EDITORIAL NOTES.

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. vi. 12.
Lord increase our faith. Luke xvii. 5.

These are days when many are eagerly watching for war news and forming opinions concerning the final outcome of the conflict in Turkey. If you do not know it we would like to tell you, and if you do know it we would like to emphasize the fact, that we are in the midst of a war out here in India—a war for souls!

The longer one lives in India the more keenly one realizes the awful forces that are at work to keep men and women from acknowledging themselves as lost sinners before God and from accepting the only way of salvation through Jesus Christ as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. That there is one God, and that He is good and merciful and a Father, thousands are willing to confess; moreover, if Christ be presented as a great example who went about doing good, He too would be lauded.

But we came to India not only to hold up Christ as the great Example, but as the divine Son of God, who made a complete sacrifice for sin according to the will of the Father. We came to tell men that a Fountain has been opened for cleansing through the atoning work of Christ, and that anyone who thus accepts God's provision in Christ Jesus has a right to look up and call Him "Father." Hindus and Mohammedans do not like to hear this, but shall we lower the standard to suit the crowd and perhaps add more numbers to our reports? Those who press the battle in the villages are often surprised at the very hatred that is expressed for God's Son. Of course we know that Satan hates Him and does his utmost to keep souls in the dark concerning Him; nevertheless, it is always a sort of a shock to see
someone in a far away village flare up at the mention of His name and to hear the angry voice say, "Don't tell us of Him!"

"That one soul has been brought to Christ in the midst of such hostile influences is so entirely and marvellously the Holy Spirit's work, that I am sometimes overjoyed to have been in any degree instrumental in effecting the emancipation of one." Thus wrote Robert Noble, who knew what it was to labour for souls in India, and thus can any missionary speak whose eyes are open to see the battle that is going on between the forces of light and darkness.

Yes, we are fighting, and more and more realizing the utter insufficiency of human agents apart from the vital power of the Holy Spirit. One has said, "The fight makes its demands upon physical, mental and spiritual powers, and there are many adversaries. The dead weight of heathenism, the little appreciation of one's object and purpose, and the actual, vigorous opposition of the powers of darkness, make it a real fight, and only men of deep devotion, grit, courage, patience and perseverance should enlist." There is not much romance in that, is there?

Yet friends, we would have you know that there is no joy greater than that of preaching the gospel of Christ among the heathen. Even though we may have been opposed, and come home weary after a long, jolting ride and a hard day's work, there is a warm joy in our hearts that bears us on and witnesses to us that we are doing God's work.

We would like to call your special attention to an article concerning the condition of our Christian children that appears in the pages of this issue. The subject of what kind of an educational provision we should make for the children of our native pastors and teachers, as well as for those of our village Christians, was discussed at length in our last annual Convention. The responsibility of rightly dealing with this subject truly rests upon us, and in a future number of this paper we propose to show you how you can help us carry out what the Convention considered a wise plan. We are quite sure that the Home Board, who have solved a similar problem by the Nyack schools recently, will fully sympathize with us in this matter.
Owing to several of our missionaries going on furlough this month there have necessarily been a few changes made among our brethren in Berar and Khandesh. Mr. and Mrs. Moyser go from Amraoti to Akola, their old station, to take charge of the work. Mr. and Mrs. Lapp are leaving. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher go to Amraoti, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison to Chalisgaon, while Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Garrison will take up the work in Chandur, where Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey laboured so many years.

It is over twenty years since Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey first came to India and as they leave us for their second furlough the earnest prayers and best wishes of the mission follow them. They are among the most efficient missionaries that have been on the field and we trust many in the homeland will have the privilege of listening to them as they shall tell of “the fight of faith” in India. After having spent many years in evangelistic work in the villages, and in Bible teaching among the Christians in Berar, they have latterly been in Bombay where they have had charge of Berachah Home. Mr. Ramsey has continued his work as secretary of the mission, besides editing this paper and doing much that would be difficult to report. Mrs. Ramsey, always ready to do the Master’s business, has had a wide influence for good in the city. Added to her many duties in directing the affairs of the large Home, she has taught a class of Bible-women and done much active missionary work. Our friends are tired and we sincerely hope they may have a real rest.

We would also ask our readers to take note that Mrs. L. Cutler is leaving us for a well earned furlough, and that Mr. A. Duckworth, of Viramgam, Gujarat, takes her place as Business Manager of this paper. Mrs. Cutler sails with her two children this month, and we are sure that any of the home friends who are privileged to meet her will recognize a true ambassador for Christ. She is leaving India after a second term of efficient service. Besides her many duties at the mission station she has been a faithful and capable worker among the villages of one of the largest districts of our Indian Mission, and for several years she has been on the staff of Bible teachers for the Marathi catechists. 
OUR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN
THEIR CONDITION AND ENVIRONMENT.
BY E. R. CARNER.

