THE ANVIL

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil sing the vesper chime;
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor,
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he said; then, with a twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammer's gone.

—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The nations are sunk down in the pit that they have made—
The wicked shall return to sheol and all the nations that forget God.
Psa. 9. R.V.

There have been times in the history of the world when heathen nations have made determined efforts to penalize and suppress Christianity, to put the name of God out of their knowledge and to prohibit all acknowledgment of Him, whether public or private; but it is left for the Twentieth Century to witness the denial of Him by so-called Christian nations.

Many of the older generation can remember how the schoolbooks which they studied in their early days abounded in
quotations from that "book of books," by teacher and scholar alike not only acknowledged as the best of literature but reverenced as "The Word of God." What a contrast is presented by the school-books of to-day in both England and America, the leading Christian nations, for in them hardly a direct quotation from the Bible is to be found. Yet was the public recognition of the Bible and acknowledgment of its authority the accompaniment of the best and most prosperous times in the history of England from the Reformation to the present day. In America also, it was from this book that the founders of the nation drew their courage and inspiration as well as leaned for support upon its promises in times of difficulty and danger.

Nor is this national rejection and forgetfulness of God confined to the homelands, it also shows itself in the policy of these nations towards their dependencies. God gave England a glorious opportunity of acknowledging her indebtedness to and confidence in His Word by spreading the knowledge of it in India, Egypt and the Soudan. He also gave the United States a similar opportunity in Cuba and the Phillipines, yet what has been the almost identical religious policy of these two great nations in their foreign dependencies? Perhaps it cannot be better described in a few words than in a quotation taken from the speech of a gentleman in England who served for many years in a high official position in India; for the report of whose speech we are indebted to the Bombay Guardian. He acknowledges "that there have been many servants of the Government, who through their over strict interpretation of the principle of neutrality, have adopted an attitude of practical hostility to religion. They have not been wantonly hostile, but sometimes not the less effectively so. In this, however, they have not done justice to the Government." In these words Sir Andrew Fraser puts the case very mildly, for we believe that in both England and America through fear of offending the powers of the Roman Catholic Church and yielding to the opposition of anti-Christian socialism and the outcries of popular demagogues, these Governments have adopted a policy of more or less opposition to the Bible, both at home and abroad, so that the bulk of their
officials in pursuing a policy of "practical hostility to religion" are merely truly reflecting the opinion of the Governments they represent.

With regard to the results of this policy of ruling the Bible out of the public schools in the homeland and discouraging the teaching of it abroad, are they not reaping as they have sown, in labour strikes, agitation, rampant socialism, anarchism and almost every form of lawlessness? The moral restraint which the Bible imposes on men's consciences and conduct having been removed, there is nothing to restrain the forces of greed and selfishness while they keep within the bounds of the law of the land, or where they are strong enough to triumph over it.

That even in heathen lands this "divorce between religion and education does not meet with general approval is shown by the following quotations from various authorities in India, for reports of which we are again indebted to the Bombay Guardian.

"When Lord Minto was travelling round the Native States, he received addresses from many of the ruling chiefs in which the statement was clearly made that education was responsible for the wicked attitude assumed by some of the educated youth. There was no demand made by these chiefs for the restriction of education, but only an urgent request that an effort should be made to associate education with religion. They did not blame education for the state of things which they deplored; they blamed the divorce of education from religion. Precisely the same views were laid before the Viceroy by a great deputation of Mohammedans, who waited on him to submit an expression of their views in regard to unrest. They pointed out the principles that animate Mohammedans, the sacrifice of temporal interests which Mohammedans will make for religious education, and the danger of withholding it from the young. It was a very striking incident; and Lord Minto made a most sympathetic reply. Almost at the same time the Maharajah of Darbhanga, the recognised leader of Orthodox Hindus, accompanied by an influential deputation of his co-religionists, placed similar views before the Viceroy. It was religious education that the people wanted, and that the people needed."
“Mr. Seshagiri Aiyar, of the well-known Pachyappa College, who in a discussion on model secondary schools in the Madras Legislative Council in 1910 said:—

‘So far as the requirements of the country are at present concerned, some sort of religious instruction is absolutely necessary in order that irreverence may be checked and that there may be obedience to constituted authority.’”

And the following is quoted from an article by Swami Baba Bharati in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

“The new English system of education is so nauseatingly materialistic, all-intellectual and soul-killing, that the Hindu mind, being essentially spiritual, has failed to assimilate it. The result is the unhinging of the mind, brain, and the heart-soul. . . . The ‘educated’ classes, rapidly losing faith in everything relating to religion, have learned to deny the existence of God and to ridicule the very idea of spiritual life.”

Augmented armies and navies will prove a poor defence when God has withdrawn His protection and left the nations to their own devices, because they have forgotten or turned away from Him.

---

**PRAYER IS POWER**

The need of prayer for missions is evident when we give thought to the circumstances under which missionary work is carried on. Were missionaries to go forth, a company of strangers and foreigners, to ask the peoples of Asia and Africa to change some habit of dress or social custom, their task might seem almost impossible. How infinitely more difficult it is to ask these peoples to accept a teaching that will revolutionise their whole life! There is nothing magical in the crossing of the seas that renders missionaries immune from the temptations, the weaknesses of character, the unbelief that deadens the life of the Church that sends them forth. The project might well seem hopeless, unless we believed in the spiritual resource of prayer.

