If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy;  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.  

—Whittier.

For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and the base things of the world; and things that are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence.—1 Cor. i. 26-29.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE POVERTY OF JESUS

As a baby, born in a stable; as a young man, toiling in the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth; as the Spirit-baptised worker with God and for God, not having where to lay his head; was there ever a life of poverty like his? How often the thought comes to many of us, if I only was rich, how gladly would I help others; if I only had more money, how gladly would I relieve suffering
and distress; but having nothing, what can I do? Do not we missionaries, even, sometimes speak and act as though unless we have a certain amount of money, God's work must fail? Yet here was one who might have been rich and noble, who came for the express purpose of helping others and succeeded in doing so beyond any of the most philanthropic individuals or societies; yet who deliberately chose, for this purpose, a life of hardship and toil, want, suffering and poverty such as no other knew. The Apostle tells us plainly that it was "for our sakes" and that it was of deliberate choice. "He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." Is it not a fair inference that if He who was wisdom itself, who saw the end from the beginning, deliberately chose this life of poverty and dependence as the best way of helping others, it is the best way, and the way in which the greatest good may be accomplished? How slow we are to learn this lesson. How we long for more money, and when it is not forthcoming are ready to say, "Well, I have reached the end of my resources and can do nothing more." Do we forget that our resources are not limited to the amount of money we possess but are in God, who possesses all things? How easy it is to get our eyes off Him and on to material things and surrounding circumstances, yet, if our conception of Him is right, is He not able to supply abundantly even in material things so that we should know no lack? If then, we are short, is it not because He has chosen that way for us; and if He chooses it for us, as He did for His Son, is it not because He is able to do more through this life of poverty which makes us so utterly dependent upon Him, than He could through one possessed of great riches?

A little glimpse is given us in the gospels of the financial methods of our Lord and of that little band of followers who accompanied him throughout his earthly ministry. In Luke 8, we are told of Mary called Magdalene and Joanna the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, who ministered to Him of their substance. From what is said of one of these,—and perhaps we may infer the same of some of the others—she at least was inspired to do this out of gratitude for spiritual blessings received. Is this then God's thought for
His work, viz., that those who bring spiritual blessing to others shall not want for the material things? If so, should we be failing to receive the material things, is it not a sign that we are no longer being made a blessing to the many? Does not the great apostle hint at this in Rom. 15:27 and again in 1 Cor. 9:9-11?

Another of these glimpses is given us from the fact that the disciples kept a bag in which these donations were placed, out of which needful things were purchased and money given to the poor; showing us that, poor as they were, they did not spend all they received on themselves but ministered financial as well as spiritual help to others.

What is the need of the Church to-day both in home and foreign lands? Is it more men? Is it more money? The one great need is such an outpouring of God's Spirit upon His people and such an infilling of them with that Spirit that they may have power to be a blessing to hungry and needy hearts. This will bring both the men and the money. What worker for God does not know that as it was in the early Church, so it will be again, when there is great spiritual power and blessing in the Church, there will be no lack of material things.

SOWING AND REAPING
ANNA LITTLE

T was a happy party that stepped ashore at Bombay on November 24th, 1910. One was Ethel Duckworth, seven years old. Her parents were missionaries in India, and she had long been counting the days until she should meet them again. Two nights previous to landing she began bounding up and down in her steamer bunk, ending the performance with these very expressive words, "I cannot laugh enough." And somehow we grown-ups felt the same for we, too, were going home to the land of our adoption. As we walked the streets of Bombay, or sat in the tram, the ugliest old wrinkled faces we saw seemed positively beautiful because they were reminders of home, and we were glad to be there. The familiar tinkle of the bells about the necks of the oxen as the cotton-carts creaked slowly along the road, the simple farmer trotting home from market proclaiming at the top of his voice the short-comings of the mother of his children to the edification of his neighbor a
SOWING AND REAPING

few feet ahead, the beautiful Indian skies studded with stars—these and other more homely tokens served to remind us again that this was India.

Then the quiet of Indian station life appealed to us. It seemed so restful after the rush and excitement of conventions and good-byes, the endless noises of American cities, and the dodging about to escape automobiles and other conveyances. A few weeks later, however, we changed our opinion. Camped on the edge of an Indian town, we tossed back and forth, while the donkeys made night hideous with their serenades, all the town dogs wailed mournfully, jackals howled, and everything that had any kind of a voice swelled the chorus. Just as one went off into a fitful doze, two wayfarers stumbled into our camp in the dark hunting for a place to sleep in. Then the dogs broke into our provisions, and then the cats, and after a few stray snatches of sleep we rose to face another day.

As soon as possible after arriving at my station, I started with Mrs. Stanley to itinerate the district of Akote. There are at least one hundred thousand people in this district living in about three hundred villages. It was not long before we were conscious that the people were more friendly and more open to our message than they were two years ago. I could not but notice that many old men and women were receiving the message of Jesus. Before Christmas an old man gave his heart to the Lord. Upon enquiry we found he had dropped idol-worship two years ago and had begun to worship his Creator. The name we had told him, he said he had forgotten. He gladly heard the name again and began to learn this simple prayer, “Oh Lord Jesus I am a sinner! Cleanse my heart! Save me!” For days he went about repeating to himself this prayer. The day we left the Camp in that place (Chohote) this old man followed us hanging on behind our cart and repeating slowly the words of this prayer which Mrs. Stanley had taught him. Some weeks later I met him again. He stood in front of me with such an air of triumph and repeated his prayer. But besides all this he had really got salvation as he testified. And one look is enough to see that he is a new creature. He is really happy in the Lord and is praying for the conversion of his wife and family.

