ON THE REPORT OF A BEAUTIFUL SERMON.

BY W. NEWELL

And did he preach the cross?
And count all else but dross?
Oh, did he see his power as nought,
His will, with deadly danger fraught,
His wisdom as but loss?

Spake he as one defiled
By sin, and hell-beguiled,
But now by Jesus' blood set free?
Spake he in sweet simplicity
As but a little child?

Was there the thought of God,—
All holy though all good,
To whom the wicked draw not nigh,
Before whom guilty souls must die?
Preached he the atoning Blood?

Was there the hush of heaven,
The bliss of sins forgiven?
That consciousness that God was there,
That glorious gladness witnessed when
The Holy Ghost is given?

Was there the love of Him
Who came to man redeem
Burning within his heart?
That love that glows as incense-coal
Within the consecrated soul,
A very Jesus-gleam?

Oh, did he speak as one
Commissioned from the throne
Where seraphs veil their reverend face,
And yet where reigneth boundless grace
Through God's beloved Son?
There is one thing in the teachings of Christ which strikes us very forcibly, viz.—He never made the acceptance of Himself by a human soul a cheap or an easy thing. The man who wants the hidden treasure must give his all to purchase the field in which it is hidden; the merchant seeking goodly pearls, having found one, must give his all to purchase it; the young ruler must sell his goods and give the money away; his disciples must go forth as lambs in the midst of wolves; their fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers, sisters and their own lives also, must be nothing to them in comparison with Him. Even when the multitude, attracted by His miracles and the bread which He gave them to eat as well as His care for their bodies, followed Him from place to place so that we might say, He had a splendid opportunity of leading them on by giving them the truth as fast as they were willing to receive it; but, instead of this the Master puts the truth to them in such a way that we are told “many of His disciples went back and walked no more openly with Him;” so many, even of His disciples, were going back, that Jesus, turning to the twelve asked, “will ye also go away?” And, must we not conclude that He would have been willing to see them all turn away rather than abate one iota of His claims upon them or lower the standard of His teaching in the slightest degree.

Have we, as His Ministers or Ambassadors, any right or authority to make the way easier for those who would come to Him than He Himself did? or rather, however much we may desire to do so, are we able to do it? Is our love and pity for the new convert greater than His? and can we guarantee that if we assure a man of acceptance with Him upon easier conditions than those He has laid down, that He will accept Him because we have done so?

Does not our own experience prove the contrary? How many, in these days, are recognized members of Churches with their names on the rolls, yet who are clearly showing by their lives and conduct that they never have had a personal experience
of salvation from sin and do not belong to Jesus Christ. Who is to blame? The poor convert? In many cases the answer must be no! But those are to blame who gave him to understand that while continuing in sin he could yet belong to Jesus Christ and had a right to the name of Christian. Many of these failures are due to converts being baptized or permitted to join a Church without a clear-cut separation from all known sin and a personal experience of salvation, testified to by the Spirit witnessing within them.

The result of such teaching and of the Master’s own example, and also the teaching and example of His immediate followers, was that it was said of the first converts “they continued stedfastly in the Apostle’s doctrine and fellowship” and even when scattered by the persecution that followed the stoning of Stephen, instead of seeking concealment, it is written “they went about preaching the word.”

They were taught that they had been called to suffering and loss of all things, for His Name’s sake and they expected it. They had also been taught that they were the “salt of the earth,” “the light of the world;” that they were “overcomers” because “greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world” and that they had a special anointing of God and a commission from Him to their fellow men. This made them strong, undaunted, enthusiastic overcomers who knew the power of their God to keep and deliver them under all circumstances, and strengthen them in every time of trial, so that even through their weakness His power was shown forth to those who beheld them. What Church or mission does not desire such converts? Will not the same teaching and example produce them?

**MONEY**

**NOTHING** is more important than that we should learn to store our money for God, putting aside a proportion of every amount that we receive, accounting it our privilege to act as God’s stewards. If there were one thing only that I could secure amongst Christian disciples, it would be to inculcate principles of the stewardship of money, so sure I am that a right attitude in this matter would affect the entire religious life.—F. B. Meyer.
"UNDER HIS WINGS"

BY MISS HARRIET BEARDSLEE

"In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to abide.

"I dread not the terror by night,
Nor arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears He has driven away.

"Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings;
I am safe from all danger,
While under His wings."

The words of this hymn have echoed and re-echoed through the Khamgaon mission bungalow during the last month. Days which would otherwise have been dark and foreboding have been transformed into days of blessing and rejoicing by the presence and power of God. The "shadow of the Almighty" has been over us; "the Angel of the Lord has encamped round about us;" "the everlasting arms have been underneath us;" and we have been kept.

About three weeks ago we found, to our surprise, that one of our little girls had been suddenly attacked by that dreadful pestilence, cholera. She was at once segregated from the rest of the girls, and much prayer was offered that God would heal her and put a speedy end to this awful scourge. In answer to prayer the little girl was quickly restored to health and our hearts were made tender as we recognized God's hand upon us.

The following Saturday evening we felt led to pray that God would make the Sabbath a very special day. The answer came but in the way that we least expected.

At the close of the morning service we were called to pray with one of the missionaries who had been taken very sick and had every symptom of cholera. As we took this dear one to God in our arms of faith He gave the needed touch and immediate and complete deliverance came. We were made to realize afresh the loving kindness and tender mercies of our Heavenly Father.

