WORK DONE FOR GOD

Though scoffers ask, "What is your gain?"
And mocking say, "Your work is vain,"
Such scoffers die and are forgot;
Work done for God, it dieth not.

Press on! press on! nor doubt nor fear;
From age to age this voice shall cheer—
What'er may die and be forgot,
Work done for God, it dieth not.

—John D. Knox.

EDITORIAL NOTES

INDIAN UNREST.

Many articles have been written on this subject, some friendly and helpful, others discouraging and fault finding, while only a few seem to realize its true cause or signification. This unrest may be divided into three sections, viz.—Social, political and religious; and under each of these, it indicates a transition period, a dissatisfaction with the past and a reaching out unto better things in the future.

SOCIAL UNREST.

As we look back trying to trace the cause of this breaking up of long-established usages and social customs, we find that, in a great measure, we ourselves are the cause. The Englishman came to this country bringing lofty ideals for the man, for the woman, the child and the home, such as were utterly unknown until he came upon the scene.
For the man,—freedom from the domination of caste and even of the joint family system, giving independence of thought and action; education, ranging from that of the common village school to that of the high-school and College; and a sturdy self-reliance and independence of character combined with a readiness to trust one another and act together for the common welfare.

For the woman,—Social equality with the man, education, and freedom from a life of seclusion which almost amounted to private imprisonment.

For the child,—Sanitary surroundings, civilized treatment, pure ideals in education, and freedom from the curse of infant marriage.

For the home,—All that this word means to a civilized man in a country where there is no equivalent for the word "home" in the language because the idea is unknown to the people.

Having given examples of these to the people in the life and conduct of almost every British official or merchant as the ideal of what a people ought to be, shall we blame the poor Indian, unused to such a life, if in trying to be like us, he at first makes mistakes which may seem to us ludicrous, annoying, or even culpable; the child must creep before it can walk, and walk before it can run.

**POLITICAL UNREST.**

Here again, is it not a compliment that the Indian, accustomed as he has been to an autocratic form of government, oppressive taxation, and abuse of power by those in positions of authority, seeing our free institutions, liberal laws, and representative government—things which we ourselves have taught him to admire—should wish to have this beneficent system extended to his country? Surely this aspiration is at once lawful and patriotic, only requiring to be carefully safe-guarded, so that the pendulum may not swing to the opposite extreme and liberty become license, or that he may not receive them faster than his mental development enables him to use them rightly and without injury to himself.
Religious Unrest.

In this, as in the social and political aspect of this question, the same condition confronts us. If the unrest here is only the legitimate out-come of the truths which we have been so zealous in spreading, and which have taken root in the hearts of the people leading them to reject, or even to question, what they have hitherto regarded as settled convictions, it is to be welcomed, directed and controlled, rather than suppressed. It is not the first time in the history of the Church that liberty has for a time developed into license among those unused to the freedom which Christianity brings to a people long oppressed by iron-bound customs. Is not Life preferable to stagnation even if its first movements are not all regulated according to the dictates of highest wisdom? Shall we not hope that the experience will eventually bring about a correct balance, even though this may only be reached after many mistakes and even some bad falls? The very desire to rise and be of use in the world, as well as the necessary education to enable them to do so, has been given by the Missionary, who, perhaps, had he done less for them would have retained a greater measure of their respect and esteem, as it is sadly true that those for whom most has been done and who have been helped to the best positions are oftentimes those in whom gratitude is most lacking.

All this is very trying to the Missionary, especially when he sees them puffed up with pride, losing their simplicity, and going into extravagant styles of dress and habits of living, the cost of which is maintained by the enhanced salaries which he himself has put them in the way of earning. Were the Indian Christians to-day to put into the treasury of the Lord one-half of the difference between what they earned in their former state and the salaries they are now receiving, owing to the teaching and influence of the Missionaries, almost the whole force of native evangelists might be supported by their own Indian Church, instead of, as now, almost wholly by foreign funds.

Notwithstanding these and many failures along other lines, no one knows better than the missionary the real change of heart and the different attitude towards God and right which
has come into their lives; were it not so we should, indeed, be discouraged and count our work a failure.

We thank God for the Indian Church as it is, but strive by prayer as well as example and precept to lead her into a closer fellowship with her Lord and deeper comprehension of His thought for her as His witness to her own countrymen.

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THE DAY OF OPPORTUNITY IN INDIA

BY THE REV. C. F. ANDREWS, M.A., DELHI

I can remember vividly a walk along the Yorkshire coast in England with the late Bishop of Durham, Dr. Westcott, during which the conversation turned on educational missionary work in India. Suddenly he paused and looked at me with his piercing eyes and said with intense vehemence and conviction: "India is now asleep but very soon she will awake, and when that happens she will be the missionary of Christ to Asia." Such was the prophecy. How near has it come to fulfilment? If we are honest with ourselves, we have sadly to confess that the Christian hold upon the thought of educated India is not so dominant as it was forty years ago.

