Break through! Break through, O warrior,
"There is a place by Me;"
The power that raised up Jesus
Can set thy spirit free.

"By Me" you, too, shall conq’rer be,
"By Me" you shall be strong,
"By Me" you have the victory,
"By Me" you have the song.

—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES

How often we hear the statement made, that if people at home could only know of the needs on the mission field, they would gladly help to supply them; “Tell us, what are your present needs?”

Believing that this little paper should not only be a means of telling with rejoicing what God is doing on the Indian field, but also of making known the needs of His work to those in whose hands He has placed the supply to meet those needs, let us tell our readers of these occasionally.

Some years ago a building site for a mission station was purchased at Malkapur. Last year, a lady in America kindly sent a first instalment sufficient to start the work, promising that more would be sent as fast as it was needed until the building would be completed. The work was started; but meantime, through no fault of her own, the lady found herself unable to send any more money. So far there has been no loss, but supplies have been ordered and, should we not be able to complete the
building within the next few months, the rains may cause serious damage.

About the same time a donation, amounting to about half the cost, was received for another bungalow at Viramgam in the Gujarathi field. This, with what we already had in hand, would ordinarily have been sufficient to complete the work, but in Viramgam high prices prevailed and labour was hard to get, so that though the roof will probably be on before this paper reaches our readers, yet a further small sum of money will be needed for the finishing touches.

In our December number we told of how Bro. Andrew Johnson had collected funds, mostly in this country, for a small Church at Pachora. He had already given contracts for material, etc., and was ready to begin work. The Assistant Treasurer of the mission had sent him the first instalment for the work, amounting to about $175 in a registered letter; this was stolen from the post office. I do not know that in all our experience of mission-work, often sending large sums in this way, our mission has ever had a similar loss. Even should the thief be found and the notes recovered, which is very doubtful though the numbers of the notes have been given to the authorities, yet there will be delay and somewhat of loss to the work. Could not some of those whom the Lord has blessed with the means to do so, help our brother out in this case? His address is Rev. Andrew Johnson, Pachora, Khandesh, India; any sums sent, will, we are sure, be gratefully acknowledged.

In our Editorial last month we wrote of the necessity of missionary furloughs. Several of our missionaries are now waiting to go on furlough, most of whom are going home at the end of a second term.

In two cases the parties are in such a broken down physical condition that the Board have allowed us to draw on them at once for the money, and they will sail as soon as passages can be secured. It is hard to secure passages now as, owing to the coronatation of King George in June next, every European steamer is full, but this rush will soon be over and we trust our dear mission-
aries will be able to go before long. The other missionaries who need to go home are not yet so broken down but, as we said last month, it is poor economy to allow them to become so, and it ought not to be thought that a missionary cannot go home until he is so worn out that his life is in danger. This is not the intention of the Board, but how can they help it unless more money is sent in than meets the ordinary expenses of the work from month to month? Will not our friends make a special effort and enable us to send about six missionaries home this year?

RUN MOCHEN JATRA

W. MOYSER

HEARING that there was to be a large Jatra about eight miles from our camping place, we at once decided to take four of our workers, with two small tents, and attend. The Jatra is held on the banks of the river Purna in a small village of ten or twelve houses called Run Mochen, which means "freedom from debt."

We left our camping place soon after noon and reached Run Mochen about 3 p.m. Saturday. This Jatra is held annually in a splendid grove of tamarind trees, in honour of the god Mahadev—or Great god. He is nearly always worshipped in the form of a reclining bull.

We pitched our tents at once in a cotton field and, as we thought, a good distance from the crowded part of the Jatra. After eating a slight lunch we were soon all at work talking, preaching, selling gospel portions and distributing tracts. The people were coming all day Saturday, and before the sun set the people with their carts and bullocks were drawing nearer and nearer to our tents; yet when we retired for the night the crowd was quite a comfortable distance from the tents. All night long we could hear the rumble and creaking of the carts, the shouts of the bullock-drivers, and the laughter of the pilgrims as they settled down in their carts and on the ground for the night, or took out their cooking vessels and began to prepare food.

On arising early Sunday morning, what a sight met our eyes! Carts to the right of us, carts to the left of us, carts in front of us, carts all around us. As far as the eye could see,
nothing but carts, bullocks and pilgrims—carts of every description and size. Here was a cart with a body about two feet square, containing four or five people; there was a larger one in which eight or ten men, women and children were packed like sardines in a box. It is beyond my comprehension how ever they retained their seats or held on. There were bullocks of all sizes, shades and conditions; here were a pair of beautifully matched bulls, decked with brass bells and gaudy blankets, belonging to some rich farmer or merchant; there were another pair of scrawny little fellows, looking as if they had not had enough to eat for months.

