A MISSIONARY’S CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

No mantled hills of soft, white snow,
    No jingling bells of sleigh;
No nipping frost on ear and toe,
    On India’s Christmas day.

No gathering ’round the Yule log fire;
    No spacious chimney-way;
No Santa Clause with Arctic-tire,
    On India’s Christmas day.

No sumptuous feast of turkey roast;
    No fire, no holly spray;
No Christmas tree of which to boast,
    On India’s Christmas day.

No Father’s hand, perchance, to give;
    No Mother’s voice to pray;
No gift for those for whom we live,
    On India’s Christmas day.

No ringing chimes on Christmas morn;
    No joyous Beth’lhem lay;
No throngs to hail a Saviour born,
    On India’s Christmas day.

No sad regrets He was obeyed;
    No skirnking from the fray;
No time so sweetly sacred made,
    As India’s Christmas day.

A. I. G.
The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him. Psa. cxlvii. 11.
Shall mortal man be more just than God? Job. iv. 17.

The policy of the Christian Church in the present day seems to be either to ignore or pass lightly over the teaching of the Scriptures concerning the Justice and Righteousness of God, confining its teaching to emphasizing and expatiating on His love for man.

This love is represented as "being able and willing to take every one in whatever their state or condition," "The great heart of God refuses none," "We are so narrow, but His mercy is so wide," etc., etc., sayings which are all right and true in their proper place, but utterly untrue when used to magnify the love of God at the expense of His Justice and Truth, or, with reference to those who, continuing in sin are daily resisting His love, making them believe that while in this condition they are pleasing to Him, or, can render acceptable service to Him.

This is not the teaching of the Word of God. In it sinners are not represented as poor, weak unfortunates who cannot do anything else and therefore are not to be blamed, but as rebels with arms in their hands, resisting the offers of Divine Grace and continuing in willful rebellion, hardening their hearts until even His love cannot reach them and there is no other end possible but their everlasting destruction.

The question of sin and God's willingness to accept the sinner when he turns from his sin, has been forever settled at Calvary but the question remains, how shall we escape if we neglect or reject this great Salvation?

We believe it is the absence of such clear teaching regarding the Holiness and Righteousness of God and the absolute certainty of the everlasting condemnation of those who reject the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is responsible for the lack of deep conviction of sin among present day hearers of the Word.

There seems to be an idea, utterly foreign to the Word of God, that He is too loving to permit a man to destroy himself
but that, some way or other, all will be saved and brought back to God. Does not Calvary, which shows us the mighty love of God, also clearly show us that our sin, which cost the life of His Son, is not a light thing which God can overlook?

There are some who would not say it in so many words it is true, but who when speaking of the punishment of the wicked, the judgment of the heathen, or the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, invariably convey the impression that they themselves are more just, more loving, kind and considerate than the Heavenly Father.

These things of which we have spoken are supposed by many to belong more to Old Testament times than to the present day, but how often in the New Testament is Christ Himself spoken of as “the Just One,” and the writer of the Hebrews tells us to “serve God with reverence and Godly fear, for Our God is a consuming fire.” The great Apostle also tells us to “perfect holiness in the fear of God,” and again, to submit one to another “in the fear of God.”

May God work in His Church to-day a great increase of this spirit of reverence and filial fear.

THE OLD LANDMARKS

INDIA has waked up; there is no doubt of that. Missionaries have helped greatly towards this. We have taught people that they are men made in the image of God, that they have rights because of this which no man can rob them of. We have created within them aspirations and hopes, have taught them that the pessimism of their religion is a lie, that a grand and glorious future is possible to all who strive towards that end. Now that they are moving in that direction, and that that movement has taken a political form, and that Indian Christians have been drawn into the vortex, the question has arisen, Are we missionaries to countenance that? You may say, “How can we get out of it? Let us try and guide them; don’t let us stand aloof.” I am inclined to say, “Stand, see, and ask whither this interference with politics is leading you.” The aspirations of the people may be right, but they may assume a crude, a dangerous, an impossible form. So far as I see, all missionaries should keep clear of the wild theories abroad at the present time. The Government is wise enough and strong enough to
deal with extravagance. Our attitude should be one of waiting and watching.

Ardent spirits now are calling out for changes, for freedom, for liberty, for a great many things that they cannot get. It would be well if attention were drawn to the disastrous results which have followed the adoption of Western methods by some men. We ourselves have not been so careful as we might have been to stand fast against any tendency to change habits in themselves; innocent habits and ways which indeed suit them admirably. Why, for example should they wear European clothing when their own is so cheap and graceful? Why should they take off their pugris when they ought to take off their shoes? And just as I object to change of innocent habits and modes of living, for those of the West, so would I be disposed to question the wisdom and efficacy of any of us adopting their mode of life, with the idea that by so doing we will get into closer contact with the people. I should be the last to impugn the motives of those who have become, in effect, jogis to win men to Christ; but I do think that they are mistaken, and that their action instead of opening a door for them, leads them to be regarded with suspicion. Wearing English clothes does not make a man a Christian, nor does the European attract the Indian to the Gospel by wearing the garb of the jogi and adopting his habits.