The praises of God were still on our lips as we went to our
rooms at noon for a little time of rest and quiet. But we were again suddenly summoned to surround the throne of grace. This time another dear missionary was face to face with death. Again we wrestled in prayer and again we saw God's power manifested in the healing of the body, and deliverance came to this sister. Like the Psalmist we could but say, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

In the early morning, word had come that one of the Christian men, who lived just outside the compound, was dying with cholera. Aid was speedily sent to him, and during the day much prayer ascended to God on his behalf, but this time it did not seem to be God's will to stay the disease. In the evening God's angel came and took this soul, which had been rescued from heathen darkness, to be with Himself.

Outside, the rain was falling in torrents, but the Native Christians gladly rendered their service in digging the grave and preparing the body for its final resting place. The widow and baby were brought to our own compound and tenderly cared for.

Our human minds are too finite to understand or comprehend all that this Sabbath day meant, but we believe that eternity will reveal to us the mighty power of God that was manifested in our midst in making it a special day and in preparing us for the testing days that were to follow.

Just a few days later two other little girls were taken down with cholera. We now felt that the time had come when we must get down on our faces before God. We knew that only God could lift the cloud that was settling down upon us. The girls didn't need to be told to pray. It seemed as if the very atmosphere breathed a prayer to God that He would cover us, the girls, the compound and the bungalow with the precious blood of Jesus and protect us from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

As we went to the compound we found the girls gathered together in groups, praying that God would search their hearts and take away their sins. One girl prayed that God would not let any of the missionaries or the girls die because of her sin.

We continued to wait upon God and to ask Him to search our hearts and do a deeper work of grace in our own lives. He has been showing us how we have limited Him, and that He wants a separated people, a people who will dare to take Him at His word and believe Him for great things. The days of miracles are not passed, but God is seeking empty channels through whom He can perform miracles these days.
Both missionaries and girls have had a new vision of the power of God. Some of the girls have been confessing and making things right in their lives as the Spirit has revealed to them the need.

Although the presence of God was very real, yet we were conscious that the Death Angel was hovering over us. One of the little girls was about to leave this world and the box was being made for her burial. This time her little playmates, in their simple faith, prayed that God would raise her up. As they cried so earnestly for her life God did spare her for a little time, but seven days later He transplanted this fragile little flower which had been a bright spot in our garden to His own heavenly garden, forever to be with Him.

While we believe God wants to do a much deeper work in our hearts and lives than we have yet allowed Him to do, yet we praise Him for the touch He has given, for the covering and protection of the precious blood, and for His own joy which floods our hearts. During these days He has put in our hearts such a spontaneous note of praise that we have been unable to eat our meals without interspersing them with hymns of praise to Him who has so sweetly sheltered us. We have taken our stand on the Word and with the Psalmist have said, "In the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast."

We believe God has removed this pestilence from our midst, and we are rejoicing to-day that we are "under His wings" and that nothing can harm us there.

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**MY FIRST MONTH ON TOUR**

**BY MISS EDNA PRICHARD, SABARMATI**

In the midst of a thorn-tree grove just on the outskirts of the village of Adalaj we pitched our tent one day at noon. It had taken us three hours to travel ten miles because the roads were very sandy, and the bullock carts were heavily laden. We ate our first meal in the scanty shade of our two-wheeled vehicle and feeling refreshed, put our tent to rights and were soon ready for work.

In the mornings we went off to the neighbouring villages in our bullock cart to preach the glad tidings of salvation. The people listened very well, and we often saw those who seemed hungry for the truth. One woman, especially, threw up her hands in despair, and with tears in her eyes said, "What can we
do, we are only women?" On our way home we ate the luncheon we had prepared, taking care that the driver was kept ignorant of the fact, if we happened to have meat, otherwise he might have refused to drive us, as eating meat is a great sin in the mind of most Hindoos. They believe some ancestor's soul may be embodied in each living creature. I have seen men with cloths over their months to keep out the tiny insects that fly about in the air unobserved.

The ignorant country people are very superstitious. One incident impressed this fact very forcibly upon my mind. A timid man brought us milk every day from the village. Once we did not buy all the milk he had in his brass vessel. He tried very hard to make us take it. Finally, it appeared, that on his way home this man had to pass a place where four roads met. He verily believed that at this juncture an evil spirit dwelt who would eat the ghee out of the remaining milk, causing it to curdle, and rendering it useless for butter. The folly of it all was shown him, but how could he accept our explanation and at once drop his superstition? Even in Christian lands we find people still holding on to lucky and unlucky signs, and how can we expect these people who are steeped in idolatry and superstition to immediately grasp our teaching? The man returned with the remaining milk and we heard no more about it.

Every evening we heard the beating of the tom-toms, and the ringing of bells. What was this for? To call the people to worship? No! To put their god to sleep! Early in the morning the idol was awakened with the same noise. Praise the Lord that our God never slumbers nor sleeps but is ever watching over His own.

One of these idols had gold eyes and silk clothes. One night some thieves went into the temple and stole the eyes out of its head and carried off its silk robes leaving the poor god naked, to be awakened in the morning by the usual beating of the tom-toms. Although it hadn't the sense to protect itself from thieves yet it was worshipped and its protection implored by the people.