After New Year, Mr. and Mrs. Lapp came out to tour in Akote. All went well for a while and God used them in the work when suddenly about the ninth of January both were stricken with fever. For ten days they were very ill, and as we were twenty-one miles from home, they could not be moved. Three miles per hour in a jolting ox-cart was not to be thought of. As soon as they were strong enough they went home for a
week's rest. In spite of these interruptions, two women were

definitely saved as a result of the work done in that place.

These women possessed the same name “Jeebha,” but lived

in different villages. Jeebha No. 1 is old and blind. We went to

her town one afternoon, and a large crowd of women gathered

in one of the homes. Jeebha was led in and after listening to

us for a little while she cried out, “King Jesus.” A few days

later we went to the same home, and Jeebha came in. Again

after listening a while, she cried out “King Jesus,” clasped her

hands and bowed her head as if in worship. Presently someone

asked me if we could not give Jeebha some medicine to take

away her headache. Jeebha has only gone blind within the

last six months and she can still distinguish shadows, but in

addition to being blind, she had continual headache. I said

“I am not a doctor and I do not understand the trouble, but

Jesus hears prayer; let us tell Him about it.” So I prayed for

Jeebha a simple prayer—just a few words. In the midst of it,

Jeebha cried out. “Oh King Jesus! I am a great sinner. Have

mercy on me!” And he heard that cry and cleansed that soul,

and to-day alone in that Indian town she witnesses for Christ.

She gave up her idol-worship and serves the true God. Day by
day she prays to Him, and tells the women in her village that

He suffered for them, and that He hears prayer.

In her village there is a devotee of the temple, named

Marothi. He heard the story and was “almost persuaded” to

become a Christian but fear of his caste people kept him from

open confession. Once he came at night bringing a friend.

After reasoning with these men for some time we knelt and

prayed for them. Marothi cried out in the midst of someone’s

prayer, “Jesus!” The next day, about noon-time, he came.

He said, “You people look happy. I am in great trouble of mind

and I want peace, but I am so weak.” I said, “You will get peace only through Jesus. Ask him to save you, and He will surely

save you and give you strength.” He said, “I called on Him last

night.” I said, “Yes, you took His name last night, but the

morning you fell at the feet of Khandoba and put his image

on your forehead. No man can serve two masters; is now Christ or Khandoba (his god) with you; if you expect salvation and peace then choose Christ.” He came again and

again. We all reasoned with him, but he lacked the courage of his convictions. Usually he had along with him a friend who would endeavor, by every means he could invent, to

poison his mind. The last time he ever came, he confessed that

he had had no rest or peace of mind since the night we had prayed

with him. Sometimes he felt as if he must go to Christ and
then again he drew back. And so he went away while his friend
poured into his ear suggestions of the consequences of becoming a
follower of Jesus, and of the falsity of the Christian faith. Pray
for Marothi.

Jeebha No. II was a woman who had two years ago,
after hearing us tell the Story, invited us to her home and there
prepared for us a very inviting meal. We were tired, hungry and
thirsty and she ministered unto us. Often we thought of her
and prayed for her, but we forgot where she lived. After Christ-
mas our first camping place was at this woman’s village as we
very soon found out. She sent her little boy to invite us to her
home to eat “pan supari.” This is tobacco, lime, etc., rolled
into a betel-leaf. It is manchured not swallowed. While ma-
ching, the mouth presents the appearance of blood smearing the
lips and teeth. It is used all over India. Needless to say we did
not touch the concoction. We explained as well as we could our
excess to betel-leaf, and proceeded as soon as possible to tell
her and the women who had gathered the Story of Jesus again.
We visited her many times, while we lived in her village. Usually
these were men around, so she did not seem to tell her mind
out in their presence, and we had to move our camp before
she had taken any definite stand with Christ.

One day Mrs. Lapp and I felt impressed to spend the day
at her village. So as we had to go a long distance, we took our
food along and spent the day in that place, with the sole object
of visiting Jeebha No. II and strengthening her faith and persuad-
ing Jeebha No. IT to give her heart to the Lord. We found Jeebha
No. II very happy. She had adopted a new name for her Lord.
Again and again she talked of Him as “Protho Ram” or “Lord
King.”

Jeebha No. II as usual was glad to see us, but as usual
neighbouring men came over to see what we were doing. As we
sat there in Jeebha’s yard, one of our men almost drove out
a negro, but lifting up our hearts to God, we asked that the
new world might come away. It was market-day at that
village, and presently one by one the men went to the market,
and then Jeebha began to talk more freely. Several of the neigh-
bouring women were present too. We reasoned with her for some
little time, then said, “Taste and see, Jeebha, that what we say is
ture.” She answered, “I will, I will do any, but next year when
we come back, I will tell you my experience. But I am so ignorant,
pay for me.” Again and again she begged us to pay for her,
and her heart might be cleansed from sin and anger and
craziness. And so we left there and prayed. She said, “I
never prayed and I don’t know how.” We then told her it
meant to tell what was in our hearts to Jesus, that as her children came to her and asked her for bread so she must ask our Jesus for living bread and He would never drive her away. It was a beautiful picture as that mother lifted up her heart to her Saviour surrounded by her children. Once while one of us was praying she called out to one of the children in a stage whisper, "Listen!"—he was getting restless under this strange kind of restraint. When we rose up she said, "Pray for my husband and children too." Her mother-in-law said, "I never closed my eyes. I watched it all. How are you going to know what to do if you do not first see. They bend their knees. That is what they mean by 'kneeling,' and that is how they worship." Then I directed my attention to her, but she said, "I can't remember. She (pointing to Jeebha) will remember His name for me."