The neglect of prayer in the Church at home means defeat at the front of the battle. “We know not,” it has been truly said, “when the missionary stands before his greatest opportunity. We know not when fierce temptation may sweep in upon him like a flood.” If he is to be victorious in his great
adventure, he needs the prayers of the Church at home.

Not less great is the need of the Native Church for prayer. The battle is at least as stern and difficult for the members of that Church as it is for those who live in Christian lands. They are without the traditions and sacred associations and Christian atmosphere that aid the building of character in Western countries. In many instances their lines have been wrenched from their old moorings and from social supports on which men naturally lean. Beset by difficulties without and within, the Christians of these lands are called to the gigantic and humanly impossible task of winning their own nation for Christ.—Edinburgh Commission VI.

CHIKALDA

BY WILLIAM MOYSER

My wife and I, with our helpers, started out for our district touring early in November and were out until almost the end of February. During this time we held over 300 meetings, preaching to more than ten thousand people, and sold over one thousand gospel portions. We preached in all manner of places, weekly bazaars, street corners, government rest-houses, private houses, courts, lanes, river-banks, anywhere and everywhere the people would gather to listen to us.

Once I was allowed to address a party which was on the way to bury a poor woman who had died of plague; again in a large town, we were invited to a wedding and had an opportunity of preaching to the guests, who listened very well indeed. We also visited a famous shrine at which about 100,000 people had gathered for worship, coming by carts and by rail, as well as on foot from the surrounding villages; some even coming from Bombay over 400 miles away. Here we preached to a number of the pilgrims and once, in a large tent, to a company of theatrical people who were exhibiting Yumpur (hell), on somewhat similar lines to Dante's Inferno.

Sometimes our preaching was to hundreds and at other times we had only one or two hearers; sometimes we were welcomed and again we were told to go (not always politely) as we were not wanted and they did not want to hear of Jesus Christ; so in season and out of season we tried to preach Christ and Him crucified as the only living Saviour.

When the touring season was over we turned our bullocks towards a low range of mountains where the mission has a small hot-season rest-home. The place is sixty-four miles from the
railroad at Amraoti; and situated about 3,000 feet above sea-level. It is reached by a good government road and is named Chikalda.

Two miles from Chikalda, on the face of the range of hills, we passed the famous fort of Gawillghar. This is a natural fortification, nearly three miles in circumference, and as it is precipitous and impossible of approach on three sides, with walls thirty feet in height and ten or twelve feet thick in places, it was considered impregnable by the Marathas. Cannons were placed in commanding positions on every side, some of them being thirty feet long and named after various gods and goddesses.

Lord Wellington in 1803 fought a famous battle here, capturing the fort and breaking the power of the Marathas. The natives believe that the place could never have been taken by storm if a secret passage leading to the fort had not been betrayed to the English by a Maratha soldier, who, they say, was killed by them after the place was taken.

The village of Chikalda consists of forty or fifty mud huts inhabited by a mixed class of Marathas, Kurkus (hill-men) Mohammedans and Christians. There are also about twenty good bungalows owned by European officials who come from the plains in the hot-season, by different missionary societies, by Roman Catholics and one by the C. and M. A.

On reaching our house we found it in a very dilapidated condition. The place had not been occupied for two years and was so overrun with creepers, brush, etc., that it took us some weeks to clear the compound by cutting down and burning up the refuse. The rains are very heavy here, and these, with the white ants, had done great havoc to the roof. After an examination we saw that a new roof of bamboos and grass would be required. We went to work pulling off the old roof and putting on new bamboos to be ready for the workmen to lay grass on top. We tarred all the timbers that in any way touched the walls to protect them from the white ants and then made a contract with a Mohammedan to lay the grass, which work he promised to finish within thirty days, but we found it was one thing to make the contract and quite another to get the work done.

It was fully six weeks before we had any roof over our heads except the blue sky. The principal reason for the delay was the Hindu feast called Holi which made it impossible for the contractor to obtain workmen. This Holi is the most unclean of all the feasts in this land. The boys and girls, as well as men and women, are taught in the name of religion to go out on the streets and use the most filthy and obscene language possible
and the closing days are generally a whirl of filth and uncleanness. Men buy squirts, and tin cans are made purposely for the occasion. The squirts are filled with water coloured with a red pigment and people run up and down squirting one another with this red fluid. Even finely dressed people do not always escape the coloured stream. Some take the tin cans and go to the open sewers and whatever filth is found there is scooped up and thrown upon one another. In the evenings large fires are built of wood or dried cow-dung. The ashes of these are taken and rubbed into a man's head or over his face and clothing accompanied with vile jests and loud laughter. In the hills there is much drinking at this time and the nights are made hideous with ribald songs and laughter. The people seem to be intoxicated with the lust of uncleanness.

Our contractor, being a Mohammedan, had nothing to do with this feast but was unable to get a single man or woman to come and work for him and when it was over the European officials began to come up and took nearly all the available workmen to repair their houses, so that the work dragged on for two months, and even then we found that the contractor was not putting on the amount of grass which his contract called for, so had to watch his work daily.

All things come to an end, and so at last this work too was finished. Meanwhile, we had occupied each room in turn as soon as it was ready and soon friends coming up for the hot-season were glad to find a place ready for them.

