PRESSED

Pressed out of measure and pressed to all length;
Pressed so intensely, it seems, beyond strength;
Pressed in the body and pressed in the soul,
Pressed in the mind till the dark surges roll.
Pressure by foes, and a pressure from friends.
Pressure on pressure, till life nearly ends.
Pressed into knowing no helper but God;
Pressed into loving the staff and the rod.
Pressed into liberty where nothing clings;
Pressed into faith for impossible things.
Pressed into living a life in the Lord,
Pressed into living a Christ-life outpoured.—Sel.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The question of missionary furloughs is one of great importance not only to the missionary himself, but to the Board which sent him out, and also to the constituency which raises the funds administered by the Board. In most missions the Board is rightly held responsible for the salaries, furloughs, and other designated expenses of the missionaries whom they have sent out and who are acting under their orders on the field, or in deputation work at home.

The relation in which a missionary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance stands to his Board is quite different from that of most other missions, as he comes to the field and works there under a constitution in which the following statement is incorporated,—“The Christian and Missionary Alliance will require in all its labourers a spirit of absolute reliance upon God alone for their support, guaranteeing no fixed salary to any
missionary after reaching his or her field, but providing them with such moderate allowance for their actual expenses and needs as the funds provided from the voluntary offerings of God’s people shall enable us to supply from time to time. The funds might fail, or the mission cease to exist; but if they put their trust in Him, He will never fail nor disappoint them.”

We believe this position needs to be emphasized from time to time both for the sake of the Board and also for the sake of the missionary. For the Board, that undue responsibility which they have never incurred, may not rest upon them and they be pressed above measure; and for the missionary that he may not forget the principle of faith in God alone for the supply of his needs, which he voluntarily professed when he signed the above article, and, unconsciously perhaps, form the habit of holding the Board responsible for everything.

While this is so, we believe it only right that the needs of the missionaries and of the work on the field should be made known to the Board and to the constituency at home so that there may be united prayer and effort to meet these needs.

At present applications for furloughs from Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer, Mr. F. H. Back and Miss E. M. Patten have been forwarded to the Board. In the latter case circumstances seem to indicate that she should go home without delay though her place here will be hard to fill; and we trust the remaining three may be able to follow before long as there are several others who have remained fairly long terms on the field and will very soon need to go home.

From a human standpoint it is false economy to keep a missionary on the field longer than he is able to render efficient service, as the money required month by month for his support would soon mount up to a sum sufficient to send him home or maintain an efficient man in his place on the field; in addition to this, if he remains until he is thoroughly broken down, he will require a longer time in the homeland besides being unable to render service in deputation work while at home which would be a decided loss both to the home constituency and to the field.
The question of furlough for an old missionary should be considered quite as important, and given quite as prominent a place in plans for the work, as the education, preparation and sending out of a new missionary.

Perhaps some may think it is wholly a pleasure to a missionary when the time comes for furlough. Again and again have we heard such expressions from old missionaries, "Oh, how I wish I did not have to go on furlough," "This home-going is harder for me now than it was for me to come out to the field," etc., etc., and I am sure many in the homeland can testify to the eagerness with which the missionary looks forward to his return to the field. You may take it for granted that as a rule no missionaries of the C. and M. A. want to go home as long as they are able to do fair work on the field.

May we ask that the Board and Constituency at home will join us in believing prayer and earnest effort that all these dear ones who need to go home may be enabled to do so before they are entirely broken down, and also for those who have to remain and see yet more needy ones sent home before them, that God will give added strength and grace enabling them to continue in the work until He opens the way for them.

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." "For of Him, and through Him, and unto Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

FEDERATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN INDIA

BY W. RAMSEY

At Jabalpur, on 9th of April, 1909, the first Conference on the subject of Federation of the Christian Churches in India was held. At this meeting were delegates from The Presbyterian Church, The South India United Church, The Methodist Episcopal Church, The Friends, The American Marathi Mission and The Christian and Missionary Alliance (represented by Mr. Fuller, Mr. Schelander and Mr. Hamilton); besides these, there were a good number who had not been officially appointed by their societies but were present to show their sympathy with the movement.

Dr. Wilson of Indore, who was unanimously called to the chair, then placed before the Conference the question of the
character of the union or federation which it should endeavour to accomplish. After some discussion it was agreed that the Conference should limit its aim in the present instance to federation and should proceed to frame a plan for this purpose on the basis of the mutual recognition by the different Churches of the validity of each other’s ordinances, ministry, membership and discipline.

The delegates then present agreed to recommend to their several Churches and Missions that they join in a federal union to be named “The Federation of Christian Churches in India”; “all Churches and Societies that believe in God through Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord and Saviour, and that accept the Word of God as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the supreme rule of faith and practice, and whose teaching in regard to God, Sin, and Salvation is in general agreement with the great body of Christian truth and fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith, shall be eligible for membership in the Federation.”

At a later meeting, also held in Jabalpur, Aug. 9th, 1911, the next portion of the agreement was amended to read, “The Federation shall not interfere with the existing creed of any Church or Society entering into its fellowship, or with its internal order or external relations. In accepting the principle that the Church of God is one, and that believers are the body of Christ and severally members thereof, the federating Churches agree to recognize each other’s discipline, and to welcome members of other federating Churches to Christian fellowship and communion, while leaving each Church free to adopt such forms regarding ordinances, ministry and admission to membership, as it may believe to be in accordance with the teaching of Scripture and the mind of Christ.”

