Search me, Oh God, Search me and know my heart,
   Try me and prove me in the hidden part,
Cleanse me and make me holy, as Thou art,
   And lead me in the way everlasting.

Oh! let my work abide the testing day
   That shall consume the stubble and the hay,
Oh! build my house upon the rock, I pray,
   And lead me in the way everlasting.

—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In one of our home papers dated 20th May, 1911, the following sentence occurs: "The note of retrenchment is in the air in all the May anniversaries of the Missionary Societies," and these significant words are added, "there is also a universal complaint of Shrinking Communion rolls and church membership." Sad indeed are these words and the meaning they convey, that owing to declension of the churches in the home-land there must of necessity be a compulsory reduction on the mission-fields.

There may be many causes for this sad state of things in the Church of God, and it is comparatively easy for one section of the church to blame another, or the pulpit to find fault with the pew and the pew with the pulpit. When things go wrong and the enemy triumphs, is it not perfectly natural, and scriptural too, for the people to find fault with the leaders? Was it not in this way the children of Israel invariably acted towards Moses, their God-appointed leader, when they came to a hard place?
We believe that what is needed in these days, is a ceasing from man, from his opinions and methods. That each section of the Christian Church should be willing to appeal directly to God Himself, humbling themselves before Him, and submitting all their customs and methods however firmly established, for His searching and approval, with a willingness to abandon whatever will not abide the search light of His truth or is not founded upon His Word.

Are there things in the Church, either in the home-land or on the mission-field, which are so doubtful that we are afraid to submit them to this arbitrament? Are there things which we know should be altered but fear that the change will cost too much? If so, let us frankly consider in the light of God's word, whether we can afford to refuse to give them up.

Let us not wait until the whole Church is ready to take this step, nor even until the section of it, or mission to which we belong, may see the necessity for so doing; but let us each, as individuals, see that we ourselves are in harmony with the will and purpose of God and that our methods of work, over which we personally have control, are such as will stand the test of His approval.

We believe the course suggested, if persisted in, will bring some startling revelations to individuals as well as to missions and Churches. Changes of policy may have to be made which in some cases will seem very radical, but, beloved, is it not better that the wood, hay and stubble should be burnt up now, than that we should deceive ourselves and go on accumulating them until the day of judgment, when it will be too late to repair the damage and our loss will be Eternal. In getting ourselves and our methods adjusted to the will of God we have taken the first step towards getting the whole Church right.

It is true that God's Word tells us that the last days will be days of great spiritual declension, and that many will turn away from the truth. Some of God's true prophets may, like one of old, have to sit still and wait, knowing that judgment cannot be averted and there is nothing to sustain them at the time but the realization of God,
The age in which we live may be likened to the age in which the prophet Habakuk wrote, an age of spiritual declension and downward tendencies hasting towards a coming judgment. So helpless was the prophet in view of the impending calamity, which he could do nothing to avert, that he writes, "I heard, and my body trembled; my lips quivered at the voice: rottenness entereth into my bones, and I tremble in my place; because I must wait quietly for the day of trouble, for the coming up of the people that invadeth us." Yet so real did God make Himself to His prophet that even in contemplating the failure of everything, he could not help bursting out in triumphant song as he realized the nearness and all sufficiency of His God "for, though the fig-tree shall not flourish, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no food; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls. Yet will I rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation. Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength, He maketh my feet like hind's feet, and will make me to walk upon my high places."

There is no defeat for those who thus realize the presence and power of God lifting them out of and maintaining them far above their immediate surroundings.

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HAUSHIBAI
BY DAISY LAPP

She was growing old, (about 25), and as the gods had not been pleased to favour her with sons, she was not much loved by her husband. How could a man continue to love a woman who gave him no sons, especially as his entrance into heaven depends upon his having a son to bear away his sins? So it was that a second wife—a pretty young girl named Jeanybai—was brought into the home. The first wife Haushi wept and grieved over this until she literally lost the sight of one eye. It was thus we met her—a sad, broken-hearted woman.

We had been preaching in the crowded Mandgaon bazaar. Among the listeners was the husband of these women, Persharam, who went home and told his wives that there were three white women talking and singing about God in the public market
place. They had never seen a white woman, and plied him with questions as to our looks, clothes, etc. As the days went by they became very eager to see us, and begged their husband to permit them to come to our camp; and he consented. They paid a boy half a cent to show the way. They came at noon hour, and thus began one of the sweetest experiences of my life. How shall I tell you of it? In the midst of darkest heathenism a soul prepared of God to receive the Word!

The younger woman was interested, but life held much for her. The older woman was hungry for God, and drank and absorbed the story of Jesus as the dry, parched ground drinks in the rain. They are wealthy, and Haushi had tried so hard to buy peace for her poor weary heart, had tried through gifts to the Brahmins, to get rid of the anger, hatred, envy, malice always running riot in her nature. One day she asked, “Can Jesus really take these things out of my heart? I am very unhappy!” I read the promise, “A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you . . .” This was her need, and faith reached out right there and met God for its fulfilment. We knelt in prayer together, and from that day Haushi was a different woman. The home life—ah, how changed! One day her husband came to see me also and he said, “This story that you tell my wives every day is helping them very much. I haven’t had a quarrel in my house for many days. It is very good, tell them more.” Afterwards I learned that one of the headmen of the village had warned Persharam not to let his wives come to the tent, because if they continue their visits they will surely become like the Christians. But Persharam replied, “That’s alright, I have to live with those women, and I know that since they have heard the white bai’s (lady’s) story I have peace in my house instead of quarreling.”