Chikalda is built in what is known as "reserved jungle," only a few Kurku and Gond villages being built in it, just sufficient to have the hills carefully looked after, and the rest reserved for grass and timber. It is overrun with wild animals such as tiger, panther, bear, pig, elk, deer and wild dogs; natives not being allowed to carry firearms or hunt in any way in these reserved jungles. There was quite a little excitement soon after we went up as for four consecutive nights a panther had entered the village and carried off some animal. First a dog, then a goat, which was taken out of a house right in the centre of the village, then a pony was carried off in broad daylight; this ended his depredations as a European police officer came up and shot him. A little later a tiger was shot close to our house early one morning.

Soon after the beginning of the hot-season Mr. and Mrs. Lapp came, bringing with them the boys from Akola orphanage. These had the time of their lives, playing in the jungle, and eating the wild figs and mangoes.

One of the officials who has gone to England on furlough
left a large hound in Mr. Lapp’s care until his return. This dog he brought with him to Chikalda but on the way it was bitten by a village dog and a few days after its arrival here began to act strangely.

One morning we were startled by loud barking on the verandah and found that this dog had bitten the head off one of the chickens, also attacked one of the boys and then ran out of the compound and bit several other dogs, returning in a short time raving mad. The boys at once fled into the house while Mr. Lapp called the dog and tried to tie him up with a heavy chain; while tying him, he got Mr. Lapp’s hand in his mouth but when he spoke quietly to him he did not bite it but, as soon as he was chained, flew at the root of the tree to which he was fastened, biting it and his chain with perfect frenzy.

We advised Mr. Lapp to shoot the dog at once and just after he had done so, the Commissioner drove up with his loaded rifle saying the dog had been over to his house and flown at his daughter and would have bitten her but her dog turned on him and so gave the girl an opportunity of escaping into the house; we were so glad she was not bitten.

The Commissioner sent the dog’s brain to Kausali for examination at the Pasteur Institute and the reply came back by telegram, “dog mad.” Thank God none of the boys or any of the people were bitten.

Chikalda is an ideal spot for rest and there are such beautiful walks and view-points along the tops of the mountains; while their sides are covered with teak, bamboo, wild cotton, fig and mango trees as well as many others making a beautiful thick shade from the hot rays of the sun.

We have a nice home here which can accommodate eight missionaries nicely, besides having room on the compound for several tents.

The grounds are now in fairly good condition but the place has several needs which I would like to mention. 1st. A barbed-wire fence for the compound. 2nd. Stone floors for the house, those at present in it are simply of mud which permits the white ants to carry on their destructive work as well as making it dirty and unsanitary for those who live in it.

3rd. A few more shade trees need to be planted but these would not cost anything save for a man to water them during the season when the missionaries are absent. The entire cost of putting the place in thorough repair and furnishing it would be about $300, and we should be glad to hear from any one who may feel led to donate the whole amount or any part of it.

On our way home we had another evidence of God’s good
care. We were walking down a steep incline and I was just going to pick up my bicycle to carry it down when my foot slipped and the bike and I rolled over the bank, a clean drop of about twelve feet. Why my neck was not broken, I cannot understand except that "underneath were the everlasting arms," I came out with hardly a bruise. Praise the Lord.

We are now back in Amraoti and at work again. We want you to remember Amraoti and its needs. Pray much for us that we may see the power of God manifested in the salvation of these people.

LITTLE DOROTHY

In a low mission bungalow, one hot spring day in far-off India, a little plump, pink-faced baby girl was born. The young father and mother had passed several years in missionary work amid much loneliness and hardship; and what a joy it was to them to look into the wee, rosy face and fancy they saw some resemblance to father or mother in far-away America.

"She must be called Dorothy," said the mother softly, "for is she not indeed our gift of God?"

"Little Dorothy," said the father, looking once more into the baby face. "She will miss many things that the children at home enjoy, but God grant her the blessing of carrying His sunlight to many who sit in darkness."

Out in the kitchen the servants tiptoed back and forth, talking to one another in low, musical voices.

"What a pity!" they said again and again, "the sahib was so eager for a child, what a pity it could not have been a boy!"

And when the new father entered the room, they hung back in awkward silence, without one pleasant word to offer. But what wonder dawned in their dark faces as they saw the new joy in his face, and the tenderness with which he spoke of the little stranger. Truly, this was a wonderful God, this Jesus who taught men to love the girl baby even as the boy.

Little Dorothy grew and blossomed like a dainty flower; and it seemed but a very short time until her golden head was bobbing about from room to room, and her bright blue eyes were peeping into every nook and corner. Always sunny and smiling, she lived in a happy world of her own, unconscious that anything was lacking in her life. She loved the dark-faced servants with all her baby heart, and there was not one among them who did not turn to smile upon her as she pattered by.

As she grew older and became more conscious of the heathen world about her, her busy mind was full of many questionings.
“Mama,” she asked one day, “did you ever see those little girls in old, ugly dresses who come by our house sometimes carrying heavy jars, and who seem so tired and sad? Their faces almost make me cry when I see them.”

“They are little widows, dear,” said her mother; “girls who were promised to some men for their wives, but the men died, and so people think that God is angry with these poor, innocent children. And so, all the rest of their lives, they must wear mean clothes and do the roughest work and lead very hard, unhappy lives. They were going to the well for water when you saw them pass.”

