Sitting at our desk within a few feet of a large window, we can hardly see to write. The rain has been falling incessantly since early morning. Not the violent, stormy rain of the passing thundershower but the steady falling of a dense, penetrating rain. At the breakfast table the remark was made, “there is no doubt about the monsoon now.” As we walked along the verandah looking at the lovely, bright green hues of the trees and plants, and saw how fresh the flowers looked, we thought of the many, many farmers all over this land, with their soil prepared and only waiting for this rain that they might sow their seed, and we rejoiced that at last the long-looked for rain had come. How cool the air. How refreshing to man and beast after the long, hot months. All nature seems to rejoice at the coming of the rain, not only for present relief and pleasure, but for the hope of a bountiful harvest which it brings.

How eagerly the people of India have waited for this rain. In how many temples and mosques prayers have gone up for rain. What ceremonies and incantations have been performed, what gifts have been presented to the idols and what solemn promises have been made, if only rain would come. How eagerly the daily papers have been scanned for the “weather forecasts” and telegrams regarding the progress of the monsoon. All over the land, how hard the farmers have worked getting wells and tanks cleaned and deepened and the soil tilled and prepared for the coming of the rain. How useless all this labour, and how sad and disappointed the men would have been, if the rain had not come.
Brethren and sisters, the spiritual state of India to-day is much like its natural state in the days preceding the coming of the rain. A little patch of green, at long intervals as one travels along in the train, shows where a garden is being irrigated at great labour from some deep well, and is the only fruitful spot amid miles of barrenness; so some small mission stations, in the midst of miles of territory, show where some missionary, with infinite labour, is bringing the people in touch with the Water of Life. At other places, like the farmer, he has prepared the soil with much toil and at great expense. Colleges, schools, dispensaries, medical missions, industrial works, farm colonies, all stand as witnesses to his self-denying labour, he has organized and re-organized, worked on improved methods until there seems nothing lacking so far as man's work is concerned, but, like the farmer's preparation of the soil, all so futile and useless without the rain from heaven. Quite true that without this careful and needful preparation of the soil, the rain when it comes would not give full results; but how sad and hopeless is the situation, if after all the labour and toil, the rain does not come and men even cease to look for or expect it.

We have watched the man as he follows the plough, turning over the dry clods, the perspiration streaming down his back with the fierce heat; he knows his work is necessary, that it must be done; but what is his hope? The Rain—this, and this alone can render his labour fruitful and accomplish that for which he is toiling so hard.

Is not this our hope also? The coming of the rain—the gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God in refreshing, reviving power upon all our works. Not, more effort, better organization or higher education are needed so much as this outpouring of the Spirit from on high. This will accomplish what all the others together will never accomplish. The Holy Spirit is a wonderful Teacher, Worker, Educator. Where He has full control there will be little difficulty about these things. The Church of the first century grew and multiplied exceedingly under His administration and it was when men ceased to wholly depend upon Him that fruitfulness in a large measure ceased.
How many conventions are held to-day where there is clear presentation of the truth by good, true men of exceptional education and undoubted ability, yet the yield in permanent results is almost nil, so far as can be ascertained. We may use other terms if we like to describe this refreshing, reviving, fructifying power and influence of the Holy Spirit, there are many in the Scriptures, but it is His power and quickening which are needed and without which we will look in vain for great results.

"I have withholden the rain from you when there were yet three months to the harvest—yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord."

"Ask ye of the Lord rain, in the day of the latter rain."

"And He shall come to us as the rain, as the latter rain that watereth the earth."

---

**MY FIRST TOUR IN INDIA**

**BY MRS. H. H. COX**

The touring season just passed has been a time of great joy and blessing to me. As my time has been spent in the orphanage up till now, the privilege of touring in the towns and villages has been denied me though I have often looked forward to the time when I might be able to get out among the people. The Bible-woman who accompanied me was also out on tour for the first time as she had just left our Training School, hence the work was new to both of us but we soon learned to enjoy it and loved to go about telling the people the story of Jesus.

Perhaps some items of interest in connection with our first tour may be interesting to some of the friends at home and, I trust, may lead them to pray for the many women of this district who heard the Word but are bound in the chains of superstition and sin.

Our first camping place was Datala where we found some trees which afforded us a good shade for our tent, which was very acceptable in this climate where the sun’s rays are so fierce and the heat so intense. It was also the centre of a considerable group of villages which we were able to visit in rotation. Many of the women of this place showed great interest in the Word and
acknowledged their sin in worshipping idols instead of the true God.

Our experience in one of the surrounding villages is worthy of notice. Starting very early in the morning we reached the place before the sun had risen. A crowd of men immediately gathered around my husband. My Bible-woman and I stole away among the women. We found a place near a hut on the road-side to sit down. A few women were there, so we began to sing and others quickly assembled. Soon we were talking of Him who died to save us. While the message of love was being told it would be easily seen that the living Word was doing its work. It was all new to them. They had never heard before. A longing look was seen upon their faces as though they were saying “This is what we need.” After we had finished talking a poor old woman said. “We have never heard this story before. I am determined to worship the true God from this time forth.” Others mocking, said to her, “Do you think He will hear you when you pray?” Immediately the old woman turned to us and piteously asked, “Will He hear me if I pray to Him?” We assured her that all who call upon Him in the name of Jesus in truth are heard by Him.

A young woman also from that company confessed before them all that she intended to serve God. Several others were also convicted but their courage failed them and therefore they confessed not.

Such interest was not shown in all places. On the contrary, some preferred to serve and worship their idols, confessing they wanted a God whom they could see. To this class we made answer. “The true God is not seen with the natural eye, but He hears us when we call upon Him and gives answers to our prayers.”

