“Go labour on, 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises. What are men?

“Go labour on while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on.
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

“Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest; for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold I come.'”

EDITORIAL NOTES

The missionary in India to-day is facing a much more difficult and complex problem than that which confronted the pioneer missionaries of the early days. Those early veterans came to the mission field with no other purpose than to preach the gospel. They believed that without the gospel which they preached men are lost, living in sin, "without hope and without God in the world." They came to tell of One able to save from sin in this world and give assurance of a glorious resurrection unto eternal life, and without Whom there is no hope for the future. How delightfully simple and straightforward their position was "He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." They were not of those who see great beauty in Hinduism of which Jesus Christ is the fulfilment. They saw
its sin, its filth, its degradation, for which Christ is the only remedy.

Is it not sad that among the children of such missionaries some, by laxity of doctrine and consequent lack of spirituality in their own lives, are to some extent at least, responsible for the looseness in the lives of so many of the converts of to-day.

This weakness in the Church of Christ is not confined to India. How many names we can recall of those who were burning, shining lights for God in the homeland, who have passed to their eternal rest full of years and labour, with much fruit for the Master; their children are in the Church it is true, but how many of them are occupying important positions in it merely by virtue of their parents’ names and influence, without the spiritual life and power which characterized those parents and made them what they were?

Whether in the Church at home or on the mission field is it not these, occupying leading positions without the corresponding spirituality and whole-hearted devotion to Christ’s name and service, who are largely responsible for the lack of zeal and the spirit of compromise which has taken possession of a great part of the Christian Church. Never having personally taken the position of lost sinners and having a real personal experience of the joy of being saved by the grace of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, yet occupying prominent places in the Church or on the mission field, familiar with the ritual and practices of the Church so that they know and can outwardly perform what is expected of them, are they likely to lead others to take a definite stand and be right out and out for God? Having never done so themselves will they not feel a secret shrinking and condemnation in their own hearts when the necessity for such a definite decision is being pressed home upon others in their presence, and would not this ultimately lead them to discourage the insistence upon such definite decisions.

The next step would naturally be to turn aside from the direct preaching of the gospel and benefit the heathen by bringing them advanced education, medical attendance and nursing, industrial schools and factories, up-to-date agricultural methods, and village schools (sometimes with heathen masters);
education and civilization without a living Christ.

Let no one think that by anything in the foregoing the writer intends to cast a slur upon the many children of ministers and missionaries who are worthily endeavouring to fill their parents' places in the Church or on the mission field, who have found in Jesus a Saviour and personal Friend whose love they can recommend to others because of their own personal experience of its joy and blessedness. Nor does he mean to disparage the work of those true ministers of God, who are putting God first in their colleges, medical work and schools, using all these as a means for the conversion of souls and opportunities for pressing home the claims of Jesus Christ on men's hearts and consciences.

That this is not always the case is shown by the following incident. Not long ago speaking with the Superintendent of a mission in Central India concerning native workers trained in a large mission who came recommended by some of the missionaries in that mission as suitable candidates for Christian work, the writer was asked if among the numbers thus recommended to his own and other missions he had ever known one having a definite personal experience of conversion. The answer had to be in the negative and the other gentleman admitted that his experience with those who came as workers from that mission was a similar one. We can only ask, if this is true of those recommended as suitable for Christian work what must the rank and file of the Church membership be like?

The Apostle tells us "that in the last days grievous times shall come" when some shall be of those "who are holding a form of godliness having denied the power thereof" and he adds, "from such, turn away."

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A woman came to a missionary, asking him to prevent a certain native Christian from praying for her any more. "I used to perform my worship to my idols quite comfortably," she said, "but for some time I have not been able to do so. He told me that he was praying for my family, and now my son and two daughters have become Christians. If he goes on praying, he may make me become a Christian too. He is always bringing things to pass with his prayers."
THE INDIAN CHURCH AND SELF-SUPPORT

BY S. P. HAMILTON

FROM North to South, East to West, we hear the oft-repeated cry "the Indian Church should be self-supporting" and we do not see the slightest reason why it should not be so. We have to admit that the Indian Church has fallen short in this respect, but at the same time we must admit that this is because of the bad training she has received along this line.

We of the Occident have been accustomed to assume full control of the Indian Church and carry her financial burdens as well, and, with a few noble exceptions, she has never objected to our doing so. From the very beginning our people made us their ma bap (father and mother) whose natural duty it was to care for the child and meet all its financial obligations. True to the ma bap instinct, the missions have dandled the little fellow in their lap so long that, rather than face the kicking and screaming that putting him down and letting him walk on his own feet would involve, we have preferred to carry him all the time.

As long as we pursue this course we cannot expect to have a Church that is spiritually strong, neither will such a Church commend itself to the people of this land. Only a few days ago, a Hindu said to me "Saheb, we make our religious leaders rich, but we notice that your people do very little to support the religion they profess, and not only so, but they expect you to help them." I could only feel that there was a great deal of truth in what he said but not for one moment could I lay the blame at the door of the Indian Church, for this state of things has been brought about by mistaken kindness on the part of the missionary. Perhaps the principal reason for us not having done more in the way of insisting on self-support has been that we thought the people, on the whole, too poor to carry the burden, and when we compare the average salary of one of our Native Christians with the salary of one in the same kind of employment at home, we may have had some justification for this opinion.

A little reflection will, however, convince us that this was a mistaken idea, for not only do the Hindus support their religious institutions, but countless numbers of idle mendicants as well; they may complain a little about it at times, but as a whole, they take it as a matter of course and do it.