Restlessness is contagious. Is there no danger of our catching it? Conversions come slowly: we get tired waiting; we want to push things; we are not content to wait the operation of God's spiritual laws. In our feverish haste to see the harvest, we want to put on one side the seed-sowing time, the germinating process in the dark earth, the slow growth nourished by sun and rain. No! these processes are far too slow for us. Our faith must have the full fruition, otherwise it fades and fails. I shall be very sorry if by what I say, I should offend one earnest spirit; but let us stand and consider, Have we not too many meetings? Conferences are excellent things in their way, if we have them in moderation. There is a danger of these meetings degenerating into vapid talk—talk about work instead of doing it. What we want principally in the mission field is hard, everyday, monotonous, prosaic work. The romance of missions is gone. At any rate, a year or two in the mission field dissipates any blush which remains. We find we are face to face with a stupendous piece of work, nothing less than the undermining of the great citadel of Hinduism. That will not be accomplished without an immense amount of labour. It cannot be spasmodic; that will never tell. It must be constant, persevering, enduring. Through our agencies which we have established, we must let our
presence be daily felt, cheering on the languid workers, stimulating the lazy and half-hearted. And we ought to remember that if we keep steadily at work, it is the very nature of the work to stimulate us. Progress we shall see if we do not faint or relax our efforts.

The times portend a serious conflict. With the awakening of the people Hinduism has roused itself. We have only to read some of the articles in the purely Indian magazines, written by the people and for themselves, to see that they neither love us nor the religion we bring to them. It is never safe to prophesy; but it is also true that coming events cast their shadows before. Hinduism is deeply engrained in the social life of the people, and not without a struggle will they allow their hoary religion, with all its sacred associations, to be superseded. Its grosser forms may go; but they will defend what they can to the last.

This is too big a question to expatiate on here. But we may ask ourselves, Are we prepared to meet this new movement? In some directions we hear that the Gospel should be presented in such a manner as will suit the Hindu mind. I confess that I do not know very well what these modern methods of presentation are. If they mean that our form of Church Government is such as is not likely to be adopted by the Indian people, and that they will evolve a Church Government of their own, I agree with them; but if they mean that the old Gospel of Jesus Christ is to be changed so as to be acceptable to the Hindu mind, then I decidedly say, No. Adaptation means effacing the Gospel. Our Lord Jesus Christ has been presented to us once for all in the Gospel, in simple language which any honest, simple-minded man may understand; and if we try and adapt it to any people so as to meet their philosophy, or any other mode of thinking, the result will be disastrous.

What is wanted is the faithful preaching of the Word of God as we find it in the Bible. Let us always by private prayer and private study of the Word of God renew our faith. The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. Live among the people; labour to understand their ways of looking at things; point out kindly where they err, and show them the better way. Oh! surely there is an infinite difference between the Hindu and Christian conceptions of life to make the better attractive when once they are understood. Within the limited sphere of your activity there is scope for all your influence; outside of that your influence is diffused and ineffective. Never forget that the missionary wields a personal influence which deepens by continued steady application to work. Above all, hold to the faith once delivered to the saints; it is our heritage
and we are bound to keep it intact and unadulterated. We should distinguish between the bubbling noisy current which now and again ruffles the surface only and the deep steady river of truth which flows through the plains and meadows and battlefields of history. I feel assured that the unrest which is now agitating the people will result in the firmer establishment, and the wider extension, of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—Rev. George Macalister, M.A., D.D., in "The Indian Standard."

EAST AND WEST
BY ANNA LITTLE

THIS is a true story and it shows how the East sometimes resists the encroachments of Western civilization.

There are twenty-four boys in the Akola orphanage. In the early part of October, it being necessary to get grass from the jungle for our cattle for the coming year, we decided to go out and camp in the grass-jungle. The bigger boys were to help in cutting and counting the bundles of grass. The smaller boys were to help in various ways. But we meant all the boys to have an outing. Mr. Lapp was to look after the grass and Mrs. Lapp and I were hoping to preach to the grass cutters. Because all the boys were going it necessitated our taking all our cattle along too, as there would be no one at home to look after them.

We found a large banyan tree in the grass-jungle which gave shelter to all our party, including ten buffaloes big and little, John the old horse, and several pairs of oxen. Besides all these, fifty to sixty grass-cutters—men, women and children—from nearby villages could sit under the tree so you can see it was a bigger tree than you have ever seen in America.

The boys were wild with delight. What boy wouldn't be, with such lots of wild honey in the trees, wild fruit on the bushes and tracks of tigers' feet at the brook's edge which gave you that sort of creepy feeling down the spine. And when some of the boys actually saw with their very own eyes the tiger's cubs playing in the grass how the breathless recital filled the breasts of less fortunate boys with horror-struck delight and envy.

The day we arrived under the banyan tree, the smaller boys ran down to the brook to bathe. The bigger boys were cutting up a deer which Mr. Lapp had just shot. This was to provide us all with a dinner. We had just lighted our Primus stove, so that we could prepare our dinner of deer-chops. Suddenly some of the boys began screaming in terror. Moses, a little chap who had been down at the brook, had bathed, washed his clothes
and hung them out in the sun. While they were drying he was
dressed native fashion in a loin-cloth. He came running towards
me bellowing with fear and pain. He was surrounded by a swarm
of hornets. Mrs. Lapp, who was sitting in a big covered wagon,
threw a blanket out so he could wrap himself in it. I took a
branch and tried to drive them away from his body which was
so exposed. But at once the hornets turned their attentions to
me so I beat a hasty retreat out into the grass which, by the way,
was four feet high. After about half an hour I ventured back to
the tree as it was getting unbearably hot in the sun. All was
silence but for suppressed giggles from various small forms lying
in the grass, faces down, heads covered with sheets, blankets,
etc. Mr. and Mrs. Lapp had taken refuge in the big wagon before
mentioned which was covered and had curtains. I made a dash
and got inside the wagon unmolested. I found there two little
boys with swollen faces, and was shown the stings which had
been taken out by Mr. Lapp with pincers. The stings were
almost one-fourth of an inch long.