Others were so interested in the white woman that it seemed impossible to get their attention on the message of God. Some of their strange ideas were expressed in such sentences as these. “Will that hat come off, or is it fixed?” “Why does she wear man’s clothing?” “Why does she not wear jewels like we do?” “What and how does she eat?” etc. To all such questions we had to give satisfactory answers.

We now pass on to our third camping place located at the foot of the Buldana hills about twenty-two miles from Malkapur. Our camp was about half a mile from the village, but near us were some lime kilns where many people were working. One of these kilns was worked by an old and young woman. They invited us to come every afternoon and sing the gospel hymns. As far as possible we complied with their request and also told
them of sin, righteousness and judgment. The poor old woman said that sin did not use to be in her family but since she had become poor it was necessary that she should work with people of a lower caste to earn a living. Now she had begun to eat meat and one of her sons had taken to drink. This strange statement was a little amusing, because a few minutes previous she was telling us how badly she wanted opium. She was astonished when we told her that to eat opium was a sin because it injured the body. She thought meat was a far greater sin than to take opium.

The younger woman had two children, her baby boy was one year old and at this time he was very sick. We understood at once that opium had been given to the child, also that he ate lime. We accused the mother of giving him opium which she did not deny, but when we told her the little boy ate lime she denied it. While conversing with the mother she sat on the ground with her boy on her knee. Immediately we saw the little boy reach out his hand, pick up some lime and put it in his mouth. After this we told the mother that Jesus would heal her boy and asked if we might pray for him. She being willing that prayer should be made we cried unto God right there. We then told the mother that if she gave him no opium and suffered him not to eat lime he would live, otherwise he would die. For some reason or other they did not come to work for two or three days. When they returned I saw a marked change in the child. He was bright, well and cheerful. The mother came to us and said, "Your God has made my boy well." Again the gospel was given to her and the straight question, asked, "Will you become a Christian?" To this she replied; "Oh I could not leave my people and come with you." We assured her that this was not necessary.

What she needed to do was to forsake sin and her idols and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ who alone can save. Still, to confess Christ seemed an utter impossibility, but we know Christ can save and you, dear readers, know it also. Let us then be earnest in prayer and believe that God will, for Christ's sake, save this dear soul.

Going from the extreme south of our district to the North-east we camped near a village named Khandala. Here the people were very friendly indeed, and seemed anxious to hear the story of Jesus' love. About one woman in particular we desire to speak. Her name is Yamunabai. She is an elderly woman and her hair is so white. Her interest was marked, she never tired hearing the gospel. The story of Jesus' death often melted her to tears. The day before we left she came to our camp
weeping, and said, "You have told us the story of love, and I want to hear it often, it is so good. But now you are going away and there is no one left to tell us. What shall we do?" It was a cry of anguish, a picture of the human heart which cannot be expressed in words! How can I ever forget it? Oh that it appealed to you as it does to me! May God take these few lines and burn them into some hearts until the cry goes up to heaven in all earnestness: "Oh God! pour floods upon the dry ground and save those people of India who are blindly seeking Thee!"

India, sad India,
Jesus died to set thee free;
India, dark India,
We are bringing Christ to thee.

NOTES OF A NEW MISSIONARY
BY MISS LILLIAN M. PRITCHARD

Perhaps a little peep into the domestic life of the heathen of India will be of interest to some of our readers; when a new missionary first comes to India there is much to fascinate and interest her.

During the hot season the heat on the plains is almost unbearable, and as the new missionary can do but little without the language, the coolness of a hill station is very acceptable while studying.

The bungalow, which we rented for this purpose, is appropriately named Valley View as it is on the edge of a mountain overlooking the valley far below. The plowed fields, awaiting the rains for sowing rice, with patches of green mango trees among which nestle the small mud hut villages, present the appearance of a huge patch-work quilt of green and brown. Back of our bungalow, standing out against the sky of deepest blue are the tall pine trees, in the midst of which is the flame of the forest, a tree with high-spaying branches literally covered with brilliant red flowers, the whole thing presenting the appearance of a mammoth bouquet surrounded with green.

Early in the morning, emerging from among these trees the vegetable and fruit venders may be seen with a long pole balanced across their shoulders, at each end of which is attached a basket filled with their goods. The costumes of these people are indiscernible, some have a piece of blanket or shawl doubled and sewed together at one end. This is put over the head, the
ends reaching nearly to the knees; it makes one think of the ostrich which thinks itself protected when its head is covered.

I often compare the faces of these poor heathen people with that of some of our native Christians, who only a few years ago were rescued from heathen darkness and who might, had it not been for the grace of God and His children in the homeland, been in heathen darkness and idolatry to-day. While there may be some discouraging cases, yet surely orphanage work pays, for many of the orphan boys are now grown up men preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Another feature of interest to the new missionary is the native dhersie, (tailor) who sits on the verandah all day with his machine and for a very reasonable sum will make a fairly dainty garment if the fit of it is not taken into consideration.

The other day a party of us were invited by one of these dhersies to attend the wedding of his nephew and at about 6 p.m. we started out. As we neared the bazaar a procession, accompanied by native music, approached from the opposite direction. In the midst was a small horse on which was seated the bridegroom, a boy of fourteen years of age, and leading the horse was our dhersie who greeted us with beaming face. The procession turned down a narrow lane and entered a native yard. The temporary verandah was decorated with lanterns and artificial flowers of various colours. The bridegroom was escorted to the verandah where he was stationed in the midst of the relatives and friends who had gathered for the occasion and were seated on the ground; as we approached they very courteously made room for us to stand beside them. In the midst of the assembly stood two priests who were to conduct the ceremony. They stood about three yards apart, and one held one end of a piece of cloth about a yard and a half wide and the other held the other end. The bridegroom stood on one side of this temporary screen, while the little bride of eight years of age, who as yet not seen by the groom, was on the other side. When all was in readiness the priests began the ceremony in a sing song manner which continued about fifteen minutes though at certain intervals there was a pause at which time a chorus of voices would repeat a few words and throw a handful of rice at the head of the bridegroom, who stood like a statue with bowed head garlanded with paper flowers of various hues. The little bride on the opposite side of the screen in like manner received the same treatment from her friends.

