"Lo, the golden fields are smiling,
Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?
Great the harvest, few the workers,
And the Lord hath need of thee.
Go and work the time is waning;
Let thy earnest heart reply
To the call, so oft repeated,
‘Blessed Master here am I.’—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES

TOURING

At this season of the year all our missionaries, except those engaged in orphanage or school work, are “out on tour.” This means that they are living in small tents which are easily moved, or in some cases in their bullock-carts, going from town to town and village to village with the glad tidings of salvation.

Most of our missionaries have at least one native-helper, catechist or Bible-woman, to accompany them and have also in their carts a good stock of Scripture-portions and books for sale, as well as plenty of tracts for free distribution.

As the weather is quite warm in the day time but very cold at night, it is customary to look out for a good shade-tree or a grove at a little distance from the town or village, and there pitch the tent and make the camp. This ensures a place of retirement for rest and quiet in the intervals of work, gives opportunity for prayer, Bible-study and talks with the workers, and also, an opportunity for any in the village who may be interested, to come for quiet talks either with the missionary or
his helpers in a way they would not feel free to do in the presence of their own people in the village. From this, as a centre, the missionary can generally visit eight or ten villages within a radius of six or eight miles from his camp.

As the mornings are often very cold and the natives generally wear very light clothing, they feel it more than we do, so do not go to work in the fields very early, but the men sit around fires which they have kindled in the open street or in a square of the village, until nine or ten o'clock, by which time it begins to get warm. The missionary therefore must get up in the cold morning, especially if he is visiting a village at some distance from his camp, have his Bible-reading and a cup of hot tea or coffee by the light of a lantern, and be ready to start when the first streak of dawn gives him sufficient light to see the road. If no breakdown occurs he will travel at the rate of about two miles an hour, and, owing to the rough road, be so shaken up that by the time he arrives at the village, he will be glad to get out of the cart.

After courteously exchanging a few words of greeting or explanation with the head-man, he takes up a central position near enough the fire for his audience to sit where they can enjoy its warmth while he talks to them. The singing of a hymn generally collects a crowd, but sometimes more than one is needed before the crowd gathers. The preaching which follows is often just an explanation of the hymn which has been selected as suitable for this purpose, backed up by an occasional verse read from the Bible, and the whole is carried on in a much more informal and conversational style than would be considered good taste in the homelands.

Questions from the audience are always in order and the preacher may sometimes have to leave his own line of thought entirely and just give himself up to answering a running fire of questions from one and another, as a failure to do so might rouse a suspicion that he is unable to answer the question, or is trying to evade it by going on with his talk. Remember that truths which we have heard from our infancy are new to them, and refusal to answer a reasonable question might cause offence.
It is only when questions are foreign to the subject, or asked with the evident intention of causing an interruption, that one can quietly say that he is prepared to answer all such questions afterwards if they will kindly allow him to finish his talk first, and often, long before he has finished, the questioner has got tired of listening and disappeared.

This preaching service does not close in an hour, but each missionary and each helper takes his turn, a hymn is sung occasionally for variety, and the preaching continues as long as the crowd is interested and willing to listen. When the break up comes, the people are told that any one interested or desirous of further conversation, is welcome to visit the missionary at his camp any time through the day, Scripture-portions and books are offered for sale, tracts distributed, and he takes his leave.

Sometimes the missionary finds that only the people from one or two castes have been present, as those of lower castes may have their own fires in a different part of the village, and he may have to go back another time, to reach these.

After one or two villages, according to the distance from camp and the length of time the people are willing to listen, have been visited, the missionary and his helpers return to camp about noon for breakfast, which is followed by family prayers and a time of rest. Then comes Bible-study and talks with the helpers, but of course, should any one come from the village at any time during the day, the missionary’s time is at their disposal. About 5 p. m. they are again on the way to another village, or visit the one in the vicinity of the camp, when a similar service to that of the morning is held, which often continues till after dark.

In this way 60 to 100 villages are visited every season and this is often the only opportunity the missionary has for visiting those towns and villages which lie at such a distance from his bungalow that he cannot go to them and return the same day. Some districts are so large that a missionary cannot possibly reach all the villages oftener than once in two or three years. Just think a moment what this means—one offer of the gospel,
one explanation of the plan of salvation to those who never heard it before—and then years before they can hear it again. What would be the result in the homelands, where they have heard the gospel from childhood, if this was the case? Not only would there be fewer conversions but many who are saved would fall away; then what do we expect on the mission-field?

Touring means a considerable additional expense to the missionary—tents and carts to be purchased and kept in repair, a watchman at the home while he is away, bullocks to be purchased, or hired, and fed, extra transportation expenses for helpers and a good stock of books and tracts. When all this has to be provided out of the allowance of a missionary, the burden is very heavy, but if a few in the homeland could unite in sharing it with him, it need not fall too heavily on anyone. A comparatively small sum per month, from one, for up-keep of tents and carts, from another, for purchase of bullocks or their feed, while a third might provide the books and tracts. None of these expenses are very heavy, and a small sum regularly each month would provide for each need, but when all comes out of one pocket and that one not always very full, they amount to a good deal in the aggregate.

