Almighty Father, God of Grace,

Hear Thou in heav'n Thy dwelling-place
And when Thou hearest, answer, bless
According to Thy righteousness.

My heart and flesh cry out for Thee
O living God, draw near to me;
Be near to comfort, teach, and guide;
And with me evermore abide.

As pants the hart on scorching plain,
The cooling water-brook to gain,
So, Lord, my soul pants after Thee;
Reveal the Fount, Thyself, to me.

—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES

OUR HELPERS

Among those whom we are told God hath set in the Church, "helps" are mentioned, and some of us on the mission-field as well as in the home-work, have reason to thank God for the "helps" which He has given us.

Older missionaries can well remember the days in which they went alone from village to village, speaking the language imperfectly, with no one to help them in singing, praying, preaching, book-selling, or tract-distributing. How different now, and how little the new missionary of these days coming to an established work, knows of their trials and difficulties in those early days. How much better the singing, especially the native airs, is done by these dear brethren and sisters who accompany us. This leaves the missionary free to begin the preaching with a fresh voice, which will soon be sufficiently tried by the noise and dust of the bazaar, without first being tired out with singing to gather the crowd. When his voice does give out, there stand his faithful helpers, ready to go on with the story in their turn,
or sing another hymn if thought best. Very often each one
takes a turn, some even speaking twice, before the crowd tires
of hearing that "Old, old, Story" of which "the half was
never told."

But the preaching and singing are not the only things in
which these dear ones are "helps" to the missionary. Think of
the companionship on the long, weary journeys, the fellowship
in prayer, the sharing in the burden of rejection when the
message is refused, and, their knowledge of the needs and
difficulties of their own people, understood by them in a way
in which they never can be by the foreign missionary.

As we look at the men and women whom the Lord has
given us as "helpers" truly we may say with the Apostle "I
thank my God upon every remembrance of you." Does this
mean that there is never failure or trial on the part of these dear
ones? The Apostle found it needful to write to the same people
about whom he made the above statement "do all things with-
out murmurings and disputings," and again "I beseech
Euodias and Syntyche that they be of the same mind in the Lord."

Has there never been deep consciousness of failure on the part
of the missionary? Has he never felt discouragement? Have
there never been times in his life when it almost seemed as if
God and man had forgotten him and everything was going
wrong? Has the missionary never been tried at times, even
with his missionary brethren? If these things are so, why should
he judge his native brethren and sisters for the same things? If
we obey the Apostolic injunction "Whatsoever things are true,
honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue and
if there be any praise, think on these things," we shall have to
say again of our helpers, "I thank my God upon every remem-
brance of you," and there are always enough of such good
things for us to think about.

God has given us a noble band of "helpers," both men and
women, most of whom have been with us for a considerable time
and are well acquainted with the work in the various districts
where they are labouring.

They have been proved in many a hard place and stood
many a severe test; the only trouble is that we have not more of
them. As one missionary wrote to the editor "I need a dozen
helpers for every one I have got," and we believe this is the
general feeling among our missionaries.

What then is to be done? Our Lord Himself gives us the
order, that when we see the harvest truly is ripe and the labourers
few, we are to "pray the Lord of the Harvest that He would
send forth more labourers into His harvest." We find it much
easier to get the support for a good man or woman, than to get suitable men and women, called of the Lord for the work.

Will you not join us in earnest, believing prayer that God will call many more good, faithful helpers into His work, both men and women, during this year.

AN EXCITING NIGHT IN CAMP
BY WILLIAM FLETCHER

THE writer, his wife and two children are all out here in camp at Hirapur. We are camped in a beautiful mango grove, about a quarter of a mile from the town. It is a beautiful shady spot.

Fifteen fine mango trees afford ample shade for our four tents, and also for the children to play under. We number eight adults and four children. Although Satan has done his best to cripple some of us with rheumatism, fever etc., still we praise God that He has delivered the sick ones, and will yet deliver us. Our first day's work for the Lord was done in the bazaar here, where we got a good hearing and sold a good number of gospels. Since then we have daily visited the villages around our camp, sometimes walking four and five miles to a village where we have had splendid gatherings of from fifty to seventy-five adults to listen to the "Old Old Story." My two men walk to the villages, and sometimes I walk with them, and sometimes ride on my bicycle which I find is a great saving in time, but it gets pierced with many thorns. I took out the front wheel tube yesterday and mended twenty-one punctures, still I was able to ride it, because I had "Never leak" in the tubes.

During the first ten days of our stay here the nights were very dark, but no one thought of night visitors, as the only ones that we generally have, are dogs and jungle cats. The third night in camp all were sound asleep, but my wife, and her cot is near the tent door, but she had her eyes closed, and her face to the wall, when suddenly I heard her scream out, "There is some one on my bed." I arose at once, but could find nothing in or out of the tent, and telling her she had been dreaming, we both lay down in peace to sleep till the morning. A week following this, the camp folk were all asleep again. My wife awoke in the middle of the night by hearing a scratching noise at the foot of her bed, and her bed again had been shaken. She called me, and we heard something run away. I took the lantern which had been dimly burning at my wife's head, and went around the tents, but could find and see nothing so again comforting ourselves with the thought that it was only a dog, we
AN EXCITING NIGHT IN CAMP

lay down again. By that time it was one o'clock in the early morning.