During the ceremony, just back of the bridegroom, stood a man with a penknife in his hand on the end of which was a lime, this he held ridgidly over the head of the groom. At the
close of the ceremony the man cut the lime, some of the juice running down the boy's neck, then he threw it in opposite directions and of course it made no difference who it hit in its flight.

The reason for this action was, that at such a time the evil spirits are around and in order to keep them away from the groom this lime is held over his head and the evil spirits enter it instead of him, therefore the lime is cut and the spirits cast away. At the close of the ceremony a feast was held which would continue for several nights in succession.

I came away with the longing in my heart that I may soon be able to tell at least a few of these people about Him who alone can keep us from evil, or when it does come, is able to cause all things to work for our good.

---

**STORY OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN AS TOLD BY A BIBLE-WOMAN**

**BY MISS C. RUTHERFORD**

Our Bible-woman has a most ludicrous way of telling Bible stories to her heathen audiences. The following is a translation of the story of the Good Samaritan, as told by her.—

A rich man lived in a certain city; for to increase his wealth he went to another city. While returning home with his wealth he came to a very bad road on the mountain, and remained there for the night. Thieves and robbers lived on this mountain, and got their living by robbing travellers.

This traveller fell into the hands of these robbers, who would have taken his life, but he earnestly begged them to take his wealth, and spare his life. One of the thieves said to the others "he asks a request, let us take him and put him on the road-side, and let him die there"; and the merciless men left him alone to die.

The traveller was in great distress, and suffered much from thirst. He heard footsteps, and lifting his weary eyes, he saw a Brahmin walking on the road, with a vessel of water in his hand. He waited until he got close to him, and then begged for water; saying that he was at the point of death; "please do give me water to drink." The Brahmin replied "With this water I have to bathe my god, so how can I give it to you? I would be defiled" so saying he passed on, and the poor traveller was left in despair.

After the Brahmin had gone a Mohammedan appeared, and the traveller asked him for water. The Mohammedan replied, "You are an idolator, I am a worshipper of the true God. I
will not give you water, ask your idols, they will give you water," so saying he also passed on, and again the poor traveller was left alone.

After the Mohammedan had gone the traveller saw an Englishman coming and he was afraid; because Hindu people are afraid to talk to a Sahib, therefore he did not call out, but, kept very still. The Sahib, stopping his horse went to see where the groans were coming from, and saw the wounded traveller. He did not ask him to which caste he belonged, but at once began to speak lovingly and asked him if he had fallen into the hands of the thieves.

He brought him water to drink, and washed his wounds, and then seating him on his own horse while he went on foot, took him to a house, to be cared for, and then left him, with orders that he was to be sent to his own village, when he was better. The Sahib paid all expenses, and proceeded on his journey. The Sahib showed us what true love means.

WHEN THEY WERE REFUSED

At the close of a missionary meeting the chairman said: "I would very much like to know if there are many here who, like myself, gave their life to God for the heathen, but for various reasons have been refused for foreign service." Quite a number rose. I had an opportunity of speaking with several. In the course of conversation I asked each one: "When you were refused, what did you do?" Nearly all joined a missionary prayer circle, tried to stir up the local missionary meetings, and gave a tenth of their income to God. One is a very prosperous business man, another a district nurse, another keeps a boarding house which pays splendidly.

One girl, converted in a Bible-class whose teacher was a most enthusiastic supporter of foreign missions, gave herself to God for the heathen, but was too young to offer to any society. So she determined to spend the time in earning the money for her outfit and passage, and for this purpose entered a house as a servant. When old enough she offered herself to a missionary society. and bitter was her disappointment when, after careful examination, the doctor told her that he found symptoms of a disease which made it impossible to accept her as a missionary. At the end of a week, without saying a word of what had passed, she wrote to a missionary for whose work she had been praying, and enclosed £100 (the whole of four years' wages), and asked that it might be used to start some fresh work for which this missionary had appealed; and she continued to send the whole of her wages,
"to keep the gospel preached in that village." She simply said:

"I gave my life for the heathen, and I could not take it back; I meant to be God's servant in China, but He showed me that I could serve Him better by being His servant in London for China."

Many of us forget that we need not withdraw our lives from the foreign field because we cannot cross the ocean. If this spirit entered into the business and the boarding house, many open doors might be entered, and the financial pressure of our missionary societies relieved, or even removed. If the course taken by this girl were pursued in every station of life, and every class of work, it would make foreign missions a personal concern to a far larger number of people, and the life would be really given to the foreign field; and just as they would wish to be the best possible missionary, let it be the best business, the best shop, the best boarding-house, and the best service in the place.

—Life of Faith.

ONLY A LITTLE GIRL

QUICK footsteps around the bungalow followed by the call, "Anyone at home?" assured us that the speaker had something definite to tell. And what was it? Only about a deserted little girl: "Where was she? And what about her?" He said, "This morning as I was driving about two miles beyond your bungalow I saw a little girl lying on the roadside. Won't you go and pick her up? The dogs might trouble her."