We left Mandgaon after a month’s camp in that place, but a hymn book and New Testament were left behind. Haushi learned a few of the hymns by heart, her favourites being, “One there is above all others,” and another on the sufferings and death of Christ. Some portion of the N.T. was read to them daily by their husband, who felt that there was some kind of magic power in the book to keep his wives and house in peace.

In August the two women were allowed to come to Akola to see us, a distance of 30 miles. And again Haushi, with tears streaming down her face, testified to the “Story” which she said had caused a “fountain of peace” to spring up in her heart, which before had been so full of bitterness. She left three dollars as a little thank offering. This was sent to Mr. Johnson of Pachora for the new native church.
I was much impressed to see how quickly they judged sin in their own lives—Jainybai, the younger, said to me, "Daisy bai, may I tell you something?" "Yes, do," I replied. "Well, you know that for many days after we heard the "Story" we lived very happily in our house, but one day I got very angry with my sister, (the older wife) and spoke very mean to her. I knew I was wrong, but would not tell her, and so in the evening God punished me—a scorpion bit my foot. After prayer they left, and just a few weeks later came the word that plague had broken out, and the husband and younger wife were both sick. The Christians in Akola prayed and God heard—another letter soon followed saying, that they were out of danger. How we praised God for so signally shewing His power over disease in that heathen village. A few days later we received another letter telling us that Haushibai who had nursed the others had suddenly been stricken herself and died after only one day's illness. How different her death from what it would have been had she never heard. Her last words, "I am not afraid—my faith rests in Jesus. Tell Jainybai never to forget the "Story" our white sister told us, and never to turn again to the worship of idols." Then with the name Yeshu (Jesus) on her lips she passed away. Dear reader, how does this appeal to you? There are many such prepared hearts scattered throughout these far villages, and the seed is good, but there are so few who are willing to carry the seed, or help to carry it.

TITHAL

BY WILLIAM FLETCHER

I had heard a lot about this place from some of our Missionaries. Some had praised it, and some had not said much in its favour as a rest station. My dear wife and I had prayed a lot about going to some place during the hot season, for a few weeks, and all ways were closed but Tithal. We decided to go, and go we did. It is not a long journey, only a night and half a day by train, but it took us two nights and part of two days, owing to a derailment on the G.I.P. Railway. We arrived very tired, and on driving up to the "Alliance Bungalow," where we expected some friends who we thought must have already arrived, we were disappointed to find that no one had come, and the place had been unoccupied for a whole year. With what mingled feelings we viewed the bungalow and its contents we will not speak of now, but let us give our attention to
Tithal and its surroundings. It is situated on the west-coast of India, about one hundred miles from Bombay, and is a seaside resort for sick and tired Parsees and Europeans. The Government also have some rest bungalows here, and Tithal is becoming quite an important place. The Bazaar, which is a most important factor in every housekeeper's mind and experience, is three miles away at the large town of Bulsar, and is a very fair one. Plenty of horse and bullock targas can be had here to take passengers and goods to Tithal. The road is fair, and a bicycle can be used on it. As regards food, one can get milk, eggs, etc., from the many villages which are dotted all through the jungle on all three sides of our Alliance property. Meat can be had from the bazaar and fish can be bought at the door when the fishermen (who live in small villages along the beach) can catch them. Fish is a great change, and much appreciated by up country tired ones who have to live on tough goat all the year. Nature has provided in Tithal a quiet resting place for tired and overwrought nerves, and those who love to be alone with themselves and God for a quiet time of refreshing and rest. To my mind, this is a fine place for those who wish to be alone, and free from the thousand and one things which occupy one's time and mind in a Mission Station.

Our Alliance Bungalow.

Where does it stand in this place? It stands in one of the finest sites in Tithal, and is situated on a nice high grassy bank, about one hundred yards from the ever rolling sea. As one sits at the front door, there stretches away to the right and left hand a long sandy beach, which affords a beautiful place for walking or riding, and a fine place for sea-bathing when the tide is in. Away to the back, and on both sides, we have a jungle composed of palm and babul trees, etc., with here and there a garden or rice fields, with lots of small villages dotted through them. If one has a mind for sport, plenty of wild hares, pea-cocks, large and small quails, wild boar and jackals can be had. Most of the time one gets a good strong sea-breeze which is one of the pleasing features of Tithal. For those who like the sea and do not wish to go far from home, this is a nice place to come; not only for the hot season, but any time in the year, except in the monsoon or rainy season. I hear some one say, "It's all very well to write about the good things, but what about the difficulties one meets there?" This is a fair question, and I will try and answer it truthfully. There is one difficulty, as far as my short sightedness can see, and it is one which can be rectified if someone will lend us a helping hand from both ends. I mean by this, that if someone will take
up the matter from this end with a will, and somebody also take it up at the home end, then this most difficult question, which now keeps tired, needy Missionaries away from this quiet resting place will be done away with. You no doubt can guess what it is—the Bungalow. I said in the first place, that I would tell you how we felt when we drove up to the bungalow, and enquired if it was the Alliance house. On being told that it was, I alighted from the tonga, and stood for a few minutes before the door leading on to the varandah, and looked at that tattered, battered and crooked dirty verandah, which only has a loose dusty earthen floor, and its timbers, all too light, are bowing under the weight of the roof, and thereby furnishing a picture, which on beholding would twist the eye of anyone with any natural machanical make up in him at all, and as for what the good, tidy housekeeper would think and feel on beholding our bungalow here, (where she was to keep house and rest her tired nerves) I am not prepared to say. As I pulled the old bamboo door away, and walked from room to room, I wondered how we could make the place habitable, for it was here that some of our dear tired ones had tried to rest. It was with mingled feelings that I walked from room to room, and found the whole place out of repair, and part of one verandah fallen down. There are no locks on the doors, which were open, and the whole place dirty. I may say here, that the Mission had been paying a native caretaker all the time, but he failed sadly in doing his duty, hence, partly, the results. The floors had been covered with bamboo mattings which the white ants had destroyed. The floors were earthen ones, and so the white ants could come up through them, and do their destructive work. Most of the furniture, such as it is, is rusty and broken and needing repair. My mingled feelings are easily explained as I looked through the place, and saw how many things had gone to ruin, and the thought of trying to get rest in such a place aroused my feelings. Then again as I further looked I said to my wife, "Why this bungalow is far better built than I had ever thought of, and with a few hundred rupees and someone to put the place in order, it could be made a nice comfortable and refreshing home of rest where one would be glad to come, and feel that the place or house was in harmony with nature about it, and did not clash as it does now. The outhouses are fallen down and need rebuilding. In conclusion, let me tell our readers, that Tithal is becoming a very important place as a seaside resort, and that our land here, which is a fine site, is worth perhaps double what we gave for it, and should be looked after.

