Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own;
Awake my soul and sing of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace, whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole that wars may cease, and all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end, and round His pierced feet,
Fair flowers of Paradise extend, their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of years, the Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres, ineffably sublime.
All Hail, Redeemer, hail, for Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity.

—Selected.

THE CORONATION

THE Coronation of King George and Queen Mary is, so far as England is concerned, a thing of the past. The whole nation put forth every effort not only to make it a day long to be remembered for glory and for beauty, wealth and display, but one in which the loyalty and devotion of his subjects should delight the heart of their sovereign.

The rejoicings were by no means confined to the favoured few whose rank entitled them to approach more closely and obtained for them an entrance to the actual ceremony, or to those, more favoured still, who had an official part in it, but what immense crowds lined the streets rejoicing if, only for a few moments, they were permitted to gaze upon their Majesties as they passed. Did you see the King? Did you see the King? How often was the question asked and with what pride and satisfaction the answer was given, "Yes, I saw the King."
Here in India great preparations are being made so that everything may be in readiness for that day when the diadem of India will be placed upon the head of the King-Emperor.

While in many ways the aim will be to imitate as nearly as possible the conditions of the mother-country and make things look like they do at home, yet the Coronation in India will necessarily have many distinctive features and a glory all its own; a splendour and a beauty which may rival if not surpass the display witnessed in the mother-country.

Amid the general rejoicing and excitement, we are glad the children are not to be forgotten but special provision is being made that they may, for once in their lives at any rate, have an opportunity to see the King.

There is one class of men who will not be present at this ceremony and who will, for the most part, be forgotten, though they are the ones who mostly contributed to make such an occasion possible. In the midst of the general rejoicing who will remember those heroes and pioneers who lived such lonely and isolated lives, daily confronting an enemy far superior in numbers to themselves and utterly devoid of mercy or of pity? Who shall tell the tale of the long marches, the hunger and thirst, the constant fear of surprise, the gaping wounds and, in many cases, the fearful death? It was the sufferings and patient endurance of these intrepid men, whole generations of them, whether leaders or common soldiers, which made the rejoicings of this day possible: and yet they will have no part in it, and few will even remember them. Dying in their loneliness, darkness and suffering, only knowing that they were doing their duty; how they would rejoice and forget their wounds, toils and privations, if they could only see this grand consummation. And how delighted their King would be to honour them before all.

Shall we turn from this to a yet grander Coronation scene when our King shall sit on the throne of His Glory and before Him will be gathered all nations. When not only the great ones of the earth but the whole aristocracy of heaven shall bow the knee in lowly adoration before Him. When the trumpets of heaven and the voices of the mighty multitudes of earth and of the whole universe will hail Him King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

“We shall see Him in His beauty,” for has He not Himself prayed the Father for us that we might be with Him where He is and behold His Glory, and has He not gone to prepare a place for us? There will be a place for the children in that day, for has He not declared that of such is His kingdom, and did He not, even in the days of His humiliation, accept their Hosannas when they hailed Him as King?
Then, too, the lonely toilers who have gone forth and for His Name's Sake suffered, endured and laid down their lives in the uttermost parts of the earth will not be forgotten, but will be present and selected by the King for special honour. Not one of their times of trial, suffering or loneliness overlooked, but all remembered by the Lord, though forgotten by them and counted as nothing compared to the glory and the joy in the presence of their Lord. Comrade—as each land brings its peculiar treasure and glory to that Coronation scene—what will have been your part in bringing one of these lands to His feet and making it His? What present gain could possibly compensate you for hearing the words “depart from Me, ye cursed” instead of the “well done, good and faithful servant,” from the lips of the King before such an assembly and knowing yourself a coward and a traitor? Now is your opportunity; more precious than gold, riches or the pomp of an earthly court. Will you not arise and do your utmost in the service of the King?

________________________

HE EXPECTETH

He expecteth, He expecteth!
  Down the stream of time,
Still the words come softly ringing
  Like a chime.

Ofttimes faint, now waxing louder
  As the hour draws near,
When the King, in all His glory,
  Shall appear.

He is waiting with long patience
  For His crowning day,
For that kingdom which shall never
  Pass away.

And till every tribe and nation
  Bow before His throne,
He expecteth loyal service
  From His own.

He expecteth—but He heareth
  Still the bitter cry
From earth's millions, “Come and help us,
  For we die.”
He expecteth—doth He see us
Busy here and there,
Heedless of those pleading accents
Of despair?

Shall we—dare we—disappoint Him?
Brethren, let us rise!
He who died for us is watching
From the skies;

Watching till His royal banner
Floateth far and wide,
Till He seeth of His travail
Satisfied!

IN KHAMGAON ORPHANAGE
BY MISS BARBARA EICHER

My work in Khamgaon orphanage during the past two and a-half years has been much varied, as when I went there first I had not completed my study of the Marathi language so was not expected to spend all my time in the work. The part of the work which fell to my share was teaching the girls how to preserve fruit and vegetables, make jams, jellies, pickles, etc.; these we sold for the benefit of the orphanage. I also took charge of the sales of garden-produce, often getting parcels ready and sending them off to some of our other stations where fruit and vegetables were unobtainable; and in the touring season, when I could not be out myself, I found I could often help the missionaries on tour by forwarding them parcels of such things as were needful yet unobtainable in the districts where they were working. I also had sewing classes in which the girls were taught to make garments of various kinds.