"Is she ill?" we asked. "Nothing wrong with her," said he, "but you go and see for yourself." It was just about the time for our Sunday morning meeting but this was postponed for an hour or so.

A very shaky ride in the bullock cart soon brought us to where the little girl was lying. A bundle of rags she looked truly, but, underneath, what was there? Just what we expected—a little plague-stricken form. "Who are you? And why are you here alone?" "I am a Kidardi caste girl. My father and mother left me here yesterday. I took plague five days ago. We left the town on foot but I could not walk any further for I felt too ill, so they went on and left me here." "And were you alone all night away from all human habitation?" "Yes!" Her head and face told their own story, they were covered in dust. In her delirium she had evidently been beating her head on the earth till her hair was a matted mass. Turning her over I found two bubos but that was not all; both her legs had been burnt with a hot iron from the knees to the thigh. Can you imagine
the suffering? First deserted by parents; then the utter loneliness of the dark night added to that intense fever, acute pain from the branding with hot irons, no food save a bit of stale native bread and an earthen vessel of dirty water. Finding she was a case for the plague hospital we hastened to get her there but the little burnt up frame could bear no more and before the hospital cart could reach the spot she passed away under the broad canopy of heaven, without a relative to mourn over her or to watch over the little frame to guard it from the dogs or jackals till the village authorities removed it.

Oh! the loveless lives of some; but what a rest it is to know that the Atonement of Jesus suffices before God for such little ones till they understand to accept or reject for themselves. Yes! Only a little girl, not wanted, too much trouble to look after because she was ill with plague. For such Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . and He took them up in His arms . . . and blessed them."—A. Parsons in "White Alreadv to Harvest."

THE SPIRIT OF MOHAMMEDANISM

In the Church Missionary Review for June, Rev. C. T. Wilson writes on "Islam and Christianity in Relation to Missionary Effort." Speaking of the spirit of Mohammedanism, he says: "The Mohammedan religion, wherever it has gone, has aimed at obtaining the civil and political power. In the Koran believers are bidden to fight against the infidel—that is, all non-Moslem Powers—until they either accept Islam or are crushed and reduced to servitude. This it was, undoubtedly, which commended the new religion to the warlike tribes of Arabia, and gave it the impetus which carried it on for some eight hundred years, on the wave of almost unbroken conquest. And to this day any country where the ruling power is not Moslem is called technically dar-ul-harb, i.e., a land against which war ought to be waged. It was by the sword that the early conquests of Islam were won; it was by the sword that its empire was extended over Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt and Northern Africa to the Pillars of Hercules. Its victorious generals overran much of Southern Europe, and for centuries the tide of conquest rose higher, and higher, till in 1529 John Sobieski and his Poles stopped its onward march at the very gates of Vienna, and checked its advance in Eastern Europe, as Charles Martel had done earlier in the West. The spirit of Mohammedanism is the same to-day as ever; it is only the power which is usually lacking."—The Christian,
THERE has been a great deal of sickness in Gujerat this year on account of the lack of rain. In the camp near our Orphanage many children were ill with measles; and about the end of February a few of our girls also became ill with the same disease. Not only were our girls ill but nearly all the children of the Christian families living on our place were afflicted. We took all possible care to keep the disease from spreading, but in a short time 70 of our girls were ill at once. At home measles does not seem to be as serious as in India; for our girls were very, very ill. One little girl was so ill that her mouth was all decayed and her teeth fell out. Soon after this she died. While 80 of our people were sick, there were only 4 deaths. Two were little children who had been sent in to be cared for during this recent famine, while one of the others was a girl who had been here for years. This girl was about 12 years old and had been married in childhood. Had she lived she might have had to return to her husband later on. One of the little girls who died was named Gunga. She had only been here a few months, but it seemed to take me days to really wake up to the fact that Gunga was gone. She was one of my kindergarten children, and was the brightest child in the class. She was one of those children who make a teacher feel that “it is worth while.” She mastered the English alphabet very quickly, and was first in all her classes. As I taught from day to day, I hoped for great things from this girl.

During these days while so many girls were ill our large compound seemed to be deserted. While our hospitals, the general hospital with its 3 large wards and the other hospital which is reserved for contagious diseases, were filled with girls. Finally, we had to make another ward of an empty room, and later still another on the verandah of one of the hospitals. The girls who were well helped to care for those who were sick; they carried water, cooked and helped to keep things clean, etc.

We felt that God wanted to do a special work in the lives of our girls at this time. Miss Peter, who worked faithfully day and night felt this especially. She constantly dealt with the girls about their souls. Some of our girls who had never yielded to God at all were saved at this time. Among the large number of girls who were ill at this time there was only one who was not touched spiritually. That girl seemed to have the measles but they would not come out; so Miss Peter gave her a hot bath, put her to bed, and kept her warm. Still no sign of
measles. While she remained in the hospital for days she was not really ill; neither was she benefited spiritually. Miss Peter says, "What would naturally speaking have been a hard task was a great joy, because of those who met God."

Two of our girls who had measles at this time were very ill for weeks after. One had a bad case of pneumonia. She has always been one of our best and most spiritual girls. She was preparing to enter college this year. She was very low indeed, and there seemed to be no hope for her. One Sunday morning we met to pray with her; from that time she began to mend. One day recently she was in my room, she told me then that during all her illness she had prayed constantly. The other girl who has been critically ill was one of our best girls. She too is training for college.

We also had a special time of prayer with her; and her case was different from the other, for she was instantly healed.

We would ask your prayers for all these girls who were touched by God at this time that they may go on with Him.

"I CAN" VERSUS "I CAN'T"
"I can . . . through Christ."—Phil. iv. 13.