On entering into conversation with the people we found that thousands had driven in their springless carts over cross country roads, scores and hundreds of miles to visit this sacred shrine. Here were young and old, rich and poor, all hoping to acquire spiritual merit, and be free from the debt of sin. It would be impossible to describe the clothing of these people; an oriental religious gathering cannot be described, for in their saris, blankets, turbans, etc., there is a blending of every colour in the rainbow; for here are men and women dressed in their holiday attire, of bright and startling colours, decked out in their best jewellery, while there are men almost nude wearing simply a small loin cloth. Over yonder see a man dressed out entirely in European costume (which does not usually become him), while again we see one betwixt and between, perhaps he has a bright red turban, a green coat, white loin cloth, a pair of English socks and no shoes. We soon saw that the native proverb, viz., "that three kinds of people attend these sacred shrines, Howshi, Nowshi and Gowshi," was really appropriate. The meaning of the proverb is, Howshi—those who go only for pleasure; Nowshi—those who go to pay vows and to worship; and, Gowshi—those who go for evil and evil only. We did not sleep much all night on account of the noise, dust and smoke. The carts, bullocks, and people were now jammed close to each other, yea, they had even encamped between our tent ropes on every side but the one on which our own bullocks and carts were standing. It looked more like a good natured crowd out for a picnic, than men and women who had come miles, some of them at considerable cost and trouble, to perform religious rites and ceremonies. After prayer Sunday morning we decided that the forenoon would not be a good time for public preaching, as most of the people were not properly settled down, and had their cooking to do for the day. So we separated to do personal work with individuals and small groups, and also to distribute tracts until noon. Early in the forenoon I wandered down to the river bank, near to the place
where the central image of the god Mahadev was situated. Here the scene was entirely different, streets, lanes and alleys composed of stores, selling grains, flour, brass-ware, pots, household utensils, dried buffaloe-dung for fuel, toys, books, sweatmeats, fruit, and the brass gods of the Hindoo Pantheon. Here also were theatres, music halls, swings, merry-go-rounds, picture galleries exhibiting their 330,000,000 gods, plays or dramas representing the Epic of Rama and the giant Rawn, and the god Krishna with his 16,000 wives. These lanes and streets of stores all radiated to the central figure and shrine of Mahadev, represented by a reclining stone bull. This idol was set upon a high platform about fifty feet above the river and perhaps seventy-five or one hundred yards away from it. From this place a nicely stone-paved roadway about eight feet wide runs, with an easy incline, into the river. Here a great transformation scene took place. Near this central platform were men selling flowers for offerings to the idol, and although yet early in the morning, and very chilly for India, the platform was crowded with priests and worshippers. The priests who were almost nude, having simply a garment for the loins which barely reached to their knees, were busy attending the idol and receiving offerings from the people. The paved roadway was one mass of struggling, shivering devotees — who brought their offerings to the idol, perambulated around the platform, and made a deep Salaam to the god at each of the four corners of the platform. Then they marched down the paved roadway to the river, took a bath, and also bathed one of the gods in the river. Here were men, women and children of all ages (yea, some so old and crippled that they had to be carried into the river,) plunging under the water, which by this time had become a stream of muddy, defiled filth. Each worshipper had to carry a brass-vessel of water from the river and pour it over the gods on the platform; this water made a steady stream of slush and filth in which all the comers and goers to either the river or platform had to walk; this ran back down the paved roadway into the river where hundreds were washing and bathing. This same water was used for all cooking and drinking purposes by the pilgrims that attended the Yatra. We had to go nearly two miles to get a clean drink of water either for ourselves or our bullocks.

Great jams occurred on this paved roadway, sometimes the people were packed so tightly that they could neither ascend nor descend, and the roadway was now almost as slippery as glass. In some of these jams on the roadway or in the river, we heard that three persons were crushed to death or drowned. Oh how our hearts were saddened as we saw thousands of people — who
had travelled miles to bathe at this place, or worship this god, and each of these devotees abstained from all food for 48 hours in the hope of obtaining freedom from sin—bow down to this filthy, unclean, opium-eating god (and not all ignorant men either), and believe that this could wash away either the filth of the body or of the heart! How we prayed that they might know about the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness! But how few to tell this wonderous story; truly, "the fields are white to harvest but the labourers are few."

One side of the paved roadway was reserved for Sadus or holy men who were sitting nearly nude wearing only a very small loin-cloth, or smeared over with ashes, and their hair plaited with tow and tied up in a great heap upon their heads and appearing almost a dozen times the normal quantity. These Sadus were one-and-all begging alms from the people who passed up and down the paved roadway, and the people are taught to believe that feeding these Sadus and holy men gives them merit in the sight of god and man; yet it would be hard to find a more worthless class in all India.

The pilgrims on Sunday afternoon began to gather into numerous bands and companies of from fifty to several hundreds. These bands are called Dindi, and they sing songs or hymns in honour of some special god; hymns composed especially in favour of Mahadev were sung here.

These bands of men marched from one shrine to another, singing lustily, and were led by instrumental music.

We could not go into the grove and hold an open meeting because of the crush, and all traffic would have been stopped. Looking to God for guidance, we decided to go into a large cotton field, where several of these Dindies were, where we had very little thought of getting a crowd, but looking to God we begun to play on our cornet, and before the first hymn was finished we had all the crowd we could attend to until evening. It was the largest audience the writer has seen for many a day. How we prayed, as each worker spoke in turn! God was with us and blessed His own Word; the crowd listened so very attentively as we preached Jesus and Him Crucified, to men who had never heard of the love of God as manifested in His Son Jesus Christ. Men peered eagerly into our faces as we told them the old, old story of redemption through the Cross.

We told them of the purity and love of Jesus who came to seek and save from sin those that are lost, in contrast to a lifeless stone who represented Mahadev, an opium-eating god. We spoke in turns, and some of us several times, until the evening shadows gathered, and we retired, committing the day's
work to His hands, trusting that some seed may have fallen into good ground and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