Article 4 states the object of the Federation as being “To attain a more perfect manifestation of the unity of Christ’s disciples.”

Article 5 provides for the formation of Provincial Federal Councils composed of representatives from the various Churches and Missions, and also of a National Federal Council made up of delegates from the Provincial Councils.

Article 6 states the work which these Councils may hope to accomplish as follows,— “To promote efforts to combine the moral and spiritual forces of Christianity,” to “seek for and make opportunities for Christian fellowship in meetings for devotion and conference,” to “collect and diffuse information concerning the progress of the Kingdom,” to “suggest and encourage plans for combined efforts to evangelize the masses,”
to "seek to promote co-operation in literary and educational work, and "to develop a consciousness in the Indian Churches of membership in the same outward, visible Church."

On the subject of joint observance of the Lord's Supper, the Friends asked liberty to be present on such occasions without partaking of the elements, and this as well as other points of diversity in practice was provided for in an added clause "liberty of method being recognized."

As our Mission was not represented at this later meeting and no opportunity has been afforded for discussion of the subject at any of our annual meetings since this agreement was formulated, our Mission has not yet joined the federation; though by sending representatives to the first meeting we acknowledge our belief in the essential unity of the Christian Church and a desire for closer fellowship among those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and accept His atonement and His blood as the only sacrifice for sin and hope of salvation for themselves or for others.

Whether, in our opinion, the unity which Christ desired when He prayed "that they all might be one" is to be accomplished by such an agreement as we have indicated, or whether it is even a step towards this unity is a question to be settled at our next annual meeting. There is a uniformity in outer things which is not the unity which Christ desired, and for which He prayed, which may be accomplished by federation and agreement, but is there not a deeper unity which is not inconsistent with diversity into which we can only be brought by the Holy Spirit? "For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body." 1 Cor. xii. 13.

A LETTER TO MY FRIEND

Nargaon, Khandesh, India, Aug. 21, 1911.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Do not think that because you have not heard from me before this I have not really cared to communicate anything to you. I have often remembered you, and could have almost made myself homesick if I had allowed my mind to dwell too long on how good it would be to be with you. I find that the best way to keep from homesickness is to remember that the separation is only for a little while, and then we will be together again at home and loneliness will be only a memory. Since coming back to the field (we call it the field, I suppose, because it is our field, but of course you are in the field, too, only that you are in one part of the vineyard and we in another), since we are back the days have been full
of work of various kinds. The first weeks were spent in touring among the villages and the Lord gave us strength for each day and enabled us to give the gospel to a large number of people. Sometimes it is hard to go forth day by day and face the awful indifference of the people and see no break in the awful wall of conservatism they have built around themselves, but the consciousness that the Lord is pleased with what we are doing, and that He is looking on with love and sympathy for us and infinite pity for them, is enough. Then, too, there are often evidences that the message goes home to hearts, and will bear fruit in God’s own time. I remember one village we visited where the people seemed especially attentive and were more than ordinarily intelligent, too. The farmer caste and a goodly number of well dressed Brahmins, besides the larger number of low-caste people (who, of course, had to stand on the outskirts of the company) listened with genuine interest to the old, old story, and our hearts warmed toward them as we read in their faces that they had not yet hardened their hearts against the grace of God, as so many have done. One silvery-haired, gentlemanly looking old Brahmin made a remark that I could not forget, though it is now some months since I saw him. We were just leaving the village, after an hour or more of conversation and reasoning with the Brahmins and Kunbies, and this man walked with us to the bullock cart and then as he left us said, “Keep on, keep on giving out this good instruction and by and by it will have its effect.” There was no sarcasm in his tones and his apparent goodwill toward us was so different from what we often receive from that class of people that I could not but praise the Lord for his spirit. This may seem like a very trivial incident to you, but you would appreciate it more if you knew just the spirit of the sin-bound multitudes in this land.

After the cool season we were transferred by the executive committee of our Mission to our present location, Bodwad, in Khandesh province (Post Office town, Nargaon). At this place our training school for boys or young men who contemplate doing the work of evangelists is located. The work is in charge of Mr. A. I. Garrison, a young man whose father laid down his life in this land years ago and who, with his younger brother, is now taking up his life-work among the same people. My part is to assist as much as I have time for in the teaching and to look after the village work in the surrounding district. At this season of the year it is more than ordinarily difficult to reach the people in these villages because they are out in the fields early in the mornings and again in the evening hours, being busily engaged in caring for the young crops of grain and cotton.
Consequently I have been spending most of my time in teaching and preparation for it and in preparation for teaching in our Summer School which convenes in Akola soon. It is a real pleasure to give out the truths of God's living Word to these young men who will in turn, we trust, give them out to their countrymen.

A short time ago one of the students was taken into the number of our regular corps of native workers and at the same time was united in marriage to one of the young women of Khamgaon Orphanage. I think it would interest you to know some of the questions that were asked this young man by the committee appointed to examine him as to whether he were ready to "do the work of an evangelist." These were questions in his examination, and I have wondered whether many young men at "home" who enter the ministry could do better or as well with them as he did:

I.—On Doctrine.

1. Show from the Scriptures the Deity of Christ.
2. What does the Bible teach as to the nature and work of the Holy Spirit?
3. What do the Scriptures teach with reference to the punishment of sin?
4. What does the Bible word "Salvation" mean?
5. Define Justification.
6. Define Sanctification.
7. What can you say of Faith.
8. What are some of the great Scriptural words included in the "Atonement"?
9. Name ten of the great words of the Bible.

II.—On the Bible (as a book).