India is indeed awakening, but it is to Nationalism rather than to Christ. Keshub Chunder Sen, the great Brahmo Samaj leader, could say in 1870: "None but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India—and Jesus shall have it." In 1910 a member of the same Brahmo Samaj could write: "If India ever becomes Christian then the saddest of all calamities will have happened. India would become completely denationalised." A comparison of the one saying with the other is an index of the distance that many of the most thoughtful Indians have travelled since Keshub's time. The change that has come is not due to the ultimate rejection of the Christian ideal itself. India must in the long run turn to Christ and to no other master; for in Him is the supreme fulfilment of her own highest spiritual yearnings and moral intuitions. But we have somehow failed to make the supremacy of Christ felt and understood. Whether it is our foreign presentation of the message, or our comparative luxury of living in a country where poverty is a mark of the religious teacher, or our own unhappy divisions and feebleness of intercession, the fact remains that the
great awakening has in part already come, but Christ has not yet been accepted. In this new age of India we must learn a new spirit. Principal Rudra—our leading Indian Christian in the North, begins his paper entitled “Christ and Educated India” with the words, “The scribe instructed unto the kingdom must to-day in India bring forth things new; for while in former times educated India was busied with metaphysical enquiry, to-day it is occupied with national ideals.”

How can we meet the new situation as statesmen of the Church of Christ? Not, I think, by entering upon the slippery path of politics, though Nationalism itself must be claimed for Christ, but rather by a reconstruction and strengthening of our missionary ideals. I propose in this brief paper to sketch in bare outlines some of the new spiritual impulses within the Christian Church in India which seem to point to reconstruction. They are the things which give us hope in the midst of our great difficulties.

The first to be mentioned is the new ideal which is spreading among missionaries themselves, especially the younger generation. The ideal of literal renunciation, the ideal of a life lived close to the people and among the people, becoming as Indians to the Indian that we may win the Indian, is not indeed new in itself. Missionaries like George Maxwell Gordon and Rowland Bateman had already pointed the way. But to-day from every part of India the desire among the younger missionaries to follow this life has become almost passionate. They are breaking away from the great Western institutions we have erected and the costly Anglo-Indian bungalows we have built. From these, sooner or later, they cut themselves loose in order to live nearer to the people to whom they are sent. It is probable that in doing so many mistakes will be made, but the spirit of literal renunciation which is now being practised is very dear to the heart of India. We may also believe that the Master who allowed the alabaster-box to be broken and the precious ointment to be outpoured will not condemn the costliness of the sacrifice. I have seen one of the Brothers of the Order of the Imagination living his life of poverty and service in the midst of the plague camp of Lahore. Around him were seated country people from the villages, students from the army, Hindus, Sikhs, and Mussulmans alike, each bringing in their turn their offerings of food and asking him what was the new spiritual power within him which caused him to brave death itself in the exercise of his faith.
Another movement, equally significant, is the growing spiritual independence of the younger Indian Christians. In the past often it seemed as though all initiative had disappeared owing to the dominance of the European missionary. But now a new vitality is springing up, especially among the younger Christian students. Groups of Christians are being formed in different parts of India of those who are refusing to become mere agents in our mission stations. They are leaving European support altogether on one side, and are casting themselves and all their cares upon God, who feeds the ravens and clothes the lilies, looking to Him alone to supply their daily needs. A short time ago I had a visit from a small company of young Christians of the Punjab. Their leader had been a college student and had afterwards spent some years in Government service in Simla. He was now living like a Sadhu wandering from village to village preaching the gospel of the Kingdom. With him were the others I have mentioned, like-minded with himself. They were all doing the highest kind of missionary work in complete independence of any foreign monetary aid. Of this and many other ventures of faith it is yet too early to speak more definitely. But if this new independence can be left alone by the foreign missionaries, or approached only with extreme delicacy and sympathy of heart, it may lead in time to an indigenous Student Movement in India whose inner spirit will correspond with the great Student Movements of other lands.

In respect to one further development I can only speak with reserve, yet I feel it should be mentioned. That "agonising in prayer," of which St. Paul writes, has become a deeper and more abiding reality. Missionaries, old and young, are learning to turn away from mere outward activities and to look more and more towards the inner workings of the Spirit. Retreats, quiet days of prayer, retirements regaining spiritual strength—these are taking a far more prominent place in the Indian missionary life.

Though, therefore, the sense of present failure to reach the educated Indians is great, yet we are not cast down; on the contrary we take heart, believing that out of our present weakness and humiliation God's strength will be made manifest. We can see that lessons of patience, sacrifice, of unity, of intercession, of love, are being taught us which we should never otherwise have learnt. Vexilla Regis prodeunt—the royal banners go forward—and on them is one conquering sign, the sign of the Cross.—The Student World.
SEED TIME AND HARVEST
BY FRANCES BANNISTER

IN writing an article on Mission work in India, a variety of feelings seize the writer. Things that she would feign write about—glowing accounts about her work, encouraging features, interesting anecdotes, interspersed with the needs peculiar to her own individual corner of the Vineyard—she would write so as to interest and fasten the mind of the reader, stimulate it to greater interest and inspire it to nobler purposes for this great cause; that purposes may be put into action which shall lead to such service that even sacrifice will be a joy. Failing of this aim our hearts grow sad, the pen falters and the prayer goes up for more faith; more faithful upholding from you, dear friends, in the "homeland" that our work shall be effectual, that results shall be seen and that we may have the great joy of seeing precious souls born into the Kingdom. Surely "the harvest is plenteous but the laborers few." "The fields are white already to the harvest;" who is he that is wise to thrust in the sickle and reap the golden grain? "He that reapeth receiveth wages." Ah, what glorious wages! fruit unto life eternal. No matter if the sowing be done in tears and the waiting for the precious seed seem long and weary. No matter if the toiling has been done in the hot sun, and the day long and dreary, so that heart and soul have panted for relief and refreshment. No matter then if the sacrifice has been great and tears have fallen unbidden and the feet faltered beneath the heat and burden of the day. "He that reapeth receiveth wages." Are you a reaper, reader, whoever you may be? or are you sowing the seed, looking forward to the harvest—a harvest of precious blood-bought souls from Dark India? souls right from the spot where you have been praying so long, giving of your means, it may be unto sacrifice. If so you will receive wages—eternal, glorious fruit which shall not fade away. Sometimes we may think the seed too small or too dry, or else the ground too parched and barren, or we too tired. Yet it may be that that very uninteresting unpromising seedling, when planted, God Himself shall water and from it shall come a glorious harvest. "Blessed are ye that sow by all waters," and again, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for ye know not what shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be good." Faithfulness then in the sowing and reaping is the part of the worker: increase, fruitage, wages, the part of the great Husbandman.
In this land oftentimes much of the seed sowing must be done through the silent witness—the daily life.