One has usually to face a storm of questions. A few that come to my mind are as follows:—Are you married? Why don't you marry off your daughter? (Asked of Miss Compton, concerning me.) Why are your eyes so deeply set in your head? They are quite different from this other lady's. How old is she? Fifteen? Miss Compton with light hair and blue eyes was considered old, for the natives' hair is black until old age. A very talkative woman repeated a message she heard about Adam's
fall to a guru or religious teacher, and asked him about it. He could not say anything against it, so told her to ask us what kind of fruit Eve ate. Filled with this wise question, the woman made her appearance much to our disgust, for we knew she had no intention except to annoy and to exhibit her learning, so she interrupted the attention of those who were listening well and talked away about this minor point, unwilling to hear anything else or let any of the others listen.

Almost everyday people came with their aches and pains to be treated. One old man hobbled over to our tent day after day for the treatment of the most awful sores I ever saw. His wife refused to cook for him and his sons, refusing to care for him, suggested that he throw himself in a well and end his sufferings. Lately we heard that he still lives and we may see him again this coming touring season. Pray that he may be more willing to listen to the gospel, accept salvation, and openly acknowledge Christ as his Saviour ere it be eternally too late.

My part consisted chiefly in teaching a number of small half-clad boys. At first they could not seem to understand me, and instead of answering they said, “Yes,” or else repeated the query. Finally we got to know each other quite well. One day I showed them a picture of an angel in my “Royal Scroll.” Seeing the wings they quickly answered with assurance that it was a pigeon. They learned to sing a little and committed some verses of scripture to memory. They learned a stanza and the chorus of “Yes, Jesus loves me.” In the second line of the first verse is a word that sounds like the name of a certain kind of food. This they could understand better than the original, so they sang it their own way until corrected. In the chorus the same trouble came up. The word for “loves” sounds like sahib so they went about the town singing, “Oh, Jesus sahib.” Finally they learned their mistake and sang it correctly.

One day two boys persisted in teasing our dog in spite of all we could say. The result was that Snappy herself gave them a warning nip that sent them off, and the last I saw of them for several days was two pairs of brown legs and flapping coat tails disappearing in the distance. After a few days they returned and we resumed our class.

Pray that these little fellows may retain the scripture verses in their minds and repeat them to the grown-ups. Who knows but some soul may become hungry for God through His Word spoken by a child. Pray especially that God may equip us for the coming touring season and go before us preparing the ground to receive the seed of the Word.
WHAT Jerusalem was to the Jew, what Mecca is to the
Mahomedan, what Rome is to the Roman Catholic, all
this and more is Benares to the Hindu. To visit this city
and bathe in its river is the highest ambition of a good Hindu.
Residence in it means salvation and if one dies there, salvation
is doubly sure.

Built on the left, or northern bank of the Ganges, about
seventy-five miles below its confluence with the Jumna at
Allahabad, Benares seems to be built on or near the site of a still
more ancient city which is supposed to date from about the time
of the Aryan colonization. This older city was destroyed wholly,
or in part, by Mahomedan conquerors.

It was here that Gautama Buddha took up his residence, and
fixed upon it as a centre from which his faith should be preached,
and for 800 years it became the headquarters of Buddhism, the
colossal remains of which are yet found in the vicinity.

The comparative smallness and insignificance of most of the
present temples are due to the destruction of all the more impor-
tant ones by the Mahomedan Emperor Aurangzebe, and the
difficulties put in the way of Hindus who desired to rebuild
them, by successive Mahomedan rulers. The present Masjid,
(Mahomedan place of worship) built on ground cleared by the
destruction of a Hindu temple and on a spot venerated by the
Hindus, still testifies to the hatred and contempt shown by this
Mahomedan ruler for his Hindu subjects.

Among the best known temples is that of Bishweshwar,
better known to Europeans as “the golden temple” because of
its spire, covered with plates of gilded copper, the gift of a
Hindu Raja (King). This temple is dedicated to the worship of
Shiva the destroyer, the third deity of the Hindu triad.

Near this is the temple of Durga or Kali, the bloody and
rapacious goddess to whom multitudes of goats are sacrificed by
Hindus many of whom would shrink from the taking of life at
any other time or for any other purpose. Durga or Kali was
the favourite deity of the Thugs who invariably sought her
blessing on their murderous enterprises and afterwards dedicated
to her a share of the spoils. This also was the goddess whose
name was invoked in recent times in connection with the seditious
movement against British rule.

Here are the multitude of monkeys from which the “monkey
temple” is named and which come down in hundreds when
grain is scattered by a worshipper. These are regarded as sacred
and are worshipped under the name of their representative Hanuman, the monkey-god.

We cannot describe thus in detail the multitude of temples and shrines in this city, most of them built in narrow, evil-smelling streets and lanes leading down to the water front, some being half under water when the river is full, and others wholly submerged. The carving on some of these temples is so filthy and indecent as to be beyond description in public print and would not be tolerated anywhere else. The law says that such indecent carvings, pictures and statues are forbidden except in temples or other sacred places.

In this city there are also forty-seven bathing ghats or flights of stone steps leading down to the river, for the use of the multitudes of pilgrims who come to bathe, and without which they would find it difficult to climb up and down the steep, sandy bank to the water's edge. Most of these ghats are named in remembrance of some supposed action which is said to have been done on that spot by some of their deities, while others bear the names of the Hindu princes who built them.