Not far from my home in America is a quiet town which has earned a reputation for morality. It is a college town and, largely through the persistent efforts of the founder and president of the college, no saloon-keeper, with what follows in his train, has ever gained an entrance there. This, together with the fact that the educational advantages of the place are exceptionally good, has made it look very attractive to parents who wished to bring up their children in good surroundings. Numbers of such have sold their homes in other localities and have moved to this town, and other numbers, doubtless, have looked with longing eyes in that direction and have wished that they too could live there, where the moral and intellectual atmosphere would help their children to be what they ought to be.

This concern on the part of fathers and mothers for the welfare of their offspring is a God-given instinct that keeps the race from being destroyed, and in proportion to the sense we have of life's tremendous responsibilities and possibilities will we be concerned that our children and the children of our friends be helped to start right on the long road that leads to all eternity. We know some dear people of God to whom the main difficulty when considering whether they should go to the mission field was this: "What will become of my children?" "What about the education of my boy?" We do not blame them for taking such a great question into account if they did not let it come between them and God's best will.

Now, my purpose in thus introducing my subject is to bring home to your hearts, if I can, the importance of something further on this line, in which we believe it is your duty to be interested. Scattered over a large territory in the heart of India's heathenism are our mission stations. In nearly every one of these stations there is a little band of native Christian men and women. In some of them there are only two or three such homes, in others there are many more than that; but in nearly every station there are some children with Christian parents. Looking out from their simple and humble homes what do these fathers and mothers see for the future of their children? Certainly the prospect is not encouraging! By far the greater number of people who pass their doors are idolators; most of the processions, and Indian towns have many processions, are directly or indirectly connected with doing homage to idols. In the early morning and at twilight the sound of bells ringing, "to wake up the gods"
in the nearby temples, finds its way into their homes. The song at every wedding and the dirge at every funeral is a kind of worship to some false deity. This is only the outside of it. Idolatry always means darkness and superstition, wickedness and uncleanness, which permeates every nook and corner of the lives of those who are in its power. The children in the streets salute one another with the names of false gods, and from their earliest intelligence are brought under this substitute of Satan for the real worship which can be given to God alone. All the gods they know about were guilty of gross immorality and except for the law of Jehovah written on their hearts they know no wrong in lying, stealing, cheating, and abusing one another in unclean words. No wonder the missionary cries out in anguish as he thinks of these things, O Father, save my boy—my girl—from the influence of such surroundings! And do you think our native Christians do not pray a like prayer? They are closer to it all than the missionary is and know more about it, at least, so far as actual experience is concerned.

We missionaries see a great problem facing our native brethren, and we want to help them, and we want you to help them to solve it.

No chiming school bells invite these dear children to come within friendly walls. Only in a comparatively few cases are any school doors open to them, for, in defiance of civil law, Caste stands as it were with a cruel club at the door of almost every government school and threatens every child who is not "well born." Even if the way in were entirely open to our Christian boys and girls they would have idolators for classmates, while outside on the school grounds these idol-worshipping children would be their playmates. And in most cases the teachers in such schools are among those who bow down to images made by men's hands. It goes without saying that the Bible gets but little attention in such environment. Such schools would be poor places for our Christian children even if they were open to them.

Yet the children need to be taught. And in this we cannot look to the fathers and mothers. They are poor people as to this world's goods and their time must largely be given to the earning of the daily bread. Some of them have but recently "turned from dumb idols to serve the living God" and not knowing how to read the Bible for themselves they have need to be taught in the things that pertain to life and godliness. We dare not expect that they can make of their children what they are capable of being unless we give a helping hand. In more ways than one the children of such parents are only one step removed from the
danger that surrounds them. Must we leave them so near to that danger? If they were our own boys and girls would we not put as much distance as possible between them and the surrounding darkness?

There is one thing especially that suggests itself to our missionaries—a hand of help that can be extended—but someone else will speak of that. My desire is only to show that there is the need.

One other point impresses me which I would like to mention. It is well known that caste is the greatest barrier to missionary effort in India. No one thing else is so strong or so stubborn against the gospel of God's grace. Our Christians' children are free from caste chains forever. Praise God for that! Now with these susceptible young minds to train shall we be guilty of neglect? They are free from caste, but they are not free from the surrounding influences. If the tree is inclined as the twig is bent shall we see the twigs drawn away from rectitude by the servants of Satan and not do the very best we know to save them?

If Jesus should tarry for one more lifetime—yes for the fraction of a lifetime even—what may it mean for woe or for weal to the Church in India that we failed or were faithful in facing the problem that now confronts us with reference to those whom Christ has given us to keep and teach for Him?

FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE.

BY E. R. CARNER.

THERE is a faint light in the east—just enough to tell us that day will dawn by and by. The chill of the morning air is not at all comfortable, but duty's call is stronger than mere physical comfort and so our bullock cart is hitched and we are away.