After another half-hour we ventured out of the wagon for
we were beginning to feel very hungry. The Primus stove
buzzed away merrily. Mr. Lapp lifted it up to carry it nearer
the wagon so we could easily get inside in case the hornets
returned. As he raised the stove the hornets began swarming
again and he ran inside with the stove in his hand. We follow-
ed suit. But this time the hornets came inside the wagon and
buzzed around the stove. Then only, did it dawn upon us that
it was the roar of the Primus stove which had roused the ire of
the hornets. We promptly turned out the flame and would you
believe it the hornets took their departure! The next day we
lit the stove again and immediately the hornets swarmed back
around the Primus, and again we put it out and again the
hornets left us. We thought we should have to give up using
the stove and resort to wood. But we tried once more and had
no more trouble with the hornets. They evidently had decided
to submit to the invasion of their territory by this strange new
thing from the West.

You see from this story how the little Primus stove which is
such a blessing in Indian jungles was not welcomed. Dear boys
and girls this is just a little picture of the waywardness of the
human heart. Jesus came to do good but He was not made
welcome. “He came unto His own and His own received Him
not.” You have a throne-room which is your heart. Some one
is on the throne. Is it Jesus? Or is it self which is naughty, and
selfish, and stings others and rejects the tender loving Spirit of
Jesus?

Anna Little.
HOW THE CORONATION DAY WAS CELEBRATED
AT DHOLKA

BY REV. J. H. BACK

HAVING gone to Dholka for a few days of fellowship with the dear ones, I was there on Coronation Day.

The local missionaries having been invited to attend the exercises at the Kacheri, (court house) I also was invited to accompany them.

We arrived at the town-hall just in time to join the rear end of the procession and thus avoided the honour usually given to the "Sahib," though our mission boys with their flag were in front. On our arrival at the kacheri, the exercises commenced, the first being a song by six girls in honour of the King.

We were glad to see that in most of the exercises, honour was directly given to the King, for our Christian Bible commands us to "honour the King."

There was also much in the speeches that showed how the King's Indian subjects at Dholka appreciate the benefits they derive from British rule in India, if the words of their lips were an index to the feelings of their hearts. Very many took part in these exercises and all seemed to have a very enjoyable time.

The children were especially pleased with the latter part of the programme which consisted of giving of prizes to the school children and also distribution of sweets: (Candies).

I am sorry to add that the final ceremony was one which we would not have attended had we known of it beforehand, as it cannot have been pleasing to the Lord.

The chief native officer of the Taluka (country) took a brass vessel in which a piece of camphor had been lighted and went through many motions before a picture of the King, which occupied a prominent place on the rostrum in front of the meeting, doing just the identical ceremonies performed by a Brahman when worshiping an idol.

We saw at once that this was an idolatrous ceremony and our hearts became sad to see the picture of our Christian King worshipped as though it was an idol. One of the court-clerks told me afterwards that they considered him as an incarnation of God.

We are sure that the heart of our King would have been greatly pained if he could have seen this, for he is a worshipper of the true God and does not desire the worship of his subjects, but would wish them to worship the God of Heaven even as he himself does.
THE STORY OF GANPATI

In a small Bombay workshop in a side street, the Hindu "Elephant God," Ganeshji or Ganpati, may be seen in the making.

The gods are made of Indian clay and are first cast from moulds, and then smoothed and finished off with the ordinary clay modelling implements. The men work from eight to ten hours each day, and it takes from two to four days to make each Ganpati which varies in height from six inches to three feet or more. The wealthy people buy the larger ones, while the poor content themselves with the smaller. The Festival of Ganeshji is held annually (this year on the 27th August) amid great rejoicings. Presents of fruit and sweets are laid before the god, and he is often decked with strings of pearls and precious stones, while he awaits drowning in the house of his worshipper. Gwalior is the chief centre of the worship of Ganeshji, the Maharaja himself going to watch the worshipping and dancing and the processions on their way to the nearest river or lake where Ganeshji is gently lowered into the water, never to rise again. The festival continues a week. It is also held in Bombay, where the god is known as 'Ganpati,' and meets his end in the sea.

The story of Ganeshji is one of the most interesting of all Hindu gods. His father was the great Mahadeo, and his mother Parvatti, to whom there is a famous temple in Poona, reached by a winding road-way of steps up a steep hill-side, at the summit of which rests the wonderful old temple. The legend is as follows:—Parvatti retired to bathe one day and set her son, Ganeshji, to watch and guard the door, telling him to allow none to pass in. Shortly after, Mahadeo, who had been away from his home for many years wandering in the jungle, returned. Wishing to get into the room, and not recognizing his son in the boy who would not let him enter, he drew his sword and cut off the youth's head.

Parvatti, surprised at seeing him, asked how he had got in, as she had told her son to let no one pass. "Your son," cried Mahadeo, "he is lying there, I have cut off his head!" Upon this, Parvatti began weeping and wailing, and threatened to have no more to do with Mahadeo unless he brought her son to life. He, in desperation, cut off the head of one of the elephants in the palace courtyard, and set it upon the headless body of his son, who immediately regained life. Thus began the worship of Ganeshji, instituted by his father and mother.
Ganeshji has four steeds—the lion, the peacock, the elephant and the mouse. He is made to ride whichever pleases the will of the maker.

The story of the broken tusks, was the result of a fight with Pursam, who attacked him and broke his tusk. Ganeshji seized the broken piece and utterly defeated his enemy, who fled for his life.

The number of Ganeshji’s hands vary, for as his work increases, or as he requires them, he is given another one or two. He began with two, and has had as many as eight. Four hands represent that in one he holds his broken tusk to vanquish his enemies and all wicked people; another holds a rope with a slip-knot, with which to draw down spirits from the heavens; the third, the heavy iron ‘ankus’ or elephant goad, also for evil-doers; the fourth is held up in the act of blessing his worshippers.—Times of India.