The crowd continued to increase all day Sunday and Sunday night. On Monday A.M. I met a Government Officer who was there in charge of the police arrangements, etc., and enquired of him the estimated number of pilgrims. He said that there were then present between 100,000 and 150,000 people; this is the largest number that have ever gathered in this place. Monday was the last and the great day of the Yatra. We were out early in the morning, with our arms filled with gospel portions and tracts, which we prayerfully offered the crowd for sale. Everybody was on the rush, the theatres, shows and stores were open from early morning; traders were anxious to dispose of their goods; priests and Sadus were busy reaping their harvest. The Missionary and his workers were in and out of the seething crowd all day long, and before evening we had disposed of all our gospel portions. With grateful hearts we pray that His Word shall not return void. In one of these Yatras the writer sold over a thousand scripture portions in three days. While we were eating our lunch, Monday afternoon, we noticed that one of these Sadus had left the river, and was very intently engaged in something just opposite our tent. I walked quietly over, and found that he was just going through his noon-day worship. After a little conversation I found that he was a Sadu from northern India and so understood very little Marathi. He had opened a small round brass vessel, from which he took the goddess of lust and after carefully bathing it, he set it in an upright position, placed several small brass dishes before it which were filled with offerings, then burned a small tablet of camphor before it, all the while repeating some verses from the Purannas, bowing himself down several times, still repeating his petition or verses; then taking some red and white pigment from other boxes, he, with the aid of a small looking glass, carefully made his god's mark upon his arms, breast and forehead, then once again bathing his gods and giving a farewell blast on his conch shell he packed them all away again, and his worship was over. The whole kit reminded one of a little child's set of toys. He tried to explain it all very pleasantly to the writer, who sought to turn his eyes to Jesus Christ who alone can save from sin. Blind leaders of the blind; "yet how shall they believe in Him, of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? Who will say—Here Lord am I, send Me? Pray much for us as we go in and out that we may live and preach Jesus a perfect Saviour for all men.
In several places in the Word of God we find an expression which at first sight is a little puzzling, as for instance, in Psalm xxvi. 3, where it says, “Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness,” lxxix. 8, “Let Thy tender mercies speedily prevent us,” and also in several other places. In the Common Prayer Book is a collect some of us learnt in childhood, “Prevent us, O Lord, with Thy most gracious favour,” &c. It has taken a good many years to learn the meaning, but of late some of us have been studying a little by experience of it, which is after all the surest and most wholesome way of learning. This old-fashioned and literal way of using the word is very instructive and helpful when you get used to it; not just to hinder us, but rather to go before us; often hindering, indeed, something from meeting us or from harming us, just because His tender mercies were on ahead and so came between.

Many are the times we have been thus prevented without our own knowledge, but some times our Father gives us a glimpse of what might have been, by letting, as it were, His preventing grace slip a little to one side.

Many years ago, a person with whom I was slightly acquainted slipped on a banana peel, fracturing his skull and dying instantly, and ever since when my own foot slips “Thank you, Jesus, for preventing mercy,” comes involuntarily to the lips. In these later days there have been some instances of this among my friends. A few months ago a number of our dear Missionaries seemed to be very near the gates of death, but somebody’s prayer was instrumental in bringing God’s preventing mercy between, so that the death-angel was warded off and many a “Thank you, Jesus!” was breathed from our glad hearts for lives spared. Then, too, we have not all been down sick, but kept in health, with our reason and all our senses given afresh, morning by morning, after the night’s sweet refreshing sleep. “Common mercies,” we say, but why so Common? Is it not because our loving Lord chose, in love, to prevent us with them, giving so freely of His goodness?

A short while ago, some Missionary mothers stepped on a train to say a last word to their “wee ones” on the way to school many miles away.

The train started suddenly and one of the mothers was inside; springing out she landed safely on her feet, but the force of the moving train caused her to fall on the stone platform. She might have been badly injured, but she was not, just a few
bruises permitted, to remind us of the preventing mercies of our God.

About the same time we heard of a similar case at another railway station, and still another, where the Missionary was coming down the steps from the bridge across the railway track, when his foot caught on the step and he was falling headlong with full force, when an unseen power intervened and enabled him to catch hold of a support in passing and he knew that the tender mercies of His God had prevented him.

Another, a bicycle accident, through which the threatened concussion of the brain did not come. Why did it not come? Prevented by the mercies of God.

Still another, a motor car, a motor tram, a carriage, a trench with an iron sign-post, and a Missionary on a bicycle. Not much time for thought, and the result a cut and bruised face, a badly bruised hand and almost a fainting spell on the crowded street. But thank God, for His preventing mercies that were in between; for a touch of life, and for a speedy healing of the wounds.

From those out in the districts where plague, small-pox and cholera are rampant, letters are coming daily, reminding us in many ways of God's preventing mercies, and calling upon our soul and all that is within us to "bless the Lord and His holy name." We find almost endless cause to praise Him for just this one aspect of His mercy toward us. And if, with David, we set ourselves to view God's ways and works, we shall, like him, too, find only one word with which to express our gratitude, again and again as he does in Psalms 146 to 150. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

A VISIT TO THE INSANE ASYLUM
BY M. RAMSEY

SEVERAL weeks ago two of us went to the insane asylum to see Yeshwantrao, and although he was much better then, it was pitiful to see him lapse into a sort of vague thought which was really Melancholia. Since then we have seen him twice. The first time he seemed better mentally, but was suffering much from malarial fever. He was able to join in prayer, and he asked the Lord to release him soon and let him go home to his village.

It was painful to hear him spoken of as a "criminal" by the asylum authorities. Those who are praying for him will
remember that he plunged into the tank in his frenzy, but with no thought of taking his own life. On inquiry it is found that he will be formally discharged as soon as his dismissal from the insane asylum is granted.

The last time we visited him, it was a glad sight to see his open countenance and receive a friendly hand-shake. He was altogether rational and conversed as any sane man would do. He renewed his plea to be taken home, and it was hard to have to say that he must wait a while longer. The Committee will not meet again till June. Pray that he may be dismissed fully restored, and do please pray for him as he faces his relatives and caste people again. His head-manship has been given to another.