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Stanley went to Kutase. I gave Mrs. Stanley a copy of the New Testament, and said, "If you go through Jeebha's town, give her this book; either her husband or her boys will be able to read it." Mrs. Stanley feared they were going by another route, but whether they mistook the road or whether it was the only way to Kutase, they found themselves at Jeebha's village, and so the word of God was left in that humble home. Pray that it may bear fruit in hundreds of hearts.

When we came home from tour, Miss Bushfield was relieved from the orphanage work, and we began visiting the villages daily in Akola district. Here we find the same willingness to listen. Last year the people of Babulgaon threatened to pelt Mrs. Lapp and her companions with cow-manure. A few weeks ago we went there not sure of being received. But a great crowd of both sexes gathered. One simple farmer asked many questions. "Would God forgive a murderer?" "If you are saved, and fall into sin again, then what?" He finally said, "I must go to my fields." But he seemed unable to tear himself away and must have spent two hours there. The crowd was so large that Miss Bushfield and I both talked to different companies at the one time. After a while most of the men went away and we had the women alone, and never shall I forget those faces and that morning, when two of the women prayed to Jesus. They wanted peace, they were hungry and thirsty, and I believe God met their need as they lifted up their weary hearts to Him. These people are very ignorant and even childish, but God meets them just where they are, and it is marvellous how they are taught by the Spirit of God apart from every human influence. For often the missionary is taken away not just like Phillip, but just as really.

A short distance from Santa Barbara, lies Malkapur. We chose out a shady spot and began an open-air meeting. The
pateel (head-man) a middle-aged man, listened attentively to the end, then he said, "I do not worship idols nor do I go on pilgrimages."

"Well then, Dada, (term of respect) are you saved?"

"Ye-es."

"Through whom are you saved? You being a sinner cannot approach the Holy God without a mediator, and there is only one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

"Well then how can I be saved? Must I go to you?" (that is, must I join you?)

"No, Dada. You can be saved and live for God right in your own village."

"Well then I will serve Him from now on, I will worship Jesus."

"Will you serve Him before these people?"

"Yes."

"Will you pray to Him now?"

"Yes."

"Very well let us kneel down here. God is here. We will pray. You pray too."

"Must I kneel?"

"Yes."

"The offence of the Cross is not ceased." The old man paused, looked at his knees and considered. Dared he do that? would not that stir up caste-feeling and bring persecution on his track? was it worthwhile? True, people fall openly at the feet of their idols in India, but this was different. Then his countenance changed and one waits almost breathless for the decision—

"I won't pray to-day. To-morrow"—and oh how that word hurts, for Satan has forged a fresh chain round that soul—"to-morrow I will come and see you." To-morrow rarely ever comes to such souls.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

Miss Delaney writes: "Our little three year old Mildred Eicher has been out on tour with her mother and father. One day five or six little boys came to the tent. Mildred, without a suggestion from any one, took a little stool and sat down on it before the little group of children. She taught them a verse in Marathi, the English of which is "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us," sang a Marathi hymn for them, and then ran to her mother and asked for some Sunday-School cards to give to the children for having learned the verse.

"Mildred has found that there is something even a little child can do."
A BEGINNER'S IMPRESSIONS OF A YATRA
BY KIEL GARRISON

To know and understand the people by mingling with them is an essential part of a junior Missionary's education, therefore it was suggested that the writer accompany the party of Missionaries and native helpers going to preach at the Pimpalgaon Yatra and thus receive his introduction to district work.

Our party, consisting of Mr. C. Eicher, my brother and myself, left Bodwad in the bullock tonga (cart) on Friday afternoon, a half dozen of the young men from the Training School going ahead with the large Camp wagon containing tents, bedding and provisions. The distance was only about fourteen miles but it took fully four hours for the journey, and we arrived at our destination thoroughly tired, merely from the jolting received on the rough country road. That road is worthy of special mention. In some places it had been worn so deep by the decades, and perhaps centuries, of travel that the fields on either side were as high above us as the top of the tonga. It is a question, too, whether during all those years anyone had taken the trouble to remove a stone from the road-bed, and one could not help wondering, as he was jolted through a village, the tonga bumping over loose stones the size of a man's head, why the men of the place, whose occupation was apparently to sit wrapped in their mantles and gaze at strangers, did not get together for half an hour and clear their village streets. But if asked, their answer would doubtless have been the one which becomes tiresomely familiar in India, "It is not our custom."

At about dark we reached the place where Mr. Hagberg was camped, and our tents were soon erected beside his. Our camp was in a beautiful spot near a village and about a mile from the fair grounds, so that little of its noise and dust could reach us. Three great tamarind trees afforded protection from the sun. Our cook had an improvised kitchen against the wall of an ancient temple which had long since lost its roof. The shrine inside had fallen to pieces from neglect and age, but an old priest occasionally puts in an appearance to bathe and feed the dilapidated idols.

A variety of callers paid their respects at our camp. A huge black-faced monkey visited us but received a cold reception and an intimation, in the form of a few stones, to move elsewhere. Once while we were at breakfast a long snake dropped
from the branches of the tree overhead, looked in at us for a moment, and hurried away to seek less hostile company. Since we were off the beaten track, the natives showed considerable curiosity, and often watched with unconcealed interest the white man's toilet. One man hung around asking questions. Finally he espied a cake of soap, and learning that it had been brought from America he asked permission to take it away and try it. We granted his request, hoping to get rid of him and not expecting to see the soap again. But later he returned it, evidently disappointed that it had not turned his skin white. He had rubbed it dry over his face and hands.