Besides these there are numerous sacred wells and tanks, such as Gyan Bapi or Gyan Bap, "the well of wisdom or knowledge" out of which the writer was offered a drink "that he might obtain true knowledge." This he declined, saying he preferred to do without the knowledge rather than drink the filthy water to obtain it; the Amrita Kunda or well of immortality, the water of which is supposed to be of great efficacy in skin diseases, being said to cure even leprosy; then there is the Pishach Mochan, Pishach meaning demon and Mochan deliverance, the well of deliverance from demons. The legend is that a great demon tried to enter the Sacred city and was able to overcome all opposition until he reached this spot, where he was overcome by a city watchman and had his head cut off by his conqueror. The head then began to speak, begging not to be sent out of the city. This request was granted on condition that he would prevent any other evil spirit from entering the city. A big, ugly stone head, stands by the roadside and is worshipped by many who think this demon will protect them from all other demons.

As we have before said, most of the temples, shrines and holy-places are on the bank of the river and the roads between them, and those leading to them, are for the most part very dirty, nasty and evil-smelling. In these narrow places are to be met those who have bathed in the river and are returning with their wet garments dripping with the muddy water, yet so holy that they are very careful not to allow any part of them to touch the
European who they see coming to meet them, lest his touch should bring defilement. He also, on this occasion, is somewhat anxious to avoid the touch for a similar reason.

One visit to Benares and a thorough understanding of what is going on there, should settle for ever the minds of those who think they see beauty in the Hinduism which inculcates and permits such covetousness, licentiousness, superstition and filth of all description to exist in the name or under the cloak of religion.

Many respectable Hindus are better in their lives than either their priests, their gods, or their religious books would teach them to be. What a difference between them and the Christian who has everything in his God, his Bible and his religion to elevate him and however far he may have advanced, still finds the path of holiness leading onward and upward.

Away from this filth and corruption stands the large, commodious and beautiful looking building which Mrs. Annie Besant has erected for her students and from which she sends out her disciples and teachers all over the country. It stands in its own grounds by the side of a beautiful wide road and seems to have nothing in common with the picture of Hinduism which we have just drawn, yet with which it is most anxious to be identified. The one stands for the degradation and the other for the esthetic in Hinduism but both are equally without knowledge of the true and living God and are one in their aim to withstand His purposes.

HINDU SALVATION

SALVATION, according to the Hindu conception, is a thing of the distant future, and means liberation or freedom from existence in a physical body. It is only to be attained after almost innumerable re-births in different forms, and these on account of transgressions may be almost indefinitely extended. He has different methods of cutting short these transmigrations. As the next birth is determined by the manner of life in this existence, a pious Hindu will strive to acquire merit by asceticism, the practice of charity, extensive pilgrimages, the building of temples, and giving offerings to Brahmans. A most essential feature in the Hindu’s idea of salvation is the begetting of a son (Putra), through whom the ceremonies necessary after the death of a father to save him from hell (Put) are to be performed.

In the absence of a son, a second marriage, with or without the consent of the first wife, may be entered into, and in other cases adoption is resorted to. — *Darkness and Light*.
All the children who read the children's page of *The India Alliance* will remember what Miss Coxe told you last month about everything being so dry and about the poor people and cattle hunting for food and water. Now this month we can give you a different picture for there has been rain, much rain, and all the wells, tanks and rivers are filling up; besides in many places the fields are covered with over a foot of water. It seems as though the windows of Heaven have really been opened and the Lord in His great mercy has been pouring down the much needed water on the thoroughly parched land. Now there is green everywhere and the poor, skinny cattle are having a fine time eating all they want of fresh, tender grass. The people have got out their funny little plows and hitched them to their oxen and hundreds of acres have been plowed and planted with grain that is springing up and we hope will yield such a bountiful harvest that we won't have to listen to any more sad stories from half-starved people.

As we have watched the grass spring up in fields that were so dead and dry looking a few weeks ago we have been thinking much about seed and how wonderful it is, wonderful because it has life in it. Who would have thought that anything could live in the hot, dry soil that grew hotter and drier every day as the sun beat down on it during all the months of the hot season? But, lo and behold, all the millions of tiny seeds, each with life in itself, have responded to the showers and have opened and let the hidden life spring up into beautiful green blades! And of what does this make us think? Surely of the seed that God tells us to sow, His Word, the good seed that contains life.

How many of you dear children in the Homelands have ever sown any of this precious seed, not in the ground but in the hearts of people, and have seen it grow and bear fruit? Now I suppose you would like a story and I shall tell a short, one about the good, living seed.

One time there was a little brown boy out here in India who was just like all the other little fellows, he liked to romp around in the dirt without any clothes on and he never went to school so he didn't know how to read or write. He didn't know anything about the true, loving God, but, he did know about the dirty idols his mother taught him to worship. One day when he was a large boy, in fact, almost a young man,
one of God's servants from America went out to sow God's
good seed. I mean he went to preach the gospel. As he worked,
it didn't seem to him that the seed was falling in any good
ground, but God knew and some of the seed fell in the heart of
this brown boy, Dona. No one knew anything about it for some-
time but the little seed was there and began doing its work by
making our boy Dona want to hear more about the true God
who loves and saves sinners.

I can't tell just how long it took but after Dona had heard
the gospel quite a number of times the life sprang up in his
heart, he believed on Jesus as his Saviour, he received baptism
and began to live a Christian life while his old mother, his
brothers and all his family made fun of him and tried to get him
to give up being a Christian. But you see the good seed with
life in it had taken root and was growing so it wasn't easily
destroyed.