During our stay, he said so brightly, “I am a Christian,” and the dozen or more men present, like himself partially or wholly recovered, testified that he was a Christian, and that he sang for them and taught them from the Book.

We left a number of Gospels after a good gospel message to attentive listeners. Poor souls! our hearts were sore as we here and there would detect the look in the eye that we have learnt to recognize since beginning to visit them.

The matron kindly allowed me to bring a Bible-woman in, and she with a dear Indian Christian was among the women, a few of whom are Christians. One little woman, who was a teacher, has been there for months having lost her reason, partly, if not altogether, through her husband’s cruelty. We found her much better mentally, but physically very weak from lack of food. Her under-jaw seems paralyzed from not being used, and she is fed through the nose. She signed to us to sing “What can wash away my sin?” and asked for prayer. Her cries are pitiful when a realization of her condition comes over her. Won’t some one please take her on their heart! A number of women were in the room, and I stole over to a sad little body and, having heard her story, told her of the Sinner’s Friend. Had she any friends? Yes, a husband? Yes, children? Ah, that’s it, how can I tell it, she said. Tears came and little by little she whispered, “It is for my child I am here, I killed him.” How? “I don’t know; they tell me I did it, but I don’t remem-

ber.” The matron said her tale was true. She is well now and shrinks from the trial in court, and her heart is sore. Still another and another I might tell you of, but just one more for this time. To the few who could read we gave Gospels, and a woman we had noticed before with foolish insanity depicted in her every movement eagerly took a book in her hand saying she could read a little.
The book opened at random (?) St. Mark's Gospel, ninth chapter, and she began to read at verse seventeen. With a little help she read on to the twenty-ninth verse. Dear girl! she understood some, I understood more, and as we spelled out the last verse together, my soul cried out to God to see His power, even as our Lord Jesus promised before He went away that we should.

That other word began to ring in my ears, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth—and we ourselves groan—waiting for the adoption, to wit the redemption of our body." The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open that redemption book.

Is it that His Church, His Body, is slow or careless about their share in bringing in the full redemption?

Perhaps like David our King is saying to some of us, "Why are ye the last to bring the King back?"

A kind Christian lady in Bombay had sent a large bunch of flowers, and as we turned gateward, Yeshwantrao stood with his share of the flowers treasured in his hand waiting to escort us a little way. There were sneers from some of the other lunatics at seeing him walk and talk with a mem-sahib. The usual little "tips" at the gates, the ride over the dusty road to the station, conversation with the vendors on the station who on a former visit had become interested in the gospel story, the one hour's journey in the train, the veritable babel in nearly all but the seats we three occupied, the quiet native woman who said she had met just such people as we once before and they had talked about the same things, the sweet converse one with another as we spoke of "Him Whom having not seen we love," and the station in Bombay was reached. Tired? Yes, a little, but so happy because in a little measure one could say with Paul, "He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry."

Oh, to be nothing—Only—a broken and empty vessel. Only—a messenger at His gateway!

**A FRIENDLY COMPARISON**

**BY DAVID McKEE**

While camping near the village of Rethal I was visited by a Brahmin, who in official capacity is a tax collector.

I found him to be a man exceedingly well versed in his own religion, a firm believer in it, and a real active defender of his faith earnestly endeavouring to persuade others to believe as he did.
For this purpose he called upon me and very earnestly requested that I listen to him for a time while he revealed the power and secrets of his religion. I agreed on condition that he would allow me to ask questions, i.e., the plan of salvation contained in their scriptures; to which he agreed. He gave a long explanation regarding the plan of salvation as contained in the Vedas and other books pertaining to their religion.

After which I began to ask him questions and proofs, i.e., the way of salvation, and, in every instance, he failed to give me any ground upon which I could hope for the salvation of any man.

Through the questions that were asked he himself caught a glimpse of the fruitlessness of it all, and confessed that of a truth it was all useless. After this we spent some hours testing the great plan of salvation as given in the Word of God. After a careful investigation he was led to see God’s plan of salvation through His dear Son and then he exclaimed, “It is all true, it is all true.”

I strongly endeavoured to persuade him to accept Christ now, but he said, “the plan is beautiful and true and perfect to the end, but it would be useless for me to try to stand alone against so many who are enemies of this religion.” So his heart failed him and he entered into contract with satan to wait for a while.

Procrastination is a mighty fulcrum over which the enemy upsets and destroys very many good desires and plans which people truly and earnestly intend to perform. I feel more and more that our united cry as a Church and people should be, Lord break down these barriers that so much hinder these weak and hungry people from entering Thy fold and enjoying the boundless fullness of Thy love, mercy and saving grace.

MRS. SORBJ

After a long and useful career, there died at Nasik near the close of last year, at the age of seventy-six, one whose name might be classed with that of Pandita Ramabai as a benefactress of her race and nation. The following account of her life and labours is taken from “The Epiphany.”

Mrs. Sorabji, widow of Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji, who passed away at Nasik in her seventy-sixth year, is loved by many in England and India, and her name as an educationalist will long be connected with the Bombay Presidency. With her husband, in the early days of her marriage, she founded the Industrial School and village at Sharanpur, near Nasik; later in life, when her children no longer needed her attention, she again gave herself to work for the country she loved so well, and before her
death she had founded five Schools and left them, in handsome buildings of their own, to those who were capable of carrying on the work she had initiated. She perfected everything to which she put her hand, and all in the silence of loving service, seeking no reward.

But more than educational institutions, more than bricks and mortar, is the memory of a great personality which she has left behind her. She seemed to combine all that was best in East and West. Spirituality, devotion, and the power of self-sacrifice—the great gifts of tact, insight and loving sympathy—all these were hers in no small measure; and to these she added Western ideals of honour and duty and the service of others, of efficiency and the joy of work, with the purity of heart and simplicity of faith of a little child.