After passing my second language examination, I took up yet another part of the work, viz., looking after the sick. Though none of our workers in the orphanage had much knowledge of medicine, the sick had to be attended to. If they were very sick, we either took them to the Civil Hospital, or sent for a doctor. I am glad to say that some of our dear girls know the Lord as their healer, and we have had very few deaths in proportion to the amount of sickness.

The Indian climate is hard on natives as well as foreigners, and as most of our girls were famine subjects, many of them have weakened constitutions which makes them more or less subject to disease. I want to tell you about some of our grown-up girls who are invalids, so that you may pray for them. Some of
them have grown up to womanhood and have very little prospect of much brightness in the life before them. It is true they have a home in the orphanage, but what young woman in the homeland would like to live all her life in an institution?

One of these poor girls is a constant sufferer from scrofula, which she inherited from her parents; another suffers from rheumatics; still another was gored by an animal while quite a child and thus ruined for life. Poor little Soni was rescued from the hands of wicked Mohammedan men while yet a little girl, and is a thorough cripple as a result of their sin and violence. The last I will mention, and perhaps the most pitiable of all, is poor Anandibai who is a leper. Three months ago we had to break the sad news to her that she would have to leave us and go to a leper-asylum, as it was dangerous to keep her with the other girls any longer.

She had inherited this fearful disease from her parents, but up to this time it had not developed sufficiently in her to cause any risk of contagion. She used to say in her testimonies that only the Lord knew what she suffered, but she believed He could make her well.

It was hard for us to tell her she would have to go, but we knew it was necessary; she will be well taken care of by those who are accustomed to treat such cases, and as the disease is yet in its first stages, there is yet hope of her ultimate recovery.

Poor girl! how sweetly she took it for, thank God, our Anandibai knows the Lord and has the joy of His Salvation.

She is about nineteen years of age, and has been for some time a teacher of one of the lower grades in our school, and I believe is now doing some teaching where she is in the Leper Asylum.

I saw, not very long ago, an article in some paper entitled "Pity the Leper," and my heart responded, Oh pity the Lepers, especially the unsaved ones who have to go through all the pain of separation from their families and friends as well as the dreadful sufferings of the disease without the consciousness of His love and sustaining grace. Pray for them.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

BY SARA COXE

JESUS says, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Perhaps no work is more important than that done among the children. We have thought the boys and girls at home
would like to know something about their brothers and sisters in India, how they live, dress, study and work.

There are many little white children in India. They are here because their parents have come to preach the Gospel. Then there are hundreds of little brown boys and girls, to whom we have come to tell the story of Jesus. Some of these have been saved, and the story of their rescue and salvation is often of great interest. There is a place in the heart of Jesus for the white ones and the brown ones too.

Miss Wyeth says, last Christmas time, she with some of the older girls at the Khamgaon Orphanage were getting ready for the children's Christmas. When one of the girls said, "Oh, Auntie Wyeth, I would so like to have a doll that can go to sleep." There were some dolls sent all the way from America among which there was one that could go to sleep. It was given to this girl. The next day she came running into Miss Wyeth's room, and said, "I have just what I prayed for," she was so happy.

During a revival at Kaira, one of the girls who had been especially touched by the Spirit, came to Mrs. Schoonmaker and said, "He loves me, too; Jesus love's me as much as He does you." How true it is, God does love those for whom Jesus gave His life.

I will now tell you about how the Lord healed one of these girls.

**LUCKIE'S HEALING**

Luckie is about 16 years old now. She came to the Mission during the great famine of 1900. Some time later she became very ill and was sent to our hospital, which is in another part of our compound. She remained there nearly 4 years. Her chest and neck were covered with running sores. Although she was carefully treated and every effort was made to relieve her still her disease was incurable. Luckie was converted in Mr. Stanes' revival in 1907. But there was no change in her physical condition.

A year and a-half after her conversion she received the Holy Spirit. About a week later she came to Miss Wells and said, "I want my books to go to school now, I am well." When her body was examined we found the sores were healed, only the awful scars remained.

Luckie is one of our most spiritual, as well as one of our most promising girls. She studies her Bible carefully and from time to time goes to the villages with our missionaries and Bible-women, to give out the Gospel. Her testimony is very simple, but it gives glory to Jesus.
After she was healed she was so happy and so grateful that one day as a missionary was going through the compound, Luckie asked her to come and pray. When the missionary said, “What shall we pray for”? She answered, “I just want to praise God.”

“Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men,”

PURANSING AND GAINDEBAI
BY W. RAMSEY

ONE afternoon during the famine of 1906-7, there came to our bungalow in Chandur a mother and her three sons, seeking relief. They were hungry and foot-sore, so we took them in and put them in a small tent on our compound.

At that time we were caring for hundreds daily, and as the second of these boys could read a little, we made him useful in teaching the numbers of children who came with their parents and started a school for them to attend while their parents were at work.

Almost from the first, this boy's mind seemed open to receive the truth, so that at the close of the famine when his mother and brothers were going back to their village about 150 miles distant, he said he was ready to be baptised and learn more of Jesus. God really touched his heart so that, in spite of many ups and downs as well as some grievous failures, he never went back to his own people though he had many inducements to do so.

We kept him employed round the bungalow, sometimes as a bullock-driver, sometimes in the garden, and sometimes teaching the children, selling books, or distributing tracts.