On the evening of our arrival, after a much appreciated supper, the camp stools were brought out, a lantern hung to the branch of a tree and we were ready for church. The clear notes of the cornet could be heard in the village, and soon men, wrapped closely in their white mantles, began to come silently in through the moonlight and sat in a semi-circle about us. Mr. Hagberg and two of the native catechists, in turn, told them the story that means everything to a human heart. As we strained our eyes in the dim light we could see interested faces besides the curious ones, and we thought "how dim the light which they have received to light them to God." Thirteen years ago Mr. Hagberg had preached in their village, but no missionary has been there since!

They listened splendidly for over an hour, then we counted thirty of them as they arose and went out again into the moonlight. They said they had never seen such a sight before—four sahibs at once, and a cornet and harp. Poor darkened hearts! How little they realised that eternal issues were at stake. But did you, dear reader, accept Christ the first time you heard of His love? Before there was an opportunity for another such gathering the enemy had begun to work. Doubtless some vicious Brahmin had warned them against listening to this new doctrine, for from that time they left us severely alone.

Our purpose in going, however, was to reach the crowds at the Yatra, so we drove over each morning in the tonga and spent the day there. A Yatra is a great annual festival held in the name of religion, but really for mercantile purposes and for amusement and sin. This particular one is held annually beginning on the day of the full moon in January, in honor of the goddess "Bhawani."

The site of the gathering is on the gentle slope of a hill and around a large temple. From an elevation near by one could see a seething mass of people, with many thousands of others coming and going along the roads in every direction. We watched
many of them as they drove in, unyoked their oxen, tied them to
the cart wheels and lost themselves in the throng.

A small stream running through the camp furnished water for this great gathering. In it the people bathed and washed their clothes, and from it they procured their drinking water. Narrow streets were laid out and on either side booths erected under which enterprising merchants kept up a flourishing trade. Anyone whose wares did not occupy much space and who lacked the enterprise necessary for the erection of a booth could spread a cloth upon the earth in the middle of the street; and there he would sit quite happily under the broiling sun and in the dust of thousands of feet. But what words could describe the dust, noise, heat, smells, excitement, worship and sin of a Yatra. Man and beast mingled together and trod upon one another; playing children dodged in and out through the crowd; arrogant Brahmins, defiant Moham-medans, fierce Afghans and every variety of the picturesque Hindu surged past, and multitudes of wretched beggars exhibited their misery before the eyes of the throng, and always wheeling and circling overhead was an army of vigilant hawks and vultures, nature’s boon to a land which knows few laws of sanitation.

The people wanted amusement and it was there in plenty. Native “Merry-go-rounds” and Punch and Judy shows were on all sides. Gaily decorated wagons containing bold-faced dancing girls, some of them not more than nine or ten years old, passed in a seemingly endless procession and commanded constant interest. A circus was gotten up in European style, and to crown it all there were two motion picture shows, operated by enterprising Parsees, admission two cents. One of these tents was labeled in bold letters, “The American Cinematograph.”

There were many things amusing and many ludicrous, but since we were there as the ambassadors of the Most High God it was the religious destitution that touched us most. In front of the temple stood several high stone pillars. A priest sat perched upon the top of each to receive the offerings of oil for the goddess and pour them upon a fire burning beside him. A row of oil-sellers below did a lively business. Each had a small brass vessel tied to a string which was operated by the priest above. As we passed by a fierce discussion was in progress, a man having procured and sent up his offering refused to pay for it. The angry merchant tried to induce the priest to return the oil, but failed. The priest cared nothing about the merchant’s welfare, the merchant cared nothing about the goddess, and the pretended purchaser cared for nobody. His offering was merely
to obtain *merit*, and if he could get that and keep his money too, he was that much ahead of the merchant, priest and goddess. We walked away wondering that anyone could be satisfied with such a religion.

The temple yard was filthy and noisy. A constant stream of devotees paid their respects hastily to the ugly, shapeless, painted stone representing the goddess, tossed a coin to the fakirs who infested the place and hurried away to mingle again with the gay crowd. A few who had special petitions went through more elaborate ceremonies, sickening in their vileness. Most sinners are such *in spite of* religion, but the Hindu *because* of his religion, for this awful system not only permits sin, but demands it as a part of the worship of its vile deities. The fakir who seemed to largely monopolise the worship (and incidentally to receive most of the gifts) of the devotees was an almost kind faced old fellow with long, unkempt hair and beard, who sat upon a bed of spikes. Hundreds of men and boys kissed his feet and received his benediction. For a long time as we watched he averaged two blessings per minute. He never spoke, but each time raised his downcast eyes ever so slightly, smiled, placed a pinch of holy ashes from the Ganges upon the suppliant's forehead, and gently patted him on the head. I tried to imagine what must have been the emotions of those who carried one of his blessings away. Perhaps they had none. But each one had unconsciously revealed the fact that he felt the need of help from someone more human than an idol and more holy than himself.

One other sad revelation of their need of the gospel was given at the close of a day's preaching when a man pushed his way through the crowd, fell at the writer's feet, touched his forehead to them and was quickly up and away again, bowing low as he went. It did not dawn upon me until he was lost in the crowd what he had been trying to do. He had heard the preaching and thus paid his respects to one who professed to know the way of life. *He* did not know it, and his face was without hope as he went away.