After that, my wife had a dream, and in it she saw thieves coming to rob us of our money. The dream awoke her, and once again she heard this scratching noise at the foot of her bed. She sat up and listened, and her first thought was to get up in the dark and look outside the tent, but as it was cold and she had been suffering from asthma, she thought better of it, and just turned up the light to see. This time the sound of several feet running was heard, and when she looked, she said, "The side of our tent is gone." Just here I must explain. I had raised the walls of the tent to six feet, and instead of just putting cloth, I had made a patent of my own, and had wood and cloth with rings on the top of the wood to fasten to the top part of the tent. These pieces of wood were on hinges to fold up, and one hinge was in the middle just at the bottom of my wife's bed, and a bar of iron went right down through to keep it secure and firm. I jumped out of bed at her exclamation, and found this half side all open. I grabbed the lantern and gave chase, for by this time we were convinced it was thieves. The cry of चोर, चोर thief, thief, rang out and soon all the camp was up. I could not follow far, as it was pitch dark, and a river was right near our tent and plenty of hedges, so that the thieves could easily hide themselves. I came back to see what damage had been done. Our three clothes trunks were on the side they opened, and in another five minutes if we had not been awakened, they would have had them all. On the top of one was a dress basket with baby clothes in it, on the one right at the foot of Mrs. Fletcher's bed was a little leather bag containing money, and my pants with my purse and all our worldly possessions, was thrown on the top of this leather bag. As they ran they grabbed my wife's dressing jacket and some baby clothes. The former we found thrown in a field near the village. We took the lantern and went around our tent. There was a hole cut about two feet above my wife's head, another big one at the back of the bathroom which is joined to the tent, another one near the baby's head. They had got into the bathroom, taken out a folding wooden washstand, our wash bowl, soap, toothbrushes, and even my false teeth which were in a cup of water on the washstand worth about $33. All had been carefully put outside, I suppose ready to take away in their spare time. The holes they had cut were evidently peep holes, to see whether we were asleep or not, but I was sound asleep and snoring so I am told, so the way was clear for them. They had cut off
a ring of the tent and then undone the others. Just as we were prepared to come inside, a cry rang out on the midnight or early morning air, from our worker's wife, "Our box is gone too, and all our cooking and eating vessels." They had evidently gone there first, taken their big box which contained all their food, clothes, etc. When it got light we found their box in a field, and their vessels also had been thrown away but all their clothes and food, etc., had been taken away. Their loss was greater than ours. We reported to the police in the morning and the thieves were traced about two miles away from here. So now we have two men from the village every night to watch around our tent, and have peace. How we do praise God that He allowed no more damage to be done to our tent, and also for having saved our clothes and money.

Another week and we finish work in this camp. This is trying work but we feel repaid when a village receives us well, and listens with attention to the Word of life. We have had many attentive and large village gatherings, I have not seen better in this district before. Many of the farmers have left their threshing floors to come and listen.

We pray earnestly that the light may dawn on some benighted soul.

Dear readers, will you not unite in earnest prayer with us for the Salvation of these needy ones?

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RECENT EXPERIENCE AMONG OUR BOYS

BY K. P. WILLIAMS

THE Annual summer school for Native Catechists and Bible-women had just closed and the special meetings which always follow, had commenced.

Besides the workers, a number of native Christians had gathered from the different stations, as usual.

During the Convention days, provision had been made for almost all of the visitors to live on the mission compound, so that with the Akola resident Christians and the Orphanage boys, there was a goodly number assembled.

Though very busy with the study of the language we gladly gave some time to attending the meetings and we shall not soon forget those meetings which proved such a blessing to us.

Our hearts were stirred as we listened to the heart-searching messages by several of the missionaries and the testimonies and hearty joyful singing by the people.
However, during all this, the Spirit of the Lord had come in mighty convicting power upon the hearts of some who had gotten away from Him and upon others who had never yielded.

This was especially noticeable during one meeting among our boys. The Lord had been working in their hearts, but they had not yielded.

It was during the last meeting; a time when the spirit of the Lord was so manifestly present and the people so lifted up as they praised him in testimony and song. Just as we were enjoying all this, our attention was drawn to a number of the boys who sat just opposite us. What a picture they presented and how dejected, miserable and unhappy they looked. Two of them during almost the whole meeting were unable to look up at all. The third one however, little, lame Roukea got sufficient courage to rise and make a confession. He told what a bad boy he had been and said he did not know whether he could be good or not; but that he was going to try. After repeating that verse from Ps. xxxii. 5. "I acknowledge my sin and my iniquity have I not hid," he seemed to have dropped a great deal of the burden and being thus relieved was able to join just a little in the singing.

The others however kept still and the meeting closed leaving them in this sad condition.

Shall we call it sad? No, for while our hearts were going out to them in their misery, we were inwardly rejoicing and praising the Lord that at last, that for which a little company of missionaries in Akola, had been praying for many days, conviction for sin in the hearts of the boys, had really come to pass. They had seemed so indifferent, but now it looked as if something were about to be accomplished, and in this we were not disappointed.

One evening, soon after the close of the convention, we had occasion to meet two of the boys mentioned, and spoke just a few words to them telling them not to resist the Spirit, but to get free. One boy admitted that he was very unhappy and that he wanted to get right with God.

The boys then returned to their room and evidently told others that we had spoken to them, for a little later in the evening five others came sending one as spokesman saying, "Auntie, do you want to speak with us?" I had not sent for them, but at once understood what they wanted and answered, "Of course I want to speak with you."