In the famine of 1906 he was very useful to us, helping in various forms of relief and giving his testimony at the services which were held daily with those who came for relief.

The time came when we were glad to take him with us and have his help touring in the villages. Among the girls who attended his school during the famine there was one who afterwards became his wife. One incident will show something of the spirit of her family. As we always issued a double quantity of grain on Saturdays and also allowed time for marketing the same afternoon, we insisted that no marketing be done on Sunday, but every one would be expected to attend the services morning and afternoon. As this rule was not observed, though we had repeatedly warned some of the people that we would turn them
off if they disobeyed, we determined that the first family found marketing on Sunday should be dismissed as a warning to the rest. We were sorry when this family was found to be the first caught in disobedience, but held to our decision and sent them away. Instead of being filled with resentment and going off feeling hard, as would have been the case with many, they went a little distance off and camped under a large tree. There, far into the night, we heard the whole family joining heartily in singing the hymns of prayer and praise which we had taught them. One hymn after another was sung and at last dear Mrs. Simmons, turning to me said “you will have to take those people back;” and back they came next day.

We did not tell them till long afterwards how they had sung themselves back into our hearts, lest other disobedient ones might try to imitate them and deceive us.

The eldest daughter of this family was baptised and we trained her for a Bible-woman. She afterwards married one who is employed as a catechist in another Mission; while the second daughter, Gaindebai, married Puransing whose mother and brother had been baptised. Her eldest brother is a Christian working in Chandur and her youngest brother, who is also a Christian, is married to one of our orphan girls from Khamgaon and works as a cook in Bombay. Their father was dead before they came to us and her mother also is a Christian and divides her time, living with each of her children in turn.

Some time ago it was decided to open up a new out-station in Dhamangaon, so Puransing, Gaindebai and their family were sent to carry on the work, there and in the surrounding villages. They were just beginning to get hold of the people when Gaindebai came down with plague; very probably from occupying a house where there had been such cases. They trusted God and much prayer went up for her. Mrs. Moodie had her brought to Chandur where she could be better cared for. We praise God for her recovery, though she is not yet nearly so strong as we would like to see her.

They have five children, two of whom are at school in Khamgaon.

Just two weeks ago he received notice to give up the house in which they have been living as the landlord has been offered a much higher rent for it, and no other house in the place being available for Christians, they have had to return to Chandur. I went at once to the officer in charge of the district and asked him upon what terms we could obtain a suitable building site from the Government; the matter is now under investigation and I hope to have a reply soon.
We are sorry for this interruption as several promising cases in that vicinity had been brought to our notice, but God knows all about it and we can commit them to Him. We hope to be able to secure a site and build a suitable place for permanent work there as soon as funds are available.

If any of our readers would like to help in this matter, we shall be glad to receive donations for the work, which may be sent to:

W. RAMSEY,
Grant Road P.O., Bombay, India.
or to:—MRS. I. MOODIE,
Chandur, Bevar, India.

PERSHARAM
BY O. LAPP

We already have told our readers something about the wives of this man—Haushibai and Jenniebai. Now we wish to tell you something about the man—Persharam.

Through being healed of plague, a marked change came into his life. His faith in idols was shattered, he stopped pilgrimages and counts himself a worshipper of the true God. He has not been baptized yet, but reads the Bible and believes it. Last Christmas he surprised us by a visit. He stayed to the Christmas services and enjoyed them very much. It was a pleasure to see him sitting down among the orphan boys listening to the Christmas songs and the story of the birth of Jesus as told by different ones of the smaller boys.

After Christmas we went to his town—Mundgaon—to preach. Persharam immediately found his way to us, and listened to the end of the service; then he invited us to his home. They had moved into their field on account of the plague in town. On reaching his house he seated us on the ground and brought us some food. While we were partaking of it, a woman came and sat directly opposite us of whom Persharam gave the information that she was a near relative. She was trying to quiet the crying baby on her lap. When questioned, "What is the matter with the child, is it teething?" "O, no," she replied, "It has plague, see." Whereupon she lifted the cloth and shewed us the big lump in the groin, which always indicates the bubonic plague. For a moment we were terrified, but at once were reminded of the strong refuge whereunto we might continually resort. Then I asked Persharam if he had prayed for the child. "Yes," he said, I have. I took some ashes and putting
it on the child's head said, 'Oh, Jesus! I commit this child to You for healing.' I asked him to bring the New Testament he has, and showed him the 5th chapter of James. He was very pleased to learn God's way of anointing, and said, "I didn't know to use oil, so I used ashes, but God answered anyway, because the child is getting better." The next week we went to the same bazaar to preach and heard that the child was quite well. Thus God honours faith in the Name of Jesus.

We have had a number of letters from him asking our permission to take unto himself another wife, which we have discouraged. Thus far he has taken our advice. Will you not pray for this man and his wife—Jenniebai—that they may step out fully for Christ?

PUNJAB PRAYER UNION
ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT LAHORE
February, 24th to 28th, 1911
BY F. KEHL, Amritsar, North India

0NE of the messages at this meeting was the need of making more of the fact of the Coming of the King of Kings for His Church.

The following points were emphasised:—

1.—India is preparing herself to receive and crown the greatest king on earth. The preparations for the Coronation at Delhi take a full year and thousands are working day and night so to speak.