Woe be to him who for a moment "lets down;" his influence is gone, his strength broken. Surrounded by a superstitious people held fast in the chains of Satan and blinded by years of sin and darkness, yet are they quick to detect any lessening of the power they may not understand, and up to this time seemingly ignored, unwilling to own its claims on their own lives and not ready to yield to its influence and gentle sway. The Gospel is, as it were, on trial; if the truth it teaches and the Christ it exalts is able to keep in the trying testing hour as well as in the small exasperating details of every day life, then a great point has been gained and a good seed sown which shall not fail to bring forth an abundant harvest. It may be through long continued earnest prayer the seed is sown with trembling hand and tearful eye, or through faithful ministration of the word and careful training of the young, earnest visitation from house to house, reasoning and preaching with the people in their homes, on the streets, by the roadsides, in the bazaars, in season and out of season—all done in the spirit of the Master; by these and other means the precious seed is being scattered all over India to-day with ready hands and hopeful hearts.

To be sure the ground is oftentimes dry and unyielding, and the seed, though bursting with germinating life, finds no entrance into the hard clay. In some cases the soil has been penetrated, but owing to its rocky nature or the abundance of its thorns no lasting fruit is produced. We have to confess to a good number of this latter class, and the heart saddens, and the prayer is to the Lord of the Harvest for good ground on which the seed may fall; then shall the garner be full.

But we turn our eyes away from these and let them fall lovingly on some of the precious fruit already gathered and of other still being matured. Thank God for the precious souls in India who have been redeemed and delivered from the power of darkness, being translated into the Kingdom of His dear Son. One such stands before us as we write, only a woman to be sure, but redeemed, and that with the precious blood of Christ. Well do we remember how, only a few years ago, she, too, was sunken in the depth of heathen darkness without one ray of light. Sickness befell her and fast approaching death. Her soul was rapidly slipping over the brink into that other denser darkness of which heathenism is only a type, and to what shore it was being moored she dared not think. Light burst in upon her; from a dying bed and what seemed soon to be a Christless grave she arose to newness of life a new
Creature in Christ Jesus. How was this miracle wrought? we may well ask. As of old, He touched her hand, and she arose; arose to love and serve Him as long as life should last. It was fruit reaped by the glad labourer, after the heat and toil of the day, into life Eternal. Did time or space allow, many such an encouraging account might be recorded; this is only one of the many to inspire us on to renewed zeal and greater efforts to scatter the precious grain, and to do it now while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work.” Oh, for an abundance of fruit from sin-cursed India! Where are those who, regardless of care or comfort or worldly gain, who with burning heart and soul will by prayer and faithful giving at home, or at the call of the Master follow Him to this dark land, and by life or by death seek to win India for Christ? What shall be the reward of such an one? “Ye shall have souls for your hire,” and the “Well-done” of Christ and the entering into of His joy. “Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.”

**TWICE BORN**

**BY Wm. MOYSER**

The day's work was over, the moon had risen and was shining brightly, the air was calm and still, so that every little sound could easily be heard.

The writer was taking a little rest before retiring for the night, when the deep boom of a heavy rocket was heard in the distance and in a little while we could see them bursting in the air, and falling to the earth in many varigated colors.

The sound of a native brass band smote our ears, and in a few minutes we could see lights flashing hither and thither, as a procession swept nearer and nearer.

We at once exclaimed, “Some grand wedding.” The rockets boomed, the drums brayed, the cymbals clashed, the lights danced brighter and brighter, and in a little while they were opposite our Mission Bungalow. We now saw a grand procession of Brougham carriages and tongas, accompanied by many of the leading citizens of the place; powerful carbide lamps, lighting up the streets almost like day, were carried on the heads of coolies on each side of the street. A lovely rubber-tyred Brougham, with a splendid pair of prancing grey horses, led the van of equipages and people on foot; in the leading carriages were the ladies and children of one of the members of the Viceregal Council, following which were a company of native lady friends on foot with their bejewelled black hair, pale olive
faces and shining white teeth dressed in the most magnificent saris (robes) the writer has ever been privileged to see. These ladies were all laughing and chatting pleasantly, while the younger members of the party were dodging in and out as they marched along the street (ladies in India seldom talk in public or on the street). Companies of grave sedate men, dressed in pure white doties (the robes that reach from the loins to the ankle or thereabouts) richly gold braided turbans on their heads, and colored bordered uperanees thrown gracefully over the shoulders.

What a scene for an artist; the lively band, the prancing horses, the shooting rockets, the flash of jewels, the picturesque grouping of men women and children out in all their oriental finery. The procession swept proudly into the city, conscious of the stir they were making amongst the people, and enjoying it as only an Oriental can enjoy such spectacular scenes.