We then had a little talk with them, giving them the Scripture remedy for sin, etc., though this they knew very well, having been taught it from their childhood. Then as we were outside we knelt there on the ground in the beautiful moonlight and after
the boys had each prayed in turn, poor lame Roukea, who had confessed to being so wicked, let Jesus come into his heart and arose a happy boy with the knowledge of his sins forgiven and “cast into the depths of the sea.” One or two of the others also, who had not been living as Christian boys should, took a new step forward that night.

While we were having our little open air service, the missionaries were having their usual weekly prayer meeting and both meetings closed about the same time, but soon the boys returned asking that they might have a praise service. Miss Delaney joined us, and then for another hour, we had a most blessed time in prayer and praise, and when the boys bade us “Good night,” their faces were just beaming with the new light which had come in and how our hearts rejoiced as we looked into these happy brown faces. After this, of their own accord, they came night after night, asking for meetings and during this time another boy, Andreas, yielded to God and has given real evidence of a change of heart. Although he had for some time known the way of salvation, yet, said he had never before taken the definite step.

These boys then began to ask for baptism and as there were a few others among our Christian boys who had not been baptized, it was decided they should all meet for this purpose on the following Sunday.

On Sunday evening, after the service in the Church, quite a company began wending their way to the Akola river where, after a brief and appropriate service conducted by Mr. Lapp, the boys one after another proceeded into the water, where by this outward sign they witnessed to having received the Christ within.

As we stood on the bank of the river watching this precious sight our hearts were indeed full and the tears of joy welled up again and again and we wished that some who had laboured and prayed perhaps for years, for these dear ones, could have been present, for they certainly would have felt that their labours had not been in vain.

Now just a little about each one baptized at this time.

First we will tell of Andreas, a bright energetic boy of seventeen. During the famine eleven years ago, he was brought by his mother and given to Mr. and Mrs. Erickson.

Although she was baptized, she later took her son away and sent him to the Government school, but during this time much prayer was going up for Andreas and more than a year ago he came to Akola to learn a trade in the mission workshop and to live among the other boys on the compound. Here we learned
RECENT EXPERIENCE AMONG OUR BOYS

to know and to take a special interest in the boy who wanted us to teach him to do almost everything he saw us doing. On coming to us some time ago asking for some pieces of cloth, we enquired what he wanted them for and found that he was spending his evenings in making a patch work quilt.

Next comes sixteen year-old Barkea who came to Akola during our stay here, also for the purpose of learning a trade. He with his widowed mother came to Mr. and Mrs. Cutler in the famine of 97 and although this mother also was baptized, she went back into caste taking her little boy with her.

For a long time nothing was heard of her and it was thought that she had died. However not really knowing if she were living or not the missionaries and one or two of her relatives who had become Christians, continued to pray for her, and through the long illness of her boy, she again sought the missionaries and Christian friends who prayed for the child and the Lord graciously healed him. Seeing this the mother again repented and sought forgiveness, and we believe she is now following on to know the Lord.

On account of being away so long with his mother Barkea had not the educational advantages that some of the other boys had, but he is a sincere earnest Christian and we would not be surprised to see him one day a worker in the Master's vineyard.

Roukea, the lame boy mentioned above, who is about seventeen years old, was brought to the orphanage during the famine of 1896. He attended school until old enough to begin to learn a trade and since then has been working in the mission workshop.

Though naturally dull and slow, Roukea has brightened up considerably since his new experience, and we could but praise the Lord as we have watched him reading his Testament or singing snatches of song as he limped along in the mornings on his way to work. We trust that this dear boy will "grow in grace" and ever be a follower of the "meek and lowly Jesus."

Then comes Barlya, also a boy of sixteen. When he came with his mother to the mission several years ago she was then a coolie widow, but since then life for them has taken a considerable change as she has married a Christian man and is in comfortable circumstances. The outlook for Barlya however would not have been a very bright one had he not fallen into the hands of the missionaries.

This boy some years ago became the special charge of Mrs. Stanley who did much to encourage and help him. For some time an effort was made to train him for a house servant;
but he showed such utter dislike for this work that he also was finally sent to the workshop where he is quite happy learning a trade.

Barlya is one of the boys who was always on hand for the prayer meeting and as he has a fairly good voice he enters heartily into the song services which he enjoys so much.

Fifteen year old Laku the youngest member of this party and an orphan, was brought from Bombay seven years ago by Mrs. Franklin.

We know little of this boy except that he was brought out from among the heathen and until recently, when he went to learn a trade, he has been attending the mission school. Laku is a bright little fellow and we hope that as a Christian boy the future will be bright for him.

Next on the list is Khondia, a tall lank boy of seventeen years. Perhaps we rejoiced just a little more, as we saw Khondia go down into the water, realizing that he had just come out of raw heathenism.

Khondia has a younger brother who some time ago was sent from his village to attend the mission school; when he was not only taught the secular studies but also the blessed gospel of salvation, which resulted in this little fellow becoming a Christian.

During his visits home he loved to witness for Christ his new found Saviour, and later, when Khondia came to visit his brother at school, he asked that he might stay, expressing a desire to become a Christian also. He was accordingly taken on as a servant and was taught the "way of salvation" by Mr. and Mrs. Lapp. He accepted Christ and gave evidence that he was ready to be baptized. There are the parents and several other relatives still back in that heathen village. Pray that they too may come to know "the true and the living God."