A few miles of trotting and jolting and we have reached the first village, and now the sun is over the horizon and the bright Indian day has fairly begun. Twilights on the plains of India are very short. Some men are squatting around a fire made of dry brambles, cotton stalks and "buffalo chips," trying to get the chill out of their thinly clad bodies. The warm sun will soon be high enough to make fire superfluous, but until then it is very literally the "centre of attraction" and we try to get close enough to warm our benumbed fingers. The taciturn, brown-faced farmers cast casual glances at us and probably most of them make out that "It is a padri sahib and a Christian
FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE

preacher." Their faces, however, remain expressionless and their lips closed after the necessary salaams are done with, and their coldness and indifference give us a different kind of a chill from that of the morning air. Down in our hearts there is a cry to God for grace once more to tell the story as it ought to be told, and then we begin to try and thaw out those sin-frozen hearts. The story means something to us, and we will tell it and tell it again out of love to Him who sent us with it, even if it does not seem to mean much to the petrified hearts who are squatting by the fire. By and by one or two heads begin to nod and shake significantly, and we know that the logic of God's truth is having at least a passing interest to some of those who listen.

The story having been told by mouth is now offered in book form—beautiful Scripture portions in bright colours at one half cent. per copy. We try to show the real value of the books and incidentally to provoke a little shame in the hearts of a people who are ever ready to spend their money for that which is not bread. But the excuse is ready—"Sahib, why should people who cannot read buy books? What's the use?"

"You may not read but why not buy for your children? They will learn to read and can read the stories to you." Only shakes of the head and further excuses meet this argument and the books are threatened with the same treatment as the spoken message. However, some school children are abroad by this time and some of them have copper coins enough to pay the truly "modest" price. Others run with nimble feet to ask at home for the money, and indulgent parents (no one can deny that Hindu parents are indulgent) give it, and then the young feet scamper back to us and soon we are rid of a dozen of the books. Meanwhile we have been to the quarters of the outcastes and have told them the message.

The next village is several miles farther north and we take the road again—a narrow cart track which cuts through grain fields and jungle land without any regard for the feelings of either. The chill of the night and the blaze of the day have now mingled and we feel quite comfortable for the time. Looking across the wide plains, lit up with the glory of the tropical sun, we see field after field of golden jwari, some of it in shock, other gathered in great stacks and an occasional patch not yet harvested. There are beautiful green fields, too, of tender, young wheat, and of various other grains which when ripe will be harvested and then pressed for the rich oil in them—the fat used by the non-flesh-eating Hindus. Here and there a herd of
antelope is enjoying the bountiful feeding ground afforded by these various kinds of vegetation. These fat, sleek animals are so nimble that they have little to fear from the farmers, and the number killed by hunters is too small to make any appreciable difference. All nature is beautiful in the forenoon sun and were it not for the mean villages with their squalor and sin, dotted over the plain, we might easily dream we had found a paradise. Hope springs up and faith wings its way to the future and sees these very plains covered with righteousness as the waters cover the sea, while the Son of Man reigns from the throne of David and blesses all the corners of the earth.

Now is not the time for dreaming, and our faithful bullocks have brought us to the next village and there is more work to do. We seek the village chowdri (the place where the villagers gather when they have nothing else to do, or when they think they haven’t, or want to think so—the place that corresponds to the “corner grocery” in the typical rural village of America). We know that this is the most likely place in the town for the finding of a crowd to whom to speak. But it is now after eleven o’clock and most of the people have gone to work in the fields. We find one or two who have time to listen and after that we look for a suitable place to eat our lunch. We have not eaten anything since the night before and the thought of the whole-wheat bread (unleavened) and curry, which the deft hands of a once Brahman, now Christian, sister have prepared is very appetizing. There is not a well in all the village, where we can get water to drink, but there is a river near by and to this we go. It is the Purna river and is one of the sacred streams of India. Its waters cleanse and satiate both body and soul if we are to believe what the people tell us! When I asked them why they had dug no wells their reply was given with fine sarcasm and pity for one who could ask such a question, “What, dig wells with all the water of the Purna river right by us? We live by this river. It is our god.” Purna means complete or perfect, but to me its water was not a perfect answer to the call of thirst within. When I saw men and boys bathing and buffaloes wading, and women by the half dozen beating the dirt from clothes—all between this river’s narrow shores—and when I put the drinking cup filled from it to my nostrils before putting it to my lips, meanwhile remembering the many other villages farther up its course where like scenes were taking place, I still wished for the well which to them seemed such a superfluity!