To be a Hindu costs the average Dherd (low-caste man) about twenty-one rupees, (seven dollars) per annum, so all our people need to do to be self-supporting is to pay as much towards the support of the Church as they formerly did to
support Hinduism; if they paid even half this amount the Church would be self-supporting. The fact of the matter is our people have scarcely averaged three rupees per annum for the support of their Church.

We have given them the impression that there is plenty of money in the West and therefore it is not necessary that they assume any financial burdens in connection with the Church; in doing so we have done them a great wrong and imposed a financial burden on our home Churches that does not belong to them, for their part of the burden should be to spread the gospel in new territory rather than support Churches indefinitely in the older sections of the country where they have been established for some time.

I am glad to say that we have been making some little progress along the line of self-propagation. During the past year, several of our young men who had been employed by the mission as paid Christian workers, asked to be allowed to retire from the work as they felt they could preach the gospel more effectively if they earned their own support by farming. As a rule a man's testimony loses much of its weight when his hearers know that he is paid for his preaching by the foreigner, so we were glad to assist these young men in their enterprise. Only yesterday while one of our young men was speaking in the bazaar, a Hindu flung it in his teeth that he was preaching because he was paid for it.

Some of our young men have been as definitely called of the Lord to devote their whole time to His service as the missionary himself has been, so we cannot say we are prepared to discard all our native workers and encourage them to go into secular employment for self-support, though we are convinced that some who are drawing mission pay would be more used of God and respected by their heathen neighbours if they were living a consistent life as farmers or workmen in their own villages and preaching the Word as they found opportunity. I feel certain that some of those who have given up their mission salaries during the past year are doing more for the extension of Christ's kingdom than when they were being paid by the mission. We long to see our Christian community so quickened by the Holy Spirit that they will preach the gospel because they cannot help doing so, for this is the kind of witnessing that counts here in India.

We have hired men sometimes to preach the gospel who were merely hirelings, though the people to whom they preached knew this better than we did. I fear that money, which is the power of this evil age, has even become such a power in mission
work that preaching the gospel is looked upon by the Hindu,
and perhaps by many Christians as well, as just a common
everyday business instead of the service of Christ. May God
give us wisdom to forsake the mistakes of the past and build
more wisely for the future.

REV. S. V. KARMARKAR

By the passing away in the early part of last week of the
Rev. S. V. Karmarkar, Bombay loses one who might well
be called her most prominent evangelist, and the Church
in Western India, and indeed throughout the whole land, one
of her hardest workers and brightest ornaments.

His continual brightness of manner and his unfailing
geniality made him many friends among all classes of the com-
munity. He was the personal friend and trusted fellow-worker of
the foreign missionary as well as the mainstay and guide of
many young men among the students in the various colleges
and schools of Bombay, and also of many who have passed from
the student centres into the business life of the city.

We doubt if there are many, either of the missionaries or
Indian Christians, who are so closely in touch with the various
sections of the non-Christian community as was Mr. Karmarkar,
whose broad-minded, large-hearted, charity and unfailing sympa-
thy made him the friend and helper of all classes.

Of his various activities we can only form some little idea
from the positions he held in different religious societies such as
the Bombay Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of
which he was a Vice-President. He was also very active in
connection with the Religious Book and Tract Society, in
connection with which he prepared many of the vernacular tracts
for free distribution which have been so helpful to missionaries
working in the Marathi country. The Sunday schools are also
deeply indebted to him for the weekly publication of a paper
containing expositions and illustrations in connection with the
International Sunday School Lessons in the Marathi language,
which have been interesting and instructive to the scholars and
lightened the labours of many a hard-worked missionary and
Sunday school teacher.

In his work in connection with the Christian Endeavour
Society, Mr. Karmarkar was brought into touch with Christians
from all over the country. His education at Hartford and
Yale, where he studied Theology and obtained his B.D. degree,
undoubtedly fitted him for that wide sphere of usefulness into
which God was leading him.
Such a life as this shows us the possibilities for the Indian Christian, and may well stimulate us to do our best for men in whom there are such possibilities. Not all young Indians can be Mr. Karmarkar's, any more than all young Americans can occupy the President's chair at Washington, but every young Christian has the privilege of so yielding himself to God that the world will be the better for his having lived in it. The secret of Mr. Karmarkar's success may be summed up in a few words, wholehearted submission to God and whole-hearted devotion to His service. God waits to use, in a wonderful way, every man who will so yield himself to Him.

It was comparatively recently, in the tent on Chowpattie Beach where Mr Karmarkar so often pleaded with the educated young men of this city to yield themselves to God and serve Him, that the writer made his acquaintance, and the last conversation he had with him, only a few days before he passed away, was a renewed invitation to again take part in the tent services.

In closing we cannot do better than quote from the Bombay Guardian a short account of the funeral service at the Church and the tribute paid by Rev. Dr. Mackichan to his friend whose body lay in front of the platform among the palms, which had been placed ready for the Easter decorations in the Church, and were fitting emblems of that life which had been so full of victory through his Lord and Master, as well as a remembrance of that new and resurrection life into which our brother had entered.

THE FUNERAL.

"Early on Wednesday morning a long procession wended its way on foot from Alexandra Terrace, Byculla, to the American Marathi Mission Church, the coffin being borne all the way by Christian and non-Christian friends. The spacious building was crowded and many of the ministers of the city took part in the memorial service. The only address in English was given by Dr. Mackichan, while Dr. Hume of Ahmednagar and the pastor of the Church, Rev. John Malelu, spoke in Marathi.

DR. MACKICHAN’S TRIBUTE.