Dona was married, his wife received the good seed also and
stood with Dona in leading a Christian life. They were very
poor, the only Christians in their village but God blessed them
and their little family of three girls and although the enemy did
his best to sow tares in with the good seed, that is to make them
do wrong as the heathen do by marrying their tiny girls and by
taking part in wicked, heathen customs, still the Lord watched
over His little garden and kept the plants growing. To-day
from that seed sown in Dona's heart, we have quite a promising
harvest, his two eldest little girls, free from heathen husbands,
are going to our Christian school in Kaira and maybe they
will later become seed-sowers for God. Dona's old, ugly,
wrinkled mother and his brothers after all these years of
watching the seed grow in Dona's life, have opened their hard,
dry hearts to receive the seed and say, "We want to become
Christians too."

So, dear little readers, you see when we tell other people
about Jesus we never know how much that Good Seed will
accomplish, but we must sow in faith and water the seed by
prayer. I trust you will all help us water the abundance of seed
that has been sown in this hard, dark land and that when we
all meet Jesus there will be many Dona's there.

JOSEPHINE E. TURNBULL.

With patient mind thy path of duty run,
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou thyself would'st do, if thou could'st see
The end of all events as well as He.
THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN MISSIONS TO INDIA

February 12th, 1813, there arrived in Bombay the first American missionaries to India, Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott. They had been ordered out of Calcutta, whither they had first gone with three others, two of whom, Adoniram Judson and Luther Rice, turned aside to Burma, and began the great work of the American Baptist Mission in that country, while the fifth, Samuel Newell, burying his wife and child on the Isle of France, ultimately followed his comrades to Bombay.

The coming of Hall and Nott to Bombay was, therefore, the beginning of American Missions in India. They were the pioneers of the American Marathi Mission and of the American Board, which later established also missions in Ceylon, in Madura, in Madras and in Arcot, the third of these having been closed after a few years and the last having been transferred to the American Dutch Reformed Church.

Preparations are being made by the missionaries of the American Marathi Mission to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its founding. Though the first missionaries arrived in February, they were not able to fairly begin work until near the end of the year, and, for this and other reasons, it has been thought best to postpone the celebration until November, 1913.

The American Marathi Mission plan to hold anniversary meetings from November 7th to 10th, 1913, in Bombay, the original centre of the Mission, and from November 13th to 16th in Ahmednagar, which is at present the largest centre for Christians connected with the Mission. At these meetings, a deputation from the Board in Boston is expected, including probably the President, the Hon. S. B. Capen, LL.D., and Rev. George A. Hall, grandson of Gordon Hall, who has a keen interest in missions and is a member of the Board's sub-committee on India. It is hoped, also, that the representatives of the American Baptist Missionary Union will be present, on their way to the Judson Centenary. Delegates will be invited from missionary bodies in India.

It is especially hoped, that, as this is the centenary of the oldest American mission in India, American missions and missionaries of whatever Church or denomination will look upon the occasion as an opportunity to commemorate the completion of one hundred years of American missionary effort in the Indian Empire. Americans have reason to be grateful for the part they have had in the evangelisation of the Indian peoples; millions of money, and thousands of noble lives have been expended during the century past, and the results which
may be pointed at are worthy of the effort. Why may not this occasion, instead of being limited to the celebration of a single Mission and Church, be an occasion for demonstrating the extent and power and abiding results of America’s spiritual contribution to India?

A large place in plans for this Centenary is to be given to Indian Christians. Gratitude for the past, and determination to make the best use of the future, are to be emphasised as the leading thoughts for the occasion. To this end, a Thanksgiving Fund has already been inaugurated, to worthily express the gratitude of the Indian Christians connected with the Mission, and of others as well, for the blessings of the gospel, and to provide for the better establishment and carrying forward of the work of the Kingdom of God in our field. The Fund is to be used partly for the up-building of the Indian Christian Church, and partly for the extension of evangelistic work, but without limiting either of these objects to a narrow interpretation. Contributions are invited from Indian Christians everywhere, from missionaries and from friends of Missions.

The American Marathi Mission earnestly hope that this occasion may be a means of real spiritual uplift and of a forward movement in aggressive work for India by Indian Christians. To this end, they will appreciate the prayers and sympathetic help of missionaries and Indian Christians, of whatever name, throughout India.”

The above is an extract from a pamphlet received from Rev. William Hazen, Secretary of the American Marathi Mission, announcing the celebration, both in Bombay and Ahmednagar, of the centenary of the arrival of the first American Missionaries to India and inviting the co-operation of other missions as well as of the Indian Christian community in raising a fund for the extension of their mission work.

We cordially unite with our brethren of the American Marathi Mission in their hope that this occasion may be a means of spiritual uplift and of a forward movement in aggressive work for India by Indian Christians.

May “Jesus Christ and him crucified” be the theme of their preaching and his blood proclaimed as the only means by which sinful man may approach a holy God. We believe it is the lack of this definite setting forth of the cross of Christ and His atonement as the only remedy for sin, on the part of many Indian preachers and some missionaries as well, which leads to lukewarmness and backsliding on the part of His followers and is the reason why their preaching fails to convict and take hold of the heathen.
"For from of old, men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen a God beside thee, which worketh for him that waiteth for him."—R. V.

MOST business men are indefatigable in their efforts to make their business pay, notwithstanding many losses, disappointments and slow progress they persevere until they see its growth and prosperity. Impetuosity has no place of profit either in business or in the spiritual man.

God is practical. He works for man, He has worked, and is still working. He works, so the Word says, conditionally, and it also specifies the man for whom He works, it is not for the man with a vacillating spirit, but one who possesses a quiet passive spirit.