"It is too hard," whispered the adversary, as pressure and trial multiplied, and not recognising the voice I said, "Yes, I cannot stand it." Then my spirit sunk under a cloud of depression, and the vision of victory grew dim and distant.

"Your spirit has gone under in the conflict," said a servant of God. I replied, "Yes, I know it has," but how I did not know then. "Have you said, I can't stand it." Why, yes, I had! Then light flashed in, and I saw where ground had been given to Satan. I saw that by assenting to his suggestion I had virtually surrendered arms to him, and had stepped down from my position with Christ in victory.

At once I took my stand anew, putting on "the helmet of salvation," for it was through the mind Satan had gained an entrance, and grasping the sword of the Spirit I refused him any further hold, and proved the power of Christ's victory to throw off the cloud. But that is not all, the lesson has been of great value to me during the months that have intervened. I have found when the old suggestion has come back, as I have persistently refused to listen, meeting the enemy with "I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST WHICH STRENGTHENETH ME," and looking to Him to "strengthen with might by His Spirit," to make me
strong in Him to stand and to endure, Satan has been put to flight, and my spirit kept above with Christ in full liberty, free from any cloud from Satan settling on it to crush me down. I do praise God for showing me this secret of victory, and how the spirit may be kept free from Satanic oppression.

The need for this liberty of spirit is great, both for personal life and aggressive service, for we may be attacked with depression in any path, and it is one of the enemy's most fruitful methods of hindering the advance of God's children; and to yield here is certain defeat. But we can refuse to accept the cloud, and having done all "remain victors on the field."

Refuse the cloud of depression about your circumstances, your personal state and experience, your work for Christ, allow no burden between you and God, for burdens from God do not come between. The spirit must be free from Satan's burdens for real service in the Spirit. How difficult, how impossible it is to pray always in the Spirit with a cloud from Satan hanging over and crushing our spirit! So let us take the victory and throw off the cloud.

It is true the old "I" cannot but we reckon it crucified, and the new man in Christ can. The R. V. rendering of Phil. iv. 13, gives the ground. It is in Him, united to Him in His death and risen ascended life, that we may say with Paul, "I can do all things in Christ that strengtheneth me." "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."—Overcomer.

---

A VISIT TO KALI-GHAT

THE metropolis of India, Cal-cutta, derives its name from a Hindu temple called Kali-ghat. I visited this temple where the goddess Kali is enshrined and where devotees from all parts of India pay homage to this blood thirsty goddess. I was accompanied by an educated English-speaking Bengali. I asked him in a kind way, "Do you really believe there is any virtue in making offerings to Kali?" He smiled and said "Yes." Yet, if I am any judge of human nature and the under-current of feeling that seemed to pass over him, I confess great doubts as to whether he really meant what he said. This man had an interest in the business. Money and pecuniary profit are in the balances and this weighs considerably in answering such questions. Unfortunately the day I went, Kali was caged (?) The two doors that enclosed her small chamber were secured with heavy chains and padlocks, I suppose to protect (?) her from
being disturbed during her night slumber. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning and yet Kali was not exposed to view. I was told they opened the doors at 8.30. Hanging round the doors were some waiting to see the goddess; bowed heads and forms indicated that Kali was held in great reverence among the people. Truly the sight was saddening and sickening.

In the quadrangle or square inside the temple walls were two stakes driven into the ground, they were in shape like the letter U. Here the animals such as sheep, goats and buffaloes are offered daily in sacrifice to the goddess; a little of the blood is offered to Kali and the flesh is sold to low caste people; the priest and caretakers getting their share of profit in all these transactions.

Kali is represented as a black or dark blue woman with four arms. In one hand she had a sword, in another the head of the giant she has slain; with the two others she is encouraging her worshippers. For earrings she has two dead bodies; she wears a necklace of skulls; her only clothing is a girdle made of dead men's hands and her tongue protrudes from her mouth. Her eyes are red as those of a drunkard and her breasts are besmeared with blood.

In the neighbourhood of Kali are other gods such as Krishna and Jagannath all of which have their devotees. Sweetmeats, cocoa-nuts, flowers and other condiments are vended by shop-keepers in close proximity to these temples so that pilgrims can make their purchases of offerings right on the spot.

In viewing these scenes of idolatry and sacrificial offerings, my heart instinctively thought of the "one offering" that has been made for all. Turning to my guide I told him of the offering of Jesus once for all. I told him we could do nothing, but Jesus had paid the price.

It is hard to realize why men of education and ordinary intelligence can give themselves up to such degrading practices as idol worship; but custom—which is such a formidable foe to all true advancement—with all its evil and devilish concomitants is the cause of such corrupt practices in religion.

Beloved friends in America, your privileges and mine are great, so are our responsibilities. With the light of Christian teaching and civilization, God demands that we as His professed people should spread the knowledge of His truth in these lands by our prayers, by our sympathies and by our direct co-operation with those on the field of action. If we refuse to come up to the help of the Lord against these forces of evil, we shall not be guiltless in that great day of reckoning. May God help us to be true to our trust and keep us faithful to the end.—Herald of Light.
THE SCHOOL GIRLS' SERVICE FOR INDIA

The following illustrations, given in the Gospel Witness by the lady principal of a girls' school in the Punjab, shows what some of the school girls are doing to advance the cause of Christ in India and will, we are sure, be interesting to those in the homeland who are contributing to the support of Orphanages and girls' schools in this country.