WHAT THE BIBLE DID FOR THEM

A gathering of Indian Christian workers in Meerut testimonies were given to the benefits experienced in regular Bible study. All these testimonies refer to God’s Word, which these Indian workers are pledged to read daily for at least one hour.

"In it I hear the voice of Christ."
"It presents to me the picture of my Lord."
"It is as sunlight to my soul."
"It satisfies my spirit."
"It purifies my heart."
"It is to me the fountain of the water of life."
"It quenches my thirst."
"It is my food."
"It is the living word."
"It is my great teacher."
"It is God’s dwelling-place."
"It is to me a bazaar of heavenly supplies."
"It is God’s letter of love to my spirit."
"It is the ship that carries me home."
"It is the touchstone of my soul."
"It is my spiritual pasture."
"It is the spiritual garden of Eden."
"It is my sword in warfare with sin and Satan."
"It is a province of the heavenly kingdom."

—Missionary Review.
TO HIM EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW

"DEAR FRIENDS,—While we see this glad time in anticipation, and rejoice at the prospect, we are often painfully reminded that it is not yet.

"'What is the matter?' asked someone of a Brahmin boy, as, in his haste to give me back the Scripture card I had given him, he had almost thrown it to the ground. 'Because the name of Jesus is on it,' he answered. It really seemed as if it had burned his fingers.

"We had ventured into the compound of a Brahmin house. Picking up the tract which the boy had been so glad to get rid of, I tried to explain it to the astonished women who were looking on. They would probably have listened had not one of the men of the house come along just then and called them away.

"As we went further down the Brahmin streets, we could see the wives and mothers run inside, as if two lepers had been approaching. Only at one house did we get liberty to say a few words, yet these women are the most intelligent in the town. For the present they are to a great extent unapproachable.

"It was rather a relief to get out of the Brahmin quarter. There was hostility in the very air, but no wonder, as the enemy is specially enthroned there. Nor need we be surprised at the intense hatred manifested towards the Name, when we realize who that enemy is.

"The other castes usually receive us well. The 'common people' still hear gladly. But—to be separated—to come out from the unclean thing—how hard it is for them! 'Cannot we worship Jesus and our own gods too?' we are sometimes asked so pitifully. One young widow told me the other day how she tried this, 'But neither of them hear me,' she added, 'neither God nor Kali (this goddess is worshipped by most Hindus in some form or other as the goddess of cholera, &c.)' 'God never hears the double-hearted,' I replied, 'you cannot serve both.' To this she agreed, and then got up and disappeared into an inner room.

"Dear friends, do we realize what the separating line means for such as these? Do we bear their burden as we ought before the Lord? Oh! if we could only pray these undecided ones into the Kingdom, what a multitude there would be.

"'Why don't you confess Christ?' I said recently to a man who has given many tokens that he is a Christian in secret. 'I am afraid,' was the frank answer. If we cannot understand this fear, which seems to us so cowardly, let us try and put ourselves in their place."—Darkness and Light.
Red Letter Day among the Boys and Girls of India.

The boys and girls of England and America know what a Red Letter Day means. And as also do the boys and girls of India. The 12th of December 1911 was a day long to be remembered by all the boys and girls of the large cities and towns of India. For this was the day when King George the 5th. of England was crowned Emperor of India in the great city of Delhi. Delhi is situated in the Punjab, India. At one time it was the seat of the Buddhist religious life and culture. In the 12th century Delhi became the splendid capital of the Moslem Empire and the centre of Mohammedan power. In the sepoy war the rebel troops made it their headquarters. After a siege of four months, in 1857, Delhi was captured by the British. It was the scene of the coronation of King Edward VII. as Emperor of India January 1, 1903, and also of King George V. December 12, 1911.

For days all India had been in holiday attire, and on this great day many of the cities were transformed by the display of bunting, flags and bright coloured lamps. At Kaira the celebration began early in the morning. At 8-30 there was a time of worship. The Europeans meeting in Bishop Heber’s old Church, while the Hindoos and Mohammedans congregated in their respective places of worship. Bishop Heber’s Church is over 100 years old. It is very old-fashioned, there are box pews and a very high pulpit. The lamps look like large goblets with candles inside. The floors are made of large squares of stone. On the morning of December 12th, 1911, all the officials and missionaries of Kaira gathered there to worship and to pray for the King. The service was a short one, but impressive. It was conducted by Rev. Louis Turnbull.

At 12 o’clock we left our bungalow and went to Kaira City, about a mile from here. Now Kaira City is similar to all other cities in India; the same small, closely built shops and houses, and the same narrow, crooked streets with its crowds of men, women and children in all stations of life. There are always the lame and the blind, with the conspicuous beggar of the east. But on this great day the city was transformed and was very pretty. The streets were crowded with people all dressed in bright clothes, indeed some little boys and girls seemed to be wearing rainbows, for their clothes were made up of so many beautifully blended colours. The place where the proclamation of the King’s Coronation was read was a great square in the
heart of the city. This square was closed in on all sides by curtains of many colours, while every bit of space overhead was covered with flags of every colour. Seated on one side of this large square were about 300 school children, boys and girls, many of them waving the old Union Jack. The little boys recited “God save the King,” after which all were presented with small medals in honour of the occasion. Just at 12 o’clock the Collector read the proclamation, and loud and long were the cheers given for King George.