1. Who wrote the first five books of the Bible?
   [Note.—I should state here that this young man has not been taught "The Mistakes of Moses," or that there are mistakes about Moses.]
2. Who were the Jews?
3. Why were they chosen?
4. Who were the Major Prophets?
5. How many books of the New Testament were written by Paul? Name them.
6. What is the relation of the Old Testament to the New?
7. Who is the Author of the Bible? In what way? To what extent?
Q6

A LETTER TO MY FRIEND

III.—On Personal Experience.

(1) Are you saved? If so, when were you saved? How do you know you are saved?

(2) What do you know in personal experience about Sanctification?

(3) About Divine Healing?

IV.—On the Work.

(1) In preaching to Hindus what will be your chief object?

(2) What will you try to show them?

(3) Would you be willing to leave the gospel ministry for a larger salary in some other work?

(4) Are you called of God to preach the gospel? How?

(5) Are you prepared to live alone in an out-station, if the necessity arises?

(6) What do you consider should be your highest motive in all the work you undertake for Christ?

And now my letter may become tedious to you if I prolong it. Please do not forget that we missionaries hold to the doctrine of reciprocity with reference to letters. Let me hear from you, else I may wait a long time before writing again. We pray for you. Do you for us? Rejoicing in the Lord I am,

Your friend,

EARL R. CARNER.

THE HINDOO OUTCAST

HIS APPALLING LOT

The lot of the Hindoo of the lowest order of society is truly pitiable. He has no place in the social scheme, no niche to fill in the visible universe. He is not so well off as one of the dogs that prowl in the village market place, for he is still a sentient human being. "In many villages," says a writer in the Times, "he has to live entirely apart. He is not even allowed to draw water from the village well, lest he should 'pollute' it by his touch, and where there is no second well for the 'untouchables,' the hardship is cruel, especially in seasons of drought, when casual water dries up. In every circumstance of his life the wretched pariah by an elaborate and relentless system of social oppression. I will only quote one or two instances which have come within my own observation:

"The respective distances beyond which Panchamas must not approach a Brahman lest they 'pollute' him differ according to their degree of uncleanliness. Though they have been laid down
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with great precision, it is growing more and more difficult to enforce them with the increasing promiscuity of the railway and street-car intercourse, but in the more remote parts of India, and especially in the south, the old rules are still often observed. In Cochin a few years ago I was crossing a bridge, and just in front of me walked a respectable-looking native. He suddenly turned tail, and running back to the end of the bridge from which we had both come, plunged out of sight into the jungle on the side of the road. He had seen a Brahman entering on to the bridge from the other end, and he had fled incontinently rather than incur the resentment of that high-caste gentleman by inflicting upon him the 'pollution' of forbidden propinquity, as the bridge, though a fairly broad one, was not wide enough for them to pass each other at the prescribed distance.

"In the native State of Travancore it is not uncommon to see a Panchama witness in a lawsuit standing about 100 yards from the Court, so as not to defile the Brahman Judge and pleaders, while a row of peons, or messengers, stationed between him and the Court, hand on its question to him and pass back his replies."

—White Already to Harvest.

THE GOD OF DELIVERANCES
BY C. H. SCHOONMAKER

The fact that our God delivers His people in their trials and tests places a strong distinction between Him and all others who are called gods whether in Heaven or Earth. The record of His words and works abounds in describing Him as a mighty deliverer. Through these things He would stimulate our faith to expect the same things in our own individual experience. But along with the needed faith there is a need of willingness to be surrounded by such circumstances as demand such deliverances as only God can give. The abounding grace of God is alone sufficient for our hearts when permitted to enter such scenes. For our human weakness is clearly revealed, at least to our own consciousness, and we come to understand somewhat the meaning of the Psalmist's words, "Unless the Lord keeps the city the watchman waketh but in vain." But it is still true, "If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land." Therefore He will take us where we are and lead us on.

Some four weeks ago God permitted our little Grace, now just past one year old, to be seized with a very weakening and withering fever. For two weeks it raged in her little body and apparently reached the climax with a shaking chill lasting for
THE GOD OF DELIVERANCES

an hour. As we looked upon the little wasted form at the end of this long hour we were tempted to think that God was about to take her to Himself. The fever arose lasting about twelve hours. We longed that it might not return. But seemingly it relaxed to take a fresh start and that with greater ferocity. Perhaps the delivering presence of the God of all comfort and consolation was sensed by the enemy.

Up to the time of this climax God permitted us to be without a clear knowledge of His will though many were standing faithfully with us in prayer. We waited with intense heart longing for Him to show His mind. Choosing it fully whatever it might be. Our hearts bowed before Him about this time in our family worship and prayer. Suddenly the clouds of uncertainty above our souls were severed and the Light of Eternal Day radiated our being. With this came the knowledge that God had spoken, But what? Healing to the babe—Hallelujah! The fever dissappeared a few hours after and did not return again. Though the little body was so weak and wasted, yet this gracious healing was so powerfully manifested that weakness was rapidly overcome, appetite speedily restored and to-day we find her possessing such an unusual degree of life that we exclaim “What hath God wrought.”

As the Spirit of God wrought this healing in Jesus' name we were again permitted to use the loud cymbals of praise. All fears and questionings fled away before the manifested victory of the precious Blood while the presence of God filled the house.