At first we thought it must surely be a wedding, but on making enquiries we found it was not a wedding, but the ceremony of investing the young son of a member of the Viceroy’s Council with the Sacred Thread. This Thread Ceremony takes place not only for every Brahmin boy, but for every boy of the three higher castes, usually when they are about 8 years old. It is called the munz or janwi, and denotes that the wearer is now Twice Born.

Thousands of rupees spent on dress, music, lights, rockets, erecting of pandals, entertaining of friends, etc., etc., publicly proclaim that He is now a twice born. (This can never happen to a woman).

No repentance whatever, no turning away from sin, no thought of regeneration, no passing from death unto life. Oh no! Pleasure, dress, parade, show, etc., and yet there is perhaps a lesson for us in it all, and that is “not to hide our light under a bushel, but to be more like what we heard of a poor outcaste Hindoo, who was converted a few years ago, and had a real experience; his heart was filled with the peace of God that passeth all understanding. He wanted all the people in his village to know about it, so for a few cents he hired the town crier to go through every street and alley, beat his drum and cry Luxman the bullock driver is converted and become a Christian, Luxman the bullock driver is converted and become a Christian. This may seem foolish to Western ideas, and perhaps it was, but thank God for the brave, true, loving heart who did this, and if many more had courage to do likewise, instead of turning over a new leaf, or forming new resolutions, or simply raising their hands in some revival meetings, we should have a different class or type at Christians both at HOME as well as on the foreign field,
And now perhaps a little information about the Twice Born may be of interest to our Home readers.

The three first Castes, however unequal to each other in privilege and social standing, are yet united by a common bond of Sacramental rites (Sanskaras), traditionally connected from ancient times with various incidents in the life of the Aryan Hindu, such as birth, name-giving, tonsure, marriage, and the investiture of the Sacred Thread, etc., etc. This "Sacred Thread" is ordinarily worn over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and varying in material according to the class of the wearer.

The initiation is to take place between the age of 8 to 16 years in the case of a Brahman, and between 11 to 24 of a Kshatrya or Vaisya. He who has not been duly invested with the mark of his class within this time is for ever excluded from uttering the sacred Savitri and he becomes an outcaste for ever, unless after a great deal of trouble and purificatory rites he is absolved by a Council of Brahmin Priests. This investiture of the Sacred Thread is the preliminary act to the youth's initiation into the study of the Veda, the management of the consecrated fire, and the knowledge of the rites of purification including the Savitri, a solemn invocation to Savitri the Sun, which must be repeated morning and evening at the rising and setting of that luminary, and is supposed to constitute the second or spiritual birth of the Arya.

With one not duly initiated no righteous man is allowed to associate or to enter into connections of affinity.

The Novitiate is first carefully bathed with clean water and then robed in silken garments.

He then offers to his household gods a gift of Rice and Supari, after which a piece of deer skin is fastened to the Sacred Thread and bound to his loins. At the same time some ashes are taken from the sacrificial fire and put upon his forehead. The Novitiate must then take a begging bowl and solicit alms from all who are present, to shew that he is now a Dharam Guru or spiritual teacher.

He then repeats the Gaitree Muntra after which he is sprinkled nine times with clean water by the Brahman priest. Then he takes water in his hand and smells it, after which he is declared CLEAN; then taking water in his hand he pours it out as a libation toward the sun, and repeats the Gaitree Muntra 108 times; while repeating this, the most sacred
of all Hindu invocations, he holds the Sacred Thread in one hand and counts his rosary with the other. The ceremonies in the home are now concluded, the procession forms. The rockets boom, the band plays, and the procession moves on in its splendour to one of the temples in the city, where offerings are made to the idol, and all return once more to their homes, and the youth from now onward is known as a Twice Born Arya.

We desire the prayers of God's people, that as we go in and out of these millions, we may so present the Word of God, that they may realize their need of being born not by outward rites and ceremonies but from ABOVE. A Birth that makes new creatures in Christ Jesus with its putting off of the old man and the putting on of Christ Jesus with His characteristics. Pray that we may so live and teach, that many may turn from their empty dogmas and ceremonies to the fountain of living water, that God offers to all freely, without money and without price. Thank God for all who have been really born from above and are at work amongst their own people in this land! Pray for them as well as for us, that by our lives as well as by preaching, the Word of God may have free course amongst the people, and that the Word may be preached in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Amraoti, Berar, C.P.

"HOW SHALL THEY HEAR?"

We often read of idolatry, and hear about it from those who have come into contact with it; but one cannot understand what it really is until one sees idolaters worshipping their idols, and sees for oneself the awful suffering, misery and wickedness connected with it, and lives amongst those who are bound down by its cruel bands. I first saw idolatry in its cruel, but true form, at the so-called holy city of Pandharpur. There I saw thousands of suffering, afflicted, weary people that had come from all parts of India, in the hope of obtaining from an idol of stone, peace for their hungry souls.

From the roof of the great temple in that place, I was permitted to see an eager, frantic crowd of worshippers, fighting, yelling and struggling to fall at and kiss the feet of the idol, and present to it money, and other gifts. The people in return for their offerings expect peace and blessings.