We separated into three companies and thus gave out the gospel in three places at once. Bazaar preaching is not exactly what one at home might imagine it to be. No one seemed to be particularly anxious to hear the gospel, for like most sinners they were very much occupied with other things. We would sing a hymn as best we might in the choking dust and heat. A crowd quickly gathered and then someone would preach to them until they grew tired and began to scatter. Then another hymn would draw another crowd. Thus the meeting
went on while the speaker's voice and strength lasted. Occasionally a scoffer spoke out and had to be silenced, or a new arrival would greet an acquaintance among the listeners so vociferously that the speaker must stop and get him quiet. Meanwhile a half dozen of our Christian boys were selling gospels and giving away tracts in the outskirts of the crowd. Here the writer experienced for the first time the joy of trying to tell the gospel to those who had never heard it before. A few broken sentences exhausted his command of this new and strange language, but the people were courteous and did not laugh at his mistakes, and at least a few of them seemed to understand what he was trying to say, which made his heart rejoice.

Other duties called us back to Bodwad on Monday. But as we left the Yatra and looked back at the great, seething mass of human beings, we thought that we understood better what this means—"But when He saw the multitudes He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no Shepherd."

THE SACRED BOOKS OF INDIA

"The Makhzan itinerant" is the well-known editor of the Makhzan-i-Masih. In a recent number he has made a personal confession that, we are sure, will greatly interest our readers. He says: "The Makhzan itinerant has never been able in preaching to or in conversation with Hindus to praise the religious books which they regard as sacred and from God, and the reason is this. These books are offered to men as bringing a message from God. 'To all orthodox Hindus they are held as having been breathed forth as a divine revelation from before all time.' Professor Max Muller says—'According to the orthodox views of Indian theologians, not a single line of the Veda was the work of human authors. The whole Veda is in some way or other the work of the Deity, and even those who received the revelation, or, as they express it, those who saw it, were not supposed to be ordinary mortals, but beings raised above the level of common humanity, and less liable therefore to error in the reception of revealed truth.' The Bhagavad Gita is largely the words of Krishna who is spoken of in it as God, and who is regarded by all Hindus as a true incarnation of God. The itinerant has not been able to praise these books for the same reason that he does not praise a false rupee. The counterfeit rupee has a quantity of good silver in it, it may be bright and beautiful and it has the King's face on it, professing to be
approved by him. It looks very much like a good rupee, but it is not, and the more the silver in it, and the more the face looks like the King's the more dangerous it is and the more difficult to detect. The itinerant can get up no enthusiasm over that rupee, notwithstanding the amount of good silver in it and the face of the King on it. For the same reason he has never been able to grow enthusiastic in his praises of the Vedas and other Sacred Books of India. They profess to be from God, but they are not. The speakers in them are not gods and goddesses, or incarnations of God, although they are so represented and are believed to be by the Pundits and by millions upon millions in India. Perhaps the attitude of the British Government towards the false rupee, notwithstanding the silver in it, and the King's face on it, may have its message to missionaries and to the Indian Church as to the right attitude to the books in which Rama and Krishna and Buddha are set forth as incarnations of God. Mr. Froude writes of Thomas Carlyle: 'He made one remark which is worth recording. In earlier years he had spoken contemptuously of the Athanasian controversy,—of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diphthong: and he would ring the changes in broad Annandale on the Homooousion and the Homoiousion. He now told me that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away to a legend. Nor, in fact, is this mere theory: The Goths were converted to Christianity in its Arian form; they accepted Christ as a hero-God, like those to which they were accustomed (italics are ours). Provided thus with a platform which lay between heathenism and Christianity, they come to a premature halt. The Christianity of the later Goths in Spain appears to have admitted of a certain impartial veneration for the Christian God and heathen idols. 'We do not,' says Agila, the envoy from the Arian Leovigild to Chilperic at Tours—'We do not reckon it a crime to worship this and that: for we say in our common speech, it is no harm if a man passing between heathen altars and a Church of God makes his reverence in both directions.'—Indian Witness.

We are glad that the Editor of the Makhzan-i Masihi (Christian Treasury) has spoken out so plainly on this subject. The writer has been in the company of Christian preachers who had a habit of speaking for an hour or so on Hinduism and the Hindu Shastras (holy books) only adding a timid word or two about the true God or Jesus Christ at the end of the discourse so as to give it the name of Christian preaching.

Some Missionaries also seem to have got the idea that Christ is the fulfillment of Hinduism in the same way as He be-
came the fulfilment of Judaism, forgetting that the sacred law of the Jews was given by God himself; whereas Hinduism and all idolatry has its root in opposition to God and comes from the devil and the pit.

It would seem as if some good men calling themselves Christians and even some Missionaries were doing their best to find some ground for compromise between Christ and Belial, the Temple of God and idols, forgetting that the word says that the things the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to demons and not to God. "Ye cannot drink of the cup of the Lord and the cup of demons: Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord and the table of demons." These are things between which there can be no compromise for God has made none, and He states plainly that "idolaters shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Rev. 21:8.

The true Missionary is the man who shrinks not from putting the whole truth before men and at the same time warns them with loving tenderness as well as with all earnestness to "flee from the wrath to come," pointing them to Jesus Christ as the only Saviour, for "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Ed. I. A.

A VISIT TO A GOVERNMENT LEPER ASYLUM

BY WINIFRED GRIFFITHS

I AM not an "Alliance" missionary, but Mrs. Ramsey asked me to accompany her to Matunga where Government has a Leper Asylum, and I was so glad to go. All who live in India are familiar with the sight of a leper. We look at them and long so much to help them. We pass them many times with a prayer that God may give them His blessing—may teach us how to help. But only those who have been where many lepers are gathered together can feel to the full the sadness of this terrible disease. This asylum has been made such a beautiful spot with masses of bright flowers. We paused at the gate for prayer, glad to know that we three (for there was a dear Indian sister with us) were united in loving desire for these suffering ones, and glad to be the bearers of a message of peace and hope to those who had lost all that this world can give that makes for happiness.