"Dr. Mackichan whose friendship with Mr. Karmarkar had extended over a period of thirty-six years spoke of his 'unchanging, steadfast earnest Christian life,' a life not divided between the world and Christ; and of whom it may be said more than of any other that he touched the life of the Indian Church at almost every point. The whole missionary community of this city, said Dr. Mackichan, has been profoundly
moved by the death of Mr. Karmarkar. While he touched the whole Christian work of the land, one feature of special prominence in his life was his intense evangelistic spirit, so that we may say of him that he was the premier evangelist of the city of Bombay. We recognise in him one whose whole life was devoted to this one purpose of proclaiming to all he could reach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

His was a life most ungrudgingly given to the service of his Master. He has not lived long but he has lived much, and in that life of his he has done much to advance the Kingdom of his Saviour. After associating Mr. Karmarkar with other leaders who have gone before, Dr. Mackichan said that lives such as these are lives of prophecy, for they tell us that the religion of Jesus Christ is the religion for India. Then followed an earnest appeal to the young men of the Church to arise and follow in the steps of those who have gone before.

A large number followed to the cemetery where the Rev. William Hazen conducted a brief but impressive service.”

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SCHOOLS AS AN EVANGELISING AGENCY

BY H. V. ANDREWS

EDUCATION as a means of missionary propaganda has not been a recognized feature of our mission policy. The establishment of orphanages necessitated the education of the orphans, but till quite a recent date very little more has been attempted. There are, however, in some parts at least, conditions that call for some action on the part of the missionary. The fact that 60,000,000 of India’s people are outcastes “Untouchables” whose education Hinduism prohibits, is one loud call. In Gujarat, if not in every Province, these untouchables are not allowed to sit in school with other children, and with a few exceptions, Government has not provided separate schools. It is therefore left to the missionary to give these unfortunate millions a primary education. This alone would confer a great boon upon this suppressed part of the human family.

However education is but a minor part of the great object in view. A school full of children is one of the best places possible for teaching the gospel. It is largely maiden soil, ready for the good seed. If the sower can but labour with patience a rich harvest is sure. It is true that a Church grows slowly out of a school, but on the whole is more substantial. Those who hunger for rapid fruit often find it disappointing when
 gathered. Exceptions there are, but the great majority of Christians have been converted in youth. Men usually follow the religion in which they were cradled.

There is no teacher like experience, and we are glad for an opportunity to prove the truth of this.

Two village schools were opened shortly before we took up the Ahmedabad work. As these were doing good work we opened a third, hoping the Christians of the city would support it. A little later the way opened for a fourth and fifth.

No. 3 is now about six months old; and what are the results? Some boys had to work all day yet wanted to study, so the teacher started a night school for these, doing double duty. A number of the boys are already in the 2nd standard. They have been taught Scripture daily, have memorized a part of the Catechism, they sing gospel songs, attend Sunday services and are learning to refuse the evil and choose the good.

For instance, these outcaste people are in the habit of eating the flesh of the cattle that die in the town. We teach them that it is wrong to eat the flesh with the blood. Some at least of these boys now refuse to eat such food in their homes. They refuse also idol worship. One of the young men in the night school has applied for baptism, and later his uncle also gave his name as a candidate. Others are much interested and talk of becoming Christians. These results are due to the presence of a Christian family among these village people.

School No. 4 is younger but is doing good work and gives promise of becoming the same helpful agency.

In the city most of the children of the poor go to the mills, so day schools are difficult. We have attempted to meet this difficulty by starting night schools. It is really surprising to see how these boys and young men, after spending all the hours of daylight in the mills will gather around a lamp and labour over characters and words. School is always opened with singing, Scripture and prayer. The teaching is the same as in the village schools. These night schools, of which we now have three, are quite new, but already we are encouraged. Some of the boys and young men come to our service on Sunday, and a few have professed faith in Christ. If we leave these mill boys as they are, the evils common to idolatry and drunkenness which is rapidly on the increase will soon claim them. There are many quarters in the city where these people live, with its toiling boys and girls, that need some uplifting influence. Would that we could multiply our schools. Opportunities appeal to us, and young Christian men qualified to do the work are ready to undertake it.
SCHOOLS AS AN EVANGELISING AGENCY

Recently a young man came to me requesting a place as school teacher. I was somewhat surprised as he is now earning Rs. 12 and his wife Rs. 4 per month. As a teacher he would receive Rs. 8 and his wife probably nothing. So I asked him if he knew what teachers get. He replied “I know.” However I was obliged to tell him as I had told other applicants “I have not the means to support another school.”

Will not the reader of these lines who could invest some money, consider this matter. Could $36 to 40 a year be invested more wisely. This amount will cover the whole cost, teacher, rent, etc. We shall be glad to have you co-operate with us in this needy and fruitful enterprise.

READING THE BIBLE INTO HINDUISM

New interpretations are now given to the gross stories of Hindu mythology—allegorical, mystical, theosophical interpretations. The most remarkable transformation that has come over the educated mind of India during the last half-century is seen in connection with the idea of God and the corresponding idea of prayer. Into pantheism there has slowly penetrated the conception of a personal and Holy God. In all modern religious reforms the Vedic or Vedantic idea has been modified by biblical theism; and in other directions those who have not studied the Bible for naught in our Mission schools and colleges—which counteract the sceptical tendency of State secular education, and leaven the minds of thousands with Christian truth—are reading the Bible with their own sacred books, explaining the Vedas by the Bible, finding truths there which they have never found before, and proclaiming them in terms of their own philosophy. That says something, does it not, for the illuminating power of the old Book? It is borrowed from, if not always acknowledged. There is a growing inclination to place Hindu and Christian thought side by side; a patriotic attempt to harmonise the higher ideas of Hinduism with those of Christianity, which are seen to be everywhere advancing in the world. There are no phenomena of our time more interesting and far-reaching than those arising out of the contact of the East with the West, and the transformation of the various types of Asiatic mind under the stimulus of living Christianity.