"A young Mohammedan girl, in the South of the Punjab, was stolen from her home by a man much older than herself. She escaped and ran home to her mother, who, being a widow, felt helpless. She brought her daughter to the missionaries for safety. 'Even if she becomes a Christian,' she said, 'save her from this man.' They put her into a boarding school near by. She lost no opportunity of emphasizing the fact that she was a Mohammedan with no thought of being a Christian. After some time it was found to be unsafe to keep her there, and she was sent to our school in the North of the Punjab. None of the girls knew that she was a Mohammedan, for, through fear, she kept to herself. One day I told one of the girls, a famine orphan, about her. She is an earnest Christian girl and was at once interested. Not long after Nuralla, for that was her name, asked for proof of Christ's divinity and an evening class was formed for all interested in the subject, for as yet few knew that Nuralla was a Christian. After some time she asked for baptism. The mother was informed. She objected at first, then asked for delay. The girl was so insistent that, at last, she was baptized and stayed with us a year. She then went home to her mother and brother, often writing to ask us to continue to pray for them. Her mother was first baptized and not long ago we heard that the brother, too, had become a Christian. Nuralla is now in a school looking forward to training as a medical assistant. This all came about through the untiring personal work of a young school girl, and all done so quietly that few knew of it."

Breaking down an idol.

"Some of our girls with the teachers go to the near-by villages to hold Sunday Schools. In one village the low caste people had become Christians but their idol worshipping place, outside of the village, although discarded, had not been broken down through fear of the farmers who often refuse to have them disturbed. After our girls had been visiting the village for some time, the women said, "We can't be real Christians until that idol is torn down. The men won't do it. Come, let us." So at night they slipped out and broke it down. The next Sabbath
our girls came home rejoicing and saying, "Our women broke down the Bali Shah."

**AFTER SCHOOL, WHAT?**

"But the service to which we all look forward is that which our Christian girls will give when they leave school. I have only to remind you of the noble band of workers in our hospitals and schools, and of Bible readers who are caring for the sick and suffering, teaching other young girls and bringing the message of salvation to others.

"The real value of their service will be felt when it reaches the villages and outposts, as well as the central stations. And the service is even now being felt in the villages. One of our district missionaries told us that she could tell the difference in a village Christian community when one of the girls had been in a boarding school, and perhaps it is even more felt when some of the girls attend the village school, for the mothers are interested day by day in what their daughters learn. Last Saturday I heard of the death of a young Christian teacher, who has given years of faithful service in one of our boarding schools and also in a school for non-Christian girls in the city. I remember her as a school girl and how, during vacation in the hot months, she used to hold a Bible class for the women in her home village. Many have married the village workers and school teachers. I think of one who sometimes holds her husband's school while he goes out to preach in our villages. She had gathered some of the village girls into the school and holds meetings for the women; and of another who with her husband prepared sixty people for baptism in a new village and has since done faithful service for them; of another who is the wife of a home missionary in a city where there are no Christians, where the Mohammedan women love her and say that her home is an example to them all."

There is no need to multiply examples. Most missions in this country could supply many instances of useful, faithful, self-denying services on the part of their girls, both within their schools and outside among the people as they have opportunity.

The same paper speaks of cases where Christian school-girls have influenced others to confess their faults after the best efforts of the missionaries and teachers had failed to bring about the desired result, and also of the remarkable way in which often their prayers for one another have been answered.

Can we even imagine what England or America would be without the influence of their Christian women? What a difference it would make in the community, in the Church, and
especially among the children if woman was exerting her influence against the cause of Christ. What is it that in nine cases out of ten keeps the man from making an open confession when he has heard the truth from some missionary and is convinced that Jesus is the only Saviour, but fear of his women-folk. "India is not the land of the individual but of the family, the brotherhood, the sect, or the caste, hence the importance of having a general movement along any line of reform." India will never be Christian until its women as well as its men are ready to yield to Christ. Where then is the influence to come from which will reach the women if not from the school. There, the girls are not only free to accept and confess the Saviour but have every encouragement to do so. While in school they exert an influence among their comrades and among the women in the neighbourhood whom they visit, while after they leave school, as Bible-woman, teachers or as Christian wives and mothers, they have unlimited opportunities of exerting an influence for Christ.

A WORSHIPPER OF RAM

"WILL you please oblige me by giving me a quarter of an anna?" We were looking at some things displayed in a shop and were surprised to hear such a humble request made in good English. On turning round we saw a very old, feeble-looking man dressed in spotlessly white clothes. It was he who had asked us for one farthing. Our surprise led us to ask him how he, who was evidently an educated man, should have fallen into such a state of poverty. He told us a little of his life story. "I was a pleader," said he, "and was well off but my son joined a theatrical company and through him I lost all my money. I am left a pauper. My wife is living with my married daughter but I cannot be a burden to them. I am too old to work so have come here to this holy place to live by begging. There is one thing I am very particular about and that is, that my clothes should be spotlessly clean. I wash them every day."

When we turned to the subject of eternal things, he said, "I know all about your religion and have talked with many Missionaries. I am a worshipper of Ram. His name and his story are so deeply rooted in my heart that I cannot turn now. It has taken hold of me."

We asked him to come to the bungalow and have a further
talk. He came, and while Miss Cornish was talking with him and listening to his reading, he asked for an English hymn, mentioning the number in Sankey's book. It was, "Oh! come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee." It was touching to hear the frail, old worshipper of Ram singing with seeming emotion this prayer which so exactly expressed his need, but he was too firmly rooted in Hinduism to say it from his heart; for surely if he had said it from his heart the answer would have been given at once.

This man spends his time in writing the name Sri Ram. Before me is one of the books which he has filled with the name. "This is book No. 123. This book contains 32,573 Sri Ramanamams, completed up to 6,706,707. Thursday 4-5-11." Such is the inscription on the cover. The name is written in very tiny letters and formed into designs. There is a flower the petals of which are covered with the words, the leaves and stem are made up of them and so on. He expects to get great merit for this. Surely his eyes are blinded.—K. Steel in "White Already to Harvest."