“Oh, I am so sorry for them!” said Dorothy, her blue eyes filling; “can’t we tell them about Jesus, and teach their papas and mamas not to believe such awful things?”

“We are trying, dear child,” said the mother, gently, “but when people have believed such things a long, long time, it is very hard to make them see a better way. But God is with us, and many are already beginning to believe in Him, and to live as He would have them.”

Away at the other end of the village, in a low mud hut, that same hot spring day another wee girl had been born. This baby was a little Hindu girl, with dark features and a little fringe of straight, black hair. Two girls had already come to the humble home, and the father turned away in disgust and anger on learning that the new baby was not the longed-for boy.

“Are the gods angry with you?” he said, turning roughly to his wife. The haggard, care-worn mother, lying on her bed of straw, turned her face to the wall and wept in shame and sorrow.

Mina, as she was called, grew and blossomed, too, but one could scarcely hope for happiness and beauty in the midst of want, unkindness and neglect. When she was seven years old, a dreadful famine swept over the land, and the family were soon suffering from hunger. One evening when the father came home, he said to his wife: “There is a man in the neighbouring town who will be wanting a wife some day for his son, and he is willing to take Mina to his home and feed and clothe her until the time of her marriage; so we will betroth her, and let her go, that we may have one less mouth to feed.”

But, alas! soon after the betrothal, the young lad died with the fever, and poor, innocent, little Mina was left a widow. How angry her father was then, and how cruelly he beat the little girl! “Can you bring us nothing but evil?” he asked. And so began Mina’s life of drudgery and despair, which seemed to have no ending but the grave.
One day, when Dorothy was eight years old, she was missed from her play on the steps of the bungalow. A servant had been watching, but had gone inside the house for a moment, and, for the first time in her life, the little girl had slipped away. Soon the servants and the anxious mother were hurrying to and fro in the village streets, seeking the missing child. At last, with a cry of fear, the mother remembered the open village well, where most of the peasants drew their water, and ran with desperate haste down the dusty street. And there on the curb she caught the gleam of the little white dress and the glisten of the golden curls she knew so well. Dorothy sat on the curb, gazing earnestly into the face of a little girl about her own age. This girl was dark and sad, clad in the dress that told her story too well, and leaned wearily upon her heavy earthen jar. What a contrast they were, her own bright, happy child and this dull, sad faced Hindu child!

How Dorothy had begun it her mother never knew, but she was telling, in childish fashion, the old, old story of Jesus of Nazareth, His goodness and love for one and all; and as she talked, the dark face beside her brightened with new interest.

"I feel so sorry for you," she went on, gently, "when I see you pass our house so worn and sad. Don't you want to love Jesus, too, and let him help you every day?"

"And a little child shall lead them," murmured the mother to herself. And, sure enough, it was God's will that Mina should be the first jewel in little Dorothy's crown.—Junior Builders.

CLEAN HANDS

A JEWELRY salesman, noticing his hands to be somewhat soiled, said: "This is very trying to me. Of all persons I should have soft and clean hands. It is awful to offer a diamond or pearls or jewels of any sort, to a possible customer when my hands are not perfectly white and tidy. It makes a repulsive background for the piece of jewelry."

The Christian should have clean hands and a clean life. Whoever he may be, minister or not, he recommends Jesus Christ and His salvation to the world. His life should not be a sorry and repelling background. They who bear the vessels of the Lord should have pure hands. The salesman was very sensitive, and rightly so. He had a cultivated taste. Each professing Christian should be scrupulously careful to maintain a consistent life.—Exchange.
WATER, water, water! Oh, the cry for water. Through all the long months of the cold season and then all during the hot season, when the rivers and wells in Gujerat have been dry, there has been, among the native people, a constant cry for water. During the days of the hot season, when the heat was almost unbearable, when the burning sand swept in great storms over the plains, the great hope of the missionary and native alike lay in the coming of the monsoon, which usually breaks about the middle of June. Word has passed from lip to lip, “What if the rain should fail again?” As the days of June passed by and no rain, hopeless misery has been plainly written on many a face.

During the past year, when there has been no rain in Gujerat, there are three places where I would have liked to have taken the boys and girls of America, who read this paper. First, is a trip with me some morning for a mile or two down the Government road between Mehmedabad and Kaira. This is a well-made, well-paved, broad road about 7 miles long. On either side are the large Banyan trees which usually afford plenty of shade for the dusty, weary traveller on a hot day. But the first thing we notice as we walk along this road today, are boys and girls and even men and women who have climbed these trees and are stripping them of their leaves, for food for their cattle. On the ground under the trees there are heaps and heaps of leaves. Here is a little Hindu girl about five years old, she is up in the tree now, and with all her might is tearing off branches of leaves, and throwing them on her pile on the ground below. Now she has enough, she slides down to the ground like a cat, takes the rag which she wears over her head, and makes her leaves up into a nice bundle, this she places on her head and is about to march off to her home in a near-by village. When we ask her why she is doing this she tells us, she must, for if she does not the cattle will die for want of food, for they have not been able to raise a crop on account of the lack of rain. She is only one of many, all doing the same thing, until the trees along the road are almost bare. But we go on a bit further now, and soon we are in the midst of a thick cloud of dust. We move to one side of the road, and we find that the dust is caused by a large number of men, perhaps 50 and in front of them there are great droves of cattle, buffaloes and cows, and
even goats. The women and children of the company come straggling on behind. The men have heavy staffs and huge sticks in their hands. The women have various bundles and vessels on their heads, for they carry the food, the cooking utensils, and water vessels on their heads. Almost every woman has a baby on her hips or hung from her back in an old rag. There are many little children in the company. Some are laughing, some crying, but all are very weary, for they have travelled for miles from the north in search of water for themselves, and for their cattle. But they must still go on, for there is no water here, but they may find some as they go on to the villages ahead.