Thus God has placed a fresh record of His deliverances in our own lives and again we say "O! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

BULDANA
BY OSWALD DINHAM

FOR the last two years we have been in touch with the people of Manubai, a village far out in the district. They have shown a real interest in the gospel, and especially has this interest been noticeable during the last twelve months. We have visited them several times and have asked different ones in our letters to pray for their conversion. These praying ones, and all who love the Lord, will be glad to hear the following story.

About a month ago we went to Chikhli Bazaar (that is a Market Town about twelve miles from Buldana) where we met two or three men from the above mentioned village; they told us that they themselves, with some others in their village, were fully convinced and believing in Jesus, desired to be
baptized, and requested that we should come to their village soon for this purpose. Not being able to give a definite promise concerning my visit to their homes, I requested of them, that if they were in real earnest about this matter, two or three of their number should come into Buldana, and stay with us for a couple of days to talk over matters more fully; and then, if they were still of the same mind, I would baptize them there. If they would do this first, I would then come out and visit the others in their village. (This request was simply made as a test of their earnestness, as we have sometimes gone out on the strength of something that seemed to be, hoping that it might really be, and have had to return apparently without having accomplished anything.) About ten days after this, two of their number turned up at the bungalow (Mission House) in Buldana. I asked them what they had come for, and received a straightforward reply—that they had come to be baptized. They stayed with us for a couple of days, and we had several little meetings or talks with them and, so far as we could see, they were simply trusting in Jesus. With their own hands they cut off their shendi (a long lock of hair, worn on the top of the head, which is a mark of Hinduism.) When this little performance was through, we took them to a near-by river and there in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, we baptized these two precious souls. Four days later, we set out for their village and found five more who were desirous of following the Lord in baptism, so after further conversation with them, we took them to a stream close by their village and there, in the presence of some of the people of their own town, we baptized these five precious souls (three women and two men,) making seven in all. One of these couples have three little children, and when we were through with the baptisms, the parents asked us to dedicate their little ones; this we did on the bank of the stream before returning to their homes. Praise God for these ten precious souls. I'm sure our readers will remember these ten, and others who are now looking toward Christ.

At this time of writing I am at Akola helping in the Summer School. Since coming here I have received word, that the wife of one of the baptized men has been taken away from him by her relatives, so you will readily see the great need of special prayer for this dear couple, who are babes in Christ. It means so much for the dear people of this country to step out for Christ; they immediately run into a storm of which we have little or no conception. Especially is this true of those who are far out in the district, as these dear ones are, and without human help.
SOME weeks ago a child of about 13 years came to Mrs. Turnbull at Mehmedabad. She was covered with sores and almost starved to death. Mrs. Turnbull took her in, had her bathed and fed, and treated her sores. The next day she was sent to Kaira. She is a child who ran away from us about four years ago. She has been living on the streets almost four years, and has returned to us in this condition. She cannot live very long.

Day after day as we have waited on her our hearts have ached, because, while we can feed her, bathe her and treat her sores, we cannot seem to get the light of the Gospel in her heart. She's seems so cold and hard. But we have prayed earnestly, and some times, recently, she has responded a little.

Will you not pray with us, that before this life goes out, she may learn to know Jesus Christ?

SELF-DENIAL AMONG THE CHILDREN.

"The Lord looketh down from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men . . . . . . . . He looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth . . . . . . He fashioneth their hearts alike. Ps. xxxiii. 13,14,15."

Looking upon the actions of the grown-up's in the world it is sometimes difficult to believe the above quotation from Holy Writ. But when we look upon the children we exclaim "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled."

The little boys in London have a naughty trick of tying a firewood bundle, or some other attractive thing, to a piece of strong fine thread. They let it lie in the foot-path, and some poor old woman or child is sure to come along and stoop to pick it up, but in that same instant the thing is jerked yards away and a group of idle boys make the street resound with laughter.

In a far inland town in the province of Bizen, Japan, two of us were returning to our little Missionary Home. In the path lay a bouquet of fresh sweet smelling flowers; we stooped to pick it up and as we stooped it jumped to the other side of the road, and a peal of merry laughter woke the echo in the surrounding hills. We laughed too, it was the most perfect link between London and Bizen that had come up to that time. During the following week we had to explain the meaning of self-denial. Grown up converts we had none. Ten or twelve boys who had professed conversion, and a few friends—friends chiefly
because they wanted the benefit of our English conversation—were all we had to help us in the self-denial effort. The Sunday lesson was the tribute money. It was customary after the lesson, for the native helper to take the boys along the beach or over the hills for a ramble. As usual on this last day of self-denial week they set out for a walk, and the foreigner sat down in her small room over the mission-house to prepare for the evening meeting. In less than half an hour, the boys returned with such a confusion and shouting "Teacher, Teacher, we've got a fish like Peter, some-thing for self-denial, a fish, a fish." The teacher hurried down to see what it all meant, and there sure enough squirming about on the clean tatami floor was a huge live fish. Some of the boys had been on the beach, and got separated from the helper and the others, when they discovered the fish in a deep pool, evidently brought in by the tide and left behind when the tide receded. With great effort they caught it, tied it up in the ever-present Japanese towel and rushed home with it. Poor boys all, to whom a good meal of fresh fish would have been a rare treat, it never occurred to one of them to want it. God had put the money into the fish's mouth for Peter; He had given them a fish to turn into money; it was the same thing.