We also lift our hearts in praise to God for the seventh one baptized at this time. Nersu, is the husband of Rungu, a girl who after spending several years in the "Girls Orphanage," ran off to a village where according to heathen custom she married a heathen.

Rungu ran away from the orphanage but could not run away from God nor the teachings she had received, therefore she was miserable and unhappy. However she talked to her husband about Christ and succeeded in getting him to go away with her, this time back to the missionaries and back to the Lord.

Her husband also became a Christian and gave evidence of a real conversion, and how his face did shine that day as he came up out of the water,
We do thank our loving Father for all these who in this land of darkness have been brought into the light and liberty of Christ; but the fields are still "white unto the harvest" and the Reapers so few.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

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AHMEDABAD
BY H. V. ANDREWS

This city is a great, outstanding opportunity. A crowd can readily be gathered on the street at any time and the gospel is mostly listened to very respectfully. There have been in the past a few outbursts of displeasure when our men have suffered a little, but nothing of this kind has occurred for some months now.

Many of our boys, who have grown up and left the orphanage, are working in the mills, some of whom have married girls from Kaira orphanage, so that there are now about one hundred of these who are Christians, at least in name. Some are in a lapsed condition while others are trying to serve God in the face of much that pollutes.

All need much looking after and we feel this constitutes our first duty in our city work. We have regular weekly meetings at the centres where they live and try to get them to attend service at the bungalow on Sunday, and here lies one of our great difficulties. In many cases the mills run on Sundays as well as other days, in fact in some mills a Sunday off is the great exception as work is from day-light till dark and sometimes long after this, by lamp-light, it is hard to get them together. Our hearts continually long to find some other employment for these men so that they won't have to spend every hour of day-light, Sunday and week-day in these mills.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, our Sunday Services have had an average attendance of from fifty to sixty, and of these we hope soon to form a strong, organized Church; some are a little shy of giving in their names for this purpose but already twenty-one have been enrolled.

Besides these we have an out-station at which there are sixteen Christians of good standing, including one preacher and three schoolmasters, one of whom, we hope, will soon be supported by the native Church. The schools conducted by these masters are doing well and those who have visited them feel they should be continued.

The children learn to read quickly and imbibe a lot of Scripture truth at the same time. My own conviction
is that with good men in charge, such schools will prove more fruitful than is the case with much of the work done by our native preachers, of whom we have two in the city and work for two dozen.

Two young men have lately been baptised and four others are now candidates for baptism.

We would like to call for special prayer, first, for the wayward, that those who are called by Christ's Name may really become His and not so live as to disgrace His Holy Name; and secondly, that a Church-building or hall may be provided. In this city of 215,000, we ought to have a place set apart for the worship of God.

DOES IT PAY?

BY MISS H. BEARDSLEE

A FEW weeks ago I received a letter containing a question which read something like this, "Having been in India six months, have you seen any result of the work done there which you consider pays for the many lives that have been sacrificed?"

I would answer this question by telling one of the many things which have convinced me that mission work in India does pay.

At the close of our convention in Akola, Mr. and Mrs. Dinham, together with two other missionaries, came to Khamgaon to spend the Sabbath with us.

Directly after the Sunday service ten of the orphanage girls followed our Lord in baptism. As we gathered around the baptismal font we sang,

"What can wash away my sins,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

One by one these girls, dressed in white, their faces shining, went down into the water with Mr. Dinham. As they came out no one could doubt that they knew Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour, and that His blood had washed away their sins. The joy which beamed through their countenances testified to this fact.

The occasion was made doubly impressive when a visiting missionary, who had recently come to the field, took her turn with the girls and she, too, was baptized, thus strengthening "the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" with these dear people.

Had no other fruit been garnered, surely these ten precious souls, alone, would more than make returns for every sacrifice which has been made for dark India. But we praise God for the many many lives that have been called out of heathendom and washed in the precious blood of Jesus. Our prayer is that many more may speedily be brought into the fold.
DEAR CHILDREN,—Have you ever tried to think what it means for children to be born and live in a heathen country? No Bible-lessons, no prayers at mother's knee, no knowledge of God or of Jesus Christ.

As we enter a village in the homeland and look at the children, we see evidences of care and cleanliness on every hand; clean faces, clean clothes, even the bodies nicely dressed and cared for, clean houses to live in and clean beds to sleep on. All these and much more, provided by loving parents who know what is good for the child.

How different when we enter a heathen village in India. Children entirely naked, crawling or running about in the deep dust picking up any garbage that takes their fancy, their little brown bodies exposed to the hot sun and receiving very little care from their parents than do the young of some animals.

When they get a little older, sometimes a coloured cord or narrow band of cloth, perhaps if the parents are wealthy, a silver belt, is fastened round the waist for ornament; except this the boys are innocent of clothing. The girls have sometimes a small piece of white or coloured cloth tied round the loins. Later on the boy will have a little jacket or coat reaching to the waist and when the girl is big enough, she will have the sari (one piece garment) on top of a small jacket without sleeves. The men generally wear a loin-cloth and coat, the latter being often removed when eating or working. Even among the high-castes, the men sit down to dinner stripped to the waist.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages many of the boys and girls are really beautiful and remain so during the earlier period of their lives, but hard work, early marriage and premature age, soon make havoc of the beauty in most cases.