Next we see beggars, the lame and blind and sick. They want us to help them, for they are in great need on account of the failure of the rain.

We branch off now from the road into a small village nearby. Here again we meet despair on account of the lack of water. There is a stream of young women who have returned from the river. Their water vessels are on their heads, and they shew us the muddy water which they have managed to get. It is not very much, and it is partly mud, still it is the family supply. They tell us they only managed to get it by getting up early, and going to the river, and by digging holes deep in the sand of the river bed. "Here we also meet old men and women who plead with us to give them a little money to tide their cattle over this time of famine, for," they say, "if our cattle die, what will we do?"

The last thing I wish to show you is our own compound, in the early morning. Sometimes we are awakened before five o'clock. The people have already begun to come. If you just step on to my verandah you will see a large number of men and women, boys and girls. They have gathered wood, and have brought it to us in small bundles to sell, each bundle is worth about a penny. But they are glad to get this penny for it will keep them through the day. The young Christian man who takes the wood from them does not let them go until he has given them the gospel. Then there are two or three old, grey-headed women with ragged garments. They have come from a village several miles away, they have a great plea, for they have no food and no water for their cattle. They only want a little help, and who could deny them. They too get the gospel, for the missionary is interested in these old women. Then there are a number of women from a near-by village who want to fill their water vessels from our well, but our well is already low, if the rain does not soon come it, too, will become dry, so we cannot allow many to draw from our well. These are just a few of the
things we see and hear. The failure of rain last year made the already very poor people, poorer. But there has been great opportunities to give them the gospel.

We are glad to say since we began this article, rain has fallen. Although it is a month late, it will avert a famine in Gujerat this next year if it continues. How we praise God for it.

A MISSIONARY ITINERARY

BY W. R.

LEAVING Bombay at 9-15 p.m., we reached Bhusawal at 6 o'clock the following morning, changing trains and going on to Akola, 363 miles from Bombay, which we reached about ten a.m. Akola is a large town, capital of a district of the same name, and as it is also the grain and cotton market for the large districts of Akote, to the North-east, and Bassim, to the South, is a place of considerable importance.

Its principal points of interest to us of the C. and M. A., however, are that it is the first and largest station of our mission in India. Here we older missionaries, who came out about twenty years ago, lived while we studied the language and put forth our first efforts at mission work among its long-suffering people. Here are our largest mission bungalows, formerly used as receiving homes for new missionaries as they arrived on the field; our Industrial Workshop; our Boys' Orphanage and farm; and our largest and most important native Church. Here also in latter years most of our Annual Conventions have been held.

With characteristic thoughtfulness, our good brother Mr. Lapp had sent his horse and trap to meet us at the station, so after a pleasant drive of over three miles along a good, metalled road, we reached Santa Barbara, where Mr. and Mrs. Lapp are in charge of the Boys' Orphanage and farm. Just enough rain having fallen to make the soil damp, we found Mr. Lapp and his boys busy sowing cotton in the fields and planting red-peppers in the garden between the rows of fruit trees. In the absence of rain this garden is artificially watered from a large well, but the wind-mill, which used to pump the water and also to grind the grain for the boys' food, having been damaged had to be taken down and is now lying useless awaiting repair; so they have to resort to more primitive methods and the patient, slow-moving bullocks are requisitioned for the purpose when necessary.
What a hive of industry the place is with the farm and garden, the boys looking after the cattle, chickens and pigeons, some of the latter being so tame that they will come and sit on Mrs. Lapp's head or shoulder and eat from her hand.

Most of the boys are small now, the older ones having nearly all left, some for the Training School at Bodwad to be trained as evangelists and teachers, others to the workshop in Akola to earn their living as carpenters or blacksmiths.

The next day, being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Lapp drove to Akola in the morning for Sunday School, while the writer remained at the orphanage, but all went together to Church in the afternoon. Through the courtesy of Mr. Lapp, who is pastor, we had the privilege of once more addressing the native Church. The meeting was held in a shed at the mission bungalow as the Church is being rebuilt. It is encouraging to know that the new building had to be considerably increased in size to meet the needs of its growing congregation; all is now finished except the roof and we trust this too may be completed before much heavy rain falls.

We had to return to the farm and wait another day before moving in to the mission bungalow in Akola for a meeting of the Executive Committee for the Marathi Field, where some necessary routine business was transacted and also arrangements made by which we hope the force of native workers at some of our stations may soon be considerably augmented.

Before the session closed, news came of the sudden death, by cholera, of one of our oldest native workers, and one of his children also passed away soon after, of the same dread disease. He leaves a wife who has been doing good service as a Bible-woman and four children to mourn the loss of a husband and father. These were remembered in prayer that the mighty Comforter Who alone is able to speak comfort in such an hour of sorrow and trial, might comfort the hearts of these bereaved ones; and a message of sympathy and cheer was sent them.