But our readers know that Rs. 1,000 ($333) which it would
cost to repair it, to say nothing of enlarging or furnishing it, cannot be supplied out of the missionaries' allowances.

This is therefore a blessed opportunity for some dear soul in the Homelands to help to make Tithal rest bungalow habitable and comfortable, thus fitting up a place of rest, where tired or sick ones can retire to gather up strength. We have been here three weeks, and have enjoyed it, under the trying circumstances, and have been agreeably surprised with Tithal. As a family we are all well, and happy in the service of our Lord.

DHALKA, May 23, 1911
BY F. H. BACK

Our work began this year with what is called the Wohta fair, a place of pilgrimage about 9 miles from Dholka. I gave an account of this fair last year, and so will not dwell upon it at this time for it is about the same every year. Mr. Kiel Garrison, in his description of the Yatra he attended, gave a very good description of what the Wohta fair is each year.

It seems that whatever these places of pilgrimage were in years gone by, they have now become places where the people go to seek pleasure, to commit all manner of sin and some to carry on a good thriving profitable business for a few days, instead of to worship in the temple that is there or to bathe away their sins in the river on the bank of which the fair is held, although many also go for this fruitless purpose.

The Wohta fair is one of our opportunities of the year, and we trust that this year many of our missionaries will take advantage of the opportunity, and come with us there to preach the gospel, and to sell portions of Scripture.

We had a most blessed time this touring season, which began at a place called Wasana Kedia. There are some Christians and inquirers in this place and in some villages near by, and we improved this time in teaching them more fully the way of life, as well as preaching to the masses. We trust that the two weeks spent at this camping place will result in much fruit. We baptised one man while here.

Our next camping place was at a village where, and around which not very much evangelistic work had been done, but we had some very good meetings during our two weeks here, and we believe that they will result in the salvation of souls. One result of our work here is the establishing of an out-station, and we now have two workers living here. This is in a very
thickly populated part of our district, and we are praying and trusting that many will turn to the Lord.

The next camping place was at a still more out of the way place, and the villages here had been visited by missionaries or by native evangelists, but once or twice. Our work in this part of the taluka was mostly among the caste people, many of whom became very much interested, and desirous to know the truth, but on the other hand some opposed us bitterly, and with the persistency of Elymas the sorcerer. It is sad to think that we will be the ministers of death unto death to those who will not believe.

We continued touring throughout the taluka, with about the same results as in the last two camping places, till we came to a very interesting place called Metal. This is surely one of the places where Satan's seat is.

The village is located on a hill, with a number of hills to the south of it, all of which are covered with nimb trees, which make the place look beautiful. At one side of the village is a large banyan tree, which would make a beautiful camping place, but in the branches of this monstrous tree, about 300 peafowl roost. The people say 500, but that is an exaggeration. I think I am safe in saying that there are at least in and around the village 500 peafowl. These, of course, the people consider sacred, and to kill one of them would result in a quarrel and perhaps a fight, that might endanger the offender's life.

On the highest of the hills is a temple dedicated to the goddess Matha, and all the trees on these hills and around the village, are dedicated to this goddess, and to cut one of these trees down or to cut a limb from one of them would be an offence to this idol.

Notwithstanding all the signs of idolatry about this village the people treated us very kindly, and the hearts of many seemed tender towards the gospel. We believe that some here will yet believe the truth, and that they will be made free in Christ Jesus.

Our last camping place for the season was Bavala. At this place the work in the villages proceeded with the usual interest, many being convinced of the truth, but unwilling to make a decision for their souls' eternal welfare. At Bavala one boy especially is very near the Kingdom, and we trust that he will soon break loose from every thing of the world and decide to follow Jesus.

At Bavala I noticed that my companion in labour was acting rather strange; he was not ill, and yet he seemed some
what sick,—well to cut a long story short, the result of it was that on the 20th of April he was joined to a companion for life, and I trust that this companion in work will be the best one he ever had in his life.