Sometimes we find that filthy surroundings and lack of cleanliness in the home have done their work, the little bodies being covered with itch or filthy sores which receive little or no attention, so that the little sufferer is covered with a loathsome disease and vermin. No doctors or kind nurses to care for them. Only native doctors (?) who occasionally give orders for the most unheard of things to be applied to the ailing parts.
How often we have seen a little girl or boy with the whole stomach one immense scar, where they had been burned outside because of pain inside; sometimes it is on the arms, neck, shoulders, or legs and knees, they have been treated in this way.

Some one asks, do those parents not love their little ones that they treat them so cruelly? Yes! they love them, but they don't know any better. It is the way they themselves were treated by their fathers and mothers who loved them, and they have no one to teach them any better, so that when they grow up they will treat their little ones in the same way.

The Bible says "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and we could not tell you all that these men and women, boys and girls, have to suffer, just because neither they themselves nor those who care for them know any better.

How thankful to God, our kind and loving Heavenly Father, should the boys and girls be, who are born where the light of His Word, and the example of the merciful Saviour has taught parents how to care for their children; and how to train them up so that when they become men and women, they may not inflict needless pain, but know how to care for themselves and others.

Are they showing this gratitude and thankfulness to God by remembering in prayer these who live in such suffering and darkness, and doing their utmost to send them the knowledge of Him who is "the Light of the World"? Shall we think of just one thing which the children at home have and many of these have not? How would you like to do without your books?

Have you ever been so thankful that you have books and know how to read them, that you send a penny to this land to help some poor little brown boy or girl to buy a book and read it? How many times, when the missionary visits a village, do the people tell him "you should go to the learned, we are like bullocks and only know to sleep, eat and work." We thank God that in many places this ignorance is passing away, schools are being established where boys and girls are taught to read and write; and above all, where they are taught to love the same Father in Heaven, whom our fathers and mothers taught us to love and serve.

Perhaps, if you begin to pray for these little children and send your pennies to help them because you love God for what
He has done for you, He may call you some day to come and live among them and tell them of Him. Then, how your heart will rejoice when you see the light beginning to come to their faces as they turn to Him, and you think of that day when you will stand before Him with all those who, by His grace, you have been enabled to bring to Him. How His heart will be rejoiced as well as yours, and that rejoicing will be for ever.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

"He that winneth souls is wise."

W. R.

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MALKAPUR DISTRICT WORK

BY H. H. COX

EIGHT years have passed since God first called me to India. While I was alone with Him, He made the call so clear and definite that there was no possibility of my ever doubting it. During all these years He has been so faithful, not one word of His promises has failed.

When God by His Spirit called me to this land, He also put within my heart a love for its people and a desire that they should hear the blessed gospel, which alone is the power of God unto them and to all that believe.

My first duty was to study the language, and many a time during the first lessons in Marathi, I have wondered if ever the time would come when I would be able to tell the good news of Salvation to these people in their own language.

I remember well the first time I tried to witness for Jesus in the Marathi tongue. Three men had come from a near-by village, to visit us.

My head was a little tired with hard study but I read John iii. 16 to them and spoke a few words about Jesus by way of explanation; that was all, but those few words brought tears of joy to my eyes as I saw the beginning of the fulfilment of my cherished hopes.

About three months ago, I was married, and the committee on the field appointed my wife and me to Malkapur district. As soon as possible, we went out among the people and have been travelling about in a bullock-cart trying to make plain to the people the way of Salvation through Jesus Christ.
While going from place to place preaching the Word, we have observed three classes of people, viz., 1st. Those who believe the Word and desire to be saved. 2nd. Those who seem to believe the Word yet do not desire to be saved, and 3rd. Those who utterly reject the Word of Life.

There are some, thank God, who, when they heard the Word believed it and desired to become Christians. Many have come to us saying "the Word you preach has gone to our hearts and we want to be Christians," but when we begin to explain a little further what this means, they begin to present their difficulties. At a place called Rajura, quite a number came to our camping-place and told us they wanted to decide for Christ. They were poor people, only able to earn enough to provide a meagre living for themselves and their families. If they became Christians they would be considered defiled and put out from their caste and perhaps even from their own families, would be prohibited from drawing water at the wells, and could not even sit down to eat with their own people.

In cases like this the people work all kind of schemes to get them out of the villages and, should this fail, have even been known to resort to poison as it is considered a disgrace to their relatives and caste-people to have them become Christians. With no money to dig a well for themselves and fearing the threats of their caste-people or, what is sometimes harder to bear, the pleadings of their wives and children, is it any wonder they shrink back. They may secretly pray to God through Jesus Christ our Lord, but they cannot openly decide for Him or break the regulations and restrictions of their caste.

In our last camping place we had this same difficulty and it is one which often comes up. There the people pleaded with us to send them a catechist to live among them and teach them of Christ, yet no one would openly decide for Him. Just before leaving that place, a woman came to my wife and with tears in her eyes, said "You are going away now and there is no one here to tell us this good story, but I will not forget what you have told me." Such pleas touch our hearts as we think that another year must pass before we can visit the village again and perhaps many may never have another opportunity to hear the blessed story of Salvation.