Seeing their eager, happy faces in their first real self-denial brought to memory another link with London. Could we ever forget the small slum child's gift of a half rotten cabbage? The child of drunken parents, eldest of three, she searched around among all sorts of unspeakable refuse for things to cook or eat raw for herself and little brothers; and, Oh joy! to find a whole big cabbage, only half rotten. She would cook it after the meeting and have such a feast! But that meeting was a self-denial meeting, and alas! she had nothing to give. Jesus had been good to her, He had saved her soul and many, many times sent food and fire in answer to her prayer. The wood in the house by which she had meant to cook the cabbage had come that way. So the little brothers were told they must self-denial. There was no holier offering than that half-rotten cabbage in all that went to make up the grand total of seventy thousand pounds. We had been collecting for days in a Chinese port, among Chinese and Japanese merchants. The story of wronged and helpless womanhood had not appealed to them in the least, the story of Salvation they had not time [?] to hear.

Tired and sick we gratefully accepted the invitation of a Kindergarten Teacher to come in and drink tea with her. Later she invited us to talk to her pupils. "Tell them a story," she
said, "I'll interpret." If there is any other story that can hold children of any colour, like the story of Jesus, we have yet to hear it. So we told it, told how He lived and loved and helped the poor and sick, and then died and rose again to save us from death and to open the beautiful gates for us. The sparkling almond eyes were fixed on us from the beginning, till tears began to flow, and when we finished a shy little fellow with a pig-tail as long as himself came up and pushed a ten-cent piece into the teacher's hand, "for Jesus," he said, "Tell her to give it to Jesus."

We were crossing the border of Siberia into Russia. A long, long train-load of convicts chained hand and foot had just come in from Russia and stood beside our luxurious train-de-lux. A dainty little American girl of seven summers was looking on with a face of intense pity. A convict, unwashed and unshaven, put his hand out to her. Poor fellow! probably he little knew what a formidable appearance he presented to the little girl. She looked up to us a little hesitatingly and we said, "Kiss him darling," still she held back, but when we added "for Jesus sake," with a bound she threw both her arms round the rough bearded fellow and kissed him on both cheeks, and then stroked his beard. Afterwards she said, "I was frightened at first, and then I was'nt when I knew Jesus wanted me to do it." And the convict! we saw him shake with suppressed sobs. It was doubtless the one kind thing he had known or would know in years.

It was self-denial week in India. The children in the orphanage—nearly all famine orphans—were paid a few pence for their sewing. They had to buy their clothes and many other smaller things out of their little earnings. Much had been done for them, and for the first time they were made to understand that there are children in India much worse off than themselves. "You have never been asked to give before, because you have had nothing to give," we told them; "but now you have, how much will you give to Jesus?" Only a screen was between our bed and the girl's basket of work, but not a sound did we hear as night after night the work was taken out and carefully and cleanly sewn by the aid of a miserable light. Bad for their eyes? certainly; but the love that prompted it and earned what was to such children the splendid sum of fifty rupees was identical with the Japanese boys who gave their fish, the English slum child who gave her cabbage, the Chinese boy who gave his ten cents, and the American girl who gave her kisses and carresses to the convict. In their mischief and their tender love, we have abundant proof
that their hearts are fashioned alike. Oh let us all make a bigger fight than we have ever done for the children, and win them while there is still the resemblance of God's own image in their hearts, before the devil and the deep sea of iniquity into which they are born, drag them under and mar them beyond all recognition.

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I. ONE OF INDIA'S CHILDREN.

There are enough sad sights and sad stories in India to keep one depressed all the time unless one learns to look to God continually to be kept in His joy and peace. The condition of the little children especially wrings the heart of the missionary for in touring through the villages we meet scores of babies suffering with India sore eyes, and more whose little bodies are wasting way with itch and other loathsome diseases. We can only be thankful that so large a percentage of the little "brown babies" die before they are through teething, and thus we know that they are safe forever from sin and bodily suffering. Never shall I forget the sight of one poor little fellow something over a year old whose mother was dead and whose only nurse seemed to be an older brother; an exceedingly slim little fellow not over 3 feet high. Neither of the children had a thread of clothing on and neither looked as if he had ever known a real meal, or bath. The elder boy bore his baby brother astride his hips wherever he went and the baby suffering with sore eyes kept his little face hidden on his brother's neck while his two fists seemed almost glued to his two eyes. Added to this he had a large boil on his neck which some rough native tried to lance with a straw, in our presence. This was too much for us and after protestations and pleadings with the village people, two of our missionaries rescued him and took him to the girls' orphanage in Kaira, where he was tenderly and thoroughly bathed with warm water and soap, his boil and sore eyes attended to then comfortably put to sleep. We were so relieved to hear of this happy change for the baby, but it lasted only a few days as the heathen father came demanding his boy back. He said the dead mother came every night and beat him on the chest reproaching him for letting her baby go to strangers. So, the poor wee thing was restored to his former condition and we saw him again a year later, his eyes were still sore, he hadn't grown a bit, he was thinner than ever and he was still astride his brother's hip! So pitiful was the sight that my own little daughter seven years old, was made very unhappy by it, and shed many tears. In vain did I plead with the father to let us have him but he was obdurate and some
three or four days later, when we heard that the little fellow was dead, we could only rejoice. My little daughter said, with her face shining while she wiped away the tears "Oh mamma! Ain't you glad the poor little fellow has gone to heaven where he won't suffer any more" "And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them." JOSEPHINE TURNBULL.

MEHMEDABAD
BY JOSEPHINE E. TURNBULL

WHEN our readers last heard of us through the pages of this little paper we were living in the Matar district, but since then Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have gone on their much needed furlough and it was thought best that we, with Miss Hansen, take charge of the work in Mehadabad where our brother and sister were working before they went home.