That afternoon we are in a public, weekly bazaar in this same village. Quite a number buy gospel portions and a goodly
crowd surrounds us while we fight against fatigue and seek to preach again, in the hot afternoon sun. Evening finds us beside the rest-house in a village a few miles farther west. Here we eat more of our lunch and preach again. At bed time the missionary curls himself up in the bullock cart, well wrapped in warm blankets, with the starry heavens for a roof over him. There is no hardship in it and nothing heroic about it for he could go into the chowdie and lie down if he liked. However, he prefers to sleep where there are less likely to be disturbers of his rest. That is, there are other creatures who got to the “rest house” before he did and he believes in allowing them as much room as possible.

The next morning we continue our journey west and through the day visit four more villages. These are all near the river mentioned above, and we are told in some of them that no one has been there with the gospel in the seven or eight years past. Just across the river are many other villages in sight. There is no missionary and no native messenger there, and only a few times has any missionary itinerated in the whole of the great county where those villages lie. How we would like to go over to them, but how can we? Miles and miles to the south of us are villages waiting for us to take the message to them. At the best, most of them can hear the message but once a year and many not that often. For us to go out of the district which has been assigned us, and which in a way we must consider to be our parish, means that we must leave our own territory unreached.

That day at two o’clock we turn our faces toward our camping place, but not until we have reached the last village not reached before this year, in that corner of our parish. My jaws literally ached with the hours of speaking, yet there was an abiding joy in this service—service which angels might envy. Where are the young men who are willing to live lonely lives so far as earthly friends are concerned and come with the love of God in their hearts and on their lips to this dying people? Where are they? Who wants a field large enough that he may work to his utmost capacity and not have reached its limit; hard enough to prove his strength to the full without his having lifted all its load; stubborn enough to call for all his courage and faith and love; yet promising enough and full enough of possibilities to be worthy of his best and to call for all his consecrated talents? To any such may I say, Come and prove yourself a soldier of Jesus Christ in one of these waiting battle grounds!
A TEMPORARY GOOD-BYE.

We are glad that arrangements have been made for Mr. and Mrs. Lapp's furlough so that they will probably leave India by the middle of February.

Mrs. Lapp has been over eight years on the field, the first three and a-half of which were spent in Khamgaon, principally in looking after the weaving in the girls' orphanage and acquiring the language in her spare time.

Mr. Lapp has been seven years on the field, over five of which have been spent in Akola Orphanage. Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Lapp have lived at Santa Barbara, taking care of the boys' orphanage, in addition to which, he has been acting as pastor of the local Church and both have done a considerable amount of touring in Akola and Akote Talukas (counties). Mrs. Lapp's work and influence has been a great help to the Christian women of Akola, many of whom are orphanage girls from Khamgaon, now grown up and married to young men who earn their living in the Industrial workshop under Mr. P. Eicher.

Orphanage work is an exceedingly trying form of missionary work. These dear friends have worked hard and not only deserve a good furlough and time of rest, but they need it. Our best wishes go with them. Their places will be hard to fill; but may God's presence and blessing accompany them, and may He give them rich blessing in the homeland and bring them back to us refreshed and strengthened in body and renewed in spirit for another term of service in this land.

UNCOUNTED THINGS IN MISSION WORK.

At a meeting of missionaries, sometime ago, the question arose as to what does or does not count as mission work. The conclusion was that only the time spent in preaching the gospel, praying with or for souls, dealing with people about their salvation, or preparing one's self for this work counts as mission work. How happy we all would be if we could reach up to this standard and spend all our time and strength in real, countable, mission work!

A missionary Director, when visiting on the field the missionaries he had sent out, was much surprised that one of the ladies in a large mission station stayed at home and did not attend all the meetings. So, on his advice, all went out to do the work that counts, and left the home and children to the native servants. But after two days the Director had seen
enough of dirty, unhappy missionaries' children, untidy house
and delayed, badly cooked meals to change his mind. The dis-
order of the whole station was such that he kindly said, "I think
one of you ladies had better stay at home."

The fact is, we are real human beings with real human
needs, as much after we come to the field as before. And there
is work that must be done and things that must be endured, even
if they do not count.

If a valuable missionary, or it may be a child, is smitten
with small-pox, cholera, an obstinate, climatic fever, or some
other dread disease, perhaps a total break down, that one must
be cared for. It may be for long days and nights, week after
week, the lonely missionary must keep on and keep up; nursing,
praying, trusting and fighting the battle of faith, sometimes
against all natural hope. The heart torn by fear and doubt
still holds on until God gives the victory. Natural strength
may have failed long ago, but He has renewed the strength and
strengthened the faith during the fight, and the sun shines again.
Perhaps her own health and strength do fail, but, for the sake of
not hindering those who can do the work that counts, she must
be brave and stay alone at the station because she is not able to
"rough it" in the district. She must not hinder if she can not
help.

When the Lord makes up His accounts, will He not count
all of these things, as well as the unspoken sorrows and disap-
pointments endured for His sake and the gospel?—A Missionary.