It was impossible to be outside her sympathy: she always understood. To her came people of every race and every station in life: they brought her their joys and their sorrows, and she failed none. Without word or thought of reproach, she yet made one feel ashamed of all that had been unworthy in one's life: yet—if this can be understood—she made one ashamed hopefully, for one always said to one's self, "to-morrow I'll be better, it must be worth while trying."

One who was with her during the last week of her life, in the quiet, peaceful home where she ended her days, found on the wall of her bedroom the words, "I believe in God." It was indeed what her life seemed to say to those who knew her. She believed in God; she believed in the best in everyone. No one who knew her and loved her could ever despair.

If she believed in God the Father, so also with triumphant gladness did she believe in God the Son! so that even strangers found in her the "Savour" of that in-dwelling presence and belief, and asked her to tell them more about it. To a charity to which everything condemnatory was absolutely alien, she yet added a zeal and certainty of belief which is the gift of few. Her personal life was an inspiration. One habit of hers will be remembered by all who knew of it. When in trouble, she straightway went to find others in like or possibly worse case. She never sat and brooded or complained, never held a grudge in her heart against God or man.

She loved England, where she had so many friends and interests, with a passion of loyalty: and she loved India, too, as she proved by her life-work. Long before anyone had conceived the modern idea of an "Indian nation," she had realized that a common bond was our chief need in this country.

In her conception that bond was "Empire" and was larger
than the limits of any race, in a brotherhood which found no
difference between even East and West.

Under her roof, here in the Bombay Presidency, were
gathered together people of many nations—Europeans, Parsis,
Hindus, Mahommedans, Jews—and found themselves friends.
There are some forces which are peculiarly unifying, however
diverse the elements, and Mrs. Sorabji's life was such a force that
none who came near her could resist its influence. She brought
every soul closer to God and to its fellow in some wonderful way
of her own. You went away from her loving the world more,
loving God more, and loving more everything that God had
created. She seemed to put you in touch with all—with earth,
trees, flowers and dumb creatures, no less than with God
and man.

She believed in the national regeneration of India, but she
believed, too, that it could not come without the perfection of the
individual in his inmost life and character; she also believed in
the gospel of work, doing that which lay nearest to one's hand.
It is surely men and women of her spirit and faith whom we
need just now is this country.

---

A LETTER FROM A WORKER

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—This is our third camping place. It is
indeed a needy part of the great vineyard.

"The night before leaving Kasipalyam (where we last
had the tent) we had a long and interesting talk with the Mon-
gar, or head man, of a large Hindu temple. He had been at the
tent before that, seemingly drawn there by an irresistible
impulse.

"On this last evening the workers and I were having prayer
together. Seeing us with our eyes shut, talking to some invis-
able One, he stepped reverently aside, and waited till we had
finished. We then told him we had been praying, and as he
appeared to be longing to know what true prayer meant, the way
was opened up for conversation. He listened earnestly and was
much impressed. On parting, when we told him that from that
day we would remember him also before God, I shall never
forget his sincere gratitude.

"His heart had been prepared, and I believe he was truly
longing for the peace which only Christ can give. What a
power for good such a man would be if he were converted!

"Soon after we came to this new place there was an eclipse
of the moon. About midnight we were awakened by rockets
being fired into the air, and looking out of the tent we could see a procession carrying one of the gods round the village. They passed quite close to us. Orthodox Hindus fasted till the dreaded event was over, and there were also many ablutions. In India, even though a man might be thoroughly educated, and know all about the cause of an eclipse, he would probably go through every foolish performance with the most ignorant in seeking to ward off disaster on such a night.

"There are quite a number of Mohammedan merchants in this place. They listen respectfully to the gospel, and come to the tent to ask questions.

'IT IS RIGHT WHAT THEY SAY?'

I heard one exclaim one evening, 'if only they would not say that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. We accept all but that. The Mohammedans are always on our side when we talk against idolatry, yet their lives are little, if any, better than the lives of the Hindus. The latter in every way fulfil Paul's description given of them in Romans iii.

"It is terrible to see their desire for vengeance on their enemies and those who injure them. 'To forgive' never enters their mind. Yesterday, we heard of a poor woman who had been given some strange mixture to make her suffer for years in return for some injustice she had done to another. 'Was it poison?' we asked. 'Oh, no,' was the reply, 'that would have brought death quickly and defeated the object in view,'—to prolong life in misery.

"Another method of vengeance is to tie a crow or a fowl head downwards from the branch of a tree near to the temple of an idol, with a petition to the god inside that the enemy might thus die painfully and accursed. One day I heard the pitiful chirping of a poor little bird hung up thus just outside the tent. I got some one to set it free.

"Here we have been able to reach some parts entirely new. The poor people can't understand why we have come, and it is painful to see their terror sometimes on our approach. They peep through the hedge, or have a good look from a safe distance. When we at last get them to come near with some confidence, it is to beg us to go to the street where the rich farmers are, because there we will be sure to get something! (money or grain) 'The rain has come late, the crops are poor, and we really can't give you anything!' I heard one man explain. 'But

WE HAVE COME TO GIVE,'

we reply, 'not to receive.' 'Oh,' is the rejoinder, 'is that so?' and then they conclude that sounds better, for with the Hindu
it is ever better ‘to receive than to give.’ Then they listen to our message, so new and strange.