History is only repeating itself. Exactly what we see in India to-day—the deliberate attempt to graft Christian truth on
ancient Hinduism—is a counterpart of the old Gnosticism, or the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria, which explained away the objectionable features of the old mythologies, and tried to fight Christianity largely with its own weapons. The result was only another triumph for the gospel, showing how even the most highly reformed and refined paganism was unable to resist the inroads of revealed religion.

The only Book that can supersede.

Here, then, we have the strongest reason for giving India the Bible. It is not only explaining to students in the East the sublimest things that their sages have ever said, but it is the only Book that can supersede their own Scriptures. It does this, not by destroying, but by fulfilling; by helping them to realise whatever is good and lofty in their own, and then presenting to them the highest and best.

A striking contrast.

The supremacy of the Bible, and the contrast between it and all other religious books, is very strikingly seen in India now that the Vedas and the Bible are being constantly compared, and patriotic Hindus are declaring that all the most important truths of the Bible are to be found in them. But there is one very remarkable difference between the two. There are no Divine promises in the Vedas. The two books may inculcate the same virtues, they may breathe similar prayers and aspirations after what is good and true—and there are some beautiful prayers in the Vedas; but from beginning to end we do not find a single verse that purports to be a Divine answer to prayer. This is how the Bible supersedes the Vedas; there we have the human need often pathetically expressed, but in the Bible we have the Divine response to that need. In the Vedas we have man speaking to God; in the Bible we have God speaking to man, and making Himself one with man.

Before very long India will be face to face with three religious books—the Vedas, the Quran and the Bible. Of these three books only one is living, and therefore able to guide and govern modern thought and life; the other two belong to a dead past that can never return. The Bible alone has a glorious history behind it of individuals and nations purified and elevated by its benign influence and power. The Bible alone still bears within its heart the prophecy of blessedness and brotherhood for all the race.—The Bible in India.
ONE day recently I had to go to the city of Ahmedabad on business. I had promised to take one of our little girls with me. One who had never seen the city before, indeed, one who had never been away from the Orphanage before, since she first came to us many years ago. Is it any wonder then, that for days, the child lived in the hope of going to the city that day.

At last the day came, and early in the morning, Pleasure (for that is the girl's name) came to my room, long before I was ready, indeed, long before daylight. So eager was the child that she could not eat anything. But I explained that we could not go without eating, and prevailed upon her to take a bit of bread. At last we were all ready to start. The nearest railway station is seven miles away from our station. But the drive did not seem long to us that day, as we had a good cart and bullocks. The girl with me noticed everything along the way; the families of monkeys, laughing and chattering at us, the large trees, robbed of their leaves by the villagers round about to supply food for their cattle, and especially the little children who were out gathering wood so early in the morning. She also asked many questions, as, "What does a train look like?" "How can one get in a train?" "How can it possibly go without a horse?" She had never seen a train nor an engine in all her life.

But now we have reached the station. As the train is in we are soon seated and on our way to the city. As we enter the train we are conscious of much moving about and loud talking. It is a women's compartment. And they are all eager to know who we are, where we are going, and what for! But right in the seat opposite us, there is a mother with two little daughters, who especially attract our attention. When we first entered the train we noticed that they drew themselves away from us. Indeed, they had drawn as far apart, on the opposite bench, as they possibly could. And their feet were also tucked up under their clothes. Now, as we look at them we learn the reason of all this. They are high caste people, and our very touch would defile them. The little girls are probably twins, and they are about 11 years old. A bit younger than Pleasure, she is 12 years old, but oh, the difference. I am eager to get the gospel to them. They may never have heard, and I may never see them again. So I answer all their
questions and also ask them some. The children are such bright little things. They are dressed in gay silk sardies and jackets. And their little bare arms are covered with finest gold bracelets. Around their necks, and in their ears they also have the fine golden jewels. The beautiful clothes, the golden jewels and the mark on their foreheads prove that they are high caste children. Alas, the jewels prove something more, that, these little girls are married. I learn that they have been married for some years. And think of it, they are now only 11 years old. Then I think of the difference between little Pleasure and these girls. Now they are timidly looking at each other and they do so want to talk together, but the mother, that caste woman, prevents anything like that. No child of hers can talk to an outcast Christian. And there is a difference, for Pleasure is a Christian, she is not married, nor will she be for many years. She has been sheltered from the sin and darkness, yes, and many times vileness, of even a high caste Hindoo house. There she sits with her plain sardie and jacket. But she is clean and her face is shining. She seems just now to be rightly named Pleasure. Pleasure attends school everyday. She is in one of my Bible classes. More than once we have talked about her soul together. Many times we have sung hymns and prayed together. She is free and a child of the light. But what of the children opposite us? There they sit talking together so happily, fingering their beautiful jewels. But soon, too soon, they will go to live with their husbands. Then their childhood is over for ever. It is more than probable that their husbands are men, years older than these children. And suppose one of those husbands should die? What then? Why, a life of sorrow and despair and disgrace. For what can equal the despair and sorrow of an Indian widow, child though she may be. Well we know should the husband of either die all these loved jewels and silk clothes would be torn off. The beautiful long, black hair shaved close. Never again would a play day come to the little life, but instead, toil and one meal a day, with fasting, even from water, 24 hours in each week. Is there any difference? Oh yes, we are training Pleasure for heaven. Never will she forget the lessons of cleanliness, of love, and of God learned here. Just a little Christian girl. But what are the children opposite us being trained for? The broad path of hell. How can it be otherwise? Many of these husbands are demons. And the little flower is put in the hand of a demon. It is a human flower too. What shall we do? Shall we leave them thus, or shall we pray and lay down our very lives to win and get these flowers to God ere it is too late?
GOWALIA TANK
BY M. RAMSEY