---

THE RELIGION OF VILLAGE HINDUS

HINDUISM is one of the most complex religious systems in the world. Its chief characteristic is idolatry. There are evidences of idolatry everywhere. Temples abound on every hand, and in every village or hamlet, however small it may be, there is one temple. In all sorts of strange places idols may be seen. Idolatry is the religion of the majority of the people. No doubt to many people in this country idolatry appears to be a harmless though unnecessary part of religion. But an acquaintance with its practice and an attempt to combat its spirit reveal its hideousness, shamefulness, and withal its amazing hold on the people. Were it as some people think a stage in the development of the people, it ought to have been abandoned ere this, but it still retains a fascination as great as ever. India has lived long enough to have outgrown all childish things, but it has not outgrown this.

Its Origin.

It is stated by an authority in India that there was a time when the common people, who were uneducated, were neglecting the spiritual worship of God because they could form no conception of Him, and they were in danger of becoming atheists. To prevent this the religious leaders gave the people...
idols to look at in order to suggest the idea of God. They also prescribed a form of worship for these ignorant people. The taste for idolatry seems to have been natural, and the growth of it has been so rapid that to-day there are more gods in India than people. The ordinary everyday worship is simply the offering of fruits, flowers and cocoa-nuts, the burning of incense or camphor, repeating the name of the god with hands clasped and held to the breast. In some villages they have a room set apart for a god, where young men gather to sing the praises of the god. The majority of the people do not know anything more of the god they worship than its name. But they will believe any foolish story that the priest can invent about the god. Even the written account which is given in their religious books of some of the gods of India is so extravagant and often vulgar that to a right thinking man the story is impossible. Yet it is all accepted by the people as reliable. The hold of idolatry on the people is shown by their extraordinary reverence for the idols, the difficult and costly pilgrimages they will make to distant shrines, and the lavish gifts they pour at their feet.

A System of Deception.

The amazing hold that idolatry has on the people is partly explained by the fact that the people have been deceived. The priests who instituted idolatry led the people to think that idolatry could be a substitute for heart purity. The glamour and display of idolatry has captivated their imagination, and they have yielded to it. Like spiritualism, mesmerism and jugglery, idolatry contains an element that catches on, and the ignorant are content with any explanation so long as they are enamoured by it. There are different explanations for an idol becoming an object of worship. Some who are advaitists in their belief have no difficulty in believing an idol to be God, as being a part of creation. They say quite boldly, everything is God. They do not see the inconsistency and the folly of worshipping any particular object. And although one statement contradicts another, they are not abashed. To them explanations are unnecessary in matters of religion, which they have taught and have received unquestioningly. There are others who believe that an idol is God, not merely on account of its being part of creation, but rather because as they say, God dwells within the idol. They believe in the Divine Immanence. And they state that God indwells both animate and inanimate creation. Man and beast, sticks and stones are the dwelling-places of God, and on that account may be worshipped. There is another reason why an idol may be worshipped, which is this:
that a priest by the recital of a magical prayer, called a mantram, can cause an idol to be indwelt by God. One day I was talking to an idol-maker, who was making an idol, and I asked him how he could believe that the idol he was making with his hands could be regarded as God. He replied that the priest would, by a mantram, cause God to enter the idol, and then it could be worshipped as God. There are others who do not accept either of the above reasons for idolatry. These say that an idol is simply a symbol, a suggestion, and that they worship God Who is suggested by the idol. Yet these people, by their prayers, offerings and particular attentions to the idol, indicate that they regard it as God. They bathe their idols, garland them with flowers, adorn them with jewels, cause them to be married, and arrange festivals in their honour. The fact of the matter is this, and the priests know it, that idolatry holds the people only so far as they can be made to believe that idols are real gods. Plagues, famines, epidemics, reverses in family and business life are all interpreted by the priests as in some mysterious way the work of the idol-gods. The gods have been neglected, offerings have not been brought regularly and freely, and these reverses of prosperity are the expressions of the god's anger. The anger must be appeased by large offerings. Yet the priests know it to be fraud and trade on the superstitious fears of the simple folk. I have heard two of these idol-priests acknowledge that the system of idolatry is a fraud, but being brought up to it they have to follow it as a calling to get a living.

THE FARCIAl A8PECT OF IDOLATRY.

To deepen the impression on these people that idols are real gods the priests have invented all sorts of cunning tricks. There is one aspect of idolatry that is positively ludicrous. It is the entertaining of these idol-gods. The richer and more influential gods must have a car. A car is simply indescribable to any one who has not seen one either in picture or reality. It is peculiarly Eastern. It is a ponderous and clumsy structure, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with three or four tiers one above another—the top one being not more than a yard to four feet square. If the wheels be of stone the weight of the car may be several tons. Once a year the god is fixed up in this car. The horses of the car are the god's devotees. It is a great privilege to be allowed to pull at a rope to share in the dragging of this car in which the god is riding. It is a highly meritorious work, and some of the lower classes of people are not permitted to share in it. Some of the other people even pay in order to share in the dragging of the car. But, mark you, the priests do not share
in the pulling. One of the gods, named Hanuman, has a display of climbing the greasy pole for his entertainment. A long pole, about forty feet long, is fixed up. At the top there is a cage-like structure, in which a man sits with a pot of clay water. The god promises twelve month’s absolution from sin to any man who reaches the top. Several expedients are tried to reach the top. First a man tries to reach the top by gripping it with his arms and legs. But the man at the top pours down clay water, and it is impossible to grip the pole. Various other expedients are tried, but the man never gets more than half-way up. Everything falls flat, and the entertainment is losing its interest. To save the situation, the man at the top lets down a rope, which the climber seized, and when, by the help of the rope, he reaches the top, the people burst into shouts of applause. They clap their hands vigorously, and the priests tell the crowd that the god has enjoyed it very much. Then with much ceremony the god is conducted back to the temple. To entertain another, there was an apparatus fixed up to lift men twenty feet from the ground, and then swing them round. Formerly men used to be lifted up by hooks in their backs, but now they are tied to the pole with ropes.