These scenes are daily occurrences in India, and are constantly urging us on to present before the misguided ones, the one,
and only means of obtaining the long sought for peace, that peace which only comes through our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

One can safely say that there are, amongst the heathen in this land, many thousands of eager seekers after salvation, but they know not that Jesus has said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." Missionaries and the Church of this land are putting forth efforts in the name of Jesus, to present the Way, the Truth and the Life, to these eager seekers whose understanding is darkened by the powers of evil. These few lines are written that we may be helped, by the prayers of God's people in other lands, to present Christ in all His fulness, love and beauty to those who know Him not.

A short time ago, a band of seven set out from Mukti one morning, to walk to a place about three miles distant, where a heathen festival was to be held. They were all well laden with tracts, hymn-books, and small books, all containing the story of the Cross. These books are printed by the Mukti Press and distributed with the hope that many may thus learn of the love of Jesus, and of the way of Salvation, and that they may be led to Him. By this means the Gospel is carried into, and read, in many dark homes where rays of Gospel light have never shone, nor has the name of Jesus been uttered. Only eternity will reveal what God is now accomplishing by the written pages of His Own precious Word.

All along the road were hundreds of worshippers, full of excitement and enthusiasm. Some were running and shouting the names of their gods. Others were carrying large palanquins, some of which contained vessels of water, with which they washed the idols, while others contained small idols. These things had been carried many miles, and were very heavy. The Christian band joined in with the crowd, and told them of the Only True God, and distributed the tracts; by this means many were reached that otherwise would not have heard. One party carrying an idol was passed by the way, and when the uselessness of worshipping that lifeless image in the form of a man was pointed out to them, they admitted that it was lifeless, but they said that when it met the great god, in the temple to which they were going, the spirit would come into it, and it would see, hear and speak. This brings to our mind the word of the Psalmist, "Their idols...are the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk
not, neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

The temple where the festival was held is situated on the top of a high mountain. The band of Christians rested for a short time, and then united together in prayer for strength, guidance and protection; each one realized that he was going right into the territory of the evil one, and already the yells of the people at the temple could be plainly heard. After a hard climb, up a steep, winding, rocky path covered with sharp-edged stones, and along dangerous cliffs, the top was reached.

There stood the temple, and all around and inside it were the noisy crowds. Persons of all descriptions were there, beggars, lame, diseased, and blind; worshippers from many different parts. Indian holy men (holy in their own eyes), dressed in garbs of all colours, were there also.

A procession was entering the temple with music and dancing; all had a satanic appearance and sound. The Christian band selected a spot on the outskirts of the crowd, where the noise was somewhat less, and commenced to sing a hymn. An eager crowd gathered around and listened attentively, while a Gospel message was given. Many questions were asked about Him, Who was being held up before them as the Saviour of mankind. Very soon the supply of books was exhausted, as the people desired to read for themselves about such a wonderful, loving Saviour. Message after message was given by this small faithful band that know so well what the chains of idolatry are. Suddenly, near by, a disturbance took place, and the crowd rushed all ways, quite terrified, and the air was filled with stones and the yells of angry men. About one hundred men were engaged in a fierce battle with sticks and stones, and the noise and confusion were terrible. After a few minutes the battle ceased. We heard that two persons were killed, and many seriously injured, but we did not find out the exact facts.

The quarrel took place over the right to go into the temple to bathe the idol. After a time the excitement subsided, and again many people gathered around to listen to the Gospel message, and heard the way of salvation explained, perhaps for the first time. In the evening the people commenced to leave, and with them the Christian band, tired and weary, but with hearts full of joy and gratitude, for the opportunity and privilege of preaching Christ where the darkness is so great.

They left the spot praying that the seed sown by the wayside might bear fruit to the glory of God, and praising for the way in which they had been protected from harm in the midst of danger. At the foot of the mountain a bullock-cart was hired.
to take the little band to a railway station three miles distant, where the train could be taken for home. At this station, the band was welcomed by two of the elder brothers from Mukti, who had come there by the early morning train to preach the Word and distribute it to the many people that arrived there by rail from other parts. All day long they had laboured there for our Blessed Master, resting on the promise that His Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that for which it is sent.

Dear reader, will you not help where the need is so great, and the labourers so few? You can if you desire. God is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. You go to Him constantly with your own needs, and the needs of your friends and dear ones. Will you not go to Him with the needs of the perishing heathen?

"Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."—F. Cations, in "Mukti Prayer Bell."

PICTURES OF LIFE AT MUKTI
FROM A PERSONAL LETTER

ONLY a few months have passed since I first entered Mukti, yet I never felt more at home in any place. I know this is because I am in the place chosen by God for me. And no matter what trial, testing, or difficulty with the language may come to me in the future, this fact will be a stepping-stone to lift me above everything.

The climate here is different from our own, and we have to get accustomed to it; but God is just as able for this climate as for that in the homeland. Let us trust Him.

My work is in the Press-room. It is getting more interesting every day. I never realised before, how the Gospel can be preached by this silent messenger. The press literature can reach multitudes who could not for years hear the voice of the missionary. I do rejoice that God has given us the press. By this means we can spread the Gospel message. There are many who will read the tracts, who would not listen to the story from man.

Dear Ramabai! God has given her wonderful insight and understanding, that she may know how to reach her people. Let us especially hold up Ramabai and her daughter in prayer, that they may have strength and wisdom for their daily duties. Ramabai sits in her office day after day telling the Gospel Story to thousands, by means of her pen.
There is so little that a new missionary can do in India before she knows the language; but in this work a little corner is found for everyone, and you feel that you are of some use. I am so glad I am able to be a helper.

Our tracts are sent in every direction, especially to those places where great religious gatherings for idol-worship are held, and where people come from great distances to worship the idols.