Many a time it has rested brain and nerve in the night when
the air was too close to sleep and also in the day, when
things in general grew tiresome. There on the tank the
water-fowl swam or dived at will, and the little splash they
made told of their care-free and independent lives. The little
fishes, too, as they popped up to catch the unwary fly made
a pleasant little noise that was enjoyable. Even the water-snake
gliding so noiselessly about the edge had its charm, not to speak
of the beautiful white water-lilies looking so majestic in their
abundance, almost within reach of the hand; these flowers
often allured one for a few moments to “consider the
lilies.”

But lilies, snakes, fish and fowl have all had to give way to
a decree of somebody that Gowalia Tank was to be filled in and
later on the ground be built upon.

When they began with a few loads of earth one-day, about a
year ago, and then left off, we hoped they might be busy with
other things and forget for a while, but about three months ago
they began in earnest. Bullocks and carts, and shouting men
making clouds of dust, and we painfully watched the life of all
kinds being huddled into smaller and smaller space until now,
at time of writing there’s no water to be seen.

One corner is a mud-hole and every load is making it
more solid so that soon there’ll be no trace of the dear old tank.

Sunday and everyday from morning till night, the poor
bullocks have been yelled at and thrashed and pulled about as they
emptied their cart loads, in a way that no machinery could stand
to be handled. Once in a while a bullock or cart toppled in and
that added to the noise and excitements and there were lessons
in Gowalia Tank!

At first when the earth and stones began to be thrown
in, every load seemed to hurt, for the breathing spot was
fast disappearing. But one day there came the realization
that the hurt was gone and the sooner the tank was filled
in the better. Why, in such an everyday affair did there
come the thought of the “weaned child” Psalm cxix. 2. “I have
behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of its
mother.” Someone has written of “sermons in stones” and “books
in the running brooks.” Memories of “weanings” of earlier days
when God was putting His hand on one for His service as
missionary in India and of the first committal to that service.
Memories of many "weanings" all along the way and also thoughts of some perchance yet ahead, for "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." But what of it so the Master have the vessel meet for His use. Even since this began to be written, load after load has been emptied and so I must hurry on with hoarse sound of men's voices and "whack" of stick on the poor bullocks' backs in my ears.

Once during the time of operations directly in front of the Home, about the time the gong struck three a.m., a shriek rent the air "Baba-jee-ee-ee-ee" in ascending tones. "Baba-jee-ee-ee-ee, geer gya" ("Baba sir fallen"). But what had fallen? Had a bullock broken loose from where they were tied up, on what was solid ground or what?

At short intervals for two long hours that shriek kept ringing on the stillness of the early morning, now faint and again loud and long. If somebody would only pay attention to the call so we could get the needed rest and sleep. But nobody seemed to care so about five o'clock some one tired and weary called from the balcony, "Brother what's the matter? "and for reply came the same "Baba-jee-ee-ee-ee." "Do you hear brother? keep still and go to sleep this is sleeping time. Don't you understand?" A grunt was the only reply—

Now it's finished and there is time to sleep, all he needed was to be spoken to with authority, and there was an air of triumph in the remark. "Baba-jee-ee-ee-ee-ee" rang out with renewed energy after the moments of quiet. Where's your authority now? Ah, but there's another sound, more than the crowded fishes can make. Yes, the man is floundering in the thick mud and his strength is fast giving out, "Brother, have you fallen into the tank?" "Baba-jee-ee" and his breathing is so laboured. How much longer can he hold out, what if he dies there! Poor man! "Brother, listen while I tell you, We're coming to help you. Have courage" and the low grunt of recognition was so welcome. Soon a policeman arrived and sat down to smoke on the edge telling the man to eat his breath (to wait) for he would soon get out now. Soon ropes were brought, but the poor soul was frenzied and couldn't take it in for a time that he was to catch the rope. Even when he sat on the bank surrounded by fires he kept calling out his weird cry "Baba-jee-ee-ee-ee-ee" fallen! His friends and companions camped on the tank ground had heard him. The people in the temple nearby heard. Parsees and others in houses of comfort all around had heard and some missionaries had heard too, but it was long before anybody helped him. And the tank spoke again. Of all who heard his
cries no one moved at all save the missionary, and certainly the missionary is the one to move and be moved, for the world is not expected to care for the perishing, and often the perishing make no outcry, but plunge on to destruction without thought of the end. It is their need that cries and cry it does. Have you ever heard that cry? Has it troubled you at all? so that you wish it would stop and you could sleep on. That's the world's business to sleep on unless there's some advantage to be gained by keeping awake. With the Church, however, it is different. Her one business is to be on the alert and to let the cry of perishing souls sink into her heart and arouse within her the compassion that moved the Lord Himself as He heard the cry with outward and inward ear. He would give her this compassion but will not force it upon her. He seeks to impart it to the individual by His Holy Spirit, to inspire to going, to giving, to labour and travail for souls, to watch and pray as He did, even unto death, if necessary. One wonders if the Church is getting to feel in this respect as comfortable as the world. Or that other thought that it hurts so to write. Is she settling down more comfortably even than the world? For "the children of this world are wiser in this generation, than the children of light" and the world does mind its business. Would that the Church would mind Her's!

