EDITORIAL NOTES

"Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal."

—Glad Tidings.

OUT OF TOUCH

The writer was in an electric tram-car one evening when connection with the overhead wire was suddenly interrupted; the car at once stood still in the middle of the street, and the light went out. The traffic on both sides went on as usual, but that car—which ought to have been the most powerful of all the moving vehicles around—stood helpless on its tracks, the most helpless and powerless of any. In answer to looks and questions from passengers in the car and passers by in the street, the conductor could only repeat over and over again, the words "No power, what can we do?" There was nothing to do but stand still until the connection was made and the power came.

Other expedients might have been tried: a sufficient number of men, by pulling and pushing, might have propelled it slowly along the track; horses might have been harnessed and it been laboriously dragged on to a siding or to the nearest car-barn, but those in charge knew that such expedients would only have been hindrances instead of helps, as they would have prevented the connection being made which alone could bring the power.

Is there any lesson for us in this little incident? Are we confessing lack of power in our work? And if so, what are we doing? We all admit that there is no lack of power overhead,
that God is able to do as He says "exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think;" then where is the failure? Evidently we need to look, either at the connection, or the internal machinery. The power is more than sufficient, and if we examine the machinery, it is so constituted that we see clearly it is intended to be worked by that power and no other.

There is always something so incongruous in seeing a motor-car hauled along slowly by horses or pushed by men, that every one turns his head to look at it wondering what is wrong. Dirt or lack of oil in the machinery might cause friction, but either would be likely to soon manifest its presence in such a way as to attract attention and if a breakage had taken place, it would soon be known.

If washed and cleansed by the precious blood of Christ our conduct and motives are pure, the oil of grace and love being so applied that all injurious friction ceases and our hearts condemn us not; then have we confidence toward God and, so long as the vital connection is maintained, the power will never cease to flow, and the only way to stop it, if we were minded to do so, would be to sever the connection. As a rule we are so conscious of our lack of power that we are ever ready and willing to confess it, but how many stop just here as though there was nothing further to be done; some try a new line of work or new methods, while others think they would do better in some other place. All these expedients only prolong the period of failure and postpone the inevitable day when we must come to an end of ourselves and our own efforts; be still, and look to the connection.

The cause may be very insignificant in itself, a loose bolt or nut, a slight drooping of the standard so that the close pressure against the overhead wire ceases, a little wavering or slipping to either side of the wire; any of these, small things in themselves, but the power is stopped. There may be a dozen expedients we can try, and our very anxiety to move on may prove a hindrance, but the one obvious thing to do and, oh, how slow we are to see it! is to Stop and make the connection good.

The time required to do this is not wasted, and we know it; yet how the enemy makes us believe that we have so much to do
that we cannot possibly spare the time, that we could accomplish so much if we only tried some other methods instead of sitting still, anything but stand face to face with God and letting Him work His will in us and through us. How slow we are to yield the last half-inch which it requires to close the connection and insure the incoming of that wonderful power without which we were never intended to accomplish anything.

How still and dark is everything in that car, no motion whatever among the different pieces of machinery though each is in its place, until that mysterious power comes and makes use of them, then each part, receiving its own quota of the power and moving in its appointed sphere, contributes to the general result, and the car moves steadily and gracefully along on its path of usefulness. Does it not remind us of that saying of Jesus “severed from Me, ye can do nothing”? Called to preach? yes; called to teach? yes; to witness? yes; to write? yes; and to many another form of useful service, but how utterly powerless to bring conviction of sin to the heart of even a child, to move one single life, to enlighten or lead anyone to Christ unless the connection is good and that power of the Holy Spirit, which alone can accomplish these things, is using us.

Jesus said, “Tarry ye in the city [just where you are] until ye be clothed with power from on high,” Luke xxiv. 49, R.V.; and again, “Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be My witnesses.” Acts 1. 8, R. V.

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A TRIP TO GUJERAT

TAKEING a small tin trunk (Indian equivalent to the American suit-case) and a bundle of bedding rolled up and tied with a rope, for no sane man or woman travels much in India without bedding, the writer left home for a visit to some of our Gujarati Mission Stations.

Arrived at the railway station about 9:40 p.m., he took a third-class ticket for Mehandabad which he expected to reach about 8 o'clock next morning. When the train came in he looked for a small compartment about double the size of an ordinary sentry-box with two wooden benches for seats and two
bunks of the same material over-head, the compartment being labelled on the outside “For Europeans and Anglo-Indians only.”

As there were no other passengers in this box, he proceeded to transform it into the nearest possible approach to the comfort of a Pullman sleeper by rolling out his bedding and spreading it on one of the benches where he sat waiting for an opportunity to lie down and sleep as soon as the train pulled out.

Soon another man appeared, dark of colour but dressed as a European and speaking a little English, with two large trunks and several other bundles of various shapes and sizes which he proceeded to place on the two upper berths. One glance told the writer that this was a native in European clothing passing for an Anglo-Indian so as to have the quiet and rest of the small compartment, away from the crowding and noise of his fellow-countrymen.

Just before the train pulled out, a native woman, his wife, entered the compartment not giving time for any of the station officials, seeing her native dress, to turn her out of the carriage before the train started. They spread their bedding on the opposite bench, curled themselves up, and soon all were sleeping peacefully. The beds being somewhat hard, the writer woke up a few times through the night to turn round so as to bring another portion of his anatomy in contact with the seat. About day light in the morning found us approaching Baroda, a large town 248 miles from Bombay, capital of a native state of the same name and governed by one the most enlightened of our Indian Princes.