We went first to the women. I could only smile to them and pray while the other two talked, for I do not know Marathi which is
their language. Some were past listening and lay on beds in a dreadful state of disease; several children, one quite blind, caused a certain amount of distraction, poor little pets; but a little group gathered and listened to the story and the singing. All had heard before except one who was a new arrival. She seemed to understand a little, and her face had a kind, gentle look.

We next went to the men's Christian ward. Most of these could read but they refused our Gospels saying that they had been told not to take them. They were Roman Catholics, and it made us feel so sad that those who had taken the name of Christ should be kept ignorant of the wonder of His Grace and Love. We passed on to where the Christian women were, and again the message was given. This time there was more sympathy shewn, some nodding a smiling assent all the way through. One dear woman that I noticed very much had both lips entirely gone; but she was so bright. Another was on the floor and very near the end. She looked strangely white and was suffering very much. The others told us that if we wanted to do anything for her we must do it quickly as she could not live long. We prayed with her and wept with her, and slowly and sorrowfully we came away with the prayer in our hearts, “Lord Jesus come quickly.” Only to Him can we tell all that is in our hearts about these things. He has lived and laboured in this very world, and His heart has been touched with the infirmities of mankind. He has touched the leper and made him clean, and He has dealt with the leprosy of sin, making it possible for the conscience-stricken sinner to know himself to be as white as snow. To whom else can we go? But after all other telling we tell Him that we want Him to come quickly, and we ask Him to make us ready by teaching us to be faithful in that which is least.

The last service of my friend and guide of this visit was to point the way to the sepoy at the gate, and leave with him part of the sacred Word. He read a little to us and then we left him and drove away together. How much we need to pray for all these poor people. Some are in Christian Asylums where they hear every day of the Saviour's love; but there are so many more who have never heard or understood. May God Himself inspire us to pray.

“Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He,
And I walked, in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.”
A MISSIONARY DIFFICULTY

BY W. R.

FROM time to time much has been written in missionary papers of the difficulties in the way of the missionary getting in close touch with the people he has come to work amongst.

Some have advocated giving up the mission-bungalows and living among the people in their mud huts, but the objection to this seems to be that the climate of this country is trying enough in itself under the best-conditions, and for the foreign missionary to live in the ill-ventilated native houses, and among the unsanitary surroundings of the ordinary native community, would be to court a long and painful illness if not an early death.

Others have thought to attain the same object by discarding European clothing and adopting the Indian style of dress. But here again, the attempt to appear what we are not, and never can be, only leads to ridicule and sometimes even to contemptuous treatment. If we only consider the smile provoked, even if quickly suppressed, by the attempt of some of our Indian friends to ape European costume, we may understand in some measure what must be their feelings of amusement, even when politeness prevents the outward expression of them.

Some years ago a little incident in a railway carriage led the writer to conclude that it is less the houses and clothing than the spirit of the man in them which makes, in many cases, "the great-gulf fixed" between the European and the Native. Travelling in a third-class railway carriage one night, at one of the stations a European in native costume entered the compartment and took his seat on the opposite bench. The compartment was labelled "For Europeans only," but seeing a man in the costume of their own country and being unable to read the sign, at several stations different parties of natives tried to enter the compartment. His treatment of these and also of the people on the platforms, where he sometimes got out for a drink of water or to walk up and down during a longer stop, showed the writer only too clearly that in his case, at any rate, the adoption of native dress did not manifest a desire to come into closer contact with his Indian fellow-travellers.

That this difficulty is not peculiar only to European or American missionaries, but is equally felt by Indian missionaries among their own country-men, is shown by the following letter from one of their number, Dina Nath, in the National Missionary
Intelligencer, which is the official organ of the National Missionary Union. He writes:

"One of the greatest difficulties that a Missionary has to encounter is the aloofness, separation and keeping away of the non-Christians from the Christians, and vice versa. In spite of our service of Love, in spite of alleviating their bodily suffering, in spite of imparting the good tidings of Salvation, they still take us to be a foreign element, an element not to be relied upon; they mostly misunderstand and misjudge us and try their best to keep away from us. It is not for me here to discuss the cause of this aloofness, but the fact remains, and we have to do our utmost to bridge this difficulty over, so that the people may read the true meaning of our Mission and understand us correctly. Besides other means devised to let people feel at home with us and to read us correctly, the first N. M. S. mela was organised at Okara and was actually at work on the 27th December, 1910. I have great pleasure in recording that in spite of the cold weather and other inconveniences it was a decided success. Four hundred and thirty non-Christians and twenty Christians attended the mela. From 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. we spent in singing bhajans, hymns and gazals, in the praise of God, both by the Mohomadans and Christians in turn and had nine short speeches made, two of which were made by Mohammedan Moulvies. I wish that the non-Christians had taken a larger part in it, but I see that this being the first time they were rather suspicious as some had given out erroneous ideas about the mela, which kept many away. By the grace of God, I intend to make this mela an annual concern. I cordially thank my brethren who have so generously contributed towards the support of the mela, and those also who in spite of weather inconveniences attended the mela."

(For the information of foreign readers we may state that "mela" means a convention and "Bhajans and Gazals" are native tunes.—Ed.)

POONGYA

BY A. CUTLER

We would like to introduce him to our Readers. There is simply nothing prepossessing in his appearance, on the contrary one naturally feels a shrinking from a somewhat close proximity to our friend. Of the beggar-caste, the sight of one eye gone, the other disfigured by a growth and almost visionless, oftentimes clothed in a medley of rag-patches which at the best afford but scanty covering, and, withal, a
white leper! But dear old Poongya is also a trophy of our poor cripples' class of 1909. Then he heard of Jesus of Nazareth who healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, cured the blind, forgave sin; and he drank in the Gospel Message, believed on Jesus, and testifies that his sins are forgiven, and that he has great peace.