Coming up from Bombay by train, Mehadabad is the first Alliance station one sees in Gujarat; twenty miles beyond is Ahmedabad, a few miles further on the line is Sabarmati, beyond that Anand and still further, about fifty miles from Ahmedabad, is Viramgam. Our stations of Kaira and Matar are reached by driving six and eight miles from Mehadabad, and Dholka is reached by a branch railway from Ahmedabad.

If the mission premises here in Mehadabad could speak, what tales they could tell of the crowds of starving and diseased people that gathered around the missionaries during the famine of 1899 and 1900 to get food and help, of hours and days of earnest preaching, of prayers offered with tears from burdened hearts longing for fruit in souls! They could tell of many inspiring services held in the big, plain church during the past years, of many confessions of sin and of much covered sin, of many confessing Christ in baptism and of a few holding true amid persecution and sinful environment, and, best of all, they could tell of a goodly number who have gone to glory from these very grounds. All these things have happened in Mehadabad: it is still a place where Satan is struggling for the victory over souls who have once professed Christ. Gradually they are creeping back to the services in a shame-faced sort of a way and nearly all confess they are not happy in their back-slidden state. Some may never have slidden forward very far but, be that as it may, we are looking to God that there may be such a work of the Spirit in our midst that these who once had their names on the Church roll may come back in deep repentance, not for what they can get, but because they see that Jesus Christ is their
only escape from sin and hope of eternal salvation. We all feel this is not too much to ask, and we would earnestly plead for the prayers of those who read this page, that much fruit may yet be gathered from the wicked villages of Mehmedabad district.

There are three mission buildings on the compound; first, the large, plain, brick church that was built at the close of the last famine as a memorial to Rev. Gideon Woodward who gave his life for the work at this station. The church will hold about a thousand as the people sit tailor-fashion in close, orderly rows on the brick floor. We have seen it full on several special occasions, but now there is plenty of opportunity for real faith to work in getting it filled again with earnest Christians and seekers after salvation. Next is the mission bungalow, soon to be repaired, and a short distance from it a smaller bungalow built by Miss Fecke some years ago. She has also gone to glory after much labour for the Lord among these people.

Besides these three buildings there are quite a few one-room houses built joining one another in rows which are occupied at present by the native preachers and their families gathered here for two months' Bible study. It would do any of the friends of the Alliance good to look into the very bright, happy, intelligent faces of these ten young men, all giving their whole time to the study and preaching of the word. They are all the product of the Mission and most of them can remember when, as little boys, they first came to the missionaries in their ragged and hungry condition. How different they look now from the ordinary village men, how different their homes look and, best of all, how different their lives are since they have learned to know Jesus! We delight to see love, cleanliness, and little touches of real home life among them. This morning I looked out and saw one of the fathers with his small boy standing quietly in front of him getting his face washed and his hair combed as nicely as any little white boy. The young men love to have Bible names, so half of them have new names as well as new hearts, since they left heathenism. We have a Jacob, a Solomon, a John, a Peter and a Paul among the ten who are at present under our supervision. The other five bear the names of Kasaf, Rama, Govin, Dava and Gokarl.

These young men are usually in charge of different out-stations with a circuit of villages allotted to each for regular visitation and preaching, but as this is supposed to be the rainy season, when it is hard to travel about much over the country roads, it was arranged to have them all come in and spend two months of real Bible study and prayer with the missionary. Afterwards they will take examinations in the subjects studied
and go back to their villages better equipped, we trust, in mind and spirit, to be the messengers of the Cross.

I say, this is "supposed" to be the rainy season, but alas! so far the rain has failed, and the cry of need is already coming to us. The crops planted after the showers in early June are largely dried up, the grass that keeps the thousands of cattle alive until the harvested fodder is ready is all dried up, the common field labour that supports thousands of the lower castes is nil, and the people are getting hopeless in their need.

Yesterday a herd of hundreds and hundreds of cattle passed by our compound: they had come from some province away north of here, and their poor owners were driving them hither and thither to find grass for them. We are yet praying for the showers to come which would at least cause grass to grow and save thousands of poor cattle from starvation, but we know we are living in the last days when the Lord's own words concerning famines, earthquakes and pestilences are being fulfilled. If the rain does not come soon the condition will be as bad as it was in 1900, and the missionaries will have need of much added strength and grace to deal with the needy, starving people that will crowd around them.

SOME FRUITS OF OUR TRAINING SCHOOL

BY A. I. GARRISON

AFTER several years of faithful study, a few of our young men of the Bible Training School at Bodwad are about to leave us for service in the Master's vineyard. A little word about these would perhaps be of interest to our readers.

Shantwan is the oldest of the candidates. Having been taken into our Boys' Orphanage when quite young he has had the advantages of Christian instruction and example from his youth; but he did not remember his Creator in the days of his youth; so when confronted by temptation he yielded and had to leave the Orphanage. For a time he was stubborn and impenitent, drifting farther and farther from God. Being thrown on his own resources he became a "gosavi" or religious mendicant, and, dressed in the scant garb of that profession, he wandered from village to village improvising ditties and repeating Hindoo sayings, in return for which the people gave him enough for a meagre living. He could not however, tell them of the true God, for he knew that he was living in sin. After learning what
he had about Jesus Christ and His love he could be satisfied neither with his state nor his statements. He made his own way hard, as the transgressor's way always is; but he finally grew so dissatisfied with his life, that he decided that the prodigal's return was the only step to take. The way back was rough, too, but he braved it and came back. And there has been something of a harvest of the bad sowing to reap, but even in that there has been a blessing in the curse. Through that time of living among the Hindoos, he acquired a more thorough knowledge of their capacity, characteristics and sayings than is usually acquired by our native boys brought up under Christian influences. This knowledge is now of great service in the new ministry. After a time of probation he was sent to the Bible School, and after some years of faithful study is now married and is in the Lord's service.