Looking from the carriage window, what a change in the landscape, for we had entered a portion of the country where very little rain had fallen. Round Bombay the fields were so fresh and green while here almost every other field was unsown and what had been sown during the June rains over a month ago, was fast drying up. The further we went the worse it got until our first mission-station at Mehmedabad was reached.

Here we had a cup of tea with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull who took over the work of this station from Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton when they went on furlough. After this early breakfast we started for Kaira orphanage, six miles distant, in Mr. Turnbull’s pony-trap. We found Miss Wells who had been at her post all through the long, hot season, preparing to leave next day for a short time of rest and change in the Hills, Miss Coxe who has kindly undertaken, in addition to all her other work, to supply this paper with a “Children’s Page” each month, also Miss Woodworth and Miss Compton who each seem to have two women’s work to do and yet everything goes on without the
least worry, fuss, or fret. Noon saw us again in the trap on the way to Matar, two miles distant, where our good brother Back with his native helpers is holding the fort and working in the villages around.

Though his church is located some distance from the nearest village, so placed that it is central to about three villages, he has an average Sunday congregation of about sixty some of whom come six miles to be present at the service and last Sunday there were eighty present in the morning, of whom over forty remained on the grounds for a special meeting at 4 p.m., to pray for rain. One encouraging feature of the work here is the weekly prayer meeting which is well attended, has life in it, and never drags, one prayer following another in quick succession without loss of time.

As brother Back had an engagement for that afternoon at a village three miles in an opposite direction to that from which the writer had come, we had soon to say good-by and return to Kaira; lunch, family prayers, and a chat about the work took up the rest of the time and again the horse was harnessed to return to Mehmedabad for the night. The writer has always found Kaira one of the busiest, and yet one of the most restful of our stations where one arrives tired but goes away rested and refreshed like a weary, thirsty traveller from a cool spring.

As the road from Kaira to Mehmedabad is lined on both sides with big trees, monkeys abound as they do all through Gujerat leading some to think that this is the country from which we are told King Solomon got his apes and peacocks, and it was most amusing to watch the different groups of them by the way-side. An old mother would jump into a tree leaving her tail hanging down, when her little one would catch it and go up hand over hand like a sailor up a rope, to safety beside its parent; the smaller ones, unable thus to shift for themselves, would hang on tightly round the mother’s necks while they jumped from branch to branch.

After a good night’s rest we started in the morning for Viramgam by train, arriving about 10-30. It was on this part of the trip more than any other that we saw what the lack of rain meant to Gujerat. Far as the eye could see from the car-windows lay vast stretches of bare, unsown fields and burnt-up grass where everything ought to have been fresh, green, and flourishing. Those who have not lived in the Tropics cannot realize what failure of the rains means to the people; in short it is this—the degree in which the rain fails is the measure of the coming scarcity or famine. So far there is enough grain from last year’s crop but prices are rapidly rising.
Brother Duckworth was at work on his new bungalow when we arrived. It is nearly completed, and they hope to move in next week. As the ground is soft, a good deal of filling-in had to be done to raise the floors sufficiently above the level of the ground to be healthy. For this, and at the same time to secure a supply of water, our brother started a well. He has got down almost to the water but had to stop for lack of funds. A little money is badly needed to enable him to go down a few feet farther and also to wall it up. A small sum spent on this now would save a much larger one later on, as the soil being of a sandy nature, very little rain would cause the sides to cave in and the work all have to be done over again, unless it is quickly built up.

Some kind friend or friends have already sent our brother about one-third of the money needed for a fence around the place and if both this and the well could be finished at once, it would serve the double purpose of helping our brother and at the same time give employment to some needy ones.

Leaving Viramgam we returned the same evening to Ahmedabad, but we must continue this story under another heading. Should any one desire to send money for this well, or for the fence, it should be addressed to:

Rev. A. C. Duckworth,
Viramgam,
Gujarat, India.

AHMEDABAD

This is a large city with a population of over 827,000. The Mission-bungalow here is a rented one for which we are paying a sum of money in rent that would in a few years, be sufficient to enable us to purchase property of our own in a more suitable location, if some one was willing to advance the money and allow us to repay it at the same rate as we are paying now in rent. The present bungalow is only a few yards away from the ancient wall of the city and its compound extends to the top of the wall, at the base of which, on the outer side, flows the river with its wide stretches of beautiful clean sand, now when the water is low.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have been here only a short time but it is wonderful the way in which they seem to be getting hold of the young men and boys who have drifted into the city and
are now earning their own living in the factories, mills and tailor-shops, as well as here and there throughout the city, with none to care for them. Some of these are from our own and other mission-orphanages and institutions being too old to remain longer in school, while some are run-aways who would not remain under discipline yet in some cases are finding out that what they considered freedom in the world is a harder discipline than any they had to meet in the schools.

With no one to care for them, no one to whom they could go for advice or assistance, no one to give them a kind word, is it any wonder that amid the temptations of a large city to which many of them are unaccustomed, they should become careless and drift into sin?

In India the mills generally work Sundays just the same as on other days so that many of these young men often cannot get away for even one service, except in the evenings when the work of the day is over. Mr. Andrews has been meeting them at various places throughout the city but as they have no houses suitable for meeting and no central place in which to assemble, their gatherings being in the open-air are always subject to interruptions of one kind or another.