2.—If such preparation is necessary to receive an earthly king how much more reason have we to bestir ourselves to prepare for the appearing of the King of Kings.

3.—Our message to India has been a twofold one, whereas we should have given a threefold one.

Salvation.
Salvation unto Sanctification.
Sanctification unto Redemption of our body.

4.—Is not that omission sadly reflected in the lives of Indian Christians who fail to show forth the excellencies of His inheritance in the saints?

5.—"The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them." That glory is an invisible glory now, but it shall become visible at His appearing when the Body shall be joined to the Head and so joined in an organic union cannot help sharing the glory of the Head.
6.—That hope, that expectation is able to transform the life of every member of Christ’s Body, making it a radiant life and leading from purification to purification 1 John iii. 3.

7.—We cannot truthfully pray:

“Even so Lord come quickly,”

if we have not prepared ourselves and those in our charge for the coming of our King, so that we need not be ashamed at His appearing.

8.—We cannot meet with people, we cannot read a daily paper without some reference being made to the coming Coronation of King George. Should we not make as much of the appearing of the greater King?

9.—An honoured servant of God has pointed out that through our testimony now before the event, thousands upon thousands of unbelievers would become believers after the great event of our Lord’s Return for His people had become a fact of history. The Holy Spirit in His office as Remembrancer would recall to their conscience that so and so had borne testimony to this fact so many months (one shrinks to speak any longer of years) before the event.

10.—What a change this message would work in our life and work if it were the foremost message in our conventions, in our churches and in our prayer meetings.

If we are conscious of neglect in making it known far and wide shall we not one and all bestir ourselves to wipe out this reproach and so hasten the glorious day of His appearing for His Church which is His Body?

A RECENT CASE OF SUTTEE

The following account, taken from the Bombay Guardian, indicates one result which would undoubtedly follow any withdrawal of the British power from this country. It seems to be one of the evils which have been put down by the strong hand of the law rather than by conviction of its wrong in the hearts of the people. When such a case does occur, it is less the poor suttee who is to blamed, than those who through pride and for self-glorification promulgate the pernicious teaching which leads to such sad results.

“A case of suttee occurred two weeks ago at a Hindu house in Calcutta, and the incident, as related in the newspapers, is likely to fan the flame of romance among Hindu women and to provoke other suicides. The suttee, Saibalinee Dassi, was a niece of the late Mr. Romesh Chunder Dutt, and the wife of Babu Surendra Nath Ghosh. Her husband had been ill for some
months, and on Thursday, April 20th, the medical man in charge of Surendra told his wife and family that he could not possibly live for more than half-an-hour. His wife hearing this dressed herself in costly clothing, painted her forehead with vermillion and her feet with lac dye, as did the suttees of old, and offered prayer to the domestic idol. Then she poured some Ganges water into the mouth of her unconscious husband, and on leaving him drenched her clothes with kerosine oil and set fire to them. When her father-in-law was coming downstairs he saw Saibaline enveloped in flames with her arms stretched heavenward and a Geetha in her hands; before help reached her she dropped down dead, 15 minutes before her husband passed away. A Hindu relative writes: 'Respectable people of both sexes are still coming to worship the place.'

"The Englishman of Calcutta has printed a long account of the great demonstrations which accompanied and followed the Hindu Shradh ceremony in memory of Saibalinee Dassi, the recent Bengali sati and her husband. The place where the poor woman fell was decorated as a shrine where on an improvised altar, draped in saffron-coloured cloth, stood a picture of Krishna and Radha, the ideal lovers of Hindu mythology, surrounded with wreaths of jessamine, while at the foot of the altar lay a mass of flowers—Flame of the Forest, the favourite flower of Krishna, the love-god. Amongst the crowd of visitors, a lonely little boy of four or five was a pathetic figure—he was the orphaned son of the sati. The house, it is said, bids fair to become a shrine, and has been visited by hundreds of Hindu women who have made every effort to secure a pinch of ashes from the funeral pyre of the dead woman and her husband."

"Eighty-two years have passed since the law was enacted which forbade the burning of widows, but the present case shows that the Bengalis in spite of their Western learning wish to perpetuate one of the most shameful of all non-Christian practices. The very praise which has been given to the suicide by educated men is likely to incite other Hindu women to follow her example and thus abandon their duty to their children and commit a grievous sin against God. That Saibalinee perished because of her fear of a life of widowhood is evident from a crushed piece of paper found after her death in her room, on which she had written the words: 'Do not try to save me. I am helpless. I shall not be able to bear this (widowhood). If I am saved I shall go mad.' When those who maintain the terrors for widowhood have only praise for the sati, the question arises, Why should widows be considered fit
subjects for social ostracism of the most relentless type? The Editor of *Epiphany* in the course of a reply to a correspondent says: 'It is a mistake to say that “Sati” is unique: it is found for instance among African Negroes, who candidly acknowledge that the chief reason for it is that it prevents wives from poisoning their husbands. In the Hindu petition presented to the Governor-General against the bill for abolishing “Sati” this identical argument was employed to the undying shame of those who used it.'