Above all, prayer, instant, intercessory prayer is needed. All villages and towns may seem alike needy to the missionary, and it may seem of little consequence in what direction he starts out, either on tour or for a day's work; yet, if he goes where God has been at work preparing hearts and drops the seed into prepared soil, it may mean fruit, whereas without this preparation it may mean hardening of heart and making it harder for them to yield to the gospel at another time, as well as disappointment and discouragement to himself. Pray for the missionaries.

The Word that ages past received,
The Word that ages past believed,
Pass on the Word!

The Word that tells of duty clear,
The Word that tells of death so near,
Pass on the Word!—Sel.
AN AFTERNOON IN THE MOFUSSIL (Country.)

An eastern well is always a place of interest, and the one I am sitting on is exceedingly so. It is in the center of a big mission compound. A compound is a piece of land enclosed by buildings. This one is about two acres inside, and the surrounding buildings are workshops and dwelling houses for the people—once a wild criminal tribe—now literally working out their own salvation in this mission compound. Click, click, go the weavers' shuttles, swish-swish go the saws, bang, bang, go the hammers and all the other big and little noises common to a big factory, ring merrily around. Two women come to the well to draw water, and we begin to talk. "How can you bear the weight of all those bracelets on your ankles?" I ask. The woman laughs and for reply holds out her arms which are much more heavily laden. "I earned it," she explains. "And those on your neck?"

"Oh! Miss Sahib, since I came here I have never stolen." "I know, I know," I hasten to reply, sorry she should have thought I inferred that she had stolen, "but," I continued, "Why don't you put the money in the bank?" A most expressive shake of the head said all that was necessary. She knew where her savings were when they were on her person, but how in the name of her multitude of gods, could she know what would happen, if she let it go into any other person's hands. But as she poised her pitcher on her head she remarked, "when I get more than I can wear I will give it to the Sahib to take care of, I can trust Him," and with their pitchers on their heads with light footsteps and a carriage that is at once the admiration and despair of every white woman, they disappeared into their dwelling houses, and a merry group of boys came to draw water. Mischief and fun is on every feature of their faces. Splash! went the bucket into the water, with every effort and intention of splashing the water up over the Miss Sahib. But when the Miss Sahib looked up every face was a picture of dismay and apology that such an unfortunate thing had happened. The Miss Sahib ventured to scold them in their own language, which she had been learning about a week. A chorus of compliments on her correct speaking, shewed that these boys were no strangers to either humour or sarcasm. When at a safe distance they repeated the scolding, it was clear, how the language—to use a more polite term than usual—had been assassinated. Hand-loom weaving is always interesting if not always profitable. The women were proud to show their long lengths of cloth. "Where did you learn?" I asked.
“Here” they replied and they were so happy in their new accomplishment. For them it was profitable. The Mission had found all the material for them to practise on and as soon as they could properly weave had paid market rates per yard.

An inviting smell causes us to peep into a dwelling house. The woman is preparing the evening meal and being kindly, invites us to share it, but before we can answer a clatter of brass vessels next door attracts our attention, and we look up to see a saucepan flying across the compound at the heels of a pariah dog. Of course it did not touch him but pariah-like he howls as though he were half killed. Further on we could hear the moaning of a baby and hastened to see what was the matter. Alas! all babies, brown and white, black and yellow, must cut their teeth and with the cutting of teeth baby's troubles begin. I nursed the baby and blessed the British Raj. For to that beneficent rule is due all the modern Hospitals, Education, Dispensaries, Chemists and countless other blessings now to be found in this land of covered up suffering and open sin. I could write ‘Orris root’ in good plain English on a scrap of paper and send it to the chemist and get it, and it brings unfailing comfort to babies who will press their gums upon it, regardless of the colour of their outside skin. Clang, Clang, Clang, sounded a huge gong from somewhere and in a few minutes out streamed hundreds of men and women making their way to the homes and suppers awaiting them.

As I came out of the gate I heard some one say “Jump up in the tonga I am going to the station to meet my husband.”

It was evening-time and the streets were full—of MEN!!

Where are the WOMEN?

The sound of my own voice comes echoing back, bringing a double meaning to the question. Without an answer, I instinctively know the women of the city are behind the purdahs. That thousands of them have been there ten, twenty and even thirty years. But during that time a little way in to them had been made. Only, so to speak, a kind of back alley way—it is the way of little girl's schools and women's medical aid; tolerated out of sheer necessity. And influences inexplicable and unseen hover about me and cry “Oh where are the women who ought to be here to widen and lengthen that way until it becomes not only a way in, but a way out for all those women of affliction.” At the station there are crowds again, of Men—! But here comes a common closed up conveyance. A man steps out and looks about, he gives a call and two coolies respond. They carry a board suspended on two poles, covered on all sides with curtains. It is brought close to
the conveyance and a woman, heavily veiled from head

to foot, steps out followed by three others all likewise veiled. One of the curtains is lifted up and they all get inside. How they all managed to keep inside and on the three foot square board is a problem I am still pondering, but they did. The coolies shouldered their burden, and the Mohammedan owner of the four wives escorted them to the train where they were again quickly put behind curtained windows and veiled doors. We drive back through the city; the men have had their evening meal and are now sitting outside in the cool, smoking their hookas and enjoying the gossip of the day, but the women, the hundreds and thousands of women are behind the curtains still.