Rents are high in the city but surely when the need is made known, there is some one who could send the money to rent a suitable room until it is possible to build a hall for them. What is really needed is a hall large enough to seat about two hundred which could be used as a reading-room when not required for meetings.

The writer remained over one Sunday at Ahmedabad and saw some of these young men, a few of whom brought their wives with them, filling Mr. Andrews' dining room and overflowing out on to the verandah for the morning service and was told that on a day when the mills were closed there would be double the number. We feel sure that if a suitable meeting place could be secured, that under favourable conditions many more would come in.

As Mrs. Andrews said to the writer after the service, "we have the Church but have no building to put it in," it makes one think, in how many places they have the building but the Church is absent.

Are there not some who would like to have a part in providing such a hall where they would know that men and women were being saved and helped?

How many there are who could not only easily afford to build such a hall but meet all the expense of maintaining it and who would be so blessed in doing so that they would be glad
they had done it, especially when they stand before Him who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." If the Lord lays it upon any one's heart to help in this matter will they kindly communicate with

Rev. H. V. Andrews,
Ahmedabad,

Rev. F. H. Senft, 560 North 20th St., Philadelphia, Pa. has also kindly consented to receive and forward donations sent him for this purpose.

A HINDU WIDOW, AN EVIL Omen!

Those who would know what really underlies the apparent civilisation of a non-Christian people, need themselves to be of the under stratum, and thus to experience the tender mercies of paganism. A friend of the writer was recently in a "model Native State" and incidentally witnessed the marriage procession of a very high personage. Gigantic elephants bore upon their backs silver-cased and richly caparisoned howdahs in which were seated smiling and radiant nobles, while behind them came other elephants, from the backs of which the State functionaries threw handfuls of coin to the laughing, scrambling crowd below. A lonely and timid Hindu widow, not yet out of her teens, peeping between the elbows of other spectators, presently summed up sufficient courage to step out into the road, in order to share in the general rejoicings. She was instantly and peremptorily ordered back by those who had the keeping of the highway, an official shouting, "This is a happy day, and none of the streets through which the bridegroom shall pass must be allowed to see the evil omen of widow women." The form of speech in the vernacular idiom was such as to render the message all the more painful on account of the levitous callousness which characterised it. The young widow was only one of many others—how many one is afraid to say—who daily bear the cross of heathenism which is far heavier to bear than is the cross of Jesus, because by the latter comes deliverance, while by the former comes a hardening and perpetuation of the shackles which, fast bound to the feet of India's people, prevent them from walking along the path of holiness and happiness.—Bombay Guardian.
FIRST STEPS IN MARATHI
BY MISS HARRIET BEARDSLEE

"NEVER trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you," is an old adage which I learned when a child; but when I came to India, trouble came to trouble me. After shopping a few days in Bombay, preparatory to coming up country, the Secretary of our Mission took me to the book store where I obtained some Marathi books. As the clerk laid out dictionaries, grammars, readers, etc., I thought to myself, "How much pleasure I shall derive from studying these books." I selected those which I needed, carefully packed them in my trunk, and the following day came to Khamgaon.

Not succeeding in finding a pundit at once, I began to study with the help of one of the orphanage girls. She placed before me a chart upon which were printed fifty-two queer-looking characters. She told me that these chicken-tracks, for that is what they looked like to me, were the vowels and consonants of the Marathi alphabet. As I looked at them I wondered how I should ever be able to distinguish one from another, but, on closer examination, I decided that this was quite possible. Little did I realize, however, that this would be the least of my difficulties.

We began with the vowels, the first sixteen letters. She pronounced them for me, and I said them "parrot-fashion" after her. Two days later we decided to try the consonants. I had heard much about the difficulties encountered by new missionaries in making the Marathi sounds, and I began to wonder why I was getting along so easily; but my wonderment soon ceased.

I discovered that there were four characters corresponding to our t, and four corresponding to our d, and that each of these must be given a different sound. When my instructress made them I could detect no difference whatever.

Just at this point I engaged a pundit. As he opened his big mouth and showed me where to place the tongue, I tried my very best to imitate him; yet the desired sounds would not come. It seemed as if some of these sounds were rolled out, some were spit out, some were swallowed, some came through the nose, and some from the depths of a sonorous cavern.

I practised these sounds alone in my room until my throat was sore. I could hear the girls in the compound giggling, and trying to say "t" as I did. Even little Mildred Eicher would say to her mamma, "Aunty Beardslee says 't' like this," and she would proceed to imitate me.

This continued for about a week, and then the pundit said it was time to begin to read. As I turned the leaves of my book,
whole pages of double consonants stared me in the face. What could I do?

In my perplexity I remembered that "David encouraged himself in the Lord." As I could not encourage myself in Marathi, I went to God and He gave me renewed assurance of His love, and a fresh determination to face the foe.

After much plodding, practising, and praying, these dreaded monsters became as familiar to me as old friends. I could now detect a slight difference in the sounds, but could not, as yet, make them properly. Now, as I began to put sounds together and make words, my studies became more interesting.

As soon as I could read and translate a little, I began to use my grammar. I thought I was prepared for almost anything, but my head began to swim when I opened my grammar to find two hundred and ninety exceptions to one rule,—and that only a rule for forming the plural of feminine nouns. I found myself speculating as to whether the language accommodated itself to the customs of the people. Knowing that they pay the highest respect to the masculine sex, I could but expect to find twice as many exceptions to the rule for forming masculine plurals,—but, suffice it to say, I was happily disappointed. However, I have now learned to take the exception as the rule in Marathi grammar.