"The *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*, which purports to speak on behalf of Hindus, unblushingly espouses the barbarous practise of suttee, saying:—

"When the custom prevailed, many ladies no doubt offered to burn themselves with their dead husbands just after their death. But she only was permitted to become a suttee who could undergo certain tests. First, everything possible was done to dissuade her from the sacrifice. If she would not yield, then she was asked to burn one of her fingers unmoved. If she succeeded in passing through this ordeal she was given to understand that she would not be permitted to immolate herself with her husband at the funeral pyre if she betrayed any, the slightest, nervousness. Before *sutteeism* had been abolished by the Government of the East India Company, a case was witnessed by the Magistrate of Hooghly who tried his very best to dissuade the lady who intended to die with her husband. But the Magistrate was so awestruck by her firm and divine attitude that he allowed her to have her own way. The fact is ordinary mortals, immersed in gross worldliness, are quite unfit to realise the spirit which leads a woman to sacrifice herself from pure love. There is no doubt, a *suttee* teaches us disinterested sacrifice disinterested devotion and disinterested love.' Is it the high-caste *husbands* who are here spoken of as ‘ordinary mortals’ ‘immersed in gross worldliness’ who are ‘quite unfit’ to realise the spirit which leads a woman to sacrifice herself from pure love? High-caste widowers did not immolate themselves amidst the funeral ashes of a deceased wife. If they did, then non-Hindus would consider them better qualified to discuss ‘disinterested sacrifice’ ‘disinterested devotion’ and ‘disinterested love.’"

"In contrast to the position taken by the *Amrita Bazaar Patrika* in assuming that sutteeism was voluntary, is the testimony of an eye-witness, William Carey, who about the end of the eighteenth century attended a funeral at which a widow was to be burnt. After remonstrances, which the people met
first by argument and then by surly threats, Carey wrote: 'I told them I would not go, that I was determined to stay and see the murder, and that I should certainly bear witness of it at the tribunal of God.' And when he again sought to interfere because the two stout bamboos always fixed for the purpose of preventing the victim's escape were pressed down on the shrieking woman like levers, and they persisted, he wrote; 'We could not bear to see more, but left them exclaiming loudly against the murder and full of horror at what we had seen.' Carey's biographer says: 'The remembrance of that sight never left Carey. His naturally cheerful spirit was inflamed to indignation all his life through, till his influence, more than that of any other man, at last prevailed to put out for ever the murderous pyre.'

THE TIGER SPIRIT TAMED

On the mountain rampart overlooking the north-west frontier of India, a fierce, unruly Muhammadan tribe inhabits one district, aptly called the Black Mountain. A young man of the tribe, wandering down to the plains, came upon a copy of the Gospel according to St. Luke. He was charmed with the story, and inquiring of a friend where any other such books might be found, he was directed to a Mission station, where he obtained the other three Gospels. He had not read the little books through twice before he was convinced, not merely of the beauty, but still more of the truth of what he read. The purity, the truth, the love, the wisdom, the goodness of the Prophet of Nazareth convinced him that He was more than a prophet, even the Son of God, and his Saviour and Lord.

He returned to his home on the Black Mountain, and told his people of his new faith, and showed them his books. His father, a fine, tall old fighting man of over seventy years, but bitterly hating Christianity, was so furious with the boy that he wanted to shoot him on the spot. The mother pleaded for her son, so the old man said: "I give him three months; at the end of that time, if he does not give up this accursed nonsense, I'll shoot him like a dog." During that period the young man fell ill, and seemed in danger of death, and his father exultingly said: "See! God is laying His hand on the dog; no need for me to kill him." Then the lad began to mend, and the father was angrier than ever, saying: "I shall have to kill him myself, after all."

A cousin came to the lad and said: "I don't believe in your Christianity, but I don't want to see you murdered; so I'll help you to get away down to the plain as soon as you are fit
to go.” In due time the young fellow escaped to the railway, and travelled as far as Amritsar, where he was introduced to the C.M.S. missionaries, was baptized, and began to work in the Mission hospital as a “compounder.” One day he came face to face with his father in the bazaar. Neither of them knew that the other was in the city. At once the young man turned and fled to the Mission in terror for his life. With great difficulty he was assured that his father could not shoot people in British territory as in the Black Mountain. “Ah! sir,” he said, “you don’t know my father!”

The old man was politely invited to the missionary’s house, where he was asked to remain as long as he wished. Respectful, courteous, and kindly treatment tamed the wild tiger-spirit, and he talked long and often with the doctor on all manner of subjects, day after day, till at last he said he must be going home.

“But what about your son?” asked the missionary.

“He is no son of mine,” replied the father. “I came down here with murder in my heart, intending to kill him. But I cannot do that now. Christians are better people than I thought. Take him and train him as you will.” He took the lad’s hand and placed it in the doctor’s.

“Will you promise me one thing?” asked the doctor. “I want you to read this book.” It was the New Testament in his own tongue.

“Is that all? That’s nothing to promise. Of course, I’ll read it, if you wish.”

So the old man went home, and months passed by. Again he found his way to the doctor’s house in Amritsar.

“I have not come to stay,” he said. “We have been reading that beautiful book you gave me, and as it is called the New Testament, we have thought there may be an Old one. If so, we should like to read that, too.”

He received a copy of the Old Testament and returned home immediately. Some eight or nine months later he came for the third time, and this was now his story:

“We find that the Old Testament tells of our own prophets, Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, and so on. They spoke of a coming One, and in the New Testament Jesus of Nazareth says that they spoke of Him. His teaching is most beautiful and true. He is so pure and good that He has won my heart, and I have come to be baptized.”