When we send a large order of tracts, out from the press-room, I always ask God to protect His own message. Sometimes, the people destroy the tracts, but the majority read them. I heard one of our workers say that while they were preaching one day a man came up and asked, "What are these people talking about?" One of the listeners, a non-Christian, turned round and told the enquirer the story of the Gospel; so he was preaching the Gospel. Pray that these people may not only learn the Story, but that they may believe it and tell it in faith.

Our tracts are taken to the villages by the bands, and they are also given to the many passers-by who travel up and down our public road. This gives great opportunity of giving the Gospel to the travelling public. On Tuesday of each week, the people of all the surrounding villages, gather near the village of Kedgaon, about half a mile from here, and have what they call a bazaar; it is something like our markets. The villagers bring vegetables, fruit, grain, cloth, and all kinds of provisions to the bazaar for sale. On this day special bands are sent out, and every effort is made to give the Gospel to these people.

Then we have the bullock-tongas that take the bands to the villages which are beyond walking distance. This is how God is using some members of our family to tell the Story.

Many girls are in the Bible School preparing for this work. We have girls in the press-room who go to the Bible School for half the day.

The spirit of this place seems to be, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Perhaps some friends would like to hear a little about our home life. If they will sit beside me at my window, which overlooks our front garden, I will tell them a little about the companies of girls that are passing.

Our little Kindergarten has just closed for the morning. Dear little tots! They are just as bright and sweet as our babies at home. Some of these children come from "Bethel," our married people's quarters, some from the Rescue Home, while the other little ones are orphans. I think there are about forty in all.
The girls you see coming down the road are carrying stones to some part of Mukti for building purposes. Each girl has a stone on her head; that is the way the majority of the people in this country carry heavy loads. Some carry very large water-pots on their heads. You seldom see an Indian girl round-shouldered. This, I believe, is because of the loads they carry on their heads. They have to walk very erect. Now the girls in this company which you see to our left, are carrying wood into the compound. They seem to be having a merry time. Half a dozen girls are rolling one large log; some are laughing so much that they can hardly work. They remind me of the proverb, “A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.” Some are dragging large poles and others are carrying them straight up in the air. I believe that Ramabai has instilled into her children this one principle. “Whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God.”

Across the road, and opposite my window is a large gate which opens into the Priti Sadan Compound. Coming out of this gate is a long line of girls. These are on their way to the well to bathe. The matrons who have charge of the girls take fifty or a hundred at a time to the well. There are seventy in this company. When these have bathed, another company will go from the same, or from some other compound.

Our girls are graded according to their ages. The elder girls live in one place, the little girls in another, and the middle sized girls in a third compound.

Soon after I arrived in India, we had a little gathering in honour of Pandita Ramabai’s birthday. The daughter’s and mother’s birthdays come just one week apart.

On Manoramabai’s birthday, she gave all the little children some home-made sweets. These little children do not know their birthdays, so all their birthdays are kept on Manoramabai’s. On Pandita Ramabai’s birthday, Manoramabai asked all the workers to gather in the tent. We were served with tea, cake, and some other Indian dainties, and then we had a little time of singing and prayer. Several gave short messages, others repeated the promise-verses that the Lord had given them for Ramabai that day. Then Ramabai told us what the Lord had given her that morning. It was a message to the people of India, and during the day she had written it out ready for the press. This message is now published in tract form, and is being sent out to the people.

The message which God had given to Pandita Ramabai was about the Hope of the Resurrection. She told us how she had been thrilled when she first heard from a missionary of this future
hope of God's people. God had since then led her on into the blessed light of the Gospel, and she hoped that many would be led into the light, by reading this message which God had given her.

It seemed as if God had given Ramabai a birthday gift, that she might pass it on to others. Our little meeting closed, and we all went to Ramabai for our good-night kiss.

Then came the children's part of the birthday. A large brass vessel, filled with tempting sweets, was brought out into the compound. Manoramabai took her place behind it. The matrons brought the different companies of girls, and one by one, each girl was served. This giving out of the sweetmeats took about two hours. After each girl had received her share, the boys came for their portion, and the birthday was ended.

I thought how different were the birthdays at home, and the usual custom everywhere. We give gifts to, and make much of the one whose birthday it is; while this day was spent in a continual giving to others. All in the Family received gifts, and God gave Ramabai a gift, not for herself, but that she might give it out to others. The day impressed me very much. I thought how God the Father gave to us His Son. This is our Father's example. Christ gave His life for us. This is our Saviour's example. The text of the day seemed to be,—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—V. BRAZIER, in Mukti Prayer Bell.

HIS PLAN FOR TO-DAY
PANDHARPUR.

LET us begin with the "Early Hour" service, for is not that the most important hour of the day? Elim Sadan is learning as a good many other people are, that the "Morning Watch" puts tone into the whole day's service; so 5 o'clock finds those who live here, up preparing to "sit before the Lord" till 6:30 a.m.

After a slight repast, we are soon on our way by bullock-cart, to a village about three miles off, which is reached at an early hour; for the bullocks are fresh and ready to travel. Here we divide into two bands, one European worker taking with her two or three young women to the Mahar, Mang, and Chambhar caste people, while the other European with a small band seeks to get an entrance in some higher caste homes. After 10 a.m., these two bands meet, and what have they to tell each other?

Do they tell of opposition? No. Of stone-throwing? No. How is this? For formerly the normal condition of things in this
village was "opposition and stone-throwing." Prayer has touched the Hand of Him Whose power can reach men's hearts, and that Hand has stilled the "storms" which "used to be."