Hob goblins, in the form of compound tenses, genders, crude forms, etc., now confronted me.

The Indicative Mood alone, excluding the simple tenses, has six compound forms for the present tense, six for the past and five for the future. There are only eleven classes of verbs and two conjugations.

The three genders of nouns each have three different declensions, classified according to their endings. Marathi genders are simply unfathomable. For instance, head and nose are neuter; eye is masculine; and tongue and neck are feminine.

Many a battle I have fought with the crude forms of nouns, or the form which the noun must assume before it takes its case ending. These are only a few of the "all things" which, I am trusting, will "work together" for my good in mastering this language.

When my attention was called to some "mice" in the compound, I expected to see some little creatures scampering about; but saw, to my astonishment, three buffaloes which furnish the orphanage with milk. That this milk should be called "dude" was equally amusing to me. One day one of the missionaries persisted in talking about her "pie," until I began to wonder if it were possible that we were to be favoured with
this delicacy in India. Imagine my disappointment when she explained that she was referring to her foot.

When I try to make use of the little Marathi which I have learned, I make some very embarrassing mistakes. One evening the girls asked me where my mother lived. As I endeavoured to answer them, they suddenly became convulsed with laughter. I was perfectly innocent of the cause of this outburst; but I learned later that I had said, "My mother lives in the grass," instead of saying, "My mother lives in a village."

Marathi is a musical language and very pleasing to the ear. Many times I have asked why certain words, which seemed superfluous to me, were used. I always receive the same answer, "They are to beautify the language." Another thing which puzzled me was that three or four verbs should be used, one after another, to give emphasis. But, again, the only explanation they give me is, "It is the way we have of saying it."

The Marathi idioms are many and perplexing, yet some are very expressive. Instead of saying, "Never be discouraged," they say, "Do not let your loins sit down."—केवर बसू देऊ नका.

Marathi is difficult, to say the least, but "God is able." At Nyack we were often reminded that "All God's commands are His enablings." Praise His name, I am finding Him sufficient for Marathi.

AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

URING our short stay at Baluan we were greatly interested in the management of the open air school, which performed twice daily a few yards away from our house. The little lads were bound down by no hard and fast rules of order and discipline. Each boy's own special characteristics and proclivities were fully recognised and encouraged. No attempt was made to fashion the whole class in one mould. No boy is quite like any other boy. How stupid then to think that all the boys of the class should come to school at the same hour, should sit together, read together, write together! So the teacher let the boys do what they liked. Not always though. It occurred to him occasionally that he must earn his monthly pay. Down came the stick or the fist, and some small boy howled for half an hour.

From the annual report just issued, it appears that the number of schools and scholars in elementary schools in these provinces has decreased during the year under review. Now that seems a pity; for who can estimate the loss to the rising generation of education in such a village school as the one which performed twice daily at Baluan!—Indian Methodist Times.
ONE day recently a gentleman came to Kaira on business. As he came in his automobile the girls were greatly interested, for they had never been so close to an auto. before. While they gathered around to examine it their excitement was intense. While standing near by we heard such remarks as this, "How can it walk without a horse?" "Is the gentleman afraid of it?" "How it smells and what a noise it makes!" For about an hour different groups of girls kept coming to look at it. They were delighted to have such a good opportunity to examine the automobile.

MY ADOPTED SISTER.

The little girl of whom I am going to tell you came to us in the awful famine of 1900. She was not so thin as most of the famine children are. When she was asked the reason, she said, "when there was any food my mother let me have it and she did without." The result was, the mother died of starvation.

Father and mother thought it would be nice so adopt her as their own. After they had prayed about it they decided to take her, so mother took her into the house and the first thing she did was to give her a good hot water bath. The poor child thought mother was trying to scald her to death as she had never had a hot water bath before. Then mother put some new clothes on her that she had made herself. They were not clothes like we wear, because mother thought it best to keep her like her own people. She did not eat the same food that we do but the food that she was accustomed to.

She was a very good girl and was not long in learning about Jesus. She was very bright and soon learned how to read. She had her own little Testament and she used to read it. Not like some little boys and girls in America, who only read it in Sunday School, little Durie read hers often.

Durie usually ate her dinner out on the verandah. One day at her meal time mother heard an awful scream. When mother went out she found poor little Durie crying bitterly, when asked the cause she said, "A nasty blackfaced monkey that had been on the roof of the house watching me eat, came down and stole my bread."
At night Durie slept in a little room next to ours and she would never go to bed unless father gave her a few pats on the head, then mother would hear her prayers and put her to bed. When it came time for us to go to America on furlough, we did not tell Durie until three days before we left because we knew it would make her feel very badly as we could not take her with us. When mother told her she cried very bitterly. I was just a little tot but I came up to her and said, "na rurdsho," that means "don't cry."

When we went home we put her in the Girls' Orphanage. One day she was cooking and got overheated and took a cold bath and was dead in a short time. Her short life was a good and beautiful one. One of the missionaries who taught her said, "she was ready for heaven."

There are many such little boys and girls in India to-day that need the pennies that you spend on chewing gum or candy. You might be doing a good little bit of missionary work by simply sending your pennies to some little brown boy or girl. Little Durie would not now be waiting us in heaven, if we had not been able to take her in and provide for her. Ruth Andrews.

A Sunday School for Missionaries' Children.