WORK AMONG THE LEPERS.

Miss Zella McAuley, our missionary who works among the
lepers in a Christian Institution at Sholapur, writes of much
blessing and sustaining grace in the work. The lepers have
their own Church with a present membership of 77. Once a
week they give grain out of their rations for the Church and
also pay part of the pastor's salary. The untainted children
have been separated from their parents recently, and the others
are in school under a Christian teacher who is also a leper.
There is also a hospital in connection with the work for those
who are unable to be with the others, and they receive careful,
daily attention. Services are held everyday with much singing
interspersed and are greatly enjoyed by the lepers. Miss McAuley
reports three conversions among the leper women recently and
others are asking for baptism.

(Extracts from Miss McAuley's annual report. Ed.)
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.
CONDUCTED BY MISS SARA COXE.

In Camp.

THIS is the time of year when the missionaries travel about the country from village to village to tell the people the story of Jesus. I want to invite the boys and girls of the homeland to pay us a visit at our camping place and see how we live. We pitch our tent under the friendly shade of a large tree and make this our home. We sleep on cot beds and bring with us a folding table and some stools. We need no other furniture excepting a tin box for our clothes and a lantern to give us light. A little distance from the tent our food is prepared over a fire of sticks and leaves.

We get up very early in the morning. Sometimes our teeth chatter and our fingers and toes feel as though Jack Frost had been around. We dress hurriedly, eat a little breakfast, climb into our cart, and start on our way before the sun shows its face. As we enter a village the very first ones to greet us are the boys and girls. Sometimes they are a little afraid of us but they are usually very friendly. We sit down somewhere in the shade and they crowd about us to hear what we have to say and see what we are going to do. If they get noisy then we have to make them sit down. Many of them have never heard about Jesus and how much He loves the children, so of course, it is very hard for them to readily understand what we tell them. We often teach them the verse of a hymn, or a verse from the Bible. In some villages the boys are learning to read and occasionally we give them a little book and ask them to read for us. They like this and will surround us on all sides calling out, “I read, I read, I want a book, I read.” They are always glad to have us stay with them a long time. When the big folks have to go to their work the children still want us to talk to them.

By the time we are ready to go back to the tent the sun is smiling down upon us in such a friendly way that we are glad to take off as many of our warm clothes as we can.

Many children come to our tent and like to stand and watch us when we eat or work about. We talk to them, but oftentimes their parents forbid them to take the name of Jesus on their lips. They do not have pleasant homes and so many things to make them happy as you children have. Sometimes they have to work very hard. But saddest of all is the fact that they have no one to teach them about Jesus, who is the children’s friend. When you pray, will you ask God’s blessing upon the children of India, and ask Him to help them to learn about their Saviour?—Harriet Beardslee.
WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A MISSIONARY.

My reason for writing the following facts is that all who profess an interest in missionary work abroad may come to a better understanding of what it is from the missionary’s point of view. You hear about the heathen and the converts, expansion of the work, and great need of funds, but you have probably very little idea at all about the actual circumstances of missionary life and what it entails. If you had, I believe that the old, old cry for more interest, more prayer, and more money would cease, and instead you would rejoice and be eager to share in the sacrifice as you do not now.

Let us at once have done with that comforting remark *apropos* of missionaries: “Well, they knew what they were going into and counted the cost!” Even if they did, it is no reason for your dismissing the matter from your minds; but, as a matter of fact, no one starting on a journey can tell what will befall him before his goal is reached.

The missionary who bids you farewell and goes out alone severs himself from all that you hold best in life—friends, home-life, and love, the stimulating intellectual life of modern England, and the help and guidance found in a religious atmosphere.

He goes to live among heathen, immoral, superstitious, cruel, often mere savages. He presently finds himself in contact with as personal a devil as ever Martin Luther defied, and has to meet with people of a demoniac nature. His senses are shocked and his soul is sickened; he cannot speak or understand the language that he hears about him, and sometimes he almost gives up to the depression that seems waiting to overwhelm him. Of course, his letters home are cheerful enough, but we on the field see what he suffers. Presently God leads him out of this dark place, and the usefulness that falls to his lot makes him happy again.

Replace the masculine pronoun by the feminine, and try to imagine what it means to a girl, aching for her mother—a girl who has never even heard of the sins that confront her every day, a girl who is actually nauseated many times a day by the sights that meet her eyes.

Often a man or woman with brilliant mental gifts devotes year after year to uplifting dull, unintelligent savages, who do not want to learn. Do not make the mistake of thinking that converts are at once transformed into highly intelligent people thirsting for more light. Many love to stay where they are, simply relying on the fact of salvation, with little or no desire for further advance in any way.
There are hundreds and hundreds of mission stations where there are only two workers, a man and wife, and often they can never get other white society, or spiritual counsel or sympathetic companionship apart from each other. And yet this draws them very near to each other and to their God.