The class closed, but Poongya continued to frequently visit the Mission compound; this developed into a regular attending of the Sunday afternoon meeting, and no one gives greater attention than he. He and most of his fellow countrymen are not controlled in their movements by clocks, their time-piece is the sun; hours and sometimes half-hours they count, but minutes and seconds enter not into their calculations!

Yet Poongya is seldom late, and should such a happening occur he is much concerned; shading his half blind eye with his hand he looks up at the sun, saying, "How did it happen?" Then addressing the assembly inquires how far the meeting has proceeded? is the singing finished, etc., etc.?

Sometimes the first hymn has been started ere he arrives, and in the distance, hearing it causes him to quicken his pace. We see his somewhat stooped figure, with stick and beggar's tin mug in hand approaching with half a run. Poor old Poongya!

At the close of the meeting is the usual time for a little talk with him. One generally asks—"Well, Poongya, have you understood to-day's lesson?" His replies vary; he says, "I will tell you in my way the story, for I cannot preach the sermon like you," and then follows his version and one listens with deep interest as in his way he recites, evidently that which has appealed to his own felt need, and we praise God as we detect an increasing enlightening of that mind. His applications of the lessons are sometimes the "given" ones and sometimes otherwise—He came to our last Friday morning meeting unexpectedly. We were talking of Zaccheus. At the close he was about to leave, when I asked him the usual question. Quickly turning, he said, "Yes yes, Bai Sahib, what was his name?"

"Zaccheus."

"Yes, yes—well it is true," said he—"He got up into a tree and Jesus Christ got him down and when we are up in a tree the Lord Jesus Christ is always ready to get us down. Our caste, our people, our religion, etc., can't do it and won't, they leave us up there—Salaam, Salaam, Bai Sahib," and off he went.

A short time since he said, "Ma-bai, I have had a dream; can you tell me what it means? Such an one I have never had before. Someone came before me, he had not a black face but
"poongya" then drawing quite close and peering into my face he said, "yes, yes, something like your's but without any red colour—his countenance was beautiful, dazzling. I could see no form, he was clothed in a long white robe from head to foot."

"Well, Poongya," said I, "did he speak to you?" Sadly he answered, "No, he said nothing, only looked at me, but I said to him, 'Maharaj (Sir) do tell me where your palace is for I would like to come and see it,' but (most sadly) he did not tell me." Then, with quite an assurance, he added, "Still I shall see him again and I know he will shew me where he lives," and off he went.

When asked why he will not be baptized, he answers—"What can I do? I talk and talk to my wife and tell her about it but she won't listen and says, 'who will care for me,' she has 'broken eyes' (almost-sightless) too."

What can I do?"

While uniting their praises with our's to God, our Father, for the salvation of this poor, despised but precious one, will not our Readers also pray that Poongya's wife may be saved, and both may confess Christ together in Baptism?

LIFE AND DEATH OF A DHOLKA BOY

R. H. V. ANDREWS writes enclosing the following account of the life and death of one of our orphanage boys, which he has translated from "The Dawn of Truth," a monthly periodical of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. This account, coming as it does from another Mission, is perhaps more valuable than if one of our own missionaries had written it.

This is but one of the fruits of our orphanage-work. Many others have gone as Wala has, leaving a confident testimony behind, while others are nobly continuing their journey heavenward.

God is truly rewarding us for the hard toil of the orphanage work; He cares for the widow and the orphan.

There are some, however, and we say it sadly, who are not like Wala, yet we are not without hope concerning these, and we ask you to pray for the wandering and unsteady sheep and for those who try to win them back.

"In the early part of the year 1909, two large boys were sent by the missionary in charge of the Alliance Mission at Dholka, to learn printing at the Irish Presbyterian Mission printing press at Surat. The name of one of these boys was Wala Dungar. He was a very intelligent, congenial and religious youth, and it
can be confidently affirmed concerning him that from the time he came to Surat, and before that time also, four distinct traits of character were conspicuous in him, viz., knowledge of God, and fear of Him, humility and virtue, and diligent obedience. I do not wish to write at length of his good qualities but briefly state that his life and conduct made him a safe example to the other boys. His death has caused great sorrow to his friends and acquaintances, especially those who worked with him in the printing office.

"He was engaged in the highest department of the work, and whatever was entrusted to him was done carefully and well, even his own time was never wasted. He was not known to speak angrily, but was kind and friendly with all.

"He was frequently overheard praying in his sleep, sometimes in a strange language. When questioned about the latter, avoiding all detail, he would only say, "it is a gift from God." These are but some of the excellent qualities of this exemplary life.

"Some months ago Wala was taken down with fever and a bad cough, which continuing without abatement, he was sent to the hospital at Anand, where after three months of extreme suffering he completed his pilgrimage, leaving this world of pain and suffering for the heavenly city and the presence of the Saviour he had learned to love."

"A BEAUTIFUL NAME"

We think of India's Widows with unutterable sorrow, and our hearts go out in longing for their rescue from a living death; but equally sad is the condition of the little "Temple Girls," connected with most of the so-called sacred temples of India. Their lives are so terrible that we shrink from speaking about them, and yet the truth, however repulsive, must be made known. In the hope that praying souls throughout the length and breadth of the land may be stirred up to lay hold of God, and wrestle in prayer for India's Temple Girls, and to pray through to victory, is the following account given. One is so afraid of disclosing the facts, because it seems often as though Satan resented this and redoubled every effort for the enchaining of the souls that are written but; one is almost fearful of drawing his attention to these. But—"Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin. Satan to Jesus must bow."