Another case is that of a high-caste man who has often listened to dear brother Hagberg's preaching and, in his heart, decided for Christ. He has even confessed Christ before some of his people but has not been baptised,
This man is not poor by any means, but has a good house and much land of his own. By renting this land he is able to obtain sufficient money to make a respectable living without working. When he confessed to his people his belief in Christ as the only Saviour, his relatives, filled with anger, plotted against him. At present he is unable to get any money from those who have rented his land, as his relatives have urged them not to pay, so the man is left without even money to buy food and is also being persecuted severely in other ways because he witnessed for Jesus Christ. Many in the homeland have turned aside and continued in sin because of shrinking from much less suffering than this man is enduring at present. We trust that such cases may be borne upon the hearts of our readers, and unceasing prayer unto God made for them.

The second class of people are those who confess the message is true, but do not want it. We go to many villages and market-places, open our books and begin to sing. The crowd gathers and soon some one is telling the sweet story of Jesus' love. We hear voices in the audience now-and-then saying "बरी गोइँ," "बरी गोइँ," which means "that is a true story." This is sometimes repeated so often that we begin to think someone is interested and may accept the message. At the close of the service a few questions are asked so that we may understand where our hearers are, and again we are assured that the story is true; We ask, "Then will you believe it and accept Christ as your Saviour?" and the answer comes "Oh, no! We do not want Christ." It is easily understood why Christ is not wanted. These people want to indulge in sin, even their gurus (religious teachers) are given to lust, anger, covetousness and pride.

Their ministry is to beg, to sit idle and be as dirty as possible. The more filthy, the better the guru. We sometimes enquire of them why they are gurus. Most always the answer is "For our stomach's sake." To rebuke sin and exhort to righteousness they never dream of. Knowing that to worship the Lord Jesus in Spirit and in truth, sin must be put away, therefore the gurus and the people decide rather to worship their own gods who tolerate sin, and tell us they do not want Christ.

The third class of people perhaps appear more respectable than the former, but they deny the Lord that bought them. Very few educated men are met in the villages. Still there are some, because in many villages schools have been established and the boys and girls are being educated. This necessitates teachers; therefore educated men are scattered all over the country. We
come in contact with a few of them and often talk about the Lord Jesus who can save from sin. In course of conversation we soon learn that they have no place for Christ in their lives. They are a little god in themselves therefore need no mediator.

A few weeks ago I talked with a man of this class. I assured him, according to God’s Word, that Jesus was the only Saviour of men and by Him only could we enter the kingdom of heaven. He stoutly refused to believe the Word: but informed me that he was a Brahman and therefore was his own god. Being able to enter heaven of himself he needed no Jesus Christ.

Many men of this character we have met, to whom we preach Jesus but in reply we receive the solemn statement, “We reject such a message and refuse to believe it.”

In conclusion we would say that God has commanded us to preach the gospel to every creature; hence these three classes are included, and we find joy in obeying God’s command. Still we confess our hearts ache for these poor souls, knowing what their final end will be if they continue to reject the Lord Jesus. Therefore constrained by His love we preach the Word, water it by prayer and trust God by his grace to deliver some at least from darkness and the power of Satan, and to give them a place in His everlasting kingdom through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We desire our Christian friends to know that the writer and his wife have been stationed in Malkapur district where there are no less than three hundred and sixty villages. This is a large field of labour and we feel that a great responsibility is laid upon us. We think of the multitudes in this district and then say, woe is to us if we preach not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Will you not pray with us that God, for Christ’s sake, may deliver these souls from sin’s thraldom and bring them into the glorious light and liberty of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"GONE TO PRAY"

BY E. R. CARNER

A FEW evenings ago we had occasion to go to the shop or store of a Mohammedan merchant in Khamgaon to buy a few articles for our household. We found the shop open and brilliantly lighted but the merchant was not to be seen. A young Hindoo was keeping watch but he was not a clerk and could not wait upon us.

"Where is the shopkeeper?" we inquired.
"He has gone to pray," was the reply.
"And how soon will he be back?"
"Not before half past seven or eight o'clock"
"But is there no one who can give me what I want?"
"No, sahib. There is no one here but you may wait till the shopkeeper comes if you like."

This was all the satisfaction I could get and wait I did, though it was late and I would have been glad to get home at once. As I waited I thought of the devotion of this man who would leave his big shop and go to say his prayers no difference how many customers might be waiting to be served. "Gone to pray," and no amount of business could deflect him from doing that which was as much a part of his life as the eating of his meals. "Gone to pray," and he a business man with the largest store in the city. "Gone to pray," right in business hours and he an ambitious man, with all the love of money and money making that characterizes "successful" men everywhere in this busy age. "Gone to pray," yet his prayers were mere forms that would bring to him no communion with God and would leave his heart as cold and dead as before he went. Yet customers might come by the half dozen if they liked, and he would go "gone" to pray till those prayers were said, and then he would come back smiling and ready to serve them.

The incident needs no comment. It carries its own lesson, and may we who have the Light of the World and the heaven-high privilege of kneeling at the real mercy seat take it to heart.

A JATRA

HOW much of weariness, sadness and blighted hope is covered by that Indian word "Jatra." Ah! who can fathom it?

The meaning of the word is given as:—"Travelling to a holy river," "A company of pilgrims," "A periodical festival in honour of an idol," and last but most significant, "A fruitless trip or journey." That latter meaning seems to sum up the whole correctly.

Some little time ago, four of us wended our way to a river-bed where a jatra was held. Not a drop of water was to be seen. That had all dried up months before, and everywhere the ground was dry and parched and hard. The huge stones were like live coals to the touch, and the sun blazed down mercilessly, as if trying to make things still hotter, while a fierce hot wind blew, scorching everything as it swept along with its fiery breath.
But all these things faded out of view and out of thought, as we beheld the people gathered there like sheep without a shepherd. They were huddled together in families—grandmothers, aunts, uncles, and married sons and daughters with their children. All who belonged to the different families sat together on the ground. Thus, there were little groups dotted here and there, along the whole length of the river-bed.