Even missionaries' children need to go to Sunday School. They do not have the privileges that boys and girls in our Christian lands have. They usually do have the rich legacy of a Christian parent's training in their younger days.

It was my privilege to conduct a Sunday School for the missionaries' children attending school in Panchgani, while we were there for a few weeks during the hot season. There were not enough for two classes, even counting the children of other missionaries who attended, so, as most of those present were quite young, we had them all together in one big, lively class. Sometimes one's hands would be full keeping the most vivacious quiet and interesting the tiny ones, but on the whole there was splendid order and attention.

The school opened at 9 o'clock Sunday mornings, and when all had gathered, one or two good Alliance hymns would give them an opportunity to work off some of the surplus energy. One of the children was usually asked to lead in a short word of prayer, and after another hymn the lesson would begin. The International S. S. Lessons were followed, but we did not confine ourselves to the assigned text. Questions, parables and illustrations were used to impress the truth on the little hearts. Some even of the youngest children answered the questions with wonderful alacrity and precision.
Special emphasis was laid on the duty of early giving the heart to Jesus. Some had already done so and the fruits of conversion seem very evident in a number of these little lives—even in those only three years old. And our prayer for them all is that they may be truly saved and lead holy, useful lives until Jesus comes. A. I. Garrison.

A PRESSING NEED,
AFFORDING A PRESENT OPPORTUNITY

Two months ago we sent out with this paper a little pamphlet with the above title written by Rev. L. Turnbull. We trust the information contained in it has been widely made known, but our readers will pardon us if we repeat what he has said concerning the present social condition of those who became Christians at the close of the two great famines and form the bulk of our Christian Community in Gujerat. This appeal has been endorsed by the Gujerati Committee of our Mission and, owing to the failure of the rains in that province, the need of help, not only for the Christians but for the poor of all classes, is growing more apparent day by day. Mr. Turnbull writes:—

"The famine came and went, but to-day there is a large number of Christian people, nearly all humble farmers, who have to live constantly amid the most degrading heathen surroundings. They are literally crying out for deliverance. Only one who has lived in India for sometime, and has met the people over and over again in their poverty-stricken homes, can fully realize what it means to be a low-caste Christian in bigoted India.

"Many instances of cruelty, oppression and persecution could be cited revealing the contempt and hatred heaped upon the poor Christians by their high-caste neighbours; who are enraged that the Christian people no longer bow the neck to them nor perform all kinds of drudgery without any remuneration.

"The brief mention of one recent case of persecution will have to suffice. A few months ago the head-man, in a nearby village, walked into the home of one of our Christian men, who was lying on his cot, ill with malarial fever, and said roughly,—'Get up out of this; go and get fodder for my oxen! What are you good for anyway?' The sick man replied in a weak voice, 'It is impossible for me to do your work as I am very ill.' Immediately upon hearing this the Mukee (head-man) became enraged and beat the defenceless man cruelly, with his heavy, country shoe. He was so severely injured that for some time his recovery was
doubtful. The Mukee was of course reprimanded, but retained his hatred of this innocent, Christian man and showed it the second time by having him arrested and hand-cuffed simply because his little daughter picked some grain in a nearby field. Only when pressure was brought to bear on the Mukee did he consent to release the man who is still remaining loyal to Christ,—through his courage and consistent life, his brother has recently become an inquirer.

"The Christian parents find it an almost hopeless task to shield their children, effectually, from the vice and obscenity in the heathen quarters where they are at present obliged to live.

"The low-caste heathen have a wretched custom of eating the meat of cattle given them by the high-caste people, in return for work done in the fields. The animals are never available in this way except when they die from some disease, as it is contrary to the Hindu religion to butcher any animal. The low-caste people cut up the carcases in front of their huts. The reader can readily imagine how a Christian man living a few feet away revolts over the whole procedure and longs to get away with his fellow Christians in a little village where they can be free from the deadening influence of heathenish customs and vices.

"The sanitary conditions are as a rule unmentionable. This fact alone accounts, probably, for the continuation of plague in a great many places, despite the earnest efforts of the Government, for many years, to stamp it out. Only this morning an old, Christian man, who lives in a village three miles distant from the Mission House, called to see me and mentioned that plague had carried off eleven members of one large family in his own town during the past few days. As the bubonic plague is very contagious, several neighbours, of the family mentioned, have already been stricken down and doubtless will succumb to the disease very soon.

"Everything that the Christian people had was swept away in the famine years ago. Since then they have done their best to support themselves honorably by accepting any honest work available. The most they can hope to get, for a hard day's work under the tropical sun, is eight cents on the average, while the women do well if they earn six cents a day."

Mr. Turnbull has not stopped with merely telling us of the evil, but suggests a remedy. The only question in the whole matter is this—if once such a site is obtained and a village-colony started, what amount of oversight is the missionary prepared to exercise over it, and what time is he prepared to spend in having services and prayer-meetings, etc., with these people? Experience has shown how easy it is for a number of them to gradually drift back into old ways and old habits unless they are
looked after and their hearts kept warm and true by the word and prayer. Many of them are naturally of unthrifty habits and need the advice as well as the wise and firm yet kind an impartial discipline of one whom they look up to and respect, until they have become more established. Provided these conditions are complied with, we think the plan ought to work well and deserves encouragement. The remedy, as stated by Mr. Turnbull, is as follows:—

"There are thousands of acres of fertile land lying waste since the famine for lack of cultivators. The Government (which is English) is always ready to make most liberal concessions to a Christian Colony. Good tracts of land are available free from all taxes for five years while only a half-tax is required the next five years. So there is no difficulty in securing a good site for a Christian Colony. There are many Christian families eager to band themselves together if only sufficient funds can be secured to give them a proper start.