From the bungalow at Dholka we were privileged to visit many villages and give out the word of life to many people. All that we can say in conclusion is, Oh Lord! water the seed and cause it to spring up and bring forth much fruit to eternal life.

ONE WEEK'S ITINERATING

BY A. I. GARRISON

IT was the fourth day after Christmas, in the afternoon, when a little party of four left the home compound for a short itinerating trip.

The tonga, or two-wheeled bullock cart was well loaded. Under the seats were packed the necessary culinary and toilet utensils, the edible provisions, a few tools, and the live chickens. Under-foot were stowed buckets, lanterns, bullock feed, gospel portions, tracts, and firewood enough to start a fire at the next camp. On the seats were a variety of bundles of bedding, a trunk, a tent, and, somewhere amidst this baggage, two native boys and a missionary from the Boy's Training School.

Just behind the bullocks on the tongue of the tonga sat another of our native young man to propel our "ox-o-mobile". That process would have been very interesting to a new-comer. Bullocks are not primarily constructed for speed; to make any headway therefore, the driver must yell at them, beat them on the back with a stick, push them, twist their tails with his hands, and tickle them with his feet. It is interesting—until it becomes monotonous.

By this means of locomotion we made twelve miles in about three and a-half hours, and pitched our first camp near a large town. My table for the evening meal was spread on the back step of the tonga, and the dinner was enjoyed as much as if it had been a banquet. Curtains improvised from quilts, closed in the two ends of the tonga, and made a very cozy little bedroom in the body of the cart.

Gathering our kit together before day break the next morning we were off for Changdev, where our real work commenced.

Changdev is a so-called "holy place," situated at the junction of the Tapti and Purna rivers. Near the end of
February, at the annual Hindoo festival known as, "The great night of Shiva," (the third god of the Hindoo triad), there is a great jatra, or religious fair held at this town. "The good god," as the name "Changdev" implies, has his shrine on the bank near the junction of the rivers and the accompaniments of his worship are extremely obscene and disgusting.

We could find no shade trees whatever in this place under which to camp, so had to eat our midday meal in the burning sun before a company of curious spectators. We invited them to eat with us, but had no fear that they might accept our invitation. We wondered how the people live without shade, but His promise meant more than ever to us, both physically and spiritually, "The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand." We preached at noon in the village "rest house," and in the afternoon to the crowds who assembled at the bazaar.

Just at sundown we waded the Purna river. Some of our possessions were swept away by the swift flowing stream, but we recovered them all. That night we camped in a large village across from Changdev, which they said no missionary had visited for thirteen or fourteen years. We preached and sang until late to those who seemed interested, and retired, tired but happy to witness for Jesus in heathen darkness.

Early next morning our little camp was astir, and we were soon off to "preach the kingdom of God to other cities also." We were glad to tell to many for the first time the story of Jesus in some out-of-the-way places, and God blessed us too in so doing. At the last village, in which we stopped for the night, the head-man was very kind, calling together all the able men in the village, who sat until quite late, listening to our story. Though the Brahmins showed some opposition, we believe seed was sown in a few hearts.

On the first day of the new year we moved on to the town of Nayagaon, on the bank of the Tapti river, and camped in a beautiful mango grove beside a well. One of our boys was here taken sick, so we had to send him home in the tonga. Our hearts rejoiced to be permitted to spend this new year's holiday in talking about Him from whose birth nearly all the world counts the years.

The following day, being without the tonga, we walked to four neighbouring villages and preached. In each there was splendid attention and interest.

Tuesday was strenuous. We spent the entire morning from an early hour, speaking in villages along the way. Shortly after noon, we reached the city of Anturl, the most northerly town of importance in the district. We found the entire popula-
tion living outside of the town in the fields. Plague had been raging for over a week with a daily increasing death-roll, but no medical aid could be procured up to the time we left. Every suitable place for a camp was already occupied by the plague refugees. We finally found a spot in a beautiful mango grove two miles away in which the Brahmans from the city were encamped. They were very kind to us, furnishing us with milk, and with a night watchman.

As we arrived on bazaar day we had an opportunity to preach the gospel to a large number. We especially noticed a "holy man," who stood in the audience. As he listened, his interest seemed to increase, and from time to time he asked very intelligent questions. Before he left we gave him a scripture portion from which he read aloud in our presence, promising to carefully read it through. He said that he had wandered here and there all his life, but was still seeking rest from sin. May he find Him who said, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest"!

The following morning we visited two small villages. In one of them we went, as usual, to the central place, and after obtaining the permission of the old village patel, we began to play our cornet. The police patel of the place rushed out of a near-by house and ordered us out of the village. Feeling that he was going beyond his authority, but not being sure of the law in such cases, we withdrew as far as the school house, where we sat down and prayed. The school master soon coming along invited us very cordially to come into the school house. We politely declined, and sitting down outside, talked to him and to the assembling school children about our Savior, meanwhile the angry men began to call out to him from a distance to have nothing to do with us; but he paid no attention to them. Finally one of the parents very angrily ordered him to open the school classes immediately, and not to permit the children to hear such heresy, threatening him with a discharge if he refused to do so. By this time quite a crowd had assembled, so, making the best of the situation, we warned them briefly of the eternal danger of refusing the good news we brought to them, especially warning the police patel, whom we saw standing in the background, that the Almighty God would severely judge him if he refused to let the people of his village hear the gospel. We departed with hearts heavy for those who could not or would not hear, but glad, for the first time, to have openly been rejected for Jesus' sake.