Monick, whose name means a ruby, is the second of our graduates in age, and the second to enter into service. He, with his younger brother, was taken into the Akola Orphanage several years ago. He is just completing his fourth year in the Training School, having passed each year with a very fair average. He learned early to really know God; and has been a leader among the boys in spiritual things. A naturally strong will has often provided causes for deep humbling. We unite with him in prayer that his will may be so yielded to Christ as to become a mighty factor in upholding God's glory. Last month he was married to a fine girl, a teacher in our Girls' School at Khamgaon, and is just entering upon his work as a catechist in one of our stations.

Cornelius was rescued by Mr. Fuller in the famine days. He loved play as well as study, and soon developed a strong, lithe physique that made him easily a leader in athletics in our schools. Combined with this element is a sense of the ludicrous-unusual among the Natives. But God has not been left out. His consistent life has given him an influence over all the other boys. Less than a year ago he was bitten by a very large variety of jungle scorpion whose sting usually results in death, or at least in extreme suffering. He came immediately to the bungalow asking for prayer. While preparations were being made to pray he was overcome by a feeling of numbness all over his body and a loss of his faculties. But as prayer was made unto God for him he became suddenly normal, the pain all left, he arose praising God and went right to bed and to sleep. A mighty Jehovah Rophica still lives, Praise God! Cornelius expects to be married in a short time, and, if he successfully passes his examination, will probably become a catechist.
The fourth one at present ready to leave the School is Gopal. His Christian mother who, until her death, was a nurse to the children of one of the missionaries, wept and prayed much that her son might be saved, and become a worker for God. Some time ago the first part of her prayer was answered; the other part, it would seem, is about to be fulfilled shortly. After Gopal came to the Training School he was sick for almost a year, but the Lord spared him and raised him up to better health than he has ever had. When he leaves us he may possibly serve as teacher in a mission school.

Will you not pray for these boys, that their ministry may be in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power? And there is another pressing need. There are so few of our Native Christians who seem to really care for God's service. There is more money in other spheres of life; why should they be mission workers with a very meagre sustenance when they might have a good living in some secular occupation and still serve the Lord?—so most of them reason. We need a revival that will make our Native Christians, young and old, and all the rest of us feel like Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." Pray with us, friends, that God will send us such a revival. Pray that young men may be called of God to preach, and to suffer loss if need be for Christ's sake; and pray that some of these may be sent to us to be trained in the ministry of a full Gospel to India's sons until Jesus comes.

[A teacher has just been engaged to give part of his time to teaching these young men. He is to get only $5.00 per month. Any of our readers who would like to help in this good work could do so by sending this amount to Mr. Garrison, Nargaon, P.O., Khandesh, India.—Ed.]

"I have a very strong conviction that if the religious leaders and preachers of this age realised the spirit-warfare in which they were engaged, and that they can only overcome by fulfilling spiritual conditions, and using spiritual weapons, it would mean a revolution in the Christian Church.

"Much of the organization of the Church to-day is mentally inspired, mentally equipped, and mentally maintained. It is, therefore, the offspring of that carnal mind which is enmity against God, and which, the Apostle significantly adds, must needs be so, by reason of its inherent bias from God."

Extract from a letter to a correspondent, and forwarded by him to Editor of the "Overcomer."
At last we are nearly ready to move! The new bungalow is so nearly completed that residence is possible, and we can soon sing with real joy, "But the toils of the road will seem nothing, when we get to the end of the way." The end of the way in this case is not the eternal and happy one of the other world, but the one incident to very earthly labour and natural happy goal of very naturally done work so far as the labourers are concerned, although we do praise God for His help in overcoming and bringing us through despite the all too evident naturalness of the natures who helped and hindered.

When laying out the foundation and preparing the ground, we undertook to bargain for bricks. After two or three weeks of trying to get the man to give them a little more reasonably, and also of investigating prices and cost of freight from other cheaper places, we all came to the conclusion that the only thing that could be done was to buy this man's bricks. We made an oral agreement with him, for he would not consent to a written contract for some very good reasons of his own. So we thought, now the agreement is made, the bricks will surely begin to come to-morrow. But, alas! the morrow came but no bricks! On investigation we found the man had gone off on a two weeks' holiday to attend a religious fair, therefore, patience had to be practiced and cultivated. Peter says that patience is before godliness, or, as one of the missionaries wrote at this time, "The building of a bungalow in India is a good test of sanctification." This is just one instance out of innumerable ones. Only the other day we thought the painting could be hastened if we put on another man, who, although really a mason, yet was able to paint about as well as the professional painter. So he went to work, but the next morning the regular painter failed to put in his appearance, and on sending to find out the reason, he said the man who mixed the paint should put it on and he would not come so long as the sahib had the other man on; so we let him stay home, and the painting is going on, and we trust will be done in two or three days.

There are several assets and necessities that are not included under the heading "bungalow" and are not usually provided for out of the regular fund, but which, however, are almost as essential as the bungalow itself. One of these is a fence, and any one can see that in a land where people do not
hesitate to make public property out of an unfenced compound, a fence is a necessity. Also, if we want any trees or other vegetation to grow, animals must be debarred admission. A fence such as is deemed advisable in order to secure durability and to prevent feeding white ants must be made of iron posts and rows of wire. This has been estimated to cost about eighty or ninety dollars including the gate.