We believe that if a host of prevailing praying ones will surround these souls, victory will be won. One of all the
devices of the enemy; for, "When we work, we work; but when we pray, God works;" and who can withstand Him?

One bright sunny Saturday morning, a little girl of about ten or eleven years came to our door, with a note from another mission station, asking if I would take the bearer to "Mukti," that place which well deserves its name "Salvation," for it has been the salvation of many, many precious souls. In anticipation that this was another jewel to be added to the Master's crown, I was only too glad to drop everything and attend to this little lost lamb.

We could not travel on Sunday, so the child had to stay with us until Monday. In the meantime we had opportunities of giving her the Gospel, and of finding out her sad and cruel story. Her name is "Star," and she looked as though it was a fitting name, for she had such a winning face; such large bright eyes, and such a fascinating way; we could well understand how attractive she would seem to those who had worked her ruin. So very, very young she was, and yet, O, so very old in sin, and she had even thus early found out, that "The wages of sin is death."

She said, that when she was five years old, she had been dedicated to a certain temple, and, like all Hindu children, had been looking forward to the time when all the outward show and ceremony would take place, and she would be given over to the temple priests. Before this happened, however, her parents both died of plague, and as she had no other relatives, she was taken into a Brahman family to act as servant, and life became indeed "bitter with hard bondage." She was kept scouring the many brass vessels used by the household, and doing other drudgery, until any loophole of escape was welcome; we need not wonder that when a Brahman woman came along with several men on their way to visit a temple, told her about the great festival which would be held, and invited her, she, child-like, was delighted to go.

What happened? We must in a measure draw a veil over that, and leave the reader to imagine. Only let me say, that the very worst you could imagine would scarcely come near the truth. The Priests, attracted no doubt by the child's ways, received her into the temple. How much does that convey to those in the home lands? Let me give that temple a more realistic name,—DEN OF FIENDS,—fiends in human form; and that little darling child was sold to sin! Oh! it makes one shudder to think of the many in this land, to-day, who are in like position. Pray—Yes, Oh! how we need to pray! To pray till we pray, to pray until we are conscious that we have won.
Oh! take these little ones on your hearts and pray them out of the terrible meshes of the evil one!

Little Star stayed in that temple until she was ruined, and then as they had no further use for her she was thrust forth, ruined in body, but, praise the Lord, steeped in sin though she was, there was still hope for her soul.

She wandered on and on for weary miles, until she happened we should say—to come to a mission house; but it was no happening; the Father was leading. Perchance some one was praying far away, and the answer was being wrought out. Yes, when we pray, God works. He waits for prayer-channels. Are you one? What higher ambition could we have, than to be an unblocked prayer-channel?

The child's one cry was, "Take me to Ramabai!" In some way she heard that there was someone who would love and shelter her.

As we were driving the fifteen miles we had to go ere we reached the railway station, she began saying something in a low monotone. I thought perhaps she was muttering what she had learned in the temple; but No,—she was only saying over what she had heard about the true God, "And," said she, "His name is not Narayan. He has 'A Beautiful Name,' but I've forgotten it. Tell me again."

On arriving at the station we found we had some time to wait, so she sat down at my feet and said, "Oh! do keep talking to me about Jesus all the time, so that when you leave me I shall not forget." I said, "Oh! you'll hear about Him every day, where you are going. No fear of your forgetting!" A look of contentment came over her face. Then, she began to pray:—"O living God, O Jesus, I've sinned so much; forgive me and take away the desire to sin. Keep me from sinning from to-day. Wash me, and make me ready to live in Heaven." I wondered much if she would settle at Mukti after the life she had led, but I need not have feared.

Six weeks after her arrival I was once again there, and saw "Star." She seemed to have grown an inch or two taller, and her bright face had taken on such a softened, chastened look. She gave me an eager welcome and said, "Oh! I do like living here! I love Jesus and pray to Him every day," and she put her little arms around me as if in gratitude for bringing her there to a heaven of rest. Star is covered with disease, and, humanly, there is no hope of her recovery; but we have proved so often that "God can." Yes, He can save and He can heal; He can make of her an effectual witness, a beacon light for the warning of others in danger. Who will really pray through?—M. Lissa Hastie, in "Mukti Prayer Bell."
ITEMS.

Mr. John Culver and Miss Agnes Frazer were united in marriage yesterday, 20th April, at Ahmedabad, by Rev. Dr. Taylor of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. The bride and groom passed through Bombay to-day on their way to Lonavli, where they intend spending the hot season. May God's richest blessing rest upon our dear brother and sister, and may their work in the coming days be fruitful unto Him.

Miss Wells has returned to Kaira, and Miss Patten to Khamgaon, after a very short period of rest. Our sisters have to remain at their posts during the hot season, when most missionaries are enjoying the cool breezes at the hill Stations. Will our friends remember to pray specially for all those dear missionaries who have to remain in charge of orphanages or schools during this trying time.

We rejoice with our brother and sister Hagberg on the birth of a fine baby boy, Gordon, on the second of this month. Mother and child are doing well.

On the recovery of his little baby Hulda from small-pox, our dear brother Schelander was smitten down with the same disease, but we praise God it was rather a light attack, and our brother is now nearly all right again.

Wednesday, 23rd of August, is the date appointed this year for the Annual Summer-School for native-workers. From that date until 22nd of September, which will be the annual examination, the time will be spent in study of the Word under missionary teachers. The examination is followed by the annual Native Convention. We look for a time of great blessing, and trust our readers will unite with us in remembering these dates in prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley will D.V. leave Bombay for America on 13th May; the latter couple visiting Sweeden en route. We trust they may have a pleasant voyage and a profitable time in the home-land.