We turned our faces homeward on the next day, preaching in five places on the way. Passing through a village of the Mogul's Dominion, we were forbidden to tarry or to preach there.
The condition of that village, with its broken-down houses, exceedingly dirty streets, and poor government, in striking contrast with the villages which we had just visited, spoke much for the direct rule of the British Government.

Our last meeting was one of the best. We arrived after dark at the village, and informed the patel that we wished to speak to his villagers. He must have thought we were officials, for he sent out a summons gathering all the men of the place. Our hearts burned within us as looked into those interested, up-turned faces. They sat for a long time while we told them the simple story of Jesus, of the power God has given each to choose for himself, and of how God would hold every man individually accountable for the way in which he treated the message concerning His Son.

One more early morning start, a long warm journey, and home to other duties we went, tired in body but conscious of having pleased Him, Who had said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

THE AUTHORISED VERSION

An article by Sir N. G. Chandavarkar Judge of High Court Bombay in the Times of India.

DURING the last week His Majesty the King-Emperor did two kingly acts, one in quick succession after the other.

He signed the proclamation of the forthcoming Coronation Durbar at Delhi; and he replied in a tone of religious and royal earnestness to an address presented to him by deputations of Christian bodies headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with reference to the Tercentenary of the publication of the Authorised Version of the English Bible. The coincidence between the two events is accidental; but it is suggestive and providential. Is it prophetic of the brighter future for Christian England and non-Christian India? But I must check my visions and look at facts. The Coronation is yet to come. The Tercentenary has come and is going. For England it has a deep meaning. Has it none for India—for us Indians? Let us see.

It was in the year 1871. John Bruce Norton, who had served as Advocate-General of Madras for several years and had during his period of residence in that city worked for the welfare of the people, and earned their gratitude, was on the eve of retirement to his country. The Indians of Madras gave him farewell addresses at very largely attended meetings. In thanking them—
and recounting the progress higher education had made in this country, he declared that he could not conceal from them the feeling of disappointment that had come over him as regards the future of those he loved as friends—Indians who had received higher education. They were becoming, he said, more or less worldly, and narrow in their sympathies and search for knowledge. And he called attention to the fact that they were manifesting a strong prejudice against the reading and study of the English Bible. That book, he pointed out, stood pre-eminent in the field of English literature; it was the inspirer of modern civilisation; and yet educated Indians were fighting shy of it because they thought it was a Western book, and they had little to learn from the West on religious questions. That was so and even now it is so. And yet the best of our men of good mould loved the English Bible. Rammohan Roy caught its spirit; Keshub Chunder Sen drew largely from it; Ranade deeply studied it; and I had it from Telang that before he sat down to write his papers on the Ramayana and the Gita, he had gone through the Bible. During the period of his illness in 1893, which ended fatally, by his desire I gave my spare time to sitting by his side for days, together, and long and interesting used to be our conversation. I was studying Job then. Telang and I had for several days, talks on that book. "I like that book," he said. "Do you like it because just now its tone falls in with your sufferings?" I asked. "Perhaps. Job, they say, came out of affliction like polished gold. Isn't that Life?"

I have a letter before me in which a gentleman in Southern India, interested in improving the Telugu literature and language, asks what should be done. It is a very large question. We have had Literary Conferences, and these have done excellent work. But I may be allowed to point out—and the present occasion of the Tercentenary is opportune in that respect—that language is the slave of thought; thought, to use the words of Kingsley, grows out of morals; morals out of religion; and religion is what we preach and also practise. In short a people's literature is its life, it is what its daily life makes it. Hence Father Faber, writing years ago, of the "uncommon beauty and marvellous English" of the Authorised Version of the English Bible, said "it lives on the ear like music," that it is "part of the national mind" of the English, and that it is "the anchor of national seriousness."

That is one lesson for us Indians; but it is the least of the lessons. I have a faith and it is this. To understand clearly the best that is in our Hindu Scriptures, to enter fully into the spirit of their grand ideals and teachings, we must have the help
of the Bible. Perhaps for Christians the reverse process is necessary; but on that I do not presume to judge. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is come," was the sacred utterance of the Baptist, and it has helped me to make out the depth of meaning of one of the most pregnant thoughts in one of the Upanishads, where we learn that we enter into "Truth, which is the Abode of God," by beginning with *tapa* (the austerity of repentance). "The wind that bloweth where it listeth" reveals in clear light the *Matarishwan* or Wind of the Upanishads and we perceive why the noble lady (Hannah More), a Platonist, considered the breathing of the air on her as something more than an emblem of the Holy Ghost. I might go on with my illustrations; but I am only suggesting.

A grand book is this—the Authorised Version of the English Bible. It has made souls. No wonder Gladstone said of it: "Always in straits the Bible in Church supplies my needs." May it equally supply ours! At the same time let us not forget another translation of the Bible—the translation made by an English lady, mother of a pious son. Asked which of the different published translations of the Bible—Jerome's Vulgate, Luther's German Bible, the Authorised Version, and the Revised Version, this son preferred, he replied: "I prefer my mother's translation." "What is that?" The boy answered: "My mother has translated the Bible and translated it straight too. Her everyday life is a translation of God's Word."—Bombay Guardian.