What then have these two bands to tell? Glad news. That most of those whom they have met have been willing to listen to the Story of Jesus, and that when the time had come for turning our faces homewards, both bands had left very reluctant.

Some dear old people in this village get so interested in the story of "Abel's Offering for sin as the type of the Great Offering for mankind," that we are glad to leave behind with them the preacher who is with us, and him they ask to tell the whole Story of Jesus. When the story is told, one old man exclaims, "Then, if Jesus has done all this for us, why have we been worshipping God thro' His creation all these years?" I leave the reader to answer this serious question.

As we journey home, the time is spent in prayer for God's blessing upon the seed sown, and faith which stands "in the power of God" expects a rich harvest.

Twelve o'clock finds us home again for our breakfast, and then after a little rest and waiting on God, in the quiet of our own rooms, we meet from 2-30 till 3-30 p.m., for Bible instruction.

At 4-30 p.m., we set out again, some for the town to teach the children, and some for another village about a mile and a-half away. The journey is again spent in prayer for those who will hear the word on our arrival.

"And how do the people receive the messengers?"—you ask. What a change since the last time the writer was there, about a year or so before. Then we were told to "Go." This time how different is the reception! We can only praise God, as with earnest attention the people listen to the Story of the "Finished Work"—the Work which is complete, without the "good works" of the hearers.

One man ventures to say, "I agree to all this and believe it to be true, but I shall be quite defiled in the eyes of my people if I dare take the step." Pray that he may see what it will mean to him if he does not take the step.

A dear blind lad is cheered at the thought that when Christ reigns over the Renewed Earth, "there will be no blind, and no lame," according to Isaiah 35:5, 6.

It would be so easy to remain here longer, telling the Story; but sunset reminds us that we must hurry away to our bullock-cart, and home is reached about 7 p.m., after another Bullock-Cart Praise and Prayer Meeting. At 8 p.m., after our evening meal, the whole day's work is again brought before the Lord.
Who hears and answers prayer; then 9 p.m., closes a happy day’s service for Jesus, and we retire to rest, to waken again at 5 a.m., D.V., to learn His plan for the morrow. May we all be so “enfolded” in His will, that He will be able, readily to “unfold” His plan for us, and through us.—A. P. in “Mukti Prayer Bell.”

TESTIMONY OF EDUCATED INDIANS TO THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE
A Judge’s Testimony.

STRIKING testimony to the value of the Bible is being constantly borne by men in high position in India. Such was the testimony of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Telang, of Bombay, one of the most eminent men that modern India has produced. It was he who said: “Christ taught beautiful things, and if His teachings were strictly followed the whole world would be a paradise.” And in conversation one day with a Hindu friend, he asked him what book he was reading in his spare hours, and on being told it was the Bible. Mr. Telang said, “I am glad you are reading that book; it is a pity we do not read it and study it as much and as often as we should. Look at our friend Ranade, he has the Bible at his fingers’ ends. Now-a-days we are too much for our own books, and think we have nothing to learn from the West.” This case is given as illustrating the influence of the Bible on a typical Hindu, and as therefore affording encouragement to all who are seeking to spread its truths, which commend themselves to every man’s conscience in the sight of God. In India there are many like Mr. Telang, who, though they would have the strongest objection to calling themselves Christians, find light and solace in studying the Bible, and who are sincerely trying to regulate their life and conduct according to its teaching.

STUDYING ST. PAUL.

The late Mr. Justice Ranade, of the High Court, Bombay, one of the ablest and most influential of modern Brahmans, made a prolonged study of the life and writings of the Apostle Paul, in order, as he said, to find out what had made him the man he was.

STUDYING HEBREW AND GREEK.

Raja Ram Mohan Rai, the founder of the Brahma Samaj, one of the modern advanced religious sects that have arisen within Hinduism, gave his countrymen as far back as 1820 a book called
"The Precepts of Jesus, the guide to Life," because they were the best he knew; and he studied Hebrew and Greek in order that he might be sure about them. This book was the means of the conversion of Mathura Nath Bose, one of the most devoted and self-denying spirits of the Bengali Church, who gave his life to the service of the oppressed and out-caste, wrote some of the sweetest Bengali hymns, and has been an inspiration throughout the Christian community.

**Enthralled by Christ.**

One of the most remarkable converts and preachers that India has produced was Nilakantha Goreh—Nehemiah Goreh as he was called after his baptism—a high caste Brahman and Hindu pandit, deeply versed in all the Hindu philosophical systems. He despised Christianity, thinking it was a religion fit only for ignorant Mlechchas (out-castes), and set himself to undertake its refutation. With the object of proving that it was false he began to study the Bible, and he yielded to the simple fascination of Christ. Why and how he became a Christian he could never explain. "I was caught as in a net, and I could not get away from Christ," he said. "Christ is so pure," was one of his expressions. It was a very similar experience to that of pastor Hsi, of China, who, though a scholar and a man of influence, was yet an opium slave, but became enamoured of the New Testament and conscious of the overpowering presence of Christ, and suddenly, in a moment of glorious faith, exclaimed "He has enthralled me, and I am His for ever." And what a conversion to Christ costs in India may be judged from the fact that Goreh's father, a Brahman of the highest caste, owed it to his position in society, not only to disinherit, but to curse his son for his apostasy. The loss of fortune was nothing to the son, but the father could not bring himself to curse him. He loved his son, and, in order to avoid the necessity of the curse, he retired from the world, and took upon himself the vow of perpetual silence. He went away and lived in the forest, and never uttered a single word again to any human being. That says something, surely, for the deep affection, the strength of will, and the self-effacement of the Hindu nature. Instead of the intended refutation of Christianity, Nehemiah's greatest published work was *A Rational Refutation of the Hindu Philosophical Systems*, a book of great value still to every missionary. Nehemiah Goreh had the high privilege of being the first Christian to help the well-known Pandita Ramabai, the widows' friend, on her way to Christ. And it is not generally known that his one little daughter, now known as Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, became the
authoress of the beautiful English hymn that breathes such a matured Christian experience, "In the secret of His presence."