After a short visit to the Industrial Workshop where we found them busy with several orders for carriages, also for gates and iron-fencing, as well as smaller repair jobs, etc., we took the train for Chandur, 68 miles further east.

Chandur.

This is where Mrs. Moodie has been bravely holding the fort and directing the work for the past two years. We had heard before leaving Bombay that during Mrs. Moodie's absence in the hills for the hot season, small-pox had broken out in the home of one of the native preachers here, and it was to
disinfect the place and prepare it for Mrs. Moodie's return that this visit was undertaken. All the children who had had it were well except the youngest child, a baby, and he also was on the fair way to recovery, though still weak. This family had learnt to trust our God as their Healer in times of sickness, and we praise Him for the way in which He has kept them through this time of trial. We had two good times of Bible reading and prayer with the workers and their families that day and another next morning before we said good-bye, thus leaving them strengthened and encouraged.

**BODWAD.**

We then commenced our return journey, stopping off at Bodwad Training School over Sunday where we found the Garrison brothers working in the midst of much that would naturally tend to discourage, but none of this appeared in their cheery countenances or conduct. In a previous issue of this paper, we have mentioned the lack of water at this school. Not a drop of water on the place, for there is as yet no sign of water in the well which they are digging though they have gone down a considerable depth. Owing to lack of water all the valuable fruit trees planted at such expense and tended with so much care all these years, have dried up; only two or three stunted specimens being left out of all that had been planted and from which a plentiful supply of fruit might have been expected in a few years more. It means much for these brethren and the young men under their charge to be dependent upon the heathen for their daily supply of water, which has to be hauled from a distance in an iron barrel upon a light wagon. Their fields too, not being fenced, are often invaded at night by wild pig which abound in the vicinity and are very destructive. We think there are enough trials and testings which are unavoidable in a work like this, without the brethren having to be weighed down with cares of this sort which are avoidable, if only friends at home knew of them and would generously send the help needed. We praise God for some few who have given generously to this school but there is yet room for faith and prayer until water is obtained and the other needs also are supplied.

By the kindness of brother Garrison, we had two good opportunities of addressing the students, one on Sunday afternoon, and the other on Monday morning, before leaving; both were seasons of refreshing to our own soul and we trust the seed sown may yet bring forth fruit in the hearts and lives of these young men.
KHAMGAON.

From Bodwad we next proceeded to Khamgaon where good, faithful Miss Wyeth had been taking care of the girls and of the work all through the heat while the other missionaries were having a time of needed rest in the hills. She is very weary in body but bright and cheerful, and we trust, may soon be able to get away, as she needs, and well deserves in her turn, a good time of rest and change. Miss Bushfield had just returned and again taken the management into her efficient hands. She was just dealing with a difficult case of a girl who had been many years in the orphanage without her relatives caring anything about her, but having found out somehow that the girl, now grown up, is well educated, with ability to earn money and be profitable to them, a distant relative had come to talk with her and persuade her to accompany him to their village. The girl who is over age and so could not legally be restrained from going if she wished to do so, was naturally much moved to see one of her own people again and hear of the changes among her former acquaintances and friends, even though they had so long neglected her and cast her off. Little knowing what life in a heathen village would mean to her, being really a Christian girl, she seemed not averse to going with him. The strain was painful to both and at last Miss Bushfield had to step in and end the interview. We pray that God may keep the girl from them, as having anything to do with them could only lead to her undoing.

The next day had been set apart for a day of prayer and Miss Bushfield kindly gave us the privilege of speaking to the girls in the morning meeting and we were sorry we had to leave before the day was over. Miss Krater, whose heart and life are in the district work, had gone out early in the morning, before we arrived to visit a village at quite some distance, where she had a worker and his family. Coming back in the evening, bringing the worker and his family with her, they got caught in a severe rain-storm where there was no proper road and the bullocks being unable to pull the cart through the soft soil, they had to walk in the rain and mud carrying the children in their arms. Miss Krater did not reach the bungalow till after 10 p.m., quite tired and worn out.

Before leaving Khamgaon we went over to visit the Training School for young women. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Carner and Miss Little. They have the same difficulty here as at Bodwad from lack of a supply of water on the compound. A well is much needed, as they have now to haul all the water required for the use of those living at the place. God is
working in the lives of many of the girls, and those in charge are able to testify that in the lives of quite a number some fruits of the Spirit are manifest. Pray that many more may yield their hearts and lives to Jesus.

In a letter just received, Miss Krater writes, “Last Wednesday” (the day after we left) “we had a very good meeting with the girls. When we were closing, the Lord gave a message in tongues with interpretation, it was solemn and heart-searching. The girls got down before the Lord and the meeting went on another hour, and then it seemed as if they were not ready to stop. Oh, that a yielding would come.”

As we had about three hours to wait at Bhusawal between trains, we spent part of the time in visiting dear Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg who with their little ones remained in this hot station through all the heat. We found them tired and weary, yet keeping the work going with cheerful confidence. They need a furlough very much and we do hope way may open for them to go home early next year.

WHEN INDIA WELCOMES CHRIST AS KING,
A PARABLE.