A DISPLAY OF BARBARISM.

Another unwelcome phase of idolatry is the barbarism displayed in the name of religion. Some sights of butchery live in my memory even now, and almost make me sick when I think of them. The slaughter of buffaloes, goats, sheep, fowls, &c., is a gruesome part of Hindu festivity. And although the Brahmin doctrine is,—that to destroy life is the greatest sin, they not only permit it but encourage it, and wink at their doctrine for material gain. At one idolatrous festival in quite a small hamlet, ten buffaloes’ heads were chopped off. Each head was cut off at one stroke with a huge knife. Ten buffalo-heads were the extraordinary demand of the goddess of the village. The proud amputator of a head was the happy possessor of the goddess’ favour, and the envied one among his neighbours. At another festival one man, to please his god and to add to the attraction of the feast, killed a goat by biting it through the neck with his teeth. To us the sight was horrible, but to the people it was delicious. They shouted and waved their hands, and carried the man shoulder high. He was a hero in their estimation; and all this in the name of religion. Yet such is the product of idolatry in Hinduism.

THE CAUSE OF THE DEPRAVITY.

There is no doubt that all this depravity is the result of
their extravagant and unnatural ideas of God. They think of Him and treat Him as though He were one of themselves. His tastes are like theirs,—mostly sensuous and often sensual. To the village Hindus God’s concern is not the welfare of the race, but the selfish petty concern of His own good and pleasure. He puts them under no moral obligation, and all He demands of them is of a material kind. The idea of God contains for them none of the greatness and grandeur that we think of. They know nothing of a God of love and pity. They cannot believe, out of the hardness of their lot, that God is kind and gracious. Idols instead of revealing God have veiled Him, instead of helping them to think of Him have caused them to forget Him. And being depraved in their tastes they have allowed themselves to be deceived, and have believed a lie. The god they believe in would never lead them to realize the need of purity in heart and life. Personal piety and a well regulated life are not the ideal of the village Hindu. The religious leaders neither teach it nor expect it. The people laugh if we tell them to aspire towards it. They say that their fate has been fixed even before they were born, and nothing they can do will modify it. Often when we have urged them to accept Christ as their Saviour, and trust in His atoning work for salvation, they have dismissed us with this expression—“If God wants me to believe in Jesus Christ, He will give me the mind to believe. And seeing that He has not done so, how can I believe?”

The only restrictions laid on the Hindus are: (1) Rigid observance of the rules of the caste into which a man is born; (2) Unquestioning recognition of all that Hinduism stands for; (3) To be content to work out, by the law of suffering, one’s own salvation. This last is possible through charity and good deeds, as, for example, feeding poor people, digging wells to provide water for the village, building rest-houses, &c. But all this is possible only to those who have money, and as salvation is impossible without money, the getting of money becomes the chief pursuit in life. Piety with poverty is impossible for the Hindu. Contentment with poverty is unthinkable. Yet most of the people are poor and will never be anything else. Often do the people lament their hard lot in life. And the future has no hope for them. They feel themselves to be burdened, oppressed, and have to squeeze out of life what bit of change they can. As they lack in mental and moral culture, is it surprising that their tastes are animal like? Often when I have remonstrated with them for their folly they have replied, “Leave us alone, we are only cattle, we know no better.” And of a truth they are as sheep without a shepherd, being fleeced by hirelings.
Is it right therefore to let these people go on as they are? Has Christianity nothing better to offer them than what they have got? Common pity should move us to do something to help them. And the command of the Lord Jesus Christ to take them the gospel of good news is as imperative and binding to-day as on the day it was uttered.—S. Stevenson in "Darkness and Light."

ITEMS.

The Annual Training classes for native workers on the Gujarati Field begin July 1st at Ahmedabad, Mehdedabad and Dholka and those for the Marathi workers soon after, at Akola. We ask prayer for teachers and workers that the teaching may not be merely intellectual, with words of man's wisdom, "but in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." That each teacher may have a special anointing from God for this service and that the Word of God may come with power to the hearers.

Mr. Back having gone home on furlough, the Sunday services at Matar are being conducted by missionaries from Mehdedabad and Kaira, who have the additional burden of this work as well as that in their own stations. From thirty to forty Christians assemble at Matar each Sunday for the service. Pray that there may soon be a missionary to take up the work in Matar and the surrounding villages.

Some years ago our mission built two houses at a place called New Village about 15 miles from Matar and placed workers in them to preach the gospel there and in the surrounding villages. In the absence of the workers the houses were burnt down, but recently two new brick houses have been built. Please pray for protection for these houses and for the workers who live in them.

This has been the hottest hot season known in India for many, many years. The awful dust-storms, with the intense heat in the afternoons, made it almost unbearable. Many natives as well as Europeans died from sun-stroke and from the heat. We praise God for keeping our dear missionaries who remained on the plains, so that though they were severely tried and are very weary, yet no cases of serious illness have occurred.

The Annual Convention will D.V. meet at Akola, commencing Wednesday, October 30th. We trust friends will remember us much in prayer at this time.