God is not impetuous. He works slowly, but surely, and man must wait for God and not God for man.

If God is permitted to work out His plans and purposes, without frustration, His people will soon discover that it pays to wait for God. God will not and cannot work for impetuous people.

Looking on India with her vast millions who are steeped in gross heathen darkness, not having accepted the light that has come to her, and bound as she is by rigid caste customs and astute leaders, an insolvable problem confronts those who are interested in her true welfare; an insurmountable mountain of difficulty rises up whose dissolution appears impracticable, but not to the man who knows his God and who will wait for Him.

Bound as the people are, the mighty Omnipotent God is able to liberate them and to lighten their darkness, working for this end through His own people.

Looking at the Native Christian community we do not fail to observe weakness, instability and inertness amongst them, which grieves the true missionary's heart; but the same mighty, Omnipotent God is able to uplift them and to bring them into a closer relationship with Himself through him who will pray and wait for Him who is able to do the impossible.

It is an inherent fact that the position of a missionary is one of tremendous responsibility, as his influence over those in his charge must tend to lead them steadily God-ward, or they soon deteriorate. May all God's sent ones be faithful shepherds of the flocks over which they have been made overseers.
HOT SEASON EXPERIENCES

An incident which proves that God works for those who wait for Him and that it pays to wait might be recorded. For weeks my friend and I had continuously waited on the Lord to know what He would have us do during the hot season which was approaching. Did He want us to go to a hill station to rest awhile? or did He want us on the hot plains? The whole matter was entirely given over to Him and we decided to let God work out His own plans for us.

We were more concerned about the spiritual condition of the native workers in our station than about the vacation, so prayer was resorted to on their behalf. Meetings and Bible studies were commenced, which continued five weeks, and soon they were aroused from their spiritual lethargy and entered whole-heartedly into the meetings.

One of the native workers had proved himself inefficient as a preacher and as a student. His countenance portrayed an absence of spiritual life and altogether he was most unsatisfactory in the work, though naturally he was of a kind and obliging disposition.

During the days of prayer he was singled out by the Spirit and mightily blessed. Jesus Christ revealed His own wounded body, which completely broke him down, and two hours were spent by him on his face in personal dealing with his Master, at the end of which he was filled with joy. None could doubt that with him old things had passed away and that he had entered into a new experience. His face was lit up with a light from a heart in which a deep work of grace had been wrought.

While in the midst of these meetings a letter came from the Committee announcing the dismissal of this young man on the ground of inefficiency as a native worker. Unconscious of what was transpiring in Bombay at the Committee meeting, he was down on his face earnestly pleading with God to fit him for His work.

In the meantime God had met the heart need of this worker, and had definitely quickened his spiritual life, consequently his dismissal was withdrawn.

Each night witnessed a fresh manifestation of God's power, each worker was brought into vital touch with His renewing-power. Another of the workers, a fine consecrated young man, after much prayer and waiting on God had also come under the direct power of the Holy Spirit. He said to us, "I have found the road." He had evidently been brought into contact with something that his heart had long sought for. Truly our God did work for those who waited for Him and did far beyond our expectations.
At the close of these meetings our next move was to Khamgaon, where relief was to be given to one of the ladies on whom the burden of the orphanage had temporarily fallen. This also was brought about through prayer on the part of others.

Our Father knew the spiritual need of our native workers; He knew all about the action to be taken by the Committee concerning one of them. He also knew the need to be met at the Orphanage, and planned the work to meet these needs.

While we were daily seeking guidance concerning the hot season we were restrained from writing to the various "Homes of Rest" on the cool heights of the mountains, so rested in the Lord, and waited patiently for Him, consequently He brought blessing into the lives of others, and met a need in another station which could not have been met otherwise. It truly pays to wait for God, but to frustrate His plans means an irreparable loss to us and others.

The heat of the plains this year was exceedingly great and exhausting, never-the-less it was made up to us by Him who had planned our stay, in grace and blessing to our own souls. In helping others we were indeed helped ourselves.

Coming in contact with missionaries of a neighbouring mission, during our recuperation, was encouraging and inspiring.

It pays to wait and to abide the Lord's time and to allow Him to work out His own plans and purposes.

It is doubtless one of the hardest things that God could ask a man to do when he is seeking guidance, or when he is in monetary difficulties, or in time of sorrow. "The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

THE ZENANA

There is a custom of keeping the women shut up in the house. It is called the "Zenana," meaning in Persian, "the place of women." This word cannot mean home any more than the word Mardana (the place of men). For that dear English word home does not mean a collection of apartments, however stately, where all the male members of a family are congregated on one side and the female on the other. Home is not a place where a woman merges her personal freedom and individuality in the personality of man. Still less is home a place where
husband and wife do not work, talk and eat together, or where
daughters and child widows are kept in gross ignorance, and
made to do the work of household drudges.

Some of the poor women are shut up for years together.
Some have very strict purdah, that is, they are so rigorously shut
up from the gaze of outsiders, that death by their husband's
hands is the penalty for the crime of being even accidentally
seen by a stranger. I know this to be a fact, for this occurred
in our own family. My mother told me that her own aunt, who
was a very beautiful woman, was once doing some work in a
courtyard, surrounded by high walls; and when her face was
turned away from the gate, her husband's friend, not knowing
of her presence, opened the gate and withdrew at once, but not
before catching a glimpse of her back. Her husband who was
close by, noticed this, but said nothing then; but when it was
night, he asked her to get ready and follow him. She wanted to
know whether she might take her baby, which was only eight
months old, and was told that she need not. He took her to a
forest and killed her, saying, "A stranger has seen you, and I do
not want you." The female relatives cried bitterly at the fate
of the innocent woman; but the men approved of the act and
said it was right.