In the evening there was a great display of fire-works. There was a place reserved for our girls on the city bridge, for, we took about 170 of them to see this display. The city looked like one mass of light. Every building, tree and post was ablaze with light. The lights were not electric bulbs, but there had been wire rings placed in the walls, trees, etc. An ordinary tumbler 3 parts full of coloured water and 1 part of coconuts oil, with a burning wick placed on top, had been put in these; this with the numberless flags, bunting and lamps made the city worth seeing. Our girls had never seen anything like this before. Their excitement was intense when a tree of light began to spin round and round and to shoot out coloured balls in every direction. It was their red letter day, and also one to every boy and girl in Kaira city.

AMONG THE GANGES WORSHIPPERS
BY MRS. M. TAYLOR IN “MISSIONARY TIDINGS”

On returning a few weeks ago from the mountains, where we had been to escape the intense heat of the plains, we with a company of other missionaries visited for a few hours the small town of Hardwar.

This important little town is beautifully situated at the foot of the great Himalaya mountains, on the bank of the sacred Ganges river. If it was not for the religious importance the Hindus give to it, it would be a quiet, little, country village instead of a den of thieves.

Hindu pilgrims travel from all parts of India, by train, to Hardwar and from here, by foot, ascend the steep, mountain sides till they reach the source of the Ganges river, where they expect to gain special merit by bathing or drinking at the source of this sacred river that is often called “Mother goddess.”

On this particular day that we stopped at Hardwar, thousands of people were gathering to celebrate a certain religious feast and it was an opportune time to see the devotion of these poor misled people. An English gentlemen at the station told
us that a few years ago sixty thousand people commonly gathered at this religious feast but the people seemed to be getting careless and now the average number was forty thousand people.

These weary pilgrims do not come empty handed. Besides the pittance they give to the numerous priests and beggars, they also carry a valuable parcel containing the ashes or bones of some of their departed dear ones, who perhaps did not have the privilege of bathing in this holy river. These precious bones and ashes are thrown into the river with the hope that it will be a great assistance to the departed one in gaining heaven. We were told that the bed of the Ganges river at this place was a deep mud of ashes and bones.

I wish some of our sisters could have accompanied us as we drove down the narrow, old-fashioned streets in a peculiar two-wheeled cart called "tom-tom" that jolted us over the stones quite in harmony with its name. We passed numerous temples, many priests and fakirs and at last reached the bathing ghats, where crowds of people were coming and going. Those who had finished their worship came up the steps, leading to the street, dripping with water. They shrank to one side when they saw us coming down, as a touch or perhaps even a shadow would as they believed defile them and by that they would lose the merit they had so easily gained by taking a bath in the Ganges.

A native policeman met us at the entrance of the ghats and led us carefully through the crowds of bathers out upon a small bridge where we sat facing this great, wet crowd of precious people. The sight quite overcame one as we remembered this was not a merry crowd of people out for a holiday, but people seeking salvation, groping about in the dark for the pearl of great price, bowing, worshipping and calling upon a god who could neither see nor hear. Oh, that we had the voice of a trumpet and languages to make everyone hear and power to help them understand that there is a fountain open in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. To a great extent our tongues were tied, the language of most of the people was not Marathi so we could only look on in silence. However, we prayed, yes, a great volume of silent prayers went up to the great God of heaven who hears and answers prayer. If those at home who are not much interested in India mission work could have felt for one hour the awful burden for the lost that we felt as we saw these darkened people bow three times in the water to the great goddess "Gunga," I feel sure they would have cried out as we did, "Here am I, Lord send me; use me for the salvation of this great heathen land." It seemed that we could almost see the
form of our blessed Saviour, standing and weeping over these precious souls. Surely he has called forth labourers sufficient to reap the harvest but where are they?

While the worshipper bathed himself in the dark, dirty water of this great river, he also threw in offerings of flowers, fruits and cocoanuts, while some poured a tiny bit of oil in a leaf folded like a cup or boat, lighted it and set the little light afloat. This last offering attracted our attention. As the little lights bobbed here and there, merrily along, they were suddenly taken by a larger wave and lost. How like the precious souls before us, tossing on the great sea of life, careless as to the great dangers of eternity, hoping someway to sail safely to the other side, but no, death swallows them up and they are lost, lost forever. Did not every one of these little lights represent the soul of the one who had launched it, so soon to be out of reach when help would be too late. A little boy came wading along in the water and rescued a little light. He held it in his hand, examined it, looked interested and then set it down on the waves and passed on. It was nothing to him, only a cheap little lamp. I watched it over two or three difficult places and then it too was lost. We raised our hearts in prayer for the soul of him who had launched the little light. Oh, the value of that one soul whom Jesus the only Son of God offered Himself a sacrifice to save. I wonder if we ever feel that perhaps the value of a heathen soul is not so great as ours after all? Perhaps like the little boy, you have held up India for a while but it did not interest you very much and again you laid it down. Like the little light shall it be lost? Oh, sister, take up India, hold it close in prayer until you feel the burden and the value of these precious blood-bought souls.

Had we not needed a Saviour Jesus, would not have offered Himself and shed His precious blood for India's dark-skinned sons and daughters. The whole scene was like a great funeral. The temple bells and cymbals were clanging, the priests chanting a weird sort of a song while benighted souls were floating out and away from Christ. Does no one care? Is no one moved to help rescue the perishing? Truly the harvest is great but the labourers are very few.

Awake oh, Church of God and come up to the help of the Lord against this mighty foe that is dragging a nation down to eternal woe.

It will pay. It does pay to give all we have to this great work and then leave the results with God.

"For India there is a Saviour," praise the Lord and He does love them as He loves us.
BAPTISMS AT KHAMGAON

Several of the girls in the Orphanage at Khamgaon were lately baptised. Some of these had been Christians for a considerable time but being considered too young, were not baptised until Miss Patten, who had tenderly cared for them so long, was about to sail for the homeland on her much needed furlough.