Each family had a fowl, which was killed and the blood poured over some stones which were slightly more elevated than the rest, and which had been plentifully besmeared with red lead and oil. Portions of rice were also laid down, and the vultures were circling overhead, waiting for an opportunity to descend and devour the offerings.

What a pathetic picture it was! Old, bent, frail women, and men who had worn themselves out with just such fruitless quests as this. And now the end was not far away they knew, but after that,—what lay beyond, they knew not. They had done all they could, all they had been told to do; but, as many of them owned, they had no joy, no peace! All within was unrest and dissatisfaction. We went from group to group singing gospel hymns, and telling of the One Who can set them free, and give them rest and happiness they long for; One Who long ago said, "It is finished," so that there is now no need for all the trampling of so many weary miles, in order to gain merit in the next world; for Jesus gives peace here in this world, and joy which goes on into the next.

Some listened in silence. In one group there was a man who seemed to be a sort of leader. He turned to the others and said, "She has come to tell us God's Story." Then he said, "How can sin be put away?" Another company had an old, wrinkled lady as spokeswoman. After they had listened for some time, she said somewhat impatiently, "Go away, you are talking rubbish. We've heard of our gods all these years, but have only now begun to hear of Jesus. How could we worship Him?"

While we had been talking, the women and children had been busily divesting the fowls of their feathers, etc., and now the birds were simmering away in huge vessels brought for the purpose. Then the leader said, "We are going to eat now. Will you go away?" We knew that every one there had by this time heard of the Way of Salvation; so we complied with the man's request, and left the poor people to their feast and to talk over what we had told them.

On the homeward journey the old lady's words kept ringing in our ears, and, they brought a tinge of sadness to our hearts; so
old she was, but she had “only now begun to hear of Jesus,” and we wondered if it was because some one was sitting at ease a home, who should have been out here telling her and others like her; some one who has stifled the Gentle Voice that whispers, “Go ye,” and so, many, many weary souls remain without knowing that Jesus is the only One “Mighty to Save,” and go on with their fruitless trips.—M. LISSA HASTIE.

Mukti Prayer-Bell.

“A HEAVY DAY”

BY M. COMPTON

A WEEK ago last Sunday, while I sat before my class of women—and babies, for there are quite a goodly number of these too, in my class—Miss Peter, who has charge of our hospital work here—was crossing the compound, on her way to care for a would-be-mother, in a nearby village, when she retraced her steps, and came up to me, requesting, that when the classes reassembled, prayer be made for “Surtie” who was very much worse.

Then our sister passed on on her errand of loving ministry—the manner in which she is daily employed.

“Surtie” was one of our older girls, who was taken ill during the famine, and who for years had lived a true Christian life here.

For some time she had been one of the assistant nurses in our hospital, always ready for any ministry—and doing it most faithfully—standing by, many times, till her patient had passed away—having no thought for self.

A few months ago we were so grieved, to find that this dear child was failing; everything possible was done for her recovery; but tuberculosis had fastened its dread hold upon her and she failed rapidly, until our Sister Peter’s request told us that the end was near.

All through her suffering, Surtie was so patient and sweet—no murmuring from her lips—neither thought of trial to anyone. Her steadfast trust in her Lord was her stay and marked her life—and death.

Late in the afternoon, of this same Sabbath day, as we stood by her bed, quietly singing, her soul winged its flight to the God who gave it, and our dear Surtie was with the Saviour she loved; and served so faithfully.
As we gazed upon her face, after she was prepared to lay her way it seemed as though “peace” were written all over it—so restful and happy did she look.

Oh, what a victory, through the blood!

On this same day—while we were in the same service, another life passed out—all alone—in a grass hut, near our hospital, separated thus on account of fear of contagion to the well girls.

“Devalie” came to us six years ago and remained, three years—but her heart remained so hard, and bitter, that no trace of any change was ever manifested in her life.

Becoming dissatisfied, and restless, she one day, ran away—and until a few weeks ago, we had no clue to her whereabouts; she appeared at our bungalow at Mehmedabad, in terrible state—and was sent back here to die.

Poor girl, she had gone from bad to worse, until now she was covered with sores—and merely a skeleton of her former self.

When she arrived she was taken in charge by our hospital folks, bathed, cleanly clad, and fed. From time to time, she was appealed to, about her soul’s welfare, but repeatedly she turned a deaf ear.

However, we prayed on, and finally, one night, when she was suffering intensely—she called for help—and one of the ladies, with some of our girls, prayed, and sang, and exhorted, until eventually poor Devalie felt she was saved. How we did rejoice; for God had heard.

We did not realize the end was so near; but suddenly the disease reached the vitals—and the child was gone. Saved at the eleventh hour but no fruit for her Master.

Over, and over again, that day came the words to us—“In the midst of life, we are in death” and—“The fruits of the Spirit’ versus the fruits of the flesh. The two deaths, made a deep impression upon all, as the lives had done, before.

Please pray for our children, that this, and many other lessons, may be the means in God’s hand of turning many hearts to the Saviour, to bear fruit for His glory.