So this old man was baptized at the age of about seventy-two, his tiger-heart tamed and turned to the heart of a little child; his hands, red with many murders, now lifted up in praise to God for His mercy and saving grace.—*The Bible in India.*
A VILLAGE CLASS

BY M. ABBOTT

HOW I wish you could come with me some day to a village class. How interested and amused you would be, but you could not help us with the singing as it would be so strange to you. In this village, as in most villages in India, there is a place in which travellers can rest and stay overnight if they wish. The rest-house in this village looks like a big shed with an iron roof and a nicely made floor. One evening, seeing a number of children playing in this place, I went to them. On catching sight of me they set up the cry that the Missibai had come. They left their play and came to me. After greetings had been exchanged, we set off to our usual place for class, gathering the stragglers as we went. We have now a very nice place near a big tree, quite high from the ground. We used to sit close to the road, the little ones sitting on a log, and I on a stone, but it was not a nice place for often cattle with huge horns were driven so close to us that we all had to jump up and get out of their way until they had passed.

We usually start our class with a hymn which the children know, and while this is being sung the late comers get settled down. Then we give Scripture verses that have been taught several times before, and if these are remembered a new verse is taught. Then usually a Bible picture is shewn; the children who have been sitting beside me jump down and get in front so as to get a good look at the picture. The last picture was Daniel in the lions’ den, but the little children would say it was a tigers’ den, and certainly some of the lions portrayed were not unlike tigers. I wish you could have seen the open eyes when it was told that Daniel spent the night amongst the fierce beasts.

Sometimes a little boy or girl thinks it is about time to close the class; and they ask if they may close their eyes, for that means prayer, then a card and dismissal. When I notice that interest is flagging we usually start a chorus to waken up the sleepy ones. At one time I used to be a little afraid of this class for there are some boys in it, and you know that boys are always supposed to be rather noisy.

If there is time the little ones in an other part of the village are visited. These are mostly farmers’ children. They are old friends of mine, being my first class. Here we have a nice place to sit upon and are not troubled with passing animals. The last time I was at this class I was surprised and delighted to see one of my old girls. She has been away for a long time; she is very quick at learning verses, but I often wish she could read.
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We have very happy times with the classes. The children have their favourite hymns just as you have. One evening after closing class, they started to sing all the hymns they knew, and after I left I could still hear the singing. How one does rejoice to hear the Redeemer's name sung in this land of idolatry,

Pray for these little ones that as they learn the Scripture it may sink into their hearts, for God's Word gives light and life.—In "White Already to Harvest."

"TROPICAL RAIN"

Occasionally one sees in Home papers a reference to an unusually heavy downpour as being "tropical." That it can rain in far-off England we know to our cost, when a much-looked for furlough is marred by storms which make the roads into lakes of mud and fill the air with raw cold or with a lazy steamy semiwarmth. But that is a long way from the tropics.

Years ago a colleague and I planned a week's stay in an outstation of our Circuit, with a view to systematic preaching there. We started on a fine Monday afternoon, with a twenty-four mile journey ahead of us. The first stroke of ill-luck came, when a large black bear crossed the road just ahead of our cart, and disappeared into the thick jungle on the other side before we had time to unship our guns or make sure of the prize. The second was that, just as we halted at the rest-house where we proposed to stay, my faithful companion through many years, a lame cross-bred terrier, jumped from the cart and fell underneath the still moving wheels. A better-bred dog would have been killed; as it was, she was laid up for a week. We had scarcely got settled, when I went down with dysentery; and as that was relaxing its hold, on Wednesday afternoon it began to rain. From half-past five on Wednesday till afternoon on Saturday it poured, without diminution or break night or day. Waterproofs were useless; umbrellas were less for they were not only soaked, but blown inside out. The roads were flooded; and the surrounding country under water. There was no hope of reaching the people, for there was no getting out of doors save at the cost of being drenched in two minutes. When at last Saturday afternoon brought a break, there was nothing for it but to return home, that we might be in time for Sunday's work. Twenty-four miles with water on every side! And when we reached the river, it was in flood. It is no joke to sit on a raft of faggots supported on empty earthenware vessels, the latter depending for their buoyancy
on goat-skins tightly stretched across their mouths to keep the water out: and, with chin resting on knees (for want of room to spread out) and a dog between one's feet, to be drifted down a river in spate till a fortunate current lands the unstable craft on a sand-bank on the further side. We had tropical rain that week!

Another instance was when, in the premier city in the east, it poured for three days and three nights in solid sheets of rain. Nearly every house leaked like a sieve, nearly every street was flooded. Brokers went to office, not in their carriages, but on them, for the water in the streets took possession of the wells of the garis: and in some of the most densely populated quarters of the city boats from the river plied for hire in place of cabs and palikis. A certain friend of mine, in whose generously planned figure good living had aided the designs of nature, went out to dine on one of those nights. The journey there was made with ease in a green-boat, but as the hours went by the boatmen grew weary of sitting in the pelting rain, and departed, leaving him to find his way back as he could: and when after midnight he set his face towards home, he was faced by an angry swirl, for the crossing of which no means was available. Swim he could not, walk he would not: so in the silence of the night he made his journey in an iron bath-tub borrowed from one of his host's bathrooms. Would that I had been there to see!