The editor asked for the privilege of having a few of their testimonies written out and sent him, promising to translate and insert them in this paper for the benefit of our readers.

Will you remember these dear girls in your prayers, asking that they may be made a blessing to many of their countrywomen when their school days are over.

The following are the testimonies as written out by themselves in the Marathi language and translated for our readers:

SUGUNDE.

I was saved two years ago. It was in a prayer meeting led by Miss Lucia Fuller and I am very happy since that day. I had such need of salvation that Jesus shed His blood for me and God wanted me to be His little girl, therefore He saved me. I prayed and thought a great deal about the blood that was shed for me, and that I should do something for Him. He has saved me that I might serve Him. My sins are all forgiven and since then my heart is full of love. He will never leave me nor forsake me. He is mine and I am His.

PRITI (LOVE)

I was saved. I told all my sins to God and He forgave them all and set me free from sin. Since then I love the things of God. I used to be envious and this and all my deceit He took away. Since then I have had no desire even for sin. I desire to be entirely free from all sin and this He can make me by His precious blood. I know that I have become one of His jewels. He has suffered much for me and now I must do something for Him.

(VESHRANTI) REST.

I was saved two years ago in the new church. I felt very glad when God forgave my sins that day. And He has kept me since. Lucia Fuller prayed and preached that day and I believed the Word. Again alone in my room I prayed and then I was sure that God had blotted out my sins with the blood of Jesus Christ. He has saved me that I might serve Him and that I might walk in His ways. Though I know I will have many difficulties, yet I know He has saved me and
will not forsake me, and I want to be baptized in His Name. I desire henceforth to live in His love, that I should be humble and that I should show the love of God toward others. Christ is mine and I am His and through His blood I have peace and certain salvation. Now I love to continue in prayer.

DRUPADI KASHIE.

I was saved three years ago in the school-room while I was praying and that day I was filled with unspeakable joy, I can’t describe it. I testified to it that Wednesday before all the people. Before that I never testified for I had nothing to testify about. But that day being so happy and full of joy, I thought I should tell everybody, and I myself was helped by doing so. I never had such joy before. It came when I knew my need, confessed my sin, and submitted myself to Christ. I believe anybody can have this joy by doing the same thing. Oh, how much He suffered for my sin it cost Him even His life. But now I am cleansed by His precious blood. God has made me His child and now I want gladly to learn of Him.

JAELE.

I was saved two years ago, it was in my room. I prayed to God and He answered me. I saw that the blood of Christ cleansed me from all sin and by it I was saved. He cleansed me of all sin and I knew I had great need of salvation for my mind had been full of sin, yet He had mercy on me and now I am asking Him for power to walk in His way, and as I trust Him He gives it. After I was saved I had many trials yet God kept me and I was not in darkness as I was before. I have peace by Him who died on the cross and am His little girl.

THE NEED OF INDIA

PONDER these wise words of the Anglican Bishop of Madras: After an experience of twenty-six years in India, my own conviction is now far deeper than it was when I first landed, that what the peoples of India need is the old fashioned gospel of salvation from sin, and that the highest wisdom of the missionary to educated Indians is, as far as possible, to avoid philosophic discussion and, like St. Paul at Corinth, to determine to know nothing among them but Christ crucified." Many of us feel that Bishop Whitehead expresses the true philosophy of the conversion of India. Apologetics and controversial methods are no doubt useful to some extent, but evangelism in the power of the Spirit is the winning factor.—Indian Witness.
IT was nearing Christmas and things seemed to cling with tighter grip than usual but it was almost train-time and the last opportunity to keep appointments along the way. So with some extra effort the bundle of bedding was strapped, the handsatchel filled and the trunk with a number of things to be delivered at the different stations was locked, and the vehicle at the door, and soon we were off to catch the 9 p.m. train, with three school-girls delighted at the prospect of vacation to be spent with father, mother, brothers and sisters and the other schoolgirl on her way to see little missionary sisters at her old home. So five we were in the commodious third-class compartment, all night long, and all went well.

At daylight we were to change trains and had a chance to partake of the kind hospitality of fellow-missionaries, beloved in the Lord. It was a joy to see their bonnie bairns fresh from school in the hills.

Then on again till 6 p.m. where a warm welcome awaited us and every tree and flower, yea and the very stones, seemed familiar. But the time was all too short for one of us had to be on the mail train again at 4 a.m. the early hour made pleasant by the kind services of a dear son in the Gospel, dear as Timothy was to Paul, we do believe. Then the twenty-nine miles in the mail-cart, made less monotonous by the change of ponies every seven miles, and by the bit of knitting which made good progress on the journey.

The roads in India are decidedly dusty at this time of year and as the day-light grew one smiled and wondered of what race or caste the driver was for his colour was fair as the dust of the road. However the tables were turned on arrival when the attention was drawn to the fact that Missionary and driver were of one and the same hue, namely, dust-colour!

The Mission grounds were decorated and a huge Motto "Welcome" at the gate, for the Missionary Bishop with his wife and a veteran Missionary with his daughter had arrived a few days before. They must have felt as the visitor did that morning, that to arrive at a Mission bungalow is "just lovely," and that not because of elegant furnishings or trappings but just on account of the simple, hearty Christ love that is met with. Hallelujah!

Well, bath and rest were acceptable but up to this time all was mere preliminary.

Missionaries from the out-stations had met at headquarters, with native Christians and Orphanage children for Christmas
meetings and the Bishop was to preach through an interpreter, and no time was lost, for the meetings commenced that very evening. I wish I could tell you, dear readers, about them but printer's ink is so cold.