The heathen influences around a mission station must be felt to be understood, but a bright, earnest church, even if very small, is like a lamp in a dark room. Missionaries are almost always poor, in some societies terribly so. But this is always reckoned by them as a very minor hardship indeed, even when they come from homes containing comfort and even luxury. There are many physical hardships—bad climate, poor food, journeys for days and weeks in jolting carts, or river boat, or swinging machilas, insect pests, and the constant contact with filthy people. But lately, a missionary who has lived quite alone in darkest Central Africa for two years wrote that the only hardship he recognized was being unable to preach to the thousands still unevangelized, but within reach of him. Just try to imagine for yourself that man's life, quite alone with heathen, no friendly voice to cheer him, no welcome home after a long day's work, and at night the still darkness of miles and miles of country all given up to Satan's rule, indescribable sin, sorrow and cruelty. But his only hardship is his inability to do more.

Do you love your Saviour like that?

And the missionary children! "Ah," you cry, "I have always said that missionaries should be celibates"! If you had spent six months on the field, or even three, you would have changed your mind. You can judge for yourself from the number of men and girls who go out with the same belief and are almost immediately converted, showing the change in a most practical manner! No, when we discover a country peopled by celibates we can fittingly decree that no married missionaries must work there; but at present, the countries occupied are inhabited entirely by people who are—(1) married, or (2) determined to get married, or (3) very sorry that they cannot manage it.

There is no point of contact between white and black, or yellow and foreigner, or red and brown so inevitable in result as common parenthood. And never shall we dispel the foul miasma of heathendom so well as by the presence of a perfect Christian home.

But the cost! It cannot be counted beforehand, because parents cannot possibly gauge the measure of parent love before the little ones are there. With regard to the children, the poverty does hurt. When the pale Indian-born children are
home on furlough, and are taken into one of your nurseries, packed, crammed, with magnificent toys, when they are bewildered with joy, and cry because they cannot carry the treasures off with them, there is such a lump in their mother's throat that it is quite hard for her to be duly grateful for the "pleasant afternoon." No, the "little dears" must go back to their rag doll and the box that does duty as a cart, because their parents have chosen to be poor.

There is such danger for the children, on a mission station, of contamination by the heathen around that the mother, busy missionary though she may be, has to watch over them every minute of the day. She cannot send them off for a walk, or into the garden to play, because she never knows what they may see or hear, and in spite of all her vigilance they sometimes show signs of coarsening. And then she has to pray and watch and trust that the spot on her lily may disappear. God does wonderfully watch over these little children in the midst of so much evil, and keeps them sweet and innocent as any child in a sheltered English home. This alertness is very tiring for the mother, and she has to do a great deal of mission work too, because there is always a shortage of workers. The difficulty of getting a reliable, native nurse often obliges her to do everything for the children and so they love her and cling to her with affection that is undivided.

On many stations the children's health is a matter of great anxiety. Try to imagine yourself watching your baby tossing in fever, knowing that no doctor was available. What if your baby grew worse and worse, in spite of all your amateur efforts, and presently your husband had to go out and dig a little grave, while you just blindly held on to the Lord and trusted to Him to make your rebellious heart right somehow!

And all this in a far, lonely country, with only the two to comfort each other, so that the luxury of breaking down cannot be thought of for a moment: only the young wife longs for her mother, that she might just cry on her comfortable shoulder and give up the sorry pretence of being brave for a little while.

Did you ever shut the book and sit quietly thinking what it really meant when Dr. Paton buried his young wife on that far-away cannibal island? Suppose it had been your husband bereft of you! Even here at home you cannot bear to think of it, but what of a man utterly alone out there?

But there is One who does indeed walk in the furnace with His children, and, perhaps, those who never go into one cannot know Him so intimately.
It hurt dreadfully when your boy went to boarding school for the first time. You cried over his box, and both of you cried at the station. Missionary parents are particularly intimate with their children, because they cannot trust them away from them as you can, and perhaps their children are specially precious because they are such bright spots in a world of darkness. Then there are no other white children available in most cases, so they are unique, altogether invaluable. Yet they almost always have to go from the parents to be educated. Your boys and girls come home three times a year, and what a wealth of love you give them! And they are always within reach in case of sickness. That missionary mother has to leave her little brood, timid, unused to England, never away from "mother" for an hour together, and go away thousands of miles. If they are ill she can do nothing; they have no settled home for the holidays, but are bandied from one rather unwilling relation to another; they do not always develop properly; but what can be done? The parents come back after years of separation, and the grown children are shy of them, and secretly blame them for all the loneliness and longing that they have been forced to suffer.