"There have been enquirers. One farmer, to whom we spoke one day and who listened earnestly, walked perhaps eight miles the next day to the tent to enquire more about the way of salvation. He was truly conscious of his need of the ‘forgiveness of sins.’ Another, a dear woman whom I met at the last camping place, walked about five miles because of her desire to see me and have another talk. Her little girl of twelve had professed to give herself to the Lord at this last place.

"Hungry, longing souls have been met, yet how many still perish for ‘lack of knowledge.’ Do pray that the seed sown in these different touring centres may in many more cases spring up into ‘everlasting life.—Yours in the Gospel, M. Poroteous."

— Darkness and Light.

**KHAMGAON NOTES**

**P. L. Eicher**

JUST a few days before Christmas, we had the joy of witnessing one soul, our cook, step out and follow the Lord in baptism, thereby showing the world that he has accepted Christ as his Saviour and that he intends following Him. He has been with us just eleven months, and during that time we have seen nothing wrong in his walk or behavior, and believe he has become a Christian at heart, the very best he knows how. He has yet much to learn, but we trust God to finish that which He has begun. He needs your prayers. The day he was baptized, a baby, the child of one of our Christians, was dedicated to the Lord. It was a beautiful scene as we stood at the side of the tank filled with water, to see the man immersed and the little one offered to God.

The first week in the new year our party, consisting of two catechists, two Bible-women, Miss Wyeth, Mrs. Eicher, baby Mildred and myself, started out to tour in the distant villages of the district. We got out rather late in the season owing to my wife’s long illness, and Miss Krater joined us in February.

We pitched our tents at four places. The people on the whole seemed indifferent, yet there were a few in almost every village that were glad to hear the good news, especially the women. Most of them like to hear about God, but when we tell them about Christ being the only true way of Salvation and that He died and rose again, they object and often get angry and say it isn’t true.
The people in several villages have asked us to start schools. A Christian family lives in one of these villages. We expect to build a school in their village and also in another. To have a good reliable Christian teacher for these schools will mean much to this family and to all the villagers. We believe in this way much good will be done.

Will the readers please pray that many more may step out for Christ and let their light shine in their own villages like this man is doing? All the people that know this man acknowledge that there has been a great change in him, as before his conversion he was the worst man of the village. At first he had to suffer much persecution and was beaten several times but stood firm through it all.

Let us pray more earnestly than ever that the Holy Spirit may, through the Word that has been given out, convict these lost souls of sin and show them the need of a Saviour.

AN APPEAL TO THE ENGLISH NATION

Being also an Appeal to the Church of Christ at home and abroad.

“Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.”

We have just received an article with above heading from Mr. Kehl, of Amritsar, which is being printed in the London Times and many other British newspapers. It is written by Mr. Sidney Collett, author of “The Scriptures of Truth,” and though primarily for the English nation, applies with equal force to the whole English-speaking race.

We have not space for the whole article, but the following, with its introduction by Rev. R. J. Ward, will be quite sufficient to direct the reader’s attention to those national sins which, unless repented and forsaken, must sooner or later be followed by Divine judgment on our nation.

Mr. Ward writes:—Is it necessary to write an appeal on behalf of the “appeal” which follows? Let what is written serve as an under-scoring of the stirring and startling utterances of Mr. Sidney Collett. Surely his appeal is enough to arrest the most careless and arouse the most sluggish.

Is it pessimism—an undue looking at the dark side? The words he uses are strong, but the facts behind the words—facts as incontestable as they are appalling—are such that it is hardly possible to think of language that would exaggerate them.

Is it the cry of an alarmist—this pointing to the gathering clouds of judgment and doom? Is it not rather the indication of
a law in the divine procedure which has ever worked in the past and will surely work again? National transgression—such as is here depicted in lurid colours—must bring national retribution. If the watchman see the sword coming upon the land, and blow not the trumpet, shall he be held guiltless?

Are we in India concerned in this matter? India too is part of the British Empire, and the sins set down in this appeal concern all the members of the English-speaking race. We cannot escape our solidarity. If we share the national glory, we must take our part in the national shame. Moreover, the moral condition of the home-land seriously affects and is reflected in those at the out-posts, just as the state of a man's heart tells upon the extremities of his body.

What is to be our response to this appeal? The writer of it calls for "a day of national humiliation and confession," after the manner of Nineveh and other historical instances, quoted. But that is not the immediate question for those who read these lines. The chief burden of the appeal must rest on the children of God who have been called by His grace to have fellowship with His sorrow on account of these things. His search, just now, is for the men and women who sigh and cry for all the abominations wrought. If that search is in vain, because "there is no man," no one to "stand in the gap"—no Abraham to plead for the doomed cities—no Moses to interpose his own life between the descending sword and threatened victims—no Paul to be willing to be accursed from Christ for his kinsmen after the flesh—then indeed we are confronted with the final proof of the Church's degeneracy. It is a solemn time for the world; it is even more solemn for the Church of Christ. If an appeal like this fails to rouse the people of God to serious thought and instant, earnest, fervent, nay, agonising prayer, then, truly, we are in evil case.

The appeal is a test of our loyalty to our great Head. If we fail Him now we judge ourselves unworthy of his fellowship; we put ourselves out of court in relation to His counsels. How can He henceforth call us His friends?

He is giving us another opportunity. It may be the last. Remember His word in Gethsemane to the disciples who had failed Him. "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" It was their last chance, before the end came; they missed it, and they never had another. If we fail Him now, in this hour of crisis and sore need, the opportunity may never occur again.

R. J. Ward.

Mr. Collett calls attention to what can only be described as
AN APPEAL TO THE ENGLISH NATION

ENGLAND'S PERIL

through the sins which brought Divine judgment upon every nation in which God was dishonoured, His warnings despised, and His calls treated with indifference or contempt. The following are some of the national sins for which Mr. Collett calls for national repentance and humiliation before God.