**PRAISE NOTES**

*From the Mukti Prayer Bell.*

In the Hospital the past year has been a trying one. Many of our dear girls have broken down in health, and owing to the heavy rains there has been much sickness and death; but difficulties and defeats, we feel, should have no part in this report, because we feel regarding the larger number of these precious lives, that our loss has been Heaven's gain.

How sad our hearts were made to feel when little Ranoo was taken from us! Hers was such a beautiful life, lived in the power of the Holy Spirit; and such a blessed testimony concerning her came from those who knew her. Many were heard to say, "Ranoo was everybody's friend; I would like to die like Ranoo." How glad we were that we could reply, "If you want to die like Ranoo, you must live as she did."
Ranoo was a member of our Gospel band, and often went out to preach the Gospel. She spent much time in prayer. The girls in the same ward say, that they often found Ranoo all by herself in some corner praying. It seemed to be her meat and her drink, to please Jesus. Ranoo was so true in her prayer life. She was ready to lay down her life for the sake of the Gospel.

In all the difficulties which had to be faced at Pandharpur Ranoo did not flinch in the least. In spite of her frail body, she would beg each time to be sent with the bands, to preach the Gospel to the pilgrims.

As we looked at her little silent form, we saw the Glory shining forth, and we could only say, "she being dead, yet speaketh" "He Who knoweth all things, doeth all things well."

Some girls who once led others into wrong doing, are now setting good examples. We do feel the need of much personal work among these precious girls. As the love of Jesus fills our hearts, the love that brought Him from heaven to Calvary constrains us.

While hurriedly going towards my room the other day, I passed by a girl with whom I have very seldom spoken. As she looked at me and salaamed me, I said to her, "What about your spiritual condition? Are you troubled?" She burst into tears at once, and said, "Yes." I asked her if she would like me to pray with her, and she said, "Yes."

The girl was under real conviction of sin, and was so glad to have some one take a true interest in her and comfort her. I am sure the Lord was just as much, and more pleased.

There are here, more than fifteen hundred souls among whom there is need of much personal work. The work is great, the labourers few.

In a closing word may I say that the future depends much upon us as individuals. One by one, we must unite to pray through our difficulties into full victory; one by one we must show forth the value of the full victory of Calvary, by living to win souls. Never was the need so great for this personal ministry; never were there greater possibilities for each life; never were there more important opportunities of helping Christians out of bondage and of leading the heathen to our Saviour, than are ours to-day.

If these things are true, how great is the responsibility laid upon us! Every Christian should be a soul-winner.
A STREET IN BOMBAY
BY MISS EMMA KRATER

The sights in the streets of Bombay are many and varied, but I only intend giving you a little glimpse of my experiences while passing through one of them on a Sunday morning. Being a heathen city, of course there is no Sunday; business being carried on as usual in all the shops, stores and factories of the native quarter.

As I turned into this particular street, I was hailed with the familiar expressions—“Missi-Sahib!” “Missi-Sahib!” “Mama-jee!” etc., etc., and turning to see the speakers, was started by the sudden toot of an automobile, and hastily scrambled to one side while a huge machine, in which were several beautifully dressed Parsee ladies and gentlemen, dashed past leaving only a horrible smell of gasoline which, however, was soon lost amid the filthier odours of the street.

As I stepped back to avoid the automobile I found myself in the midst of crowd of lepers who were covered from head to foot with filth and vermin and who were assuring me that I was their "father and mother," "their protector" and "their all;" each asking help in the way in which he or she thought would best appeal to my feelings. Here was the man with his feet eaten off, another with his hands gone and holding out the stumps of arms, still another with nose and lips rotting and falling away piece by piece. The white leper was also around and I saw a little Hindu baby, a leper, white as snow; poor little tot! What a living death was to be its portion.

A short time before, one of these women had told Mrs. Ramsey that she was twelve years old when she became a leper, she had jumped into a well but could not drown herself, had taken poison but could not die, and had tried in other ways to kill herself but death would not come, and then she said with such a sorrowful wail, "I must rot away piece by piece and die with this horrible agony."

There are thousands such as these in India, hands gone, feet gone, great holes where the nose was; these tell of the worst cases, but how many there are who are now in the earlier stages of the disease yet must all come to this at last.

We walk where the leper walks, rub clothes with them on the streets, and pass them every time we go out; Oh! what can we do to help them?

Quickly passing on I saw a clean, neatly dressed man, with a little boy at his side, also clean and neatly dressed all over (most of India’s children are undressed). Asking them where
they were going, I was quickly told "to the Alliance meeting." Humbly and quietly they passed on, for they were Christians, a little light amid the darkness of that heathen street.

Passing on, I found myself in the midst of a large number of clean, well-dressed people many of whom were dressed in long, white coats and most of whom had round, white caps on their heads. They were sitting on chairs and benches along the sidewalk in front of a house and I slackened my pace to see what was going on. I soon found that I had come to a house of mourning belonging to one of the followers of Zoroaster. In a little while they would take the corpse out and carry it away to the "Towers of Silence" on beautiful Malabar Hill, and there it would be exposed to be torn to pieces by the hawks, kites, vultures and crows, the flocks of which at times almost darken the air over the "Towers," which are not very far from the mission-house.