I came in and leaning against the mantle shelf of the
unused grate, my eye fell on a child's picture of a turkey with tail outspread and there was a subtle suggestion of oysters, cranberry sauce, and pumpkins about it, which caused me to turn and bury my face in my hands on the shelf. The dinner bell rang, I did not hear it, they called I did not hear, I was far, far away moving among a numberless crowd of well dressed, cultured men and women. There was a feeling of unusual festivity in the air, strangers smiled kindly, acquaintances and friends greeted each other joyfully, and their fair, white smiling faces were so good to see. We were on our way to the National Thanksgiving service. The church doors were invitingly wide open and soon we were enjoying what is perhaps the most delightful service of the whole church calendar. Half way through the service the minister lined out in a hearty musical voice "Oh for a thousand tongues to sing, my great Redeemer's praise," and with splendid enthusiasm, the choir and congregation, took up the singing and we came to the lines:

"My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim abroad, To spread through all the earth." It was beautiful singing, but the words "To spread through all the earth, To spread through all the earth" repeated themselves over and over. I looked about me and my heart sobbed with a great pain, scalding tears rushed to my eyes and I fled. Outside, the clanking of the silver and plated harness of the beautiful horses became the clanking of the prisoner's chains inside the Indian prisons, and the last sounds of the voices of the well trained choir was like a mocking echo of the Indian widows' groans. And the women inside the Churches, Oh I could not forget them, hundreds of them with little beside "Social duties" to attend to, and yet they looked so good and kind.

I was recalled to the room in which I stood by a hand laid
on my shoulder and the question "Bai, why are you weeping?" and I looked into the face of my Indian Christian Sister and felt so glad, oh so glad I was one of the few white women here.

"Where the fight is strong,
Where the heaviest troops belong
"In the fight for God and man;
"It seems the face and it dries the brain,
"It strains the arm till one's friend is pain
"In the fight for God and man.
"But it's good to be out where the fight is strong,
"To be where the heaviest troops belong
"In the fight for God and man."

And as I walked home in the shadowy moonlight, my footsteps kept time to the rhythm of the words, "where are the women," "where are the women," and my heart cries out still. Oh, are there not some, after they have read this, who will lay aside their dainty gloves and train their hands to drive the Gospel plough through this hard, sin-baked, devil-trodden soil and allow their hands to become more like His who were cord-bound and nailed-pierced for our transgression? And are there not some brothers also, who will look at their smart silk hats and broad-cloth coats, and consider the privilege of wearing sun topees and cotton suits for life and the star spangled crown of a soul-winner for ever?

"Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

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DAYS OF SPECIAL PRAYER FOR INDIA

February 24th and 25th, 1912

The "Day of Prayer for India," observed annually for the past fourteen years in November or December, has not been arranged for 1911. In lieu of this it has been proposed in connection with the Prayer Circles and Prayer Unions of India to observe Saturday and Sunday, February 24th and 25th, 1912, as days of special intercession. We hope and believe that, besides the members of these Prayer Unions, others, both in India and elsewhere, will join in this concert of prayer. It is suggested that Saturday may be specially devoted to private prayer, and Sunday more especially, though not of course exclusively, to collective and united prayer.

The need for further and more earnest prayer still confronts us. While we praise, God for all that He has done and is
doing—and our prayers would be sadly defective if they lacked the element of praise—we are at the same time compelled to admit that the present situation calls for more earnest prayer than ever. What is that situation?

India is not yet evangelised. There are more than a hundred millions living and dying in ignorance of the Gospel; and unless the number of the messengers is vastly increased there are millions who must inevitably pass away without ever being told that God loves them and that Jesus died for them. Meanwhile there are forces at work—intellectual and social—which are loosening and disintegrating old and erroneous beliefs, but are also bringing in scepticism and practical atheism. The misdirected religious instinct of the Hindu is being replaced by materialism and worldliness. Add to this the fact that the great masses of the people remain sunk in ignorance and idolatry.

And how is the Church of Christ in India facing this situation? We praise God for all the signs of spiritual life and of an aggressive missionary spirit. We rejoice, too, in the indications among many sections of the people of an increased readiness to hear the Gospel and also for numbers who have not only heard but have believed to the saving of their souls. But the need for a great spiritual awakening still presses upon us, both in the sense of a deepening of the spiritual life and the extension of the Church among the untaught and the unsaved.

These considerations must bring us afresh to our knees and our faces before God. There must be a great humbling in view of failure and shortcoming, nay, of actual disobedience and disloyalty. The place of blessing, is the low place and we must get there if our prayers are to prevail. We must descend the depths of a genuine repentance, and then out of those depths we must cry mightily to God for mercy and deliverance. The need is so urgent that no ordinary praying will suffice. There must be, as Jonathan Edwards said, more than a hundred years ago, "extraordinary prayer to meet extraordinary conditions of impotence and inefficiency."