"An untried venture isn't suggested, as there are several such colonies in a thriving condition in different parts of India. But some capital was necessary in every instance to help the Colonists during the first initial years. About seven years ago, through the generosity of friends in Canada and the United States, I was able to start about a dozen families on good land in an adjoining district. To-day they are prosperous and independent.

"Ten acres of land is ample here in India to support an average family. $150.00 is needed to establish such a family properly on a farm of this size. The money would be expended as follows:—

$50.00 for a native house. The farmer and his family would do most of the labour themselves as the walls are made of clay. Most of the money would be used for wood-work and tiles for the roof.

$50.00 for a good yoke of oxen.

$15.00 for a cart.

$10.00 for a plough, seeder and a few other necessary articles required on the farm.

$10.00 for seed grain.

$50.00 to support the family until the first crop is harvested.

Money used for Colonists will Eventually Help Others.

"As Government asks no taxes for five years each farmer can refund at least one-fourth of the amount of the loan he receives, yearly. Money refunded in this manner will be used to help others as soon as it comes in hand.
"If the reader is able mentally to put himself in the place of one of these Indian Christian men, be it but for a brief minute, he can readily imagine how keenly anxious he would be to get away from heathenism on to land of his own where he could be free to live as a Christian should without fear of persecution.

"The Christians desiring such a colony now live in about fifteen different villages. Quite recently I went with a number of them to inspect a fine tract of land on which there is a splendid building site. They visited this same tract of land again by themselves a few weeks ago and held a prayer-meeting on the proposed building site where they poured out their hearts to God asking Him to somehow open up the way before them. They are simple-hearted people, with simple faith, so believe God will do the unusual for them.

"Any who feels the Lord would have them help in this matter can communicate with

REV. L. TURMBULL,
Kaira, P.O.,
Gujarat, India."

THE BEST SELLING BOOK

In the monthly lists of "best sellers" it is a notable thing if a book maintains its lead for more than a few months. For it to remain on the list at all at the end of a year after it had first attained its place of distinction is practically unheard of. For it to maintain its place for five years is absolutely unknown. And yet in this tercentenary of the publishing of the King James Version of the English Bible the sale of the Scriptures is steadily increasing. In 1909 the figures showed a sale of something like 18,000,000, while in the past year it is said to have reached 20,000,000, while it is calculated that the past century 341,000,000 copies were sold. The demand never seems supplied and the popularity of the book grows with the years. Books interpreting it are superseded and forgotten; books of science soon become antiquated and useless; works on philosophy and sociology have their vogue and pass away when new conditions arise; a few classics in literature are read by each succeeding generation, but their appeal is only to the few, and to them only as a matter of culture, but the "best seller" of the world makes its appeal to, and finds its readers among, all classes in all lands, looked to by them as the practical guide of their lives, while its popularity and sales steadily increase from year to year. It is interesting. It is marvellous. It is encouraging.—The Lutheran Observer.
THE LATE DR. P. B. KESKAR OF SHOLAPUR

PRABHAKAR BALAJI KESKAR was born in the year 1853, and so was by no means an old man, as the world counts age,—by years; but his life, which was full of good works, has meant much more than one would have expected from the simple counting of the years.

Born in an influential Brahmin family in Sholapur, as a boy he attended the schools of the place. He with an elder brother, becoming prejudiced against the name of Christian, at one time raided a small book shop where Christian books were sold, and burned nearly the whole stock. A few books were kept for reading, and the Spirit spoke through the printed word, and for a time they conversed together secretly about the wonderful thoughts which had been brought to them. The elder brother then decided he would come out as a Christian, and tried to persuade Prabhakar. On pretext of going to see the god Vithoba at Pandharpur, the two left their home and visited the famous shrine. On their way back to Sholapur, they stopped at a small village; after much consultation they decided there and then to take a decisive step, and going to the house of some humble village Christians in this out-of-the-way place, they told their secret and said they wished to eat some of their food. This was given, and the two returned to their home.

It was soon learned by the friends that the two brothers were becoming too much interested in Christianity, and they were separated and sent to different places to be with friends of the family. They attempted to escape to the missionary's home, and a small riot occurred before they could be got away by their enraged heathen relatives. The matter coming before the court, it was necessary that the brothers should appear before the magistrate. It was not easy to find the whereabouts of the boys, being separated as they were; but they were finally brought before the court, and a trial was carried through. When asked the question "Do you choose of your own accord to go to the missionaries?" the elder brother replied without faltering, that that was his wish. The younger brother was young, and dreaded the ordeal, and went back with his heathen friends. He has always felt this was a denying of his Master, and has regretted it. But it was not for long, and then he followed his brother, and the two were baptized one Sabbath morn. A third young Brahmin had resolved to take the step and be baptized with them, but he did not appear, and he has never been heard of since.
After some further study, Prabhakar was sent to Bombay to begin medical studies. After a few years of such study, he returned to Sholapur with his young bride, who was afterwards to become his trusted counsellor and strong help in times of doubt and anxiety. At first the young physician was looked at askance by those who had known him as a Hindu lad. But his kindly sympathetic ways won him friends, and he was able to establish quite a successful medical practise. He killed his enemies by making them his friends. At first he received a salary as medical catechist from the Mission. But later the missionaries, feeling that his influence would be greater, urged him to forego the salary. So by taking a smaller sum each year, he became self-supporting, which was a great satisfaction to his missionary friends and advisers.—"Dnyanodaya."