“None but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem—India. And Jesus shall have it.”—(Words of Keshab Chandra Sen, quoted by Rev. C. F. Andrews at the Agra Christian Endeavour Convention, 1909)

WILL India ever accept Christianity, assuming what none of us doubt that the Jesus about whom all our doctrines gather is indeed the supreme revelation of God, and the Saviour of the world? The truth as it is in Jesus may be absolute truth, but can India be induced to believe it? We are told that the notion of a universal kingdom of truth established in the course of history is alien to India’s religious instinct. She will not tolerate the linking of eternal truths to particular historical events. If we proclaim the universal sovereignty of a Divine King whose empire upon earth was founded nineteen hundred years ago in Palestine, India will never yield Him her loyalty. The Christ of Christendom can never be the Lord of India. His rule would be foreign and insufferable.

Let me answer in a parable.

We have witnessed of late a bewildering confutation of the assumption that because India was awaking to a national consciousness she would become more and more resentful of the
sway of a foreign monarch. For years past there had been unrest and sedition, and though disaffection had never manifested itself in personal antipathy to the King-Emperor, loyalty to his person was not ardent enough to check treasonable intrigues against his government. His rule was borne with increasing chafing, and the conviction had arisen in some diffident hearts that the days of British dominion in India were numbered.

The king came, and all was changed. He did not attempt to disguise the fact that he was of foreign race. He was a stranger, and India took him in. How was it that she not only welcomed him to her shores, but enthroned him in her heart? Because India recognised him as her king. For a century and a-half British power had been felt in India, and had established an increasing claim to India's loyalty by the justice and humanity of its administration. It proved itself capable of doing what Rajput and Afghan and Moghul dynasties had failed to do. Yet the insignia of British Government had remained in India a token of alien domination,—a proof that India belonged to England. But when the King came and India saw him face to face, the one fact that she realised with poignant loyalty was that he belonged to her.

So shall it be with the Christian conquest of India. Many ancient religious dynasties have ruled over India's faith. Vedism, Brahmanism, Jainism, Buddhism, Vedantism have all held sway and some are still in power. They have displayed many royal virtues, and bestowed many blessings on the people they have governed, but a fatal nemesis has invariably attended their rule. They have proved themselves incapable of permanently suppressing moral anarchy. They have depleted the spiritual wealth of the land. And because of the seeds of decay inherent in their administration, one dynasty after another has weakened and failed and at last passed away. Yet India has a loyalty for them which she has never yet felt for Christ. She honours their memory, and treasures the relics of their past power. And though the religious systems that now rule in India have not greatly advanced her prosperity, though the principles of their government have not always been according to equity and truth, India still acknowledges their authority with fervent homage, counting them her own kings and rulers.

Christianity has come to India in the latter days. Christian Missions have been in India for a century, and the faith of Christ has been commending itself as a religion capable of suppressing moral lawlessness and filling India with spiritual prosperity and peace. It has come with succour to those who suffer wrong, it has helped the poor and needy, and everywhere-
as it has advanced, love, joy and hope have sprung in its path to birth. Christ is the one King that is capable of ruling in equity and conferring universal blessing by His rule. But Christianity has come to India from outside, and India's loyalty is not readily given to Christ. How shall India be reconciled to Him? How can we present Christ so that India shall know Him for her own Lord?

There are

Two Things which we must Not do.

First we must make no attempt to disguise His person. It is folly and blasphemy to talk of presenting to India an Indian Christ. Christ is foreign to India, and His rule is an alien rule. It is useless to conceal the fact, and it is unnecessary. When India sees Christ face to face, she will not restrain her loyalty from Him because He has come to her from without.

And the second thing we must not do is to diminish His claims. The reconciliation of India to Christ will not be effected by claiming for Him a loose attachment that will not interfere with the legitimate development of Indian philosophical tendencies, or by declining to regard as seditious beliefs which conflict with His supreme authority?

But there is

One Thing which we May do.

We may see to it that the organisation of Christian Missions does not shut out Christ Himself from India's view. Is it not true that the origin and development of the Christian Church in India have resembled the extension of British rule? Christian Missions have gained a footing in the life and thought of India, but it has been on the outer border and not at the centre, Christ's authority has been established amid surroundings perpetually suggestive of foreign enterprise, so that His throne has remained an emblem of alien rule. Christianity is still a form of religion introduced by foreign missions, and identified with foreign names and agencies.

The Christian Church in India is Indian in the same sense as Calcutta is Indian. It is a vast and growing community that has clustered round a factory, a fort, a foreign concession, a cantonment. Its situation is strategic with a view to the maintenance of communications with the foreign boards which effected the original invasion.

Is it not possible to transfer the seat of Christ's government in India, as it were, from Calcutta to Delhi, from a foreign environment to the very heart of India's life? Can we not set
Him in a more sympathetic relation to the people of India, so that He shall attract their instinct of loyalty? A pregnant sentence in the IVth Volume of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference Report, summing up the testimony of Indian converts as to the hindrances they had encountered, declares, "It is not the Western form of Christianity, but the Western character of the missionary, that creates the difficulty."

Our aim must be, not to interpret Christianity in the light of Hinduism, asserting the substantial identity of the two and finding a place for Christian doctrine within the scope of Hindu systems; but to set Christ upon the throne which ancient dynasties of belief have long occupied, yet proved incompetent to hold, or unworthy to fill. It is sometimes said that Christianity is the fulfilment of Hinduism. It would be truer to say that Christ is the fulfilment of the unsatisfied longings of India's people.