We cannot get too low down in our humiliation before God. And the lower we get, the more surely we shall touch the springs of a new hope and a new power. "He giveth grace to the humble," and "He giveth more grace." The resources of omnipotence are open to the penitent. "He filleth the hungry with good things." "When we are weak, then are we strong." "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." If these and similar sayings have become platitudes, let us turn them into realities. They contain the promise and the potency of a new era. God's word through His prophet Joel still holds good. Read Joel ii. 15—27.
SUGGESTIONS FOR PRAYER

1. For the spirit of conviction and humiliation—the gift of Him who is exalted to give repentance.
2. For a new vision of the purpose of God in the gift of His Son and in the creation of His Church.
3. For the Christian Church in India, that all who bear the name of Christ may be true witnesses for Him, blameless in their lives and animated by a missionary spirit.
4. For all Preachers and Teachers, that they may be united in one faith and one message of salvation.
5. For all Indian Pastors and Evangelists, that through their lips and lives the word of the Lord may have free course.
6. For all Missionaries from other lands, that their proclamation of Christ and Him crucified may be in the demonstration of the Spirit and in power; for all discouraged workers that they may overcome through faith in the all-Conqueror.
7. For Colleges and Schools, that they may be the means of definite conversions; for all Students, that they may enter the School of Christ and submit to His yoke.
8. For Indians in England, that they may be kept from evil ways, that they may be converted and fitted to be of real service to their own people on their return.
9. For the Women of India, for Widows, for Temple Children, that they may be rescued and receive their inheritance in Christ.
10. For Sunday Schools and Day Schools, and for the children of India and all who are working among them.
11. For all inquirers after the way of Salvation, that they may be taught of God and led on to accept Christ as their Saviour, and confess Him openly.
12. For all converts, especially those who have to suffer persecution for Christ's sake, that they may have the martyr spirit and be faithful unto death.
13. For all English-speaking congregations, and for all the English in India, for Soldiers, Government Officials, Planters and others of the ruling race, that they may truly represent Christ to the people of this land.
14. For the circulation of the Scriptures, that many, unreached by the voice of the messenger, may read the message and be saved.
15. For the King-Emperor and all the members of the Royal Family, for the Viceroy and all Governors and others who exercise authority, that they may do it in the fear of God,
16. That the awakening of India—intellectual, social and political—may be made to work for the establishment of Christ's Kingdom in the land.

O LORD REVIVE THY WORK.

(Should this paper fail to reach any of our readers in time for the observance of the days appointed for prayer, we trust they will yet make time and opportunity to present these needs before God—Ed.)

NOTES FROM BULDANA
BY P. HAGBERG

We praise God for the good and blessed time we have had among the dear village people in the three districts of Bhusawal, Malkapur and Yaval. According to the testimonies of our native workers, it was the longest, best and most interesting touring season they ever had, though by no means the most comfortable, as we had to do most of the touring on foot, occasionally hiring a bullock-cart. The roads were in most places, very rough and terribly dusty and plague was raging in many places; yet our Heavenly Father held his protecting hand over us all the time, so that none of us had a day's sickness. We realized that this was in answer to prayer, as one of our workers is physically weak, and in former years had been laid up a good part of the touring season. A sweet spirit of harmony and fellowship prevailed, which made toil for the Master delightful.

We preached the gospel of Christ in about 124 villages and had many interesting private conversations with individuals who visited us at our camping places, or along the way, as we walked to villages.

Many earnestly inquired concerning the truth but none had the courage to step out and make an open confession; these we often remember in our prayers and trust that God will yet bring some of them out.

For a time we had a hopeful enquirer, a high-caste man, but his relatives who bitterly opposed him, succeeded in getting him back to his village. We still pray, and trust he may come out.

We praise God for keeping us and our little ones in good health and trust Him with renewed confidence for the coming days.
Christmas at Kaira

CHRISTMAS at Kaira this year was quite different from those of other years. Kind friends at home had sent boxes for us, but somehow, they were delayed on the way. We told our girls some days before Christmas that the boxes would not arrive in time for that day, and also that we could not give them any gifts this year. However, we had a very happy, as well as a joyful Christmas. The day began early for us, for just at 4 a.m. some of the Native girls began to sing Christmas carols. At 7 a.m. the girls had some tea and bread, as they only get tea about once a year this was a great treat for them, and some of them hid it under their beds, to keep it. After the early tea we began to trim the Christmas trees. They were trimmed with yards of coloured paperchains and some bright red and yellow bags filled with sweetmeats.

On Christmas afternoon at 3 o'clock we had our Christmas exercises. There were songs and Scripture verses, also two drills, a flag drill and singing by the larger girls and a dumb-bell drill by the tiny kindergarten tots.

A dear lady from America had sent us $20 especially for a Christmas dinner for our girls. So, on Christmas night, the missionaries, Native Christians and our girls, all had dinner together on the girls big table in the centre of our compound. We all sat on the table, about 268 of us, instead of around it, and we had curry and rice and sweet balls. All seemed to be very, very happy and to many of us it was one of the happiest Christmas days we have ever known.

A Christmas Note from Khamgaon

HUNDREDS and thousands and millions of little brown children in India do not know what Christmas means. If we would talk to them about it, they would shake their little heads and say, “I don’t understand you.” They have no such word in their language.

But I am glad to tell the little children in America and England that there are some dear boys and girls in this far-off land who do know what this long, beautiful word means. They
can tell the whole story of Jesus. How He came; what He came to do; and where He is now.

They love to celebrate His birthday by singing hymns, reciting portions of God's Word and giving joy by doing little things in a loving way for one another.

These little boys and girls have been taught about Jesus by some Missionary and there are a few scattered here and there all over India. But I want to especially tell you about the little girls in the Khamgaon Orphanage.