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URGENT APPEAL FOR FAMINE RELIEF IN GUJARAT AND KATHIAWAR, INDIA

THE Famine Committee of the Gujarat and Kathiawar Missionary Conference, at a meeting in Ahmedabad, December 21st, 1911, after careful thought and investigation, feel impelled to send to the Christian public and others in India and the homelands this second and urgent appeal for help.
In continuation of the Appeal of the Conference, dated Surat, September 27, 1911, we feel that the lapse of time has confirmed the need for that appeal, and calls for an emphatic endorsement of the same.

Especially do we feel this in view of the fact that a wrong impression is abroad that rain having recently fallen in India, the prospects are brighter and the situation has been relieved. While it is true that rain has fallen in parts of India since the appeal was sent forth, and that in India as a whole the prospects are brighter, nevertheless rain has not fallen in this famine area of Gujarat and Kathiawar; and conditions here, rather than being improved, are steadily growing worse.

The need of reiterating and strengthening that appeal lies in the fact also that by the time any response can be received from the homelands, the distress in this famine area will be acute indeed, and there will be much suffering. Further as no rain can be expected before the next monsoon season six months hence; until then the condition of the people will grow steadily worse instead of better.

We would also call attention to the fact that the great majority of the people are agriculturists, and the cattle constitute the bulk of their assets. Many cattle are dying of starvation, and it is necessary to do what we can to immediately help our people from losing what is to them their most important means of livelihood as well as their most valued possession. Otherwise when rain does fall they will be in such an impoverished condition as to be unable to take up the work of cultivation. Government is making noble efforts to help the people and save their cattle but Government aid needs to be supplemented by Christian charity.

We do feel that we should state that in parts of this field—especially in Kathiawar and the Panch Mahals—among Kathiawarees and Bheels—the situation is already desperate. And further, that all through these areas there are already large numbers of aged and decrepit people and little children, among Christians as well as non-Christians, who have no means of help and cannot go to relief camps to work, and who are in need of immediate and continual help until the conditions are improved.

The Conference represents the following Missions working in Gujarat and Kathiawar:

- The Irish Presbyterian Mission.
- The Methodist Episcopal Mission.
- The Church Missionary Society.
- The Christian and Missionary Alliance.
We have just received from a friend, a copy of the above paper for January 1912.

This is the official organ of The Bible League which was inaugurated at a meeting in Exeter Hall in 1892, when the following resolution was adopted—

"Believing that the hour has come when all who know the value of the great gift which God has given us in His Word should band themselves together to witness for it, and to defeat the attempts now made to disparage its claims, and to mislead the Christian Church and the World, as to the dependence that should be placed upon it, we now resolve to form ourselves into a BIBLE LEAGUE, and to invite the co-operation of all who believe in the Verbal Inspiration and Infallibility of the entire Bible as originally given."

While in full sympathy with the object of the above Society and believing that in view of the attacks constantly being made both covertly and openly, upon the very foundations of the Christian faith, there is a pressing need that something be done to rouse the Church from her lethargy, that she may free herself from all that would cripple her testimony to the power and life of a once crucified but now risen Redeemer and Lord; yet we must say that we consider the multiplication of societies to be one of the evils of this age.

Every true Christian is, de facto, a member of the above Society and is responsible to the Master for doing his utmost to further the truth embodied in the above resolution. While this is true regarding the Society, yet much valuable information may be obtained by a perusal of the Quarterly, obtainable from the Bible League Office, 186, Aldersgate St., London, E.C., price one penny.

Footnote to Resolution:—This phrase is not intended to suggest any theory of inspiration, but merely to define its result. The "Words" are claimed as God's words by the Scripture itself: "Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." (1 Corinthians 2, 13.)
ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Carner have been appointed to take charge of the district work in Khamgaon, Mr. Carner also acting as pastor of the local Church. All communications for them should therefore be addressed to Rev. E. R. Carner, Khamgaon, Berar.

As Miss E. M. Patten is on furlough in the homeland, Miss Helen Bushfield has been appointed to take charge of the orphanage in Khamgaon. The work in connection with these orphanages being of a very trying and exacting nature, it is proposed to divide it up a little. Miss Emma Krater has kindly consented to look after the correspondence, in addition to her work in the district. All communications concerning orphans, subscriptions, enquiries, etc., should be addressed to Miss Emma Krater, Khamgaon, Berar.

Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer going on furlough has necessitated the transference of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Eicher from Khamgaon to Akola to take charge of the Industrial work. All correspondence for them and also all connected with the Industrial Workshop should be addressed to Mr. P. L. Eicher, Akola, Berar.

Miss A. Little having been appointed to take charge of the Girls' Training School, in place of Mrs. P. L. Eicher, all communications connected with that institution should be addressed to Miss A. Little, Khamgaon, Berar.

A card announced the arrival of John Frazer Culver in his parents' home on 5th February. His arrival begins a new era in our Gujarati Mission, all the children up to this having been girls. There are now fourteen girls to one boy in the missionary homes of the Alliance in Gujarat.

Our readers will notice an appeal from the missionaries working in Gujarat for famine funds. Mrs. Duckworth tells us that they are already caring for fifty people at Viramgam, and numbers are fast increasing.

Mr. Moyser writes from Amraoti, "We are having fairly good times in the district, though touring is very expensive this year, the price of fodder being so high. We have met several interesting people, especially one village of Mahars (low-caste people) who have their own fields and so are independent of the higher castes for employment."