Another instance occurred in Calcutta; a woman was stand-
ing at a window, when a man passing by happened to look up
towards it, and saw the woman's face. Her husband actually
trampled her to death. When her children cried, and implored
their father not to beat their mother, the mother-in-law of the
woman took them away, saying: "Your father is doing the
right thing, we do not want her, you shall have another mother
soon."

How could the government know of these dark deeds?

The following bitter cry comes from a widow in North
India:

"O Lord! hear our prayer. No one has turned an eye on
the oppression which we suffer, though with weeping and crying
and desire we have turned to all sides, hoping that some one
would save us. No one has lifted up his eyelids to look upon us
or to inquire into our case. We have searched above and below,
but Thou art the only One who will hear our complaint. Thou
knowest our impotence, our weakness our dishonour. O Lord! inquire into our case.

"For ages dark ignorance has brooded over our minds and
spirits; like a cloud of dust it rises and wraps us round, and we
remain like prisoners in an old and mouldering house, choked
and buried in the dust of custom. We have no strength to go
out, bruised and beaten; we are like dry husks of the sugar cane when the sweet juice has been extracted.

“All-knowing God, hear our prayer, forgive our sins, and give us power to escape, that we may see something of Thy world. O Father: when shall we be set free from this jail? O Lord! for what sin have we been born to live in this prison? From thy throne of judgment, justice flows but it does not reach us; in this our life-long misery only injustice comes near us.

“O Great Lord! our name is written with drunkards, with lunatics, with imbeciles, with infants, with the very animals; as they are not responsible, so we are not. Criminals confined in jails are happier than we are, for they know something of the world; they were not born in prison, but we have not for one day, no, not even in our dreams, seen the world, and what we have not seen we cannot imagine. It is to us nothing but a name, and not having seen the world, we cannot know Thee, its Maker. Those who have seen Thy works may learn to understand Thee; but for us who are shut in it is not possible to learn to know Thee. We see only the four walls of a house. Shall we call them the world or India? We have been born in the dungeon; we have died here and are dying.

“O Almighty and Unapproachable! think upon Thy mercy, which is like a vast sea and remember us! Have our sighs sufficed to exhaust the sea of Thy mercy? Or has it been dried up by the fire of fierce oppression with which the Hindu men have scorched us? Have they, the Hindu men, drunk by some one’s mistake that portion of the water of immortality which should refresh our weary spirits? O Lord! save us, for we cannot bear our hard lot. Many among us have killed themselves and are still doing the same. O God of mercies! our prayer to Thee is this: That this curse be removed from the women of India. Create in the hearts of men some sympathy that our lives may no longer be passed in vain longing. Thus saved by Thy mercy, we may taste something of the joy of life.”

There was another woman who had not seen a tree for twelve years! She was married when she was six, and went to her mother-in-law’s house, and for twelve long years she never went out.

A Hindu lady said of the life which women in the zenana lead:—“It is like that of a frog in a well. Everywhere there is beauty, but we cannot see it; it is hid from us.”

Is it not all hard to believe? But, dear Sisters, where God has not come to man and revealed His love, where the devil holds sway still all this and more is possible. In the name of religion, evil throws a cloud of ignorance over the mind, and
a dulness over the feeling; and conscience, that delicate instrument made to vibrate with the whispers of God’s Spirit, is either deliberately destroyed, or abused to throb under false messages from the “Father of lies.” No wonder then that men (who in other lands where light has come, respect the women and honour them, and cherish them, and love them in all respects as well as themselves, in theory and in practice) should not feel it wrong to keep women in dark zenanas and watch them with suspicion.

No wonder, also, that women, too, who in other lands become happy, helpful wives and noble mothers, guardian angels to their husbands, brothers and sons, and the inspiring companions of men everywhere, should, in India, often endure silently the darkness of a life immured in the zenana. These are the natural results of their religion, and its baneful influence on the society in which they live.

Things will not be changed till Jesus comes and says to the closed doors of the zenana, and the more tightly closed hearts, “Ephphatha.” And know you, dear Sisters, that He wants you to be His representatives and speak for Him.

When my mother was born there was great disappointment in the house. There being already two girls before her, this time they expected a boy. The men folk of the family said, “Let her die, let her die, do not show us her unpropitious face.” Who can describe the misery to which this child was subjected. She was actually snatched away from her mother, and thrown in a dark corner to die; the mother being the daughter-in-law, all the elder people of the house could exercise their authority over her. She was not allowed to take care of her own babe and was given plenty of work in the house. But ah! she was a mother after all; how could she neglect her own child! When she would finish her work she would go quietly and nurse the baby. Thus three months passed away, and one day as the mother-in-law—the child’s grandmother—was passing by, the child looked at her and smiled a sweet smile. Then the grandmother brought the child into the light, and noticed that she was fair and pretty; this melted her heart, which led her to direct her daughter-in-law to take good care of the child. The baby began to laugh and play, and when the women of the house saw it they could not but admire it—such a fair and beautiful child.