I don't know where you would find a happier lot of nice little people than here. They were very busy a few days before Xmas; they cleaned their rooms; pasted pictures on the walls and smeared their mud floors. Everything looked nice and clean.

When Christmas night came they were all eager to see what was in store for them. Their eyes shone and sparkled when they saw how pretty things looked.

In one corner of the room was a nice large Christmas tree, with pretty coloured paper chains on it, bright balls and from the branches nice little packages, done up in red and white paper, were nodding and beckoning to them. Little tiny baskets lined with red tissue paper and filled with candy were waiting for them, and underneath the tree were many bundles of all sizes, some had nice warm red jackets in them, some little shirts for the babies, and New Testaments for the older girls were found in the others.

Every one was pleased with their gifts. Some of the older girls found a spool of thread and a paper of needles in their baskets of sweetmeats. They were much delighted about this. Afterwards a girl came to one of us, exclaiming that she not only had one needle but many.

The things they were really the most pleased with, were their New Testaments. A little girl in America had saved her pennies and sent them to a Missionary here to buy them. They are very proud of them and always bring them to Church and prayer meeting, and to keep them from getting soiled every child has put a paper cover on her book.

It is lovely to see everybody happy and all this happiness comes from Jesus. If we want to be happy and make other people happy, we must try to please Him.

Won't you dear little boys and girls pray that more of these little brown children will learn to love Him.
TO take a passage from West to East means to remove from one condition of life to another as far removed as the points of the compass.

It is beautiful to look at Oriental life from the pictorial magazine, but to come out and take one's own optical and mental pictures is to take away much of that which appears beautiful and leaves a more sombre picture.

Upon arrival at any eastern port you are immediately aware of changed conditions, e.g., as you enter Port Said and desire to coal the steamer, instead of grab, or shoot, which you expect to be used at home there comes sailing alongside your vessel a boat containing some 100 tons of coal, and then in others, natives of both sexes—who answer to legion—prepared with baskets, planks, etc., to lade your vessel. The babel of voices, the shouts of 'Allah,' the attempts at shirking, the scarcity of clothing, the abundance of dirt, and attendant features soon make one realize that things have changed. I agree with the one who says "That East and West will only meet in reality at the Cross." To land in an eastern city is to be transported into contrasts; the city seems sharply divided into parts. One as near western as climatic conditions will allow, the other as vile as a civilized government can allow. There are amusing as well as sad features. To see the attempts of the Native to ape the European is laughable; also when you wish to give a western bustle to find that you may as well try and move the sun. The oriental business methods are crude, but with the crudeness not the less sneakish. To see the business man, lounging, sitting or smoking awaiting something to turn up leads you to think that he is to be easily done, but the attempt to purchase soon leads you to think differently, and to lead you to realize that the European is there for the Oriental to fleece. To attempt to describe the moral and religious side needs an abler pen than mine. What stands out most conspicuously is the low plane on which woman is placed. I would that our mothers who have a mother's love could feel into the conditions of life here and then be asked to give their opinion of missionary work.

At the time of my arrival the country was alive and had put on her best to greet the Emperor. Every village seems to have added its quota to the welcome and have done it right loyally, but underneath the picturesque there is a sad fact revealed, and that is this: while India receives the Emperor with fanfare, pomp, etc., she rejects the King of Kings, who alone can be her salvation. This leaves its deepest impression upon one
who has come out at the Divine command. India is cursed by her gods, and is held in servitude as cruel as the grave and the bonds can only be loosed by Him who came to set the captive free.—Kurku.

AHMEDABAD
BY H. V. ANDREWS

CHRISTMAS, the greatest of all Christian holidays, has a vastly different meaning to different people. To one as a future event it appears in fascinating colours, but when past the colours seem all faded and spotted. To one it is a time of feasting or expectant receiving, to another a time of worship and praise or of doing for others. These latter find it as a past event even more attractive and joy-inspiring than its coming vision warranted.

Our past Xmas, thank God, is not now clothed in sombre colours, but we view it with thankfulness. On Sunday an event transpired worthy of the season. After the day’s services a little company gathered at the river side to join in a baptismal service in which two thus followed Christ.

One, is lad of 16 or 17 years and brother of one of our city preachers. A Walji requested some months ago that he be stationed in or near the city that he might lead his mother and brother to Christ. The brother was one of the two, pray that the mother who is not fully persuaded may soon follow. The other was a Mohammedan, the first to be baptised in our mission in Gujarat, except one or two boys in the orphanage. He has been subjected to much persecution and needs our prayers. God seemed very near at this simple service at the water’s side.

On Xmas day our people assembled for service and crowded our place to its utmost. At this service nine children were dedicated to Christ. There is great promise in the rising generation. After a bright Xmas service about 125 sat down together in the mission yard where tea was served to all and a real family feeling was manifested. Special bags were prepared for the little folks and all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the gathering.

How we long for a place of worship where our people can meet together. On Sunday last about 75 people gathered and our dining room—our present place of meeting—failed to accommodate all. A number had to sit outside. New faces appear nearly every Sunday and several have given their names as candidates for baptism,
The blessing of God seems to rest upon the school work. The children learn to read in a short time, but before they have learned to read they know the commandments and something of the Gospel. The result is they refuse to worship idols and give up other wrong practices. Where they are near enough they also attend Sunday services.