You hear of the Joneses or Smiths going back without their children, and think no more of it. You do not trouble to picture to yourself what that empty home means to them away in that heathen land. Arrived there, they settle into work, but seem strangely older and quiet. And they fall into a habit of lying awake when common-sense dictates sleep. She is trying to wipe away the quick tears so quietly, lest by any chance he should be wakeful; and he, foolish fellow! is lying staring into the darkness, with one big hand stretched towards the place where the crib used to be. He is trying to cheat himself into thinking that little Jack's plump fist is lying in his, and that he can hear his soft, regular breathing close beside him.

I once met a little woman who had just returned to the field, after taking her children home for education: she sat quite still among us, with a little patient smile on her face; she could control her lips quite well when they were set thus, but it was fatal to try and talk! She might have counted the cost, but in the weeks that had passed since the sacrifice she had not got further than bearing the pain patiently. She could not talk yet.

Every bit of the sacrifice and pain and weariness and overwork is worth while. Our Lord Jesus makes it up to us; He is dearer than home or friends, even husband and wife, or children. The joy in His service is such that any pain entailed is an
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honour; it brings us a little bit nearer understanding what He suffered for us.

If you were to go alone, and live with and like the lowest savages on the face of the earth, and were to toil for them for three years, and then be martyred, do you suppose you would get anywhere near the sacrifice made by our Lord when He came to earth and lived among us and was killed by us? No words can describe, no mind can fathom, what the Son of God suffered for us, and what God the Father suffered in letting Him be the sacrifice. That is why you who never suffer at all for Him are wrong. It seems hard to us sometimes that on the top of our difficulties and pain we should have the "hardship" of being hampered for opportunity, but you are lacking to Him more than to us. The cost to us is little, but what was it to Jesus?

Give up, give up! Your gift means nothing to you; we all applaud your munificence, but we know that there is not a tinge of sacrifice in it. If you love the Lord enough to care for what He bore for you, or if you think you do, somehow, somewhere enter into the blessedness of sacrifice with Him, and suffer with Him that you may be glorified together with Him.—Jessie Hertslet in "Life of Faith."

CHRISTMAS AT KHAMGAON.

BY ANNIE LITTLE.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year for which most grown folks seem to be thankful. While it lasts it makes many small folks exceedingly happy. This especially applies to India.

For weeks before Christmas, "We want the holidays," echoed in our ears from every corner. In particular the little "Junior Firsts" felt that the holidays would induce Christmas to hurry up. But, closing school did not really mean holidays, for rooms and various other places had to be white-washed, compounds weeded, and all kinds of other preparation begun for Christmas, and lastly the hall had to be decorated with tissue paper followers, garlands, etc. This made backs and limbs ache more than usual, but what did that signify since Christmas was the climax?

Then came the eventful day. A buzz of excitement was audible all day and many brown eyes were glued to slits and cracks trying to get a glimpse of the wonderful Christmas tree, with its precious burden. Not a real Christmas tree but a branch from a Neem tree in the garden.
At four p.m. came the Christmas dinner, where missionaries and girls sat down together to eat of rice, hot, spicy curry; cakes made of flour, onion and red peppers, fried in oil; tarts filled with cocoanut, raisins and spice; and khurday, another native dish.

At eight p.m. the girls filed into the hall dressed in their graceful lugardies. Their garments consist of a cotton cloth of seven or eight yards wound gracefully about the form. This cloth is usually red or blue with a border of a contrasting shade. The smaller girls had pink lugardies. Every dark head had received a liberal application of cocoanut oil, and the hair was parted in the middle and combed sleekly back and wound in a knot at the back, excepting in the case of certain small folks who for every good reason have to have their hair cut short. Back of the girls sat a number of Christian women, and behind these some Christian men and one or two Hindus. These Christians are engaged as catechists and teachers in the mission, others are in the cotton mills, in the hospital, and in the post office of Khamgaon.

Weeks beforehand the girls had prepared a programme for this occasion, and the singing of Christian hymns and the recitation of portions of Scripture went forward without a hitch. Perhaps the most interesting feature on the programme was the recitation of Mary’s song by the tiniest children, in such rhythm as to surprise all who listened.

Mr. Carner then gave an appropriate talk, which was followed by the stripping of the tree. Nearly all of the girls received a new hymn-book and a gingham blouse. Some who could not read, got umbrellas instead of hymn-books. The younger girls received warm skirts and dolls, and every one in the hall that evening received a gay coloured muslin bag filled with native sweets. And the dolls! What pure satisfaction they gave to the children. Some quite big girls would have liked dolls but there were not enough to go round, so we gave dolls only to the small girls. And what shall we say in thanks to those who helped provide our children with these beautiful gifts? We only wish you might have been there to have shared their joy. It would have repaid you for all the sacrifice you made, and for the time spent in sewing the blouses and petticoats.

So the evening went on merrily and every face beamed with the joy of giving and receiving, and as we rose to be dismissed, our hearts were filled with the longing prayer that we might give ourselves more fully to God for "others."