In the case of "tropical rain" it is the unexpected which happens. A friend started on a thirty-six mile journey, with every prospect of a dry ride. Three river beds crossed his path: the first was almost dry. Then came a deluge: and the second river when he reached it was running high with a current which made crossing impossible. There being no hope of a passage within twenty-four hours, he galloped back only to find the first river now swollen to a similar condition: and without shelter or food he had perforce to wait near the bank till his prison doors were opened.

"Tropical rain" is bad enough when one is safely lodged in a well-built house, more or less rainproof. But when the roof is of canvas, and the walls of the same: and when unskilled hands have pitched the tent on a slight slope at the edge of a jungle—then, if it really rains there is something to growl about, and a storm by night is worst of all. Not only through every crevice, and through walls and roof, drives the pitiless rain, but the floor is a-wash with the steady stream from the higher ground; till in self-defence one is compelled to venture out in the lightest of attire and, shovel in hand, to dig a trench round the temporary dwellingplace, that the rain from behind, at least,
may be carried to less convenient quarters. Then, one wishes it would not rain.

But when for weeks and months the parched ground has radiated heat and the skies have shown scarce a cloud then the tropical downpour is a veritable God-send, and one is ready to go out into the midst of it for a shower-bath, for the pleasure of feeling wet and of smelling the welcome odour.—*Indian Methodist Times*.

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**A HINDU GIRL LOOKING FOR JESUS**

STOLEN from her home, a Hindu girl was carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was very pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything. She had a happy life for years, until it came into her mind that she was a sinner and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to divert her mind, sent for the rope-dancers and jugglers, the serpent-charmers, and all the amusements of which she was fond, but the little girl was sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta she had become a Mohammedan instead of a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and so the lady brought a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But, though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue five times a day, with her head bowed toward Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting she went to a Brahman for relief, hoping, if she returned to the faith of her father to find peace.

At first the Brahman cursed her in the name of his god, but as she offered him money, he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning, he told her she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a blood sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flowers that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart. She was so worried and troubled that she became quite ill. Ah, if she had known as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who could alone give her rest and pardon!

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street. You would have thought he was a strange looking beggar, with his turban wound around with strings of beads his ragged clothes, his pipe and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and, as she dropped a coin into his wooden bowl,
A HINDU GIRL LOOKING FOR JESUS

she said almost as if thinking aloud, "Ah, if even you could but tell me where I might find salvation."

The beggar started. "I have heard that word before," he said. "Where? where?" she asked; "I am sick, and I am afraid I am going to die, and what will become of me?"

The old man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

"I have it here," he said, "and they tell of Jesus Christ who can give salvation."

"He must be the one I want; take me to Him," she urged.

"I do not know where Jesus Christ lives," answered the beggar, "but I can tell you of a man who does know;" and he told her of a Brahman who had given up his gods and was now a teacher of a new religion.

Weak and ill as she was, the Hindu girl started on her journey that very evening. She went from house to house inquiring. "Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?"

No one knew, until she was about to give it up, she was shown the house she sought, and met the teacher on the verandah. She burst into tears as she cried: "Are you the one who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him; for I am going to die, and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into the house and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried, "you know all, and where Jesus is, and I cannot wait longer to see Him."

And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?

He knelt down beside her, and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes that she might see and believe in Him, who was ready to give the salvation that she longed, and as he prayed the truth was revealed. By faith she saw the Son of God and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom, and she was at rest.

It mattered little now whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness and peace, and henceforth all things were hers.—Mission Dayspring.

CONDITIONS AND PROSPECTS IN INDIA

THERE are ancient ruins of old Hindu temples near the village of Tapona, which were dedicated to "Shiva, the destroyer" and "Devi, his wife." The latter is said to have been in league with the thugs who used to infest the
country, waylay, strangle, and rob travelers, then bury them by the roadside. Tradition says she gave them her rib for a knife, her tooth for a pick-axe, and a hem of her garment for a noose.

This is the same dreadful divinity in whose worship we once saw a poor, deluded, old woman tortured. She was swung in the air with her hands and feet tied together, like fowls for the market, and kept that way for a long time.

How strange that belief in so malicious a goddess should have such a hold on the masses. However, the priests, the gooroos, and the Hindoo mothers begin early to inculcate the fear of offending her. Hence it seems to possess their minds to a fearful degree.

But these are only two of the many objects of worship in that benighted land, which help to confound, perplex, and distract the people in any search after God and salvation.

The victories of the cross in India are the result of many hard fought battles backed up by earnest prayer. To contend successfully against the ignorance, prejudice, and unbelief, in any pagan land, engages all the grace, wisdom, pluck and common sense a missionary possesses; but when in a country like India, beside all these obstacles, he has to meet ancient and elaborate systems concocted by cunning men and devils; systems fortified by false philosophy, defended by a hereditary priesthood, and barricaded by caste-rules as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians: systems which have stouted it out against the truth for ages, systems which befog the mind, demoralize the heart, and paralyze the will. Truly the conflict under such conditions is no child's play. How soon will India be converted?

Henry Martin said one hundred years ago, "When I see a Hindoo converted, I shall see something more nearly resembling the resurrection of a dead body from the grave than anything I ever saw."

Ten years before we went to India, Dr. Robson announced that the most sanguine advocates of missions did not anticipate the conversion of India to Christ in less than two hundred years. These views will doubtless seem pessimistic to some. Well, thank God there are a few optimistic signs. I will quote one or two.