Half a square farther on, I met a tall, nice-looking young man who told me his name was Daniel and that he also was on his way to the Alliance meeting. A little further on—temple bells are ringing to awaken the gods that they may listen to the prayers of their worshippers. An educated man, one who speaks English well, comes along; in his hands is a large brass plate, on which are placed a number of little brazen vessels, which I saw were filled with oil, incense and ghee, (clarified butter) etc. He was on his way to the temple to worship the stone idol. Every night we can hear these temple bells and it makes our heart-sick to think of the loving Heavenly Father waiting with outstretched arms to receive them, while they are pouring out offerings to these false gods.

A holy man? accompanied by a very sleek, fat cow passes me, his body smeared with wood ashes and streaked with paint; his long hair, matted and filled with vermin, wound round on top of his head which he had vowed never to wash or comb, and carrying in his hand a brass vessel to receive the offerings of the people.

The cow was a sacred animal and as it passed along men touched its back reverently with their hands which they then placed on their breasts, uttering a prayer and worshipping the animal which was smelling around for something to eat. So holy is the cow esteemed that even in courts of justice, the following form of oath is sometimes administered,—"holding the cow's tail, will you tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

Soon after this, I met a young Christian, a babe in Christ. This young man had belonged to a priestly family among the
Mohammedans, but had been born of the Spirit of God and had a personal experience of Salvation.

He told me how, more than once, his co-religionists had tried to poison him but God had preserved him, and that even then his brother was on the way from Persia to Bombay to force him back into Mohammedanism. He said his people would leave no stone unturned in their efforts to get him back, or take his life because of the shame and disgrace he had brought on the family by becoming a Christian. I told him we would hold him up in prayer and that God would help him. Think what it costs some of these dear ones to become a Christian in this land and praise Him for the privilege of living in a Christian country. How few are the Christians one meets with in the streets of this large heathen city, but even if they are rare, how precious each one is to the Master and how they will shine in that day when He makes up His jewels.

THE BRAHMIN BRIDE OF SOUTH INDIA

BY M. SANKARASAstry,—Editor "S. I. Mail."

In present days the worst curse that can be effectively thrown on a Brahmin is "May God send you half a dozen daughters!" One hears this astounding curse every day in the street and house. The most anxious time for a wedded couple and those interested in their welfare is the time of accouchement—not because the life of the wife is in jeopardy, but because of the fear of a daughter's advent. The news of a girl's birth converts a man's face into a veritable study of crestfallenness. A dozen sons do not turn a father so pessimistic as a single daughter does. If a Brahmin parent has some daughters "to give," you can hear his good neighbours speak of him with the utmost pity and sympathy. Bad neighbours hold him in contempt.

A female child is rarely the pet of her parents. She need not necessarily be cruelly treated, but she enjoys much less of the parental fondness and sympathy than her brother. From the earliest days she is taught to believe that her birth in the family is a curse and cause of despondency. Her spirit of equality with her little friends of her age is evaporated in no time. Such is the position of the girl.
Now the immediate cause of this unfortunate position of the young girl in the Brahmin community is the much-discussed custom of paying the bridegroom. This bad custom has gained a foothold in the community and is widening its sickening shade to an alarming extent. The amount is steadily increasing, subjecting both the rich and the poor to the same difficulty in a comparative measure. The spread of education, instead of mitigating the evil, is enlarging it. An educated bridegroom is more avaricious than his illiterate brother. The “giving away” of a girl brings the family to a financial peril. The gifts of the girl’s father to the son-in-law are not esteemed a dowry. They are moreover not confined to the marriage day, but continue to be exacted for a long time during the girl’s life-time, on innumerable occasions catalogued by the old women of the bridegroom’s household.

The bridegroom and his folk are seldom satisfied with these gifts from his father-in-law. The women of his house recount the inadequate supply on multitudinous occasions, in the hearing of the young wife, and make her sick of the complaints, and hence her love for both her parents and parents-in-law dwindles into nothing. In many cases the girl receives mental and physical discomforts in return for her parents’ never-sufficient gifts. She begins to hate her parents and fear her husband’s people, and cursing her own existence at last diffidently falls at the feet of her husband for love, sympathy and protection. The young man is in a dilemma, and tries every means to keep himself up between the pressure from home and the love for the helpless girl. In spite of his good intentions he fails to win the confidence of his wife’s parents, finds himself discarded and abused by his parents, sparingly satisfies the young girl, and never satisfies himself. If he is devoid of an independent judgment and strength of will in a large measure, he is easily enslaved and misguided by the thoughtless and illiterate women of his house. In all cases the parents of the girl and the girl herself are ever at the mercy of their newly created relatives. It may now be easily conceived why the Brahmin who owns a daughter turns pessimistic to a high degree. He gives all his cakes and gets nothing but kicks in return.

The reader may have come across the petition of a Brahmin of Madras to the Director of Public Instruction. The petitioner requested the Educational Department to take some effective measures to check the married students from writing very insulting letters to their fathers-in-law. This foolish conduct of the young men is very common. The moment a man gives his
daughter in marriage to a youth the latter takes the father-in-law and his people to task for "unsatisfactory" gifts and uses his literacy to abuse them.

The father of the girl has another unfortunate custom to be afraid of. That is the vow of silence that the girl observes in her new home. In some homes this custom is broken, but the majority of girls are victims to it. The mother-in-law, sister-in-law and aunts-in-law, and several others, of the bride should not be spoken to by her. She is to hold her tongue when any of them turns up. Of course she has not the privilege of sitting in their presence. She must stand in a dark corner and be silently witnessing the thundering and unruly voice of others. She has not the right of public speech in her domestic circle. In answering the questions put to her she must nod her head in a conventional manner. Often she is misunderstood. She cannot therefore get what she wants, though her wants are wonderfully minimised by herself even in her age of childish fancies. As for her talk with male relations—she must be off from their sight and never speak.