"Tarry ye"—"Go ye." Her work is not like the ploughing of the farmer nor the book-keeping of the accountant, nor the trade of the business man. It is not learnt in schools merely, there must be the "weaning" process which may not and does not mean the same to all. There's the committal to that and all it may ever mean. There's the learning of Him, the filling with His Holy Spirit and then the pressing on in ever deepening humility, as He leads, with still the Master's Command re-echoing the cry of the need, heard or unheard by the outward ear.

Could the missionary ever still that cry without rescuing the soul? Oh yes, why not in India as we read of being done in the Homelands, as though the advancing age in which we live had got something more satisfactory than the Church had at her founding, as though the age had progressed even beyond the Eternal thought.

True, but inasmuch as there are these advanced theories there are golden opportunities open to the Church to unfold God's Great Plan and to rescue souls, even out of the midst of advanced thought. India is in need.

In need of what? You know, so let no one try to stifle her cry by giving her education or reform or worldly wisdom. Nay rather come over and help her by your life and by your words
in the power of the Triune God. Well, how many loads have been emptied into the old tank since I began to write? They shout on, they beat the poor bullocks on. A second layer of earth and stone has been begun on what was already filled in. And so things are advancing.

Brother, Sister, let me implore you to make haste for India's sake, for Christ's sake. Let Him sweep aside all hindrances and prepare you to give your best for a lost world ere the age be too far advanced for you to help.

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**POTTERY**

The village in which we had preached that morning was far away, and we, hot and tired, were glad to be nearing our camp, out of the hot sun and a little distance away from the dusty road. Our tent was pitched under a tree outside the large town of Kurha, which being across a river and hard to reach has not had the gospel often. It was not a time when one would naturally have felt curious enough to tarry beside the road, but the potter and his work were irresistible, so we stopped, remembering as we did so that the word of the Lord once came to Jeremiah—"Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there will I cause thee to hear my words."

In this case the "potter's house" was just like the other houses around it, with walls of sticks and clay, roof thatched with cotton stalks, a low door and no windows. The ground around the door was made hard by repeated smearing, and swept clean. In one corner of the small yard which was entirely open to the road, some fresh pots were hardening in the sun; near them a heap of broken pottery, and in front, by the road, a boy was preparing clay for the wheel. In the midst of this tiny yard the potter himself "wrought a work on the wheel."

The ingenuity of native workmen and the results they accomplish with a few very crude and clumsy tools are a never failing source of interest to a westerner. The primary law of all labour in India is "sit down to it if possible." So the Indian tradesman is usually to be found squatting on his heels at work. The blacksmith has a piece of steel fixed on the ground for an anvil, and his goat skin bellows blow up a really good fire in the forge, which is a hollow, scooped in the ground and plastered with clay. The carpenter's bench is the ground in front of his hut, or beside the road. By sitting down to work he derives a double advantage, he can give his employer a minimum expenditure of physical strength during the working hours, and he can hold with his feet the board he is planing or
sawing, while he operates the tool with his hands. This potter is no exception to the rule. He builds his wheel so as to be able to sit down to work.

That being the first time I had seen a native potter at work, I was much interested, and was soon down on hands and knees peering under the wheel to see how it was constructed, and watching his movements with interest. The wheel was a heavy wooden affair about the size and shape of a solid cart wheel, and bound with an iron tire. An iron pin driven into its center from beneath worked loosely in a wooden socket sunk in the earth. The one-man-power engine which turned the clumsy wheel consisted of a short stick and the potter's arms. He put one end of the stick into a notch near the rim of the wheel, held the other end stationary above, and turned it around with his other hand until it acquired considerable speed.

The work did not appear difficult. The potter selected a large lump of clay which had previously been pounded, sifted and dampened. Placing it in the center of the wheel and pressing it down firmly, he took up the short stick and made the wheel spin. Then he wet his hands and with apparent ease moulded the clay into the small, pearshaped vessels so largely used by the natives for cooking. The clay seemed almost to be alive. It obeyed his will as perfectly as if it knew just what was expected of it. And so easily and swiftly did the potter work that before the wheel had lost its momentum he had fashioned that large lump of clay into three separate vessels.

He first let the clay spin between his hands until it was smooth and round. Then carefully finding the center he pressed first his fingers, then his hand into the top of the lump until the clay became hollow; and finally with one hand inside and one hand outside he let the clay revolve rapidly between his fingers, gently pressing the walls thinner and thinner. Thus, the hollowing of the clay, the widening and flaring of its walls, the thinning of them, the reduction of their circumference again about the mouth of the vessel, the moulding of the dainty edge, and finally the cutting it off from the lump—all these were done without effort and without the use of any tools but his naked hands. By the time we had carefully noted it all he had a dozen pots, all exactly alike sitting in a row beside his wheel. Later they were to be beaten out thin on the bottom with a wooden paddle, hardened in the sun and finally baked.

The potter took evident pride in his work and enjoyed being watched, and seeing our appreciation of his skill he became communicative, finally asking if the sahib did not
wish to try his hand at it. Perhaps the "mud pie" days had
not passed entirely out of recollection, and perhaps I wished
to show him that the white man could do that work as well
as he could. At any rate, acting on a sudden impulse, which
surprised me as well as the potter, I accepted his offer. So I
rolled up my sleeves and dipped my hands in the water as I had
seen him do, while he put on new clay, turned the wheel and
drew back to watch.

The result of the attempt was not exactly as I had expected.
The first surprise was that the clay was hard and unyielding. I
had watched it almost flow into shape, but it seemed to resist
the pressure of inexperienced hands. Of course the natural
remedy for stubborn things (or people) is more force. That may
succeed sometimes but was a poor remedy in this case, for under
the sudden pressure the top of the clay twisted loose in my hands
and fell to the side of the spinning wheel. Thence the momentum
threw it off amongst the pots already made, crushing three of them.