"It seems as if the worship of Devi is on the wane in her own special city, for whereas, a few years ago five thousand of her images were annually sold, now scarcely one thousand are disposed of."—(Christmas in Calcutta.)
"Do you not know that the number of the Christians is increasing and the number of Hindoos decreasing every day? How long will water remain in a reservoir which continually lets out but receives none? Let all the people join as one man to banish Christianity from our land."—(Pamphlet of Hindoo Tract Society.)

"Christianity exists, and is a powerful entity which we have to count in considering the problem of our national existence. For while on the one hand Hindooism is making no converts from any other religion Christianity is making slow but steady progress in this country."—(The Mahratta, an orthodox Hindoo journal of Bombay.)

According to the last census of the Empire, there were about three million nominal Christians out of three hundred million total. But during the previous decade the Hindoos slightly decreased, the Parsees increased four per cent, the Jews, six per cent, the Mohammedans nine per cent, the Christians as a whole, twenty-one per cent, but the Protestant native Christians over fifty per cent. Another fact which counts for Christianity is the remarkable progress in female education. It is stated that the past forty years has witnessed an increase from almost nothing to a present enrolment of half a million in the girls' schools. The greater per cent of these are probably Christian schools too.

We have here a promising field, a comfortable equipment, and a noble band of missionaries. Some of the native converts are grand samples of God's saving and sanctifying power. Several of the older orphan boys and girls are fast developing into workmen "that needeth not to be ashamed."

Notwithstanding the many reverses we have sustained, the outlook of our India work is inspiring. To retreat from that field or to retrench in the present stage of the conflict would (in the humble opinion of the writer) be the height of folly. Multitudes naturally look to us for the "bread of life." If we fail to give it to them, no one else will, and how great will be our guilt. We have put our hands to the plough. Shall we not press on until the work is done? We have entered the field. Shall we not push the battle to the gates?

Millions are looking on! Angels are looking on! Greatest of all God is looking on! Heaven, help us now to "quit ourselves like men!"

Ever yours to help girdle the globe with salvation and holiness unto the Lord.—Rev. E. F. Ward in Missionary Tidings.
FEW years ago it was decided to change the time of holding the Annual Summer-School for Native Workers on the Marathi field, from the hot season to the rains. Working hard during the hot days was very trying to both teachers and pupils, and, besides, early in the mornings and in the evenings, considerable preaching and visiting could be done in the stations which it would be impossible to do in the rains.

This year the School will last about a month beginning from 23rd August. The work done will be in the nature of a review by missionary teachers of the course of study which every worker is expected to pursue in his own station throughout the year.

Prizes, in the shape of books, are given to those obtaining the highest marks in each grade, in the examination which always takes place at the close of the Summer-School.

A study-course, carefully graded for about eight years, has been selected, and those who obtain over 60% in the examination receive a certificate and pass into the next grade.

A few of the older mission workers had not the privileges in the way of education during their younger days, which are so common in these days of schools and Bible-classes, so that they cannot be expected to keep pace with the younger men in passing examinations, but their riper experience and mature judgment make them valuable workers.

In addition to the regular course of studies this year, it is proposed that some of the older and more experienced workers be asked to read papers on some practical part of the work in which they are engaged, such as—How to reach the village people, How to sell Gospel portions, How to deal with Enquirers, etc., etc. At the close of the reading of each paper an opportunity will be given for criticism, remarks, etc. We trust that in this way some ideas which may be of practical benefit to the work will be brought out.

Knowing that it is of much more importance that the spiritual faculties of these dear workers should be quickened and developed, than merely that they should be crammed with the additional head-knowledge necessary to successfully pass an examination, we request your earnest prayers for both teachers and workers during this month, that together they may sit at the feet of the Master and learn of Him; that their hearts may be open to receive and obey the truth they learn from His Word, and that they may go forth quickened and strengthened in spirit, soul and body to another year's service for Him.
ITEMS.

At the close of the Summer-school, about which we have told you in another article, comes the Annual Convention for our Native Christians, beginning October 1st. Perhaps, next to the Annual Missionary Convention, this is the most important gathering of our Marathi Christians throughout the year. It is the one time in the year when the little bodies of Christians at each of our stations have an opportunity of meeting together for mutual instruction and fellowship.

Any one who has read the report of the India Branch of the C. and M.A., as given in a late number of the Home Alliance paper, knows the great need of quickening and revival on the India field. We would appeal to the India Band at Nyack Institute, as well as to all our readers, that they make this a subject of earnest, believing prayer from now until the close of this Convention. Pray that these dear ones may be brought to see the necessity of holy living for themselves, and also their individual responsibility for the Salvation of the heathen around them.

It is proposed to have our Annual Missionary Convention meet at Akola this year, October 25th. Should we hear that our dear brother, Rev. M.B. Fuller, and his family expect to reach India soon after this date, the Convention will be postponed until their arrival.

In addition to the spiritual exercises, important business concerning the future of our work will come up for discussion and decision. We trust to be remembered in special prayer by the readers of this paper from now until the close of this Convention.

Miss C. Hansen is temporarily in charge of the Children's Home at Panchgani, but we hope permanent arrangements may be made by the close of the year.

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PLEASE NOTE

Change of address of our Business Manager from Chalisgaon, Khandesh, to Akola, Berar, so that all communications addressed to him in future should be sent to

REV. S. AUERNHEIMER,
AKOLA, BERAR.