Our readers will remember that Miss McAuley of our mission, who is now on furlough in, Pittsburgh, U.S.A., spent several years with Dr. Keskar in his leper-work.—Ed. 1. A.

THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY

We often wish that our friends in the Homelands could accompany us into some of the Hindu homes, and see with their own eyes the conditions in which many heathen people live and suffer. As the majority are not able to visit foreign fields they can only know of the state and need through their representatives among the heathen. Will you listen now to just a little about two cases visited lately and which are only examples of multitudes of similar ones? Will you follow me in imagination into two homes in a "sacred," conservative Hindu city?

Amongst the patients at the dispensary one morning was a woman who wanted medicine for her daughter who had had fever for four days. She (the daughter) was thirteen years of age, and her first baby was ten days old. After giving all particulars about the patient, the mother asked, "Will you come and see her?" So on the way to the bungalow after the work at the dispensary was finished, a visit was paid. The house was on the outskirts of the town—if it can be called a house—it was really a hut with mud walls and thatched roof. Air and light could only find an entrance by means of the doorway. It was so dark that it was necessary to wait a minute or two before anything could be discerned. Inside the door to the left there stood a charpai on which lay the patient and babe. At the end of the rough bedstead near the door to keep the air from blowing on her, a line had been put up on which were hanging all manner of cloths and garments many layers thick. The family fireplace—
occupied the opposite corner near the doorway, and in front of it sat an emaciated old woman unable to walk, and with bronchitis, preparing a meal.

The patient, lying in a heap of rags with a thick coverlet over her, had high fever. The conditions were indescribable, and the stuffiness and heat of the room were unbearable. It was a hot Indian summer midday, but it seemed cool outside in comparison with the atmosphere of that hut. The perspiration just ran from every part of the body. Medicine was given, and they were told how essential it was to have fresh air, and plenty of milk. The line of clothes was pulled back, and air and light allowed to reach the patient. They were told to give no solid food, and to give the medicine as ordered.

Early next morning the patient was visited again. The temperature was still high. "Have you given the medicine, bai?" "Yes, I gave it at the times you told me to give it." "How much milk has she had?" "Not any yet." When remonstrated with, the mother said, "We will get some today." "Well, give her some cold water to drink after this powder." "No," said the old woman on the floor, "she must not have cold water." And she put a little in a brass vessel on the smoky fire under the bed to warm it.

Oh, if you could only have seen that patient sitting up in bed amongst the dirty, dark clothes, looking so ill! Under the bed was a big heap of ashes and coals from which the smoke was rising through the interstices into her face, and the air of the room was as hot and stuffy as on the previous day, the line of clothes between her and the door having been replaced.

She was visited for some days but instructions were not carried out and medicine was not given so the visits were discontinued. We needed to have her under our personal care in a hospital.

Just about the same time we were called to a wealthy Brahman home. The people were in very different circumstances. Every thing about told that they were well-to-do. In this case the patient was a baby boy five days old, who had been ill from the time of his birth. After entering the big gateway, the great wooden doors were barred, and we were taken into a room off the courtyard. It was well-built but no better ventilated than the hut of the poorer people. It was closer for there was a thick bagging curtain in front of the door. No air could get in, and in this room, about 8ft. by 6ft. grandmother mother, and baby were living. No daylight could get in, and a candle and a tiny flickering oil lamp were adding to the heat of the atmosphere. Medicine was given and, they were instructed how to look after
the child, special emphasis being laid on the necessity of fresh air. The curtain was put up, and the door opened wide so that some fresh air and light could enter. Later on when another visit was paid we found the heat and closeness even more unbearable. The curtain was down, the door tightly closed, and in the room under the bed was an iron pan of hot coals. It was all too dreadful. We could not make them realise how essential fresh air and sunlight are. Custom and superstition were too strong. It is most important to their mind that a woman be closely confined for ten days or so after child-birth. No breeze must blow upon her or the baby. Fresh air and light must be rigorously excluded, and generally a pan of hot coals is kept under the bed.

How great is the need of their emancipation from spiritual and physical darkness. We desire to get them under fuller control so that they may be taught of the great Lightbearer Who is waiting to dispel their gloom, and give them life, peace and joy. In a hospital regular teaching can be given, and they can day by day learn of the Redeemer, the Son of God, and of the ways of righteousness.

"Send forth Thy Gospel, Holy Lord! Kindle in us love's sacred flame—Love giving all, and grudging naught For Jesu's sake—in Jesu's name."

White Already to Harvest.

MEETING A TIGER

In India, the experiences in a missionary's life are varied, and sometimes exciting, and the Kurku Mission workers have their share of happenings.

Mrs. Wyler and Mrs. Hansen had been writing for the post that left at 6.30 p.m. Having finished their letters, they thought their children needed a walk before bed-time, so they took the two little ones for a run in Chikalda, where they are staying during the heat. They were just about to return to the bungalow, when suddenly a tiger appeared, walking over the hill, and then standing in the path before the little party. The road was entirely cut off. To go back meant to get farther into the jungle, and possibly greater danger on account of the bears lurking there ready for an attack on human beings, whereas tigers are not so keen. The missionaries shouted, hoping to scare the great creature away, and then they turned to discover, if possible, a way of escape in that direction. At that very
MEETING A TIGER

moment three native men appeared, and the ladies told them: their trouble. They advised a forward movement so that all, walked towards the enemy. And God undertook for them, the tiger walked away in a leisurely fashion over the hill in the opposite direction to their road homewards. Words fail to tell, the thankfulness of their hearts when they found themselves, safely in doors. "Mother, why did you hold my hand so tight?" asked Ernest Wyder as they entered. It seemed as though the grip of his mother's hand had made more impression on him than the appearance of the tiger, and the escape from his claws and teeth.—Kurku Mission Leaflet.