DESACRUALION OF THE LORD'S DAY.

Eighty thousand people leaving every thing to attend one foot-ball match, Sunday bands in the parks, Sunday concerts, opening of museums on Sundays, Sunday newspapers one of which boasts of a circulation of 800,000 copies, Sunday skating-rinks, and the statement of railway officials that Sunday evenings are becoming their busiest times.

This desecration of the Lord's day is becoming an increasing reproach to so-called Christian nations and an impious affront to Almighty God. A growing indifference to sacred things is noticeable everywhere, and people have become "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

While the claims of God's day are thus being ignored, the claims of His work are also suffering from neglect. There is

DECLINING LIBERALITY

in gifts to Hospitals, maintenance of Churches and support of foreign missions. The collections for hospitals which in England amounted to £49,000 in 1903, fell in 1909 to £39,000. Almost every home and foreign missionary society is suffering, perhaps, more than ever before, from lack of funds and this in spite of the country's enormous and unprecedented wealth. The latest report of the British and Foreign Bible Society shows that while the circulation of the Bible is increasing in other countries, it is decreasing in Britain.

IMMORALITY, GAMBLING, ETC.

Immorality and gambling are rapidly increasing both among men and women, and the selfish extravagance which often leads to immorality and dishonesty is shown by the following figures:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>£7,000,000 per annum.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunting</td>
<td>7,500,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gambling</td>
<td>20,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jewellery</td>
<td>25,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco</td>
<td>30,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong Drink</td>
<td>155,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

While £8,000 was given at a recent sale for two snuff boxes!—*Times*, July 7, 1910.
FAILURE OF THE CHURCHES.

That the Churches are failing to meet this situation is shown by the fact that even those who are looked upon as spiritual leaders are losing influence over the masses of the people. In England many of the clergy of the Established Church seem to have left the simplicity of the gospel, and the Church is honeycombed with the idolatrous doctrines and practices of Ritualism and Romanism; while politics, secular entertainments and higher-criticism are ruining the Church everywhere, so that while the form remains, there is little of the spirit or power of true worship left; and many of our Churches are consequently more than half empty.

Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; and shall not My soul be avenged on such a nation as this? (Jer. v. 9.)

THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

History furnishes indubitable proofs that national sins, and indifference to the claims of Almighty God, if persisted in, are invariably followed by Divine visitations in the form of national judgments. As witness the flood in the days of Noah (Gen. vi. 13); the confusion of tongues at Babel (Gen. xi. 5-8); the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (Gen. xix. 13); the threatened overthrow of Nineveh, only averted by national repentance (Jonah i. 2, and iii. 4); and the destruction of Jerusalem (2 Chron. xxxvi 15-19), that terrible judgment upon God's own people, concerning whom it was written—and the words describe with awful accuracy the condition of England to-day—"They walked not in My statutes, and they despised My judgments... and My Sabbaths they greatly polluted. THEN I said I would pour out My fury upon them... to consume them" (Ezek. xx. 13).

It is a well-known fact that the moral depravity of ancient Greece and Rome led directly to their downfall, from which neither their learning nor their power could save them.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

And, while one shrinks from placing a hasty or unwise interpretation upon the mysteries of Divine providences, nevertheless, as the great historian Gibbon, though a Deist, truly said: "The natural order of events will sometimes afford strong appearance of moral retribution." And it will scarcely be denied that the following recent occurrences lend an awful reality to those words.

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AT MARTINIQUE.

In 1902, the terrible volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée, which
AN APPEAL TO THE ENGLISH NATION

destroyed Martinique, and buried 40,000 of its inhabitants under the burning lava, was preceded by a long period of the most appalling wickedness and moral degradation on the part of the people, who blasphemously crucified a masqueraded pig on the Good Friday immediately preceding the disaster! So that the special correspondent of the Times, writing on the subject eight years after the event, said: "There are legends now of blasphemous rites which were in progress when the 'fire from the Lord out of heaven' was rained down!" And he adds: "There seems to have been good ground for describing Martinique as the wickedest spot in the West Indies!"—Times, March 29, 1910.

The Destruction of San Francisco.

And when on the morning of April 18, 1906, earthquake and fire suddenly wiped out San Francisco, we are told by those well acquainted with the facts, that in "that gorgeous city of the West"—"that Californian Sodom"—"that refined sink of the most positive iniquity"—not only had "fair, dignified, and educated women" acquired the opium habit, but the aristocracy generally were given over to lust and vice. And thus having "flaunted its unparalleled iniquities for nearly 60 years, Providence (at length) saw fit to intervene for the purification of that City of the Plain!"—Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1906.

The Messina Earthquake.

Nor was there any exception in the case of the appalling disaster which befell Messina and Reggio; for at the close of 1908, only a few hours before that devastating earthquake, which laid Messina and the surrounding districts in ruins, the unspeakably wicked and irreligious condition of some of the inhabitants was expressed in a series of violent resolutions which were passed against all religious principles. While the journal Il Telefono, printed in Messina, actually published in its Christmas number an abominable parody daring the Almighty to make Himself known by sending an earthquake! And in three days the earthquake came!

The Russo-Japanese War.

It is also a matter of common knowledge (though the moral is so little laid to heart) that the recent Russo-Japanese War—so disastrous and humiliating to Russia—broke upon that unhappy country after years of national persecution of the Jews, which culminated in a series of the most murderous cruelties, deliberately planned by local officials, and mercilessly perpetrated by soldiery and populace upon thousands of innocent and helpless Jews, whose blood cried out for vengeance.
THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.