A night school has been opened in a quarter near us for boys working in the mills which gives promise of good fruit. Another is planned in another quarter where several candidates live. We want to see them able to read the Bible for themselves and at the same time receive daily instruction. The opportunities before us are great and only God can make us sufficient for these things. Pray for us.

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A NEED AT BODWAD

BY A. I. GARRISON

A GROWING acquaintance with the Training School and also with the needs of our mission have deepened my conviction that our native workers should be trained in our own schools under the influence of full gospel teaching.

God has graciously provided us with splendid buildings and a very fair equipment at Bodwad but the present need is for more young men who feel specially called to the Lord's Service.

I believe this need to be as real as for more missionaries to man our stations. We may be able to procure catechists from other missions; but to have native workers who know how to stand with us for healing, for the Second Coming of Christ, for the fulness of the Spirit and who will truly be one with us in spirit to make Jesus King, is surely not a thing to be left to chance. We need definite prayer that God will send us young men to be prepared for His Service.

We have had to dismiss one young man as being unfit for the Lord's work and another may soon have to be sent away for the same reason. We do want numbers, but we want still more, clean hearts and earnest lives. Two have been married and are working as catechists at other stations in our mission. Only two new students have been enrolled during the past year.

Shrawan (one of our old pupils) continues to be invaluable as a teacher and an example, and a new master has been engaged to teach English and the higher branches of secular studies. During the touring season the young men have been out in camp with us preaching the gospel and some of them do
so with great earnestness and ability, some are at present with us in our camp while some have gone to help other missionaries in their camps. This gives them a practical knowledge of the work which could not be gained in the school-room.

We trust our friends in the homeland will unite with us in prayer that God will call more of the Christian young men of this country into His Service and that they may be led to seek the necessary preparation for that service.

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LIFE IN AN INDIAN COURT-YARD

BY ADDIE DELANEY

It seems such an ordinary thing, just two missionaries kneeling in prayer by the camp door, asking God to prepare some heart for the message, to be given out in the village that afternoon; but who can tell the issue? God hears and answers prayer and it is neither ordinary nor common-place for the Light of the Gospel to penetrate one soul, enshrouded in heathen darkness.

* * * * *

Passing herds of cattle and field after field of cotton, we trudged along the dusty road toward the village, wondering what door would open to us that afternoon.

As we approached the outskirts of the village, we heard a voice calling to us and turned to look in the direction from whence it came. A woman sat behind the wall of her court-yard and shrieked to us. “Oh bia (woman) come here, come this way, my little girl needs medicine. What can you do for her? her body is covered with खर्जु (itch).” We entered the court-yard and gave the advice—hot water and soap, applied with vigor, then oil and sulphur rubbed over the body. Another woman, joined her and hearing the prescription they both made grimaces and remarked to one another that the odor of the sulphur was much too offensive to be used. Well it is better to endure the smell of the sulphur than to have itch is it not? we asked. “Yes, yes, perhaps it is,” was the reply.

The court-yard was the small enclosure in front of three tiny mud houses. It was made a court-yard by a thick mud wall, three feet high. In this court-yard, the three families do most of their washing, bathing, cooking and gossiping.

While we were talking to these women quite a number of neighbours and passers-by came into the court-yard to hear and
to see what was going on, for the Hindu is very curious. Seeing
that the people were gathering Mrs. Cutler politely asked the
women, "Have you any time to listen to God's story to-day?"
"Oh yes" they said, "You may tell it to us if you like." We
unfastened our folding stools and sitting down we began to
sing. The Indian metre is "fearfully and wonderfully made"
and not knowing the hymn, it was with some difficulty, that I
added support in the melody. It mattered not if the harmony
did not satisfy our western ears, it was a message of Salvation
out of which the sermon grew.

The simple gospel was preached and some listened intently,
and like the speaker were undisturbed by the noise of the
chickens, the nudging, jangling children, the barking of the dogs
and the smoke of the fires, which gave out sickening fumes
and made the eyes smart. One feeble old woman joined the
group which was squatted around us in a semi-circle, she was
weak and lame and one of her friends helped her from her house
to the group in the court-yard. She sat down in front of us
and listened to the wonderful story of One who really loved
them and who, when He was on earth healed the lame, cleansed
the leper, raised the dead, and was now living and had power
to do the same for those who would believe on His name.
We saw light gleam upon her mind as she listened and
leaning forward she asked eagerly, "What was that name"?
"Jesus Christ the Saviour." And then she tried to repeat that
name. Reader, can you hear that poor old woman in this
far off Indian village lisping for the first time, that "Name
which is above every name", that name—

"Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung."—

"बेसू, बेसू, तारणारा" (Jesus, Jesus, the Saviour).

One woman in the court-yard continued her work of slapping
the wet garments on a flat stone, which is the Indian mode
of washing, after that she swept her house, sending clouds of
dust into our faces, then she sat down and rolled and crushed
the red chillies for the evening curry. She had to work, work
work. Nothing in her life but work! The Great Glad Hope
was within her hearing but she had no time to listen. She must
 go on and on and on! We wanted to compel her to listen but
only the Spirit can unstop the deaf ears and open hearts to receive
the message of Salvation. Could it be that once this woman
had heard and had told her husband about it and in anger he
had beaten her and forbidden her to ever listen again? If so,
she is only one of many who have suffered for the same reason. It may be that in fear she steeled herself against listening when it was brought to her very door! Only God knows what the poor women of India endure! Perhaps another day she may have courage to listen.