The way had been paved by prayer, to be sure, but there were battles to be fought and won in that little church, and fought and won they were. At first there was steady holding on by those in the ranks, and then as one after another yielded, they too came over on to the prayer side, and even with strong crying and tears the war was waged and victories came day after day.

Some who had backslidden and hardened their hearts got back to God and some who had never yielded, cried out for mercy and received it.

At the first meeting it was as if the words of the message fell upon a muddy troubled stream and were lost, but as the days passed the stream got settled and the Word of Salvation did its work, making it easier to speak and to listen, for God was having His way.

The good Bishop's messages were straight and clear, the grand old Gospel of repentance toward God and faith in the Crucified and Risen Christ. No trimming down to meet man's thought of to-day, and it proved itself to be still the power of God unto salvation.

One of his sentences seems to stand out in letters of gold, because God Himself had spoken it over and over again to one's own soul, "Holiness is the essential;" these were the Bishop's words. "Nothing takes the place of the old Moral Law written on the heart by the Holy Spirit and worked out in the life" these are the words He had been whispering.

The Bishop said, "Holiness is the preparation for any and all of the Spirit's gifts" and one's heart rejoiced because of the gift of the Promise of the Father received by our Risen and Ascended Lord when He had led captivity captive (Acts ii. 33) and also because of the "gifts for men" (Ps. lxviii. 18) to be appropriated in and through that same Blessed Spirit.

Oh, that His Church, His Darling (Ps. xxii. 20) would allow herself to be made holy with His holiness and to be adorned with His manifold gifts, for then would she be used of Him and glorify Him. Yea, and hasten, His appearing when He will present Her to Himself, "a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing—holy and without blemish. Why will she not when she knows there is no other way?

But the visitor has digressed. The meetings commenced on Saturday, December 23rd, and were going on on January 1st.
The Bishop's dear wife and some of the missionaries gave a message now and then, but all were as if but one spoke, and it was so for. One truly was the Speaker. As the dear ones came up to the altar under conviction, struggling with a power mightier than themselves, at last yielded to God in broken confessions, often slipping away to the missionary or some one else to make tight some wrong, and then came through praising the Lord for Victory it was enough to make angels rejoice, and they did. We did too, and it all seemed like a bit of preparation for the coming of the King of kings.

The visitor started down the hill on the return journey on Monday morning and picked up the little girl on the way, where with joyful memories and a tiny sob she said good-bye to her little missionary sisters and native Christians.

8:30 next a.m. found us at the journey's end. All had gone well with those we had left behind, and the Christmas and New Year's visit up country, remains as one of the sweetest earthly memories, and also as fresh inspiration to be "steadfast unmovable always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

HINDUISM

BY J. E. NORTON

ONE of the most degrading features of Hinduism is its animal worship. In connection with this there are things that are too filthy to mention. A short time ago, when Mr. Ellis, the newspaper correspondent visited India, he wrote: "The endeavour to give a fair representation of the conditions in India amidst which missionaries work, and against which they must strive, is hindered by the simple fact that were I to write plainly what I saw as the prominent feature of Hindu worship in Benares, this paper would not be permitted transmission through the mails."

And what has Hinduism done for its women? In India women instead of being honoured are more or less despised. They must walk behind the men and are often the beasts of burden to carry the loads. Wife-beating is very common and is considered proper. At meal-time the men sit down first and then the women have what is left. The women are practically the slaves of the men. A small boy may spit in his mother's face and strike her and she dare not punish him for she is only a woman. Mr. Azariah, an educated native Christian, writes the following about the widows:
"The cruel custom of sati—burning widows—was the rule in former days. That was abolished long ago by the British Government. But who that has known anything of the Indian home life of to-day can deny that even now the Hindu widow very often presents the most pitiable sight in India? Shunned as an inauspicious thing by friends and foes, debarred from all family festivities, stripped of all jewelry, often provided with scanty food, disciplined through the strictest fasts, and doomed to pass the rest of her life in household drudgery, the Hindu widow is reminded, by words, looks and deeds, that she is but receiving her just dues for the heinous sins she must have committed in a former birth? And what shall we say of the child-widow? In 1901 there were 391,147 widows under the age of fifteen, 115,285 under ten, and 19,487 under five years of age. Baby-widows under twelve months number 1,964. Bengal has 9,567 widows under five and 528 under one year? The cruel misery hidden under these figures need not be detailed here."

Such are the results of Hinduism. Yet there are Americans who have become so blinded by the devil as to desire this religion for themselves. A Hindu recently published the following in India as an appeal for money to build an Hindu temple in America:

"Baba Premanand Bharati, who has made 5,000 Vaishnava disciples in America, has also established there Seva (the worship) of Radha-Krishna and Sree Chaitanya. It is now located at Los Angeles, in Southern California, in the grounds of a rented house which he now intends to acquire in order to build thereon a brick and stone temple in the place of the wooden one in which it is now lodged. If this is done, lacs (hundreds of thousands) of the American people will be interested in the Vaishnava religion and thousands and thousands more of Americans will become Vaishnavas, be saved and blessed with Krishna's love.

Miss Abrams, Ramabai's well known worker, wrote recently: "In my travels east and west in the United States I have found several temples where Americans go and worship idols, led in their devotions by Brahmin priests from India."

But thank God although some in America may be going into heathenism yet many in India are coming out of it. A Hindu wrote, "Christianity may be false and Hinduism may be true, but India is rapidly moving on to the path of Christianity and no human power can resist fate."