**Chet Ram.**

Here is a man living in a little mud hut by the river side. His wonderful figure and face show him to be full of spiritual power. Like the prophet Amos, he is a cowherd, clothed in the rough garment of the country. He is the chief disciple of one Chet Ram, a Hindu *sadhu* or devotee, who, when a young man fell in with a Muhammadan fakir who possessed a copy of the Gospels, and was convinced of the Divinity of Christ and of salvation in and through Him alone. This teaching Chet Ram eagerly drank in, and from that time to his death he preached Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He refused to see the necessity for baptism, but he established a sect which now numbers some thousands in the North of India, and to each of his followers, consisting of monks and lay brothers, he taught a simple Christian creed as their rule of faith, and made them carry about a New Testament somewhere near their breast, whether they could read it or not.

**THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS ON THE VALUE OF MISSIONARY WORK**

The opening of the new building of the Christian Literature Society at Madras was the occasion for some noteworthy remarks by the Governor of the Presidency. The following testimony, reported in the "Christian Patriot," is weighty.

"I have been privileged during the few years that I have been here to see a good deal of the missionary work in Southern India, and I can say now what I have said over and over again that their labours, in whatever field of activity they might be employed, whether in the field of education or hospitals or institutions for the blind, the deaf and the dumb, in whatever field of activity and enterprise I have seen Missionaries employ their labours, they have always excited my whole-hearted admiration. Speaking here this afternoon and with the senior member of Council by my side, I may say that we look upon missionaries in this country as our most stalwart and valuable allies in that great branch of administration which is exciting so much interest just now, viz., the branch of education. I say, gentlemen, we look upon you as allies in that work, and therefore you will understand what pleasure it is to me to be here this afternoon. Lord Curzon once observed—and it is an
THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS ON THE VALUE OF MISSIONARY WORK

observation which I have often taken the liberty of repeating—that the greatest enemy which India has to fear, is the enemy of ignorance. I am convinced that that is a great truth, and I therefore welcome any organisation which can succeed in dispelling the dark clouds of ignorance which hang over part of this country and letting in the sunlight of knowledge and wisdom.”

—White Already to Harvest.

THE MISSIONARY FORCE

FINANCIALLY, the missionary agency is one of the greatest forces at work on the non-Christian world. Its total annual expenditure for foreign missions is less than the cost of three battleships. Yet, small as it is, it has made a deeper impact in the name of civilisation than any other agency. The missionary movement has not only advanced civilization it has been and is required to support it. Civilization rests upon great moral ideas. It is not a mere commercial affair. It could not be at all the great commercial affair it is if it were not for the moral ideas which underlie it. It is only possible as the people who would enjoy it are animated in some real measure by the principles on which it rests.—Maritime Baptist.

A SPLENDID GIFT

ON Friday, Dec. 2, Dr. Brown received a cablegram from Dr. Jessie Allyn, of Pithapuram, announcing the gift of 10,000 rupees from the Ranee, or wife of the Rajah, of Pithapuram. The Ranee has recently become a mother, her first-born being a son. Dr. Allyn rendered professional service during her accouchement. The splendid gift of Rs. 10,000 for medical and hospital work is doubtless an expression of gratitude to God for the safe delivery of a son, so dear to the heart of every Hindu. The Rajah is an educated, liberal-minded gentleman, and has been a good friend of the Mission. He has given up idolatry and ignores caste. The Ranee is also very favorably disposed toward the Gospel. This generous act by these two distinguished friends is a symptom of the great change that is coming over the educated classes toward Christianity in India. It must not be forgotten, too, that it was the grandfather of the present Rajah who presented to Mr. Timpany for mission purposes the Samalcotta Mission Bungalow. J.G.B.—The Canadian Baptist.
MOTHER'S LOVE

Dear children, enjoying the blessing,
Of mother's affection and love;
Suppose that dear one should be taken,
To dwell with the Savior above.
How lonely 'twould be without Mother,
How hard to be left here alone!
Yet saddest of all if neglected,—
And no mother's love to have known.

Oh, how you would miss her caressing,
Her soothing of all childish woe;
With little vexations or trials,
To whom but that one could you go?
When Satan tries hard to defeat you,
And many things bother you so:
Then how you would miss mother's praying,
Your, sad, lonely heart would o'erflow.

Oh, what if this joy was denied you,—
This blessing of true thoughtful care;
And if you had no one to love you,
Would life then be joyful or fair?
Oh, how you would miss mother's prayers,
And long for her teachings once more,
You'd long, with the first rays of morning,
To hear her faint rap at your door.

And then you would miss her at evening,
The sweet, tender things she would say
Oh, how you would long to be with her,
If only one hour in the day.
Then think of our dear ORPHAN children,—
So many who haven't a home;
Oh, pray for these motherless darlings,
That they be not left all alone.