The second effort succeeded no better. I tried to avoid any
sudden pressure, but somehow—one scarcely knew how—
the clay again twisted loose. This time it was thrown
from the wheel toward me and the amount of time spent later
in scratching and brushing clothing testified to the wonderful
ability of that clay to spatter and soil. Only a small bit
remained on the wheel, and I endeavoured to shape it into a
small dish or cup to keep as a souvenir, but my clumsy fingers
could not find the center of the wheel, which was lessening its
speed and beginning to wobble. So this attempt also failed.

The potter's face showed only polite concern over my failure
and the soiling of my clothing, but his eyes looked the triumph
he felt. He assured me that the crushed pots would be all
right after a bit extra pounding with the paddle.

With an increased respect for the skill of the half naked man
and a more accurate estimate of my own inability. I watched
him again and saw his secrets of success, which were three:

1. Gentleness. The clay was not stubborn but helpless, and
I noticed that he never was rough, never pressed hard, never
pinched but with extremely tender pressure moulded the clay.
It had seemed to resent and resist a rough hand, but answered
his will because of his gentleness. There was no wasted energy,
no roughness. His hands were sympathetic.

2. Patience. I had expected a beautiful shape to arise on the
wheel as soon as my hands were applied, but the potter knew
that his wheel must make many revolutions before the ugly mass
took shape, and it was at first that the greatest patience and
gentleness were needed, after the clay had become smooth it
could be pressed harder and developed shape quickly, but the first stages were slow.

3. The potter understood his work. Years of experience had made his fingers cunning. They knew the center of gravity on the wheel by instinct. He thoroughly understood the clay, knew how much pressure it could stand, and realised accurately his own power over the clay.

The thoughts that came as we walked to our tent, and afterward, have since been a means of encouragement and blessing. I remembered again the word of the Lord to Jeremiah. “Behold as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in Mine hand,” and my mind became conscious of another lump of clay—helpless clay, stubborn and unyielding—and I remembered with renewed thankfulness the Great Potter's method of handling it. Sometimes the clay has forgotten that it was only clay, and has tried to shape itself, which is pitiful folly. Sometimes it has forgotten that the Potter knows His work thoroughly, and has offered to suggest how the work should be done, which is presumption. Sometimes, often, it has forgotten that the Potter is never rough, never impatient, and that He uses no tool upon the clay except His own hand; and that that hand upon the clay is a sympathetic hand, and its pressure, which one has sometimes been tempted to think was hard and unnecessary, is firm but infinitely tender.

Remembering these things the clay became thankful that it was not in the hands of a novice, unskilled clumsy and rough, but in those of the Great Potter. And “no man can pluck them out of His hand.”

Over a month later, in a different city an old man said to me “Sahib, you white men can do any work that a native does, with one exception, no one but a potter can do a potter's work” and in my heart I knew that it was true; no one but the Great Potter Himself could successfully handle these hearts of ours.

ONE WHO TRIED.

THE ZEAL OF MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMS

HAVING recently made a short missionary tour towards the confines of Persia, I was much struck with the number of Persian and other pilgrims of the Shiah sect that were travelling on the great pilgrim road between North Persia and Kerbela. Men, women, and even a sprinkling of children, were to be seen pursuing their labourious way day after day through heat and cold—extremes of heat and cold which only travellers
familiar with the climate of Central Asia and the bordering countries can well appreciate. One day I saw an old blind man on foot being led by his son.

Not the least pitiful of the pilgrims’ trials is the monetary loss and vexation which they incur from the time they cross theTurco-Persian frontier. In order to judge of the harvest the Turkish authorities make by means of the pilgrim traffic, I made some inquiries with the following results. Each pilgrim pays the Turkish Consul at Kermonshah ten krans (one kran = 4d) for the certification of his passport. At Khanjin on the frontier is a quarantine station, where he pays another twenty-one krans, and six krans for every horse and mule. Such is the zeal of the Persian pilgrim that he brings his dead with the object of burying the bones near the sacred shrines at Kadhim, Kerbela or Nejef. The bones of as many as five corpses may be put into a box and conveyed for burial to the sacred territory. A payment of ten krans for each skull is exacted at the frontier station!

The quarantine taxes last autumn, on account of an outbreak of cholera, were very heavy; many of the pilgrims had to pass through nine quarantines, and had to pay the quarantine officers at each station twenty krans. The delays at the quarantine stations are most vexatious: the pilgrims run short of food, and sickness is often rife. It is reported that at Mahmoudiyah, a place on the pilgrim-road, three hours’ journey distant from Baghdad, some pilgrims fell sick whilst detained by the quarantine regulations on the outskirts of the town, and through lack of proper accommodation and care, were devoured by dogs.

It will perhaps add completeness to the subject if I add the cemetery fees. At Kadhim, the fee for a grave outside the town is £8 5s., inside the mosque it is six times that amount; at Kerbela outside the town £10 to £15. The average number of pilgrims crossing the Turco-Persian frontier annually is 30,000.

From all this (and more might be written) it is obvious how the mistaken zeal of the pilgrims helps to fill the Turkish treasury. This is all the more sad and foolish when it is remembered that Persia is all but a bankrupt country, money that should go to develope the country and put its internal affairs in order is thus sadly diverted.