SOME NOTABLE SOCIAL CHANGES WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE WITHIN HINDUISM.

By Mr. K. Natarajan,
Editor of the "Indian Social Reformer."

The right way of grasping social progress among Hindus is not so much to count the changes under different heads, as to see what the relative amount of opposition now offered is as compared with what it was say, some fifteen or twenty years ago. The opposition had been steadily growing less, and ceased altogether rather suddenly about six years back. Certain journals and publicists, well known for their hostility, completely turned round. This is a development we owe to the growth of the sentiment of nationality.

This, however, is a negative factor, though those who are in the thick of the struggle know that it is none the less important. It means that organised opposition to social reform has ceased, and that henceforth we have to contend chiefly against individual inertia.

On the positive side may be mentioned some changes which are the outcome of Western influences, among which the chief are education (directly) and Christianity (indirectly): (1) Higher standards of personal purity and dignity among men. (2) Integrity in public positions, and public spirit. (3) Higher valuation of female and child life.

Concubinage, which was esteemed as rather a manly fashion some twenty years ago, has largely disappeared among the more enlightened class; and even among the less enlightened it is regarded as a thing rather to be ashamed than to be proud of. It is no longer flaunted openly. The anti-nautch movement has secured a firm foothold among a large section of the community, and is spreading every day.
Educated officials, it has been repeatedly acknowledged, are as a class noted for freedom from corruption.

Although there has always been plenty of affection in Indian homes, the recognition that women and children have personalities to be respected, and are not mere extensions of the personality of the head of the family, is a modern feature.

Women are growing to feel that they have rights, and they no longer acquiesce in things to which they submitted quietly some years ago, such as (a small instance) eating out of the husband's plate after he had finished. The practice of women dining after the men is rapidly on the wane in educated circles.

To revivalist movements such as Swami Vivekananda's and to the Theosophical Society's activities we owe the strong reaction against the drinking habits common among the first generation of English-educated Indians. The younger generation is almost entirely total abstaining, and habitual drinkers are to be found only among men who have passed middle age.

The growth of public spirit, easily distinguishable from the caste spirit, is perhaps the most valuable feature of modern India.

Social reform of an organised character, and affecting institution, is due chiefly to the work of the Brahmo and of the Prarthana Samaj, to the National Social Conference, and to Social Reform Association connected therewith. The results here are not very impressive from a statistical point of view; but as mentioned at the outset, the thing to be regarded is the amount and vigour of opposition, which is distinctly less now than formerly.

Among definite reforms we may allude to:

1. The disappearance of polygamy.
2. Re-marriages of young widows and, more particularly, the increasing extent to which families high up in the social scale are adopting the reform, especially among Maharashtra Brahmins.
3. Growing number of Widows' Homes, and improvement in the treatment of widows. In towns it is common nowadays to see widows in good families wearing their hair and even a few jewels. They are not shunned to the same extent as formerly.
4. Slow rise in the age of marriage, due as much to economic causes as to social reform propaganda.
5. Less prejudice to female education, and an increasing desire to send girls to schools and to pay fees for their education.
6. Recognition of the importance of the depressed classes, and an earnest desire to raise them in the social scale.
7. Larger number of people travelling to foreign countries, and diminished difficulties to admission.
(8) The favourable reception given by a very large section of the Hindu press and public to a bill like Mr. Bhasu's, evincing an increased repugnance to caste barriers.

There is, of course, still a large mass of immovable conservatism; but these are noteworthy signs to the eye of insight.

If we could conceive social life as a forest of trees, we would see the old institutions decaying and withered, while the new reforms appear as young shoots oozing life at every pore.

ITEMS.

A short time ago when Major Guyse, who is a retired officer of the British Army now travelling in the interests of the Children's Scripture Union, was holding some meetings with the girls at Kaira, Miss Wells heard some quarreling in the compound and going out found two of the hardest characters in the school whom nothing ever seemed to touch, engaged in a quarrel. One of them, Dhylie, turned to Miss Wells and asked for forgiveness on the spot and the other, Jati who has always been a very hard, unprepossessing character, surprised Miss Wells by coming to her room after dinner and asking her to pray for her. We trust this is the beginning of better things for both these girls.

Mr. P. Eicher is just recovering from an attack of Malarial fever and Miss Bushfield is in the Sassoon Hospital, Poona, suffering from Enteric. We trust these may be remembered in prayer.

May we ask you to pray for those who are studying the language. This is one of the most trying periods in the life of some missionaries. They have left the home-land where God has been using them in fruitful service and have to sit down to study, while oftentimes the devil tempts them with their apparent uselessness, so that some turn aside to English work as being easier and giving prospect of more immediate results. This unfit them for the greater and more needful work among the heathen.

Most of the new missionaries will probably go up for their language examination in November.

Will you not pray that they may be kept in bodily health and that God may give them that measure of success that will glorify Him and fit them for the work He has called them to do.