He has been despised and rejected, His claims have been scorned, the spread of His kingdom has been resented as the aggression of a grasping invader, the principles of His government have been defamed.

But when India has seen Him face to face, she will know Him as her King, and welcome Him to His throne with loyalty; and Truth will reap its last and noblest revenge in India, as Christ sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied.—Bombay Guardian.

A HINDU GIRL LOOKING FOR JESUS.

STOLEN from her home, a Hindu girl was carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was very pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything. She had a happy life for years, until it came into her mind that she was a sinner and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to divert her mind, sent for the rope-dancers and jugglers, the serpent-charmers and all the amusements of which she was fond, but the little girl was as sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta she had become a Mohammedan instead of a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and so the lady brought a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But, though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue five times a day, with her head bowed toward Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting she went to a Brahman for relief, hoping, if she returned to the faith of her father to find peace.
At first the Brahman cursed her in the name of his god, but as she offered him money, he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning, he told her she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a blood sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flowers that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart. She was so worried and troubled that she became quite ill. Ah, if she had known as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who could alone give her rest and pardon!

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street. You would have thought he was a strange looking beggar, with his turban wound around with strings of beads, his ragged clothes, his pipe and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and, as she dropped a coin into his wooden bowl, she said almost as if thinking aloud, “Ah, if even you could but tell me where I might find salvation.”

The beggar started. “I have heard that word before,” he said.

“Where?” she asked: “I am sick, and I am afraid I am going to die, and what will become of me?”

The old man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

“I have it here,” he said, “and they tell of Jesus Christ who can give salvation.”

“He must be the one I want; take me to Him,” she urged.

“I do not know where Jesus Christ lives,” answered the beggar, “but I can tell you of a man who does know;” and he told her of a Brahman who had given up his gods and was now a teacher of a new religion.

Weak and ill as she was, the Hindu girl started on her journey that very evening. She went from house to house inquiring, “Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?”

No one knew, until she was about to give it up, she was shown the house she sought, and met the teacher on the verandah. She burst into tears as she cried: “Are you the one who can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him; for I am going to die, and what shall I do if I die without salvation?”

The good man took her into the house and heard her sorrowful story.

“Now,” she cried, “you know all, and where Jesus is, and I cannot wait longer to see Him.”

And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?
He knelt down beside her, and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes that she might see and believe in Him, Who was ready to give the salvation that she longed; and as he prayed the truth was revealed. By faith she saw the Son of God and the Shepherd, Who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom, and she was at rest.

It mattered little now whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness and peace, and henceforth all things were hers.—Mission Dayspring.

---

**FORM OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN CAREY, MARSHMAN AND WARD**

**IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY**

1. “That we set an infinite value upon immortal souls.

2. “That we gain all information of the snares and delusions in which these heathen are held.

3. “That we abstain from all those things which would increase their prejudices against the gospel.

4. “That we watch all opportunities for doing good.

5. “That we keep to the example of Paul, and make the great subject of our preaching, Christ the Crucified.

6. “That the natives should have an entire confidence in us, and feel quite at home in our company.

7. “That we build up and watch over the souls that may be gathered.

8. “That we train our native brethren to usefulness, fostering every kind of genius and cherishing every gift and grace in them, especially advising the native Churches to choose their own pastors and deacons from amongst their own countrymen.

9. “That we labour with all our might in forwarding translations of the Sacred Scriptures in the languages of India.

10. “That we establish native free schools, and recommend these establishments to other Europeans.

11. “That we be constant in prayer, and the cultivation of personal religion, to fit us for the discharge of these labourious and unutterably important labours. Let us often look at Brainerd in the woods of America, pouring out his very soul before God for the perishing heathen, without whose salvation nothing could make him happy.

12. “That we give ourselves unreservedly to this glorious cause. Let us never think that our time, our gifts, our strength,
our families, or even the clothes we wear are our own. Let us sanctify them all to God and His cause. O, that He may sanctify us for His work.” — Exchange.

ITEMS.

July 8th the first real heavy rain fell in Kaira and Mehmedabad. We felt the monsoon had really broken. Since Monday there has been rain every day. How the people rejoice because the rain has at last come. How cool the morning air is now; and how refreshing after the long hot season.

Word has come that Mr. and Mrs. Armson, who had expected to return to India this fall will probably not be able to come, on account of Mr. Armson’s poor health. Pray for them.

Miss Edna Prichard passed her second Gujarati examination June 25th and Miss C. Williams her first in Marathi July 11th.

Word came to us in the last mail that our Brother and Sister Hamilton would like to return to India this fall; but Mrs. Hamilton is not well. Let us pray for them.

The compounds at Ahmedabad and Mehmedabad present a lively scene. They seem to be turned into a summer boarding school, for the workers have come with their wives and families. We would again ask your prayers for our native workers, that God will do a special work in their lives during this time of study.

We wish to ask special prayer for two of our Kaira girls who have just returned to college in Ahmedabad. They were home six weeks for vacation. One is Ashu, who took the medal last year for passing first in the All-India I.S.S.U. Scripture examination. We also had word recently that she had passed first in her class in college, in the last half-yearly examination. The other girl is Bharni, who hopes to finish at Christmas time. We have also five other girls who are also getting ready for college. Pray for these, for we are in need of teachers for our orphanage.