfully did he and his now believing wife gather it, but again he was humiliated for compared with the token he had kept the gold now before him was of debased quality. Again he invoked Siva, and, pleased with the invocation, Siva restored the gold to its original purity and set the saint's mind at rest.

There are other stories. Once the god put up a shed to shelter his servant from the sun. Once he begged alms for him. He acted as peacemaker between the saint and his first wife when he took a second. Once the divine word stayed the great Kaveri river for the saint to cross. Again Siva enabled the saint to restore to life a lad who had been devoured by a crocodile. Many other great things did Siva for his servant till the time came for Sundara to leave earthly life. Then Siva the Supreme sent Vishnu and Brahma and all the lesser gods with the celestial musicians and the sacred white elephant. Thus was Sundara restored to Siva's paradise 'drowned in the flood of the bliss of Siva.' Such in brief is the life
of Sundara. The historic basis is only dimly seen. Possibly the saint was one of the apostles of the Sivite reaction against Buddhism or Jainism. Certainly he was one of the sweetest singers that South India has known.—A. C. Clayton in "Indian Bookman."

ITEMS.

A missionary writes, "A few days ago we went to a village some distance from our camping place to preach the gospel. As we reached the village we saw a large tent near the entrance and asking a man what it was for, he told us that about sixty Brahmins from different villages were having a council meeting.

It seemed that some years ago a Brahman had married a woman of a lower caste and for that reason he had been put out of caste by his fellow Brahmins, but now the woman having died they were making arrangements to take him back again.

As we were entering the village two of them came to meet us, and said they would like to have us talk to them about the Christian religion. If we would come to the tent after an hour then they would be ready to listen. We went into the village and held a meeting and at the appointed time we went to the tent and talked to them for nearly an hour.

Many of them listened to the gospel, with great interest gladly receiving the gospels and tracts which we gave them.

Pray that God may bless His Word and grant them repentance unto life."

The same missionary writes, I would like to ask the readers of the India Alliance to praise the Lord with us for the changed attitude of the people in three villages of our district toward the gospel. They were all very bitter and it was hard to get any one to listen.

Two years ago as we visited one of these places my Bible-woman and I went up to a house where a few women were sitting on the verandah and they asked us to sit down with them, which we did and began to talk with them about the Lord Jesus.

But we had just begun to talk when a man came. He was very angry because we were sitting on the verandah, and asked the women if they did not know that we were outcasts, and that his house would be defiled, and then turning to me he raised the umbrella he had in his hand as if to strike me and said in a very loud and angry voice, that if I did not leave that place quickly he would break his umbrella on me. This year we have
visited all these villages and the people have been very friendly and we have had good meetings in every one of them.

We have prayed much for the people in these places and God has answered prayer. Praise His Name.

Bro. L. Cutler has so far recovered as to be able to get about a little but is yet unable to do any work. Will our readers kindly continue to pray for his complete recovery.

Miss Jessie Frazer also writes asking the prayers of our readers as she is suffering from complete prostration and nervous breakdown. Naturally her recovery would be a slow, painful process but God is able to touch her and raise her up.

Bro. and Sister Lapp have twice had to leave their touring and return to Akola because of sickness but each time God graciously raised them up and sent them out into the district again and they are still at work among the villages witnessing to His power to save and heal.

Most of the stations on the Marathi side report plague in the villages and in one or two cases touring has had to be given up on account of it. Pray for our native Christians and for the missionaries that they may be kept and that God will put a difference between those who are His and those who are not.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Schoonmaker back to the field. She and baby Grace arrived by last week's mail steamer.

Mrs. Schoonmaker, who had left our mission to join the Pentecostal work but returned to us some months ago, has been appointed to take charge of Dholka orphanage.

We are also glad to welcome Miss Beardslee who accompanied Mrs. Schoonmaker, and who went up to Khamgaon to study the language and assist in the orphanage.

We trust that these may have an interest in your prayers.

In our December number, when welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Carrier back to the field, we are sorry we forgot to mention little Ethel Duckworth as being one of the party. Her grandfather says, “Ethel returned to the field because she felt God had called her to preach the gospel to the poor, blind people of India. While at home she used to pray much for India and God used her in talking to neighbours and children about Jesus. She received the Holy Spirit when she was only four and one half years of age.”

Surely this is a blessed testimony about one of God's little missionary children.