It was growing late and the people had listened well, until we realized that they could take in no more that afternoon. Then we took leave of the little group and went on into the village. We wended our way through the narrow streets; there was scarcely a sign of life.

The women are always in behind the high, thick walls and sealed doors of the court-yards. Satan reigns in these places and he hems the high caste women in behind these great high walls. One can almost feel the density of his oppressing presence in these streets. Closed, closed, closed are the doors and the hearts. It seems almost a hopeless task, to gain an entrance through these great walls of heathen superstition and prejudice; but God has given us the Light and sent us to shed it forth in these citadels of Satan. We looked with longing eyes to see a door open, It did not. We prayed as we walked home that another day one of the doors might open to us.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, we have gone back several times to the little open court-yard at the entrance of the village. The last time we were there, the little woman who was so busy with her work, was still busy but she stopped several times to catch a few sentences. Will she treasure these fragrants in her heart? Was she interested or was she only a bit curious that day?

We have seen the Spirit’s work upon three hearts, who listetened to the gospel in that court-yard, one, the old lame woman, another aged woman and a poor old blind man. They are just about to open their hearts to the Saviour. “Oh” they said, the last time we visited them, “you have brought us hope.” They repeated the name, over and over again as if they feared it might slip from them and leave them as they were before.”

“यशू यशू, क्रिस्त तारणारा.” (Jesus, Jesus, Christ the Saviour).

So the work goes on day by day “sowing beside all waters.” Please continue to pray for the souls who have been touched by the gospel and for the millions who have yet not been reached.
TOURING IN SANAND

By MR. D. McKEE

IT was at midnight we started from Sanand for our first camping ground of the season at Rethal, a town about twenty-five miles distant.

After a long time of travelling through the dark night we arrived at a small village which was on the edge of an immense jungle in which the grass was so high that we were unable to find a road, so had to engage a guide.

The road, when found, was indescribably rough and rocky and in places the tracks disappeared altogether, so toiling on slowly we reached our camping place about 11 a.m., tired, hungry and thirsty.

Going into the village, we made arrangements with the headman to send us water and after some time it arrived, but was neither cold nor hot and so insipid, salty and impure that only those famishing for drink could partake of it. After having prepared and eaten some food, we began to unload the carts and erect our tents, work which was only finished when the last rays of light were disappearing. Again partaking of a light meal we retired, only to be notified by our dog that a man had come who was desirous, for his own purposes, of making friends with our horse. When I arose to investigate the reason for these overtures of friendship he suddenly disappeared.

I returned to my coveted place of rest, only to be disturbed again by a huge wild cat near my head, trying to find out the secrets of our food-box. I suddenly introduced a bamboo stick to him and he disappeared, but soon returned again to prove that he was as much interested in the contents of that box as we were. These and many similar experiences enter into a missionary's touring and, with some, are almost nightly occurrences.

We were in a district where many of the people had never seen a European before and so were quite curious. This proved our opportunity to give them the gospel and we thoroughly enjoyed the privilege. It was encouraging to see how His sweet message of love went to their hearts and with what earnestness they listened. Around our camping place were many villages and we endeavoured to reach two or three of these each day, sometimes speaking more than once in each to different audiences at different places. We generally returned to camp about 4 or 5 p.m., weary in the flesh, but rejoicing in spirit that we had been permitted to give the gospel to those who had never heard it before.
While partaking of our evening meal we heard voices outside the tent and knew that anxious hearts had come to hear more of the Word of Life. For nearly two hours, though shivering with cold, they sat listening to the truth and then, on leaving, asked us, “When can we come again?”

Our Indian fellow-workers were simply delighted as they went about preaching to those who had never heard before and whose hearts were hungry, it was so different from the reception they often received in the older and well-worked districts nearer home.

We had no definite conversions but some cases which were very interesting. Two men said they wanted to become Christians, and when I asked them why they did not do so, pointing to two money-lenders sitting opposite to whom they were deeply indebted, they said “if we do so, these will take away all our property and all we have, and leave us without a home;” so they counted the cost too much. Oh! how they failed to realize the great price already paid for their precious souls.

Pray for such as these, that God will give them courage and strength to come out on His side notwithstanding the cost, for there are many like them in this land.

NOTES FROM KHAMGAON
BY MISS E. M. PATTERN

ONE of the widows who is a Bible-woman and evidently has a clear call from God to give the gospel to her people, developed an attack of acute Bronchitis. It seemed, when the tubes were so filled and the breath almost stopped, that when we gathered round her in prayer, relief came, her cough stopped and she was able to sleep. God has often before touched her body and raised her up from sickness. She is a woman much used of God in the villages, and at times, it seems as if the enemy had special designs on both her soul and body. The conflict has been fierce, and it is a case worth your prayers. I believe we have few Bible-women as well fitted to work among her own people as she is.

We have noticed throughout the past year a steady deepening of spiritual life among the girls. The testimonies have been more spontaneous than formerly and have come out of real heart experience. There has also been more of a tendency to confess wrong-doing, and to make wrong things right.