But the most painful part of the Brahmin matrimonial customs appears to be the inequality of the couple in age, intelligence, and manners. It is not rarely that a young girl is married to an old man. Whatever be the age of the bridegroom the bride must be young. In a recent journey, I met an unfortunate case in the railway carriage.

Opposite to me sat a young girl stealing a glance now and then around her. She was sweet sixteen. Beside me and facing her sat a man of 55 years who was apparently her travelling guide. I took him for her father. His solicitous attentions for her comfort put me into a medley of conjectures. The question of his relation to her was flitting through my brain from father to father-in-law and uncle. At last the right knowledge entered my head through my observation of their mutual behaviour and I accepted this knowledge with reluctance—he was her husband. Now the indifference of the girl towards the dotage of the superannuated husband, the feelings of respect and contempt fighting in her face, the sighs of regret and the shadow of disgust darkening her blooming cheeks—all became intelligible, and produced a rebellious feeling in me against the stupid and tyrannical custom of marriage obtaining here.

In our big cities it is not an uncommon sight to see processions of "marriage" in which young girls are yoked to people fit to be their grandfathers. Such marriages are like funerals. The girls feel it. Their pangs are buried in their
bosom and their smiles are innocent or fallacious. The man of wealth and cupidity is hard-hearted, extremely selfish. The parents of the girl are doing here worse than what their forefathers did when they threw the young ones into the swelling streams.

The fate of such a girl-wife is doubly miserable. The life and death of her husband are alike her misery. The old man fails to please her while he is alive and leaves her a young widow when he dies.

An educated friend was crying over his bachelorhood the other day. He would not marry until he was well educated and able to support a wife. By the time he had finished his education he grew up to his twenty-fifth year. He wanted to marry now, but could not relish the prospect of having a girl of eight years for his life-companion. He failed to get an older wife and hence his regret for his bachelorhood.

Marrying a girl to a young man of some equality in position is a very costly affair. He demands a prohibitive price. The girl’s parents therefore seek the chance of a widower, or a deformed man with some means of livelihood and then the marriage is cheap and sometimes profitable to the bride’s parents. One can see any number of fathers-in-law of twenty-five years with sons-in-law of fifty years. This is a curiosity.

In the case of “second-marriages,” by which term is meant a marriage in which the bridegroom had one or more wives before the present one, the young wife has to play the part of an aged wife. The girl is at once transformed into a wife, mother and housewife. The old man generally owns several children by his former wife or wives and the new child-wife is to be the mother of these children. Here comes the stepmother’s cruelty to the children. It is an inevitable evil under the circumstances. The children cannot love her and vice versa. The man wants to please the young wife in every way and gives her full freedom, and she has no experience and tact to conquer her petty prejudices.

The excuse of these old bridegrooms is very funny. If the old man has no children, he wants children and therefore marries. If he has motherless children, he wants a mother to protect them and so marries.

I have simply recorded the facts as obtained in the community and have not used any emotional trick to condemn the whole system of the Brahmin marriage. But the conclusion is irresistible that a Brahmin bride is the most pitiable creature in the world.—The Indian Ladies’ Magazine.
A SERIOUS PROBLEM

A serious problem is now facing the missionaries of the Cross in India, China, and Japan. The so-called “higher criticism” is imbuing the minds and tainting the teaching of an increasing section of those whom the churches of Britain and America have sent forth to preach the gospel to the heathen. This teaching also finds place in a section of the missionary press. Not without sufficient reason Pandita Ramabai has issued a public appeal to foreign missionaries engaged in the work of Bible translation and revision, not to taint this sacred work with the interpretations of “higher criticism.” She truly says: “This ‘higher criticism’ will not make a single convert for Christ.” Her protest has been taken up by other Indian Christians; and the Editor of the chief Indian Christian paper, *The Christian Patriot*, says:—

“Casting doubts on the integrity and inspiration of the Scriptures, and on the sacrifice and Divinity of Christ, is becoming common in India, and the simple faith of many a convert and young man is being shaken by such teaching.”

HINDU WIDOWS

We print in another column a letter which Dewan Bahadur R. Ragunath Rao has written to the *Hindu* on the plight of Hindu widows. We are glad and proud to see the veteran reformer at his venerable age writing with such feeling on the pitiable position of this class of our sisters. There is only too much reason to believe that the lurid picture which he draws of the fate of a young widow, is true of a considerable number of cases. Girls born in respectable families are led by the cruel and inhuman custom of enforced widowhood, to commit infanticide, and, if detected, to end their days in the Andamans. Innocent young widows are exposed to the indignity of a police inquisition and of a compulsory medical examination, when a case of infanticide occurs in the neighbourhood, which again, pushes them into a life of shame.

“Is there no remedy?” exclaims the Dewan Bahadur. There is and that, too, a simple one. The Shastras and reason alike urge us to do away with the absurd restriction on the remarriage of widows. But our people have no moral courage. They would rather face the prospect of their young daughters becoming murderesses and prostitutes than stand up against the persecution—not anything worth speaking of in these days—of their ignorant and superstitious kinsfolk and neighbors.—*The Indian Social Reformer.*
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