Sir William Muir, a former Lieut-Governor of the North-West Provinces, said:—

"Coming to the direct results of Christian missions in India, I say that they are not to be despised. Thousands have been
brought over, and in ever-increasing ratio converts are being brought over to Christianity, and they are not shams or paper converts, as some would have us believe, but good and honest Christians, and many of them of a high standard,"—Way of Faith.

GUARDIANSHIP OF CHILDREN

By a recent decision of the Madras High Court, on the death of a Hindu husband his widow becomes the legal guardian of their children. This is right. After the father's death the children should be left to the guardianship of the mother, unless she be proven unworthy and incapable. In the paper which reports the above unanimous decision of the Madras High Court is also the report of the decision of a Judge in one of the Courts in Bengal practically to this effect, that if a wife after the death of her husband, a Hindu, becomes a Christian, she forfeits her right to the guardianship of her son, a boy of ten years of age, and is forbidden by the Judge to train him as a Christian. The Court decided to allow the son to remain with his mother for the present on account of his delicate health, but on condition that she should not teach him the doctrines of the Christian faith, while at the same time a Hindu Priest is to be allowed access to him to teach him the Hindu faith. The case came before the Courts in this way. Years ago, after the death of her husband and while she was still a Hindu, the mother asked the Court to appoint her husband's brother as legal guardian of her son, as there is considerable joint family property which she did not feel competent to administer. After the baptism of her son and herself last year, she applied, a few months ago, to the Court to restore to her the legal guardianship of her child. The decision recently given is that while from reasons of the child's health he may live with his mother, she is forbidden to teach him the Christian religion. This seems to us contrary to the principle laid down by the Madras High Court that after the father's death the mother succeeds to the guardianship of the children. The fact that the mother when a young widow asked the Court to appoint her brother-in-law the guardian of her child, because of the joint family estate, should not stand in the way of the restoration to her of the guardianship of her son whenever she wishes to resume it, provided she be capable and worthy. The fact that she has become a Christian ought not to rob her of the right of guardianship, especially when the boy is ten years of age, very intelligent for his age, and wishes to live
with his mother. She is an intelligent, educated and refined lady, in every way worthy of the guardianship of her child. God gave her that guardianship jointly with her husband. On his death it became solely her's. For good reasons, when very young, she surrendered it to her brother-in-law. She has a right to resume it whenever in her judgment the interests of her child so require. No Court has the right to make a condition which forbids her uniting in prayer and worship with her child, on pain of his being taken away from her. We give this brief outline of what an intelligent refined and devoted mother has had to suffer, and is now suffering, because of her open confession of her faith in Christ, in order to call forth special prayer that she may be comforted and guided step by step. Long ago, one who had suffered the loss of all things for the sake of Christ wrote—"But thanks be unto God, who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ."—Makhean-i-Masihi.

ITEMS.

The marriage of our good brother Mr. H. H. Cox with Miss Barbara Eicher took place last month, and they have gone to occupy the new station at Malkapur where the bungalow and buildings are almost completed. We praise God for the opening of this new station after many years of patient waiting since the site was purchased, and we trust Brother and Sister Cox and their work at Malkapur may have an interest in your prayers.

Miss Mary Compton and Miss Edna Prichard are settled in a new, rented bungalow at Sabarmati. Let us pray that God's blessing may be upon them and that He will give them abundant fruit in this place.

Miss Jessie Frazer has returned to her station again in improved health after a long and trying illness. She has now gone with Miss Hattie O'Donnel for the touring season to Shantipur where there are a few Christian families and a good field for work, as many in the surrounding villages are interested in the Gospel. The name Shantipur means the abode of peace or rest.

We were very glad to welcome Miss Lillian Pritchard and Miss Mary Leavitt to the work in India. The former has gone to Ahmedabad to study the Gujerati language while Miss Leavitt is wrestling with the difficulties of the Marathi language in Bombay.
A card from Bro. Duckworth dated December 12th, says—

"The fifth member of our ladies' musical family arrived here this noon. Praise the Lord for His presence with us. Mother and child are doing nicely. This is the way we have been celebrating to-day."

Miss Hansen, who has been taking charge of the Children's Home at Panchgani for the past five months, has returned to her work at Mehmedabad. Miss E. Lothian will take charge of the children when the school re-opens.

Mrs. Moodie has received requests from the headmen of two large towns in Chandur district to send them teachers who will live among them and teach them the Word of God. Pray that suitable men may be raised up to go to these places with the Word of Life.

Miss E. Wells writes from Kaira Orphanage—A few days ago a man came with some jawari stalks to sell. The fodder was green and as there had been no rain it had become poisonous. For two days the fodder was put with the other grass and then given to the mission bullocks. They ate a few mouthfuls of it and then left it. They seemed a bit dazed but no one noticed it. In the evening a neighbour's calf got loose and went to the fodder that was lying by the bullock's stakes and ate perhaps two or three mouthfuls of the fodder and was dead in less than an hour. It was only the Lord's mercy that saved our four beautiful mission bullocks.

We had a praise meeting over that. Afterward we found that the man had stolen the green jawari at night. He had fed it to his own buffalo and she died. He then brought the rest of it to us and sold it for Re. 1 knowing that it was poison. He did not offer it cheap else we may have suspected him.

Only one of our six Kaira girls who took the female Training College Entrance Examination was admitted, and she is the best one in the class. Her name is Ashu Nandu the girl who received the Senior Sunday School examination medal.

God is blessing our work in Ahmedabad city. There are people coming constantly to inquire about the Christian religion. One day recently a man came who had been a Brahman, then being dissatisfied he became a Mohammedan, but now he is inquiring about the Gospel. The man told Mr. Andrews that he had heard the truth when he was a boy and could not forget. Let us pray for this man.