This is specially noticeable in the case of some of the girls who were baptised in the Spirit four years ago and who before that time, were amongst the worst girls in the school. One of
these in particular, a girl whose quarrelsome disposition kept her in trouble a great part of the time, since the Revival, has been going on with God. She helps with the bungalow work, and her loving, faithful service ministers blessing to us all.

Lately it was decided to give her a small sum of money, (16 cents) per month, to encourage her, as the work demanded her whole time. The first month she received it, she came to one of the missionaries with tears streaming down her face and said it was the first money she had ever earned and she wanted to give it all to the Lord. When told that the Lord only claimed a-tenth, she insisted that as it was her first earnings, the Lord should have it all.

A few other girls in responsible positions who receive small salaries, out of which they buy part of their own clothes, have nearly all of them given their tenth regularly to the Lord’s work without being solicited.

There has been one marked conversion. A young woman who had been a Hindu, came to us for protection until she could be legally married to the man she had been living with. She listened to the message, got under conviction, and a few weeks ago began going to a quiet place to pray, after the others were asleep. She kept this up for several nights until she received the assurance that she was a child of God, and her life has been changed ever since. She was baptised with some others a short time ago. Praise God for all His goodness to us.

ASHAPUR
BY MR. D. MCKEE

In our farm-colony at Ashapur there are at present forty-seven Christians. During the time I was with them ministering to their spiritual needs, the dear Lord added His blessing, with the result that they were much enriched in the Lord.

On receiving such a blessing themselves, these parents became in earnest that their children also might be partakers of His love and mercy. So, after our Sunday evening meeting, some of them came to me saying, “We are desirous to dedicate our children to the Lord, that His blessing may rest upon them too,” so on the following Sunday evening about half the children of the place were dedicated to the Lord.

After the service was over, the remaining ones came and said, “We would have dedicated ours too, but had no suitable clothes to dress them in, so must wait a while longer.”
During the next week a number of them asked permission to
be absent one day from their work and started for Ahmedabad,
walking fourteen miles in the intense heat and returning, some
in the night and others the following day, with an expression
of joy and satisfaction upon their faces that showed they had
received the desire of their hearts.

On the following Sunday they brought these little ones
neatly and cleanly dressed, so that they looked sweet and
acceptable, to be presented before the Lord. When the service
was over, we found there was still "a missing link" needed to
complete the full number, and on enquiring the reason, were told
that one dear couple were too poor to buy clothes for their little
one, yet would not offer that little one to the Lord without this
provision, as they felt it would not be right to do so. We en-
couraged them and on the following day, my dear wife supplied
the need; their hearts and ours too were rejoiced and that little
Treasure also offered to Him who said, "Suffer the little children
to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom
of heaven."

Later, the way opened for me to visit a town where one of
our families were living who had left our village in search of
employment. They had heard the news from Ashapur and
desired to present their little one also. This was done on a
Sunday evening in the presence of some who had never seen a
dedication service before but were well pleased with it, so all
things worked together for good to these who loved the Lord, and
the chain of our little village was complete.

## ITEMS.

A missionary writes from Berar—"No hearing this afternoon.
Women are busy making dinners, offering the food to the idols,
and then feasting themselves because George, their Christian
Emperor is being crowned. The village people have their tem-

ple shrines all decorated up and are worshipping their
heathen gods in honour of their Christian king; quite a paradox,
is it not?"

Rev. O. Dinham writes from Buldana, January 3rd—"You
will be glad to hear that we have had two more conversions
out in the district. One is the wife of a former convert. The
other is a husband of another family. The eight little ones
of these two families have since been dedicated and we have
good hopes of more to follow."
We are glad to inform those of our readers who have been praying for those missionaries now studying the language that Mr. A. I. Garrison has successfully passed his second examination in the Marathi language, Mr. Kiel Garrison and Miss H. Beardslee their first in the same language, and Mr. C. H. Schoonmaker his first in Gujarati.

Mr. Andrews writes from Ahmedabad: "We baptised two men on Sunday, one was a Mahomedan. Several others are seeking."

Mr. L. Turnbull writes from Mehmedabad: "The work of repairing the bungalow has been going on and our compound is a lively place with quite fifty natives at work. With famine staring them in the face, the people are very thankful to have some work to do. Evening services are held and we trust the spirit may do a real work in their hearts during the time they are with us. During the past year five have been baptised and are continuing steadfast in the faith although their testings and trials are many. The Lord has given us much personal blessing in giving out the gospel."

Mr. J. N. Culver writes from Dholka: "On account of lack of work, a number of boys who had left the orphanage and were working for themselves, have come back to us. The famine has made it very hard to get employment here and these boys who have gone out from us naturally turn to us in time of trial and difficulty."

On January 29th Mrs. Schoonmaker gave birth to twins, both girls. The parents are praising the Lord. Mother and children are doing well.

Our readers who have been praying for him will be glad to know that Yeshwant has been released from the Lunatic Asylum and has returned to his village.

It is too early yet for us to say anything about his restoration to the position of head-man, as this has yet to be decided by the officer in charge of the district.

He looks well and bears testimony to his faith in Christ but needs our prayers as he returns to his place and again faces his relatives and the trials of a heathen village.

Our hearts praise the Lord for what He has done and we are confident that He will care for this man unto the end.