Gradually she was looked after a little, just as we would a dog or a cat when it is playful. But God was not unmindful of her. Circumstances so changed, that within two years a male child was born, and then what joy was there in the home! The
Hindus have a superstition that if a male child is born after a girl, it is through her merit in her former life, and so the girl's position was quite changed. When the son was born, the menfolk of the family brought their turbans and put on her feet and worshipped her, and said, "You are the goddess of our household." Then she was loved and petted by all. Everybody took her up and gave her sweets, also dressed her in best clothes, and put on her lots of jewels; so this neglected child became of greater importance.—Sunderbai H. Powar in "Hinduism and Womanhood."

"A tree is known by its fruit," said the Master and the foregoing are some of the fruits of Hinduism in a land where it has had full sway for two thousand years. This is the side of it which is very real here, but which is utterly ignored and kept in the back-ground by those Swamis who are deceiving, and at the same time fattening themselves upon the deluded women of America who maintain them in luxury and idleness. How can we account for the blindness of those who allow themselves to be so deceived? Is it not because they have wilfully turned away from their God and rejected the light of His word, that they have fallen so low.

Could they once hear the bitter cry of their sisters who are suffering in hopeless misery and shame, who never have had the light and are longing for life and liberty, these Swamis with their temples and ashramas would not only soon be swept out of America but all would unite in doing what they could to break the bonds of these suffering ones in this land.

Ed.

AFTER THE FAMINE

MRS. L. I. DUCKWORTH

As I write the rain is falling copiously and about fifteen poor decrepit looking creatures can be seen sitting in various places on the verandah, waiting till the shower is over so that they can begin work again. These are those that remain of the large number to whom we have given work, help and succour during the hard and trying days of famine. The others have returned to their villages to plant their fields and help in other ways in the agricultural work that is being vigorously carried on in all places at present. But these poor derelicts are not strong enough to work so hard as they are expected to work in most places, so we have kept them on. A few days ago we decided that they needed more clothing.
than they had, so we bought each one of them a plain set, a dhotie (loin-cloth) and a shirt. It would have done the readers of this good, especially those who have contributed the money that has made this work possible, to see the pleasure these few things gave and the gratitude which they showed. One rather distinguished looking old man, who wears glasses, doubtless the source of his learned and distinguished look, for in reality only ignorance abounds, almost bowed himself to the ground to show his thanks and appreciation. But this has been the material side of the work and there have been material results but what we are longing for is to see the spiritual side progress in the same manner. Meetings have been held for these poor souls and the way of life made plain and many of them have asked for prayer but still no farther have they gone. About three weeks ago a poor old man came to us, shaking with the palsy and almost starving. He had a son, who was working on Government work and getting good pay but he did not care enough for his poor, old father to give him more than half a portion to eat. So the poor old man came to us and we took him in. He attended two or three meetings, in one of which, I remember especially appealing to each one about the uncertainty of life and the need of accepting Christ immediately. We sang over and over the simple words. “Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now” and I asked any one who desired special prayer to manifest it by the uplifted hand. But there was no response.

A very few days afterwards, very suddenly this poor old soul passed into eternity. We cannot say whether any light had penetrated his poor, darkened mind and soul or not, but gone he is and into the endless eternity.

Another few days and our precious little Florence baby was taken from us, also into the endless eternity! But what a difference! Her going too, was rather sudden for we had not realized she was so sick. She had cut six teeth in twice as many days and we thought she was going to get on alright, but God chose otherwise. Her little wan face followed us as we moved about to get her water and her little mouth would open, bird like, for the water, till within a few minutes of the end. Then, as she became unconscious, a wonderful glow shone on her face and wide open eyes, and she seemed to be seeing something very beautiful beyond, to which our eyes were held, and in the realm whither her little spirit was being borne by heavenly carriers. Two or three minutes after, her breath ceased and our precious little Florence was with the Lord.

In a week the angel of death visited one compound twice
and chose a poor, sinful, old man and a pure and innocent little child. What an object lesson to those about us who have not yet accepted the gracious salvation provided for them by Jesus Christ. Dear friends, pray that this season's work may not have been in vain.

ITEMS.

On August 6th the angel of death visited the home of our Brother and Sister Duckworth and their little infant daughter went to be forever with the Lord. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy and prayer for these sorrowing parents, yet even in that dark hour, our loving Father gave comfort in His own way.

A note of thanksgiving and praise goes up from our hearts to the loving Heavenly Father for His conscious presence and deliverance in the dark and trying days when Cholera hovered over the dear ones in Khamgaon.

At the invitation of brother and sister Cox, on August 23rd, a goodly number of our missionaries gathered at Malkapur for the dedication of their new bungalow. Suitable speeches were made by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Moyser and Mr. Cox, interspersed with singing and prayer. We hope to give a more extended account of this meeting in our next number.

Good accounts of plentiful rains have come in from all our stations, so that there is no longer any fear of a coming famine this year. As many prayers have gone up to God for this rain, so let praise abound that He has sent it in such abundance.

Miss Mary Leavitt has just recovered from an attack of malarial fever. She writes that she is now ready to resume her study of the language. Praise the Lord.

Friends will kindly remember to pray for the Summer-schools for native workers now going on both in Berar and Gujerat. This is generally a time of more or less strain to both teachers and pupils, as time is so short for the course of study to be covered. May the Lord give his richest blessing to both teachers and students.

We wish also to ask prayer for the Annual Convention for Indian Christians which follows the Summer-school. May God bless His word, prepare and empower the speakers, and do a deep work of grace in many hearts.