The other special need is a well. When filling in the bungalow foundation, we dug down quite a number of feet in a suitable place for a well, thereby not only getting the necessary earth for filling in but also partly digging a well at the same time. A few feet more need to be dug and the well bricked round, etc., and this will cost about seventy-five dollars. In this land of famine where tanks dry up and water is so scarce a well is a very necessary asset to a compound, and we are praying that some of the readers of the India Alliance may feel led to send in what they can to supply these two needs of a fence and a well at Viramgam.

The "we" in this article, of course, means my husband more especially, as he and Mr. McKee have had the opportunity of practicing the patience needed. But as he is still very busily engaged in keeping people at work and preventing them from having a very common sort of "sleeping sickness," prevalent among day labourers, the literary share of the work still falls to me.

MISS WELLS AND I

We were both tired, Miss Wells and I. Weary with the weariness that only those engaged in orphanage work can understand, therefore we understood each other. God planned that we should rest together. It was not our plan, we knew nothing of it until a few days before we started, and then the plan worked of itself.

We left our different stations enveloped in a cloud of prayer and deep desire on the part of our associates that we should both get REST. Indeed Miss Wells was told not to shew her face again for six weeks, and I was relieved of all responsibility. There is a picture in the Tate Gallery, London, of an angel hovering over a city with a palm in her hand. "The Angel of Peace" it is called. That Angel took her position above our heads from the first minute of our ninety-six hours journey up the hills. Like Peter Cartwright we rode third class, because there was no fourth; but even had we stooped to
ride first class, the railway officials and people could not have been kinder. We slept and ate as comfortably in first class waiting-rooms and enjoyed our roomy third class cars as much as any passenger could. A railway official, travelling luxuriously, came and offered us tea. Miss Wells refused that tea; I don’t bear grudges, but I have not forgotten it! We had been told there were children at the house where we were going, and it was the one thing we regretted, especially as we had also been told they were not famous for being quiet, and we thought it was absolute quiet our highly strung nerves required. But blessings be for ever on the heads of those children. Their faces are a joy and their works the spice of life.

How could we be gay at mealtimes without Rosalind; forty inches of sturdy American Independence, who is not going to be a ‘copy book,’ not even in her prayers. And Faith who tumbled in the tank and looked so bewitchingly bewildered, while the three of us, Auntie Hansen, Miss Wells and I, stripped her and rubbed her till she glowed again. After which she promised so sweetly not to go near the tank again. And Faith will keep faith with Auntie Hansen. Then splendid Muriel, born to lead and command, is a study worth while. Not one of the other three know they follow Muriel’s lead. Muriel has the gift of exacting obedience from others without their knowledge and neither of her followers are of the passive go-because-I-can’t-help-it kind. All in good time Muriel should find herself in the organisation I belong to. Then we have, last but by no means least, though she is rather a small girl, sweet Ethel, loving and quick to learn and obey, with roses in her face like a picture in the Royal Academy. We, Miss Wells and I, no longer regret the presence of the children. It is certainly true they are not quiet, but their noise is the noise of healthy fun and the heartiest good fellowship. Hearing it we wish many other little people sweltering on the plains were here to swell their number. The noise they make does not get on the nerves of Miss Wells and I. There’s one remark Miss Wells and I constantly make to each other. It slips out spontaneously, shewing it to be an ever present thought. It takes different forms of words, but it always means “what a sweet, helpful woman Miss Hansen is.” Her special guardian angel must also be a Peace Angel; and how the children love Auntie Hansen. Their eyes speak it, their actions speak it, their behaviour speaks it, and we, Miss Wells and I, often yearn that women like Miss Hansen might be multiplied on the field. Once every day we go into a room, shut the door, and have a Tripple-Alliance prayer meeting. Our American-Anglo-Nord
nationalities help that prayer meeting to compass the earth. We rise from our knees, strengthened in faith and good fellowship, and realise more than ever the oneness of the children of the one Father, and the sameness of the same fight in which we are all enlisted.

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ITEMS.

Our Annual Convention at Akola begins on Wednesday 25th October, kindly remember these meetings in prayer.

Miss Eunice Wells is taking a much needed rest at Panchgani.

The last all Day of Prayer among our missionaries in Gujarat was held at Mehmedabad. The Spirit of God was very manifest and all the missionaries present were greatly blessed.

Little Margaret Turnbull and Grace Schoonmaker have been having fever. Let us continually pray for the little ones, that God will protect them these days on the plains.

Some of our Native Workers who have been attending the summer school have just taken their exams. They are now hoping to have a time of prayer and Bible Study, as a preparation for the touring season. Pray for them.

The Duckworths are settled in their new bungalow at Viramgam. This is a large station and much work has been done there. Let us pray that the word sold and the word that has been preached may bring its fruit.

About a month ago water in the well at Dholka got very low, and as the orphanage is partially dependent on it for a supply of water, earnest prayer went up to God that He would be pleased to increase the supply. Soon after, Bro. Culver had reason to go down into the well and thought it would be better if cleaned out entirely. This was done and the water at once began to flow in so that there has been a good supply ever since, not only for the needs of the boys, but also some to spare for irrigation. Owing to lack of rain two-thirds of the crop belonging to the orphanage has been lost and Bro. Culver has only succeeded in saving the remainder by constant irrigation.