A similar story of pain and loss might be told concerning the Meccan pilgrims. The Russian pilgrims who visit the Holy Land endure a good deal of privation, and their pockets, after visiting the holy places are decidedly empty, as the price of their zeal.
So long as men regard one spot more holy than the rest of the world we shall find them undertaking pilgrimages. Whatever good purposes pilgrimages served before the Christian era—and they did find a place in the Mosaic economy—experience since that shows that they only pand er to the predatory instincts of humanity, the devotees part with their hard-earned gains without any moral equivalent.

When will these zealous devotees learn that it matters little where a man's bones are laid to rest, but that it matters much to know during their lifetime, Him who said "I am the Resurrection and the Life."—Dr. Johnson in "C.M.S. Gleaner."

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OUR NEW CENSUS

The missionary who goes home to address audiences in the interests of his work, soon learns that statistics do not please his hearers. He must be a charming speaker who can weave much of this into his speech and make it palatable.

We cannot always avoid a certain amount of this and some of it is necessary if an all round story is to be told.

Just now my mind is running in the statistical groove. This is the result of two things. I am obliged to prepare some figures for an important meeting in which I am to have some part, and this is just the eve of taking the big census for all India, a job that has to be done once in ten years. So the air is full of figures.

In digging into this business I come across some figures which might be interesting to the friends at home.

It is not necessary to tell you that we have a population of more than three hundred millions, about three times what your new census gives you, and we are just about half your size, so we are packed in about six times as thick as you are. I have been in places where the packing was overdone.

There is a great variety of us packed in here. I know this is so at home. I have heard that forty languages are spoken in Chicago. However, we are not packed according to your rules. When all these varieties land on the shores of the great Republic, the differences begin to wear off, and in course of time they disappear entirely, and people become as much alike as the pebbles on the beach. Whatever they are when they land, and wherever they hailed from, they will soon be labelled, "Americans."

Here we are packed with partitions about us, something like eggs are packed for market, each one in his little section of the crate. There is no getting out of your section. India has no way over the partition. When the god of this world devised caste he devised the mightiest agency that ever existed to separate man...
from his brother man. Where the Indian is born there he must stay. He may become educated, more so than castes above him; he may become wealthy, more so than the castes above him. All this will count for naught in bridging that gulf.

A man cannot change his caste by falling out of it or being kicked out of it. If he falls out he rattles clear through everything below him till he reaches bottom. Henceforth he is outcaste, which is about the worst word in the Indian vocabulary.

Yes, we are packed in here very differently from your kind of packing. Only one way to break down those terrible partitions. One of the big planks of the Christian platform is that which stands for the unity of all men, Col. iii. 11, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all."

Yes, that is it, when Christ really gets into us, the partitions will come down. He was a great partition smasher. He broke the big one between man and God, and He alone can destroy the rest. Some of your American partitions are not small and we are sorry to see them grow. In the light of the big journey we are making, and in the light of Eternity, in the shallows of which we even now march, how more than passing strange it seems that even a little dirty money makes no light partition.

Well, here we are, three hundred millions of us. Quite a procession. Put all the world in line and every fifth traveller will be from India. Two hundred million Hindoos, sixty million Mohammedans, about forty million of everything else—Parsees, Europeans, &c., &c. Nearly all, at least far and away the greater part of that forty millions, belongs to that part of Hinduism which lies outside the pale of orthodox Hinduism.

Forty millions who cling to caste as tenaciously as those of the higher castes. Who are they and whence are they? Not such easy questions to answer. One thing I know—they have been here so long that old Indians like myself, living a generation among them, cannot always readily distinguish them from the orthodox castes.

When the flood of Aryans was coming into India through those great passes of the North West, nearly forty centuries ago, perhaps there was a mixed multitude among them who, mingling with the aboriginees of the land, were the ancestors of these forty millions. However, here they are and among them we find our greatest victories, and hundreds of thousands of them have become Christians. Many of them are highly educated Christians, and filling important places. A great people are being made from this fringe of Hinduism. It is the old, old story that has been told and sung through the centuries, of the gospel reaching
the poor and depressed, and those who were in bondage and in the shadow of death.

Orthodox Hinduism calls these the “untouchable” classes. It is a cruel word, often used here. When Christ walked among men, he found some of the untouchable classes. That one whose record is in Matt.viii. 2, surely belonged to the untouchable classes, and it says “Jesus put forth his hand and touched him.” That same touch has not lost its power, and out of this forty millions are arising multitudes who would never have found a helping hand in heathenism. Not much hope for poor, old India keeping step with the nations in the march of progress with these heavy chains on her limbs.—Marathi Messenger.

ITEMS.

Rev. J. H. Back, of Matar, Gujerat, expects to leave for the homeland on furlough, sailing by the s.s. Capri of the Italian Line on 25th April. We wish our brother a pleasant voyage and a pleasant and profitable sojourn in the homeland. His home address is R. R. No. 7, Napoleon, Ohio, U. S. America.

Bro. A. I. Garrison has been engaged for some time in deepening the well at Bodwad Training School, hoping to get water. Funds for this purpose have given out and no water is in sight. We trust our readers will respond quickly to this need. There are many who might help our brother as a thankoffering to the Lord for the abundant supply of water He has given them without much effort or expense on their part.

The need for help to assist famine sufferers at Viramgam, Gujerat, still continues. Bro. Duckworth has written us asking if we have any funds on hand for this purpose and stating that unless some came soon he would be obliged to turn away many very needy people. He needs about $20 to $25 per week to continue the work he is doing at present.

We are glad that almost all those who are studying the language have been able to get away to the hills this year where they can study much better than in the heat of the plains.

The water supply in some of our stations has given out entirely and in others is very low. What this means in a country like India few in the homelands can estimate. We trust this need may be remembered in prayer, as it is yet six to eight weeks before the rains may be expected, and that of the very hottest weather.