And whilst deeply sympathising with our neighbours across the Channel, it nevertheless seems almost impossible to dissociate those terrible floods which so recently swept over France, from what appears to be the godless condition of that country, as expressed in the following public utterances of official representatives of that otherwise great Nation:—

Not many years ago M. Jaures boastingly said in the French Tribune:—"The idea that must be safeguarded before everything else is that there is no sacred truth. . . If God Himself arose before the people in a palpable form, the first duty of man would be to refuse Him obedience, and to consider Him the Equal of whoever holds Him in debate—not as the Master to Whom he must submit!"—The Times, November 6, 1909.

More recently M. Viviani, the Labour Minister, said in the French Parliament:—"We have torn the minds of men from religious faith. The wretched workman, who, weary with the weight of his day's work, once bent his knee, we now have raised up. We have told him that behind the clouds were only chimeras. Together, and with a majestic gesture, we have put out in the heavens the lights that will never be lit again! And the Chamber, instead of reproaching M. Viviani, deliberately decided that this speech should be distributed through the 36,000 Communes of France!—The Times, November 6, 1909.

While M. Ferdinand Buisson when director of Public Elementary teaching, unblushingly advocated "the idea of a human society" consisting of "the State without God, the school without God, the municipality without God, the law courts without God, and, moreover, science and morality without God!"—The Times, November 6, 1909.

A NOVELIST'S WARNING.

It is true that we are taught not to be too hasty in attributing calamities which befall individuals, to the sins of those individuals who suffer therefrom—vide the man who was born blind (John ix. 3); and the fall of the tower in Siloam (Luke xiii. 4, 5). Indeed, we know that individuals, in spite of their wickedness, often escape retribution altogether in this life. For them, however, there is a resurrection and a judgment Throne. But it is quite otherwise with Nations; hence they are dealt with here by the Judge of all the earth. And it is most remarkable that the following solemn and ominous words were recently written by a popular novelist:—"The blasphemous things which are being done in the world to-day cannot go on much longer without punishment. We know by history that
deliberate scorn of God, and of Divine things, has always been met by retribution of a sudden and terrible nature, and it will be so again!"—The Bookman, May, 1909.

THE REMEDY.

It is not suggested that our nation has yet reached that dreadful condition of open godlessness and infidelity of some of the countries above referred to. But the facts herein mentioned may serve to indicate how dangerously far this country, with all its God-given privileges, has already gone in that direction. And if these things continue much longer, the rod of Divine justice must inevitably fall upon our loved and favoured land; and, like Babylon, Nineveh and Tyre, Britain's greatness and fame will end in disaster and decay!

A DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION AND CONFESSION is the first essential. For it is written:—"I will go and return to My place, till they acknowledge their offence and seek My face" (Hosea v. 15). I, therefore, now venture to appeal most solemnly and earnestly to all my fellow countrymen—from the highest to the lowest—to "Seek the Lord while He may be found; and to call upon Him while He is near" (Isaiah Iv. 6); to give themselves seriously to confession, and the forsaking of personal and national sins; to meet together whenever possible for unitedly seeking God's face. And above all, I appeal to those in authority, to appoint a day for the public acknowledgment of the claims of Almighty God, when all business and pleasure shall be suspended, and the people shall be called to confession and humiliation on account of our national sins; and that they be encouraged in sincerity of heart, to "return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon us; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah Iv. 7.)

"And God saw their works that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not." (Jonah iii. 10.)

"COME AND LET US RETURN UNTO THE LORD." (Hosea vi. 1.)

ITEMS.

By an error, in last month's I. A., it was stated that Mrs. Schoonmaker was to be in charge of the boys' orphanage at Dholka, Gujerat.

Mr. Schoonmaker, who some time ago left our Mission to join the Pentecost work, has applied for re-instatement and the Board have accepted his application.
Our brother has now gone, with his wife and child, to take charge of the boys' orphanage at Dholka. All supporters of the boys and those interested in the work there should in future address their communications to him.

With the concurrence of the Home Board, a bungalow has just been rented in Panchgani as a home for missionary children where they can have the needed care and attention in their home life and yet attend, as day-scholars, at one of the best schools in Western India. We wish to thank the Home Board and also any who by donations have made it possible for the Board to grant us this valuable concession.

By the number of applications received up to date, the new rest-home at Lanouli will be taxed to its utmost capacity to accommodate the number of missionaries wishing to go there for the coming hot season.

We praise God for once again raising up Mrs. Lapp from what seemed to be her death-bed. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lapp have had hard work in connection with the orphanage and Akola Church, as well as preaching the gospel in the district. Both are in need of a good rest during this hot season.

Bro. L. Cutler who is now resting at Lanouli is still quite weak and in need of prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton hope to be able to go on furlough latter end of May or early in June.

Some days ago a card from Mrs. Schelander announced that their baby girl Hulda was taken with small-pox.

She asked for united prayer, that the child might be speedily healed, and also that the disease might not spread farther.

In this morning's mail comes the following note of praise:— "We desire to praise our dear Heavenly Father for His presence with us in the trial, and for bringing our dear little girl so safely through small-pox, and also for speaking peace to our hearts, in the very midst of her sufferings. Especially is there cause for gratitude when we remember how weak and run down her condition was even before the attack, on account of cutting eight teeth within one month. Hallelujah! We would also thank our dear fellow-missionaries for their prayers at this time. We have felt somewhat as Moses must have felt when his hands were held up by Aaron and Hur. Exodus 17:12."

Mrs. Schelander adds in a personal letter that Mrs. Schelander is whitewashing and baby Hulda are out of quarantine.

Our hearts greatly rejoice in the Lord, for this another answer to prayer.