Among those who received gifts that evening were five helpless and infirm women who are in the orphanage.
Three of these women are also not possessed with mental faculties, but I believe all are saved. The next morning as I passed two of these women, one yelled at me as if I were deaf, drawing attention to her blue gingham blouse from America. This I admired profusely to her entire satisfaction. The other strutted about holding up her shirt, like an English woman, drawing attention also to her blue gingham blouse. After I had properly appreciated her waist she was satisfied to let me pass on. These simple women only expressed in their crude way the satisfaction felt by those possessed of their wits. Gratitude is beautiful, however it is shown, and we wish you all to know that the Christian part of Khamgaon is grateful for Christmas 1912.

ONE WHO SACRIFICED.

BY A. I. GARRISON.

NO life is of real worth until it has learned the secret of sacrifice. Abraham, Moses, David, Ezekiel, in fact all the great characters of sacred and profane history, have had to learn to sacrifice before they ever became truly useful to God and men.

We expect missionaries to sacrifice, and it means a great deal when those whose parents or grandparents worshipped idols are not only truly saved, but begin to learn this essential truth of Christianity, viz., the yielding of the personal desires that God's best and full will may be wrought in the life.

More than a year has passed since we learned to know the young Indian Christian, concerning whom this brief sketch is written.

He had received his education in another mission and had advanced as far as the completion of the high school course, but failed in the final matriculation examination. He being one of the oldest children in a large family, it fell to his lot to help a poor father support them, and he was, therefore, unable just then to take time for further study in order to pass the examination.

At the time we met him first, we were in need of a language teacher and, hearing of him, we succeeded in securing him as a "pandit," and teacher in the school. Though inexperienced in teaching missionaries in the Marathi language, we found him very conscientious and interested in his work. He soon came to be a real help. We understood that he was a Christian and we
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found him quite industrious and gentlemanly. As we became better acquainted with him we saw that he was very eager to make money and to make his mark in the world. He not only received money for his instructing in the school and for teaching us, but he soon discovered a way to increase his income by teaching private pupils in the near by village, early and late outside of school hours, in English and other subjects. He was thus able to make a very comfortable salary for a man of his educational advantages.

Gradually we learned something of his life-story. He had the unusual advantage of being the third generation in a Christian family. His grandfather was converted from Hinduism, and his father was a mission worker. Although he grew up as a boy to scorn religious teaching, still he knew the way of salvation and was dissatisfied. While still a boy, he once took a trip through the jungle to visit a relative in a distant village. While in the midst of the jungle alone, two wolves seeing him came toward him; he saw them and ran for the first tree, which happened to be the thorny-acacia. He climbed into the tree just in time and sat on a limb trembling with fear while the wolves waited at the foot of the tree for him to descend. In this position he was impelled to cry out to the Jesus of whom he had made fun. He prayed thus, "Oh, Jesus Christ, if Thou wilt help me in my great trouble and deliver me from the wolves, I will serve Thee." In a short time he saw two men coming through the jungle with long sticks in their hands. He called to them and told them his predicament. They came to his rescue, drove the wolves away and accompanied him to his destination. He did not forget his promise, and the best he knew how gave his young heart to God.

As he grew older and acquired a better education, the desire for affluence came to him as a subtle temptation, to which he gradually yielded as he had opportunity, until he finally lost his former experience. In this condition he came to us.

His work was faithful and we came to respect him, but there was a lack in his life which we keenly felt.

We persuaded him to attend our native Christian subha, held at Akola in October of this past year. We noticed that while attending the services he was going through a severe struggle, but we did not realize the depth or import of it until one evening, after the meeting, we spoke to him, asking him what help he had derived from the meetings. We were gently pushed away from the path into the shadow of the trees and sitting there on the ground he poured out his heart to God in praise for what He had done. When the emotion of joy had subsided
somewhat, he told us what God had wrought. He confessed the spirit of the world that had entered and the strong desire to acquire money and position. He praised God for the joy received in choosing the path of sacrifice for the sake of the gospel. He told the Lord he was willing to suffer the loss of all, that he might preach the Word to his fellow countrymen.

Since that crisis, he has joyfully given up his various means of income, and has accepted a position as a catechist with a much more humble salary than formerly. Before the decision to sacrifice he had often preached in the villages, but his message lacked the true ring of personal experience and sacrifice. Afterward he began to preach with the confidence and power of one who knows that God is pleased with him, because he has done what pleased God. Pray for this new worker, that God may bless him, keep him humble and use him to win precious souls until Jesus comes.

THE STORY OF GANGAPPA.

"Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee" (Matthew ix. 2).

GANGAPPA was born in Bangalore some eighty years ago. He belonged to the priest caste for Malas, and was a man of great influence in his day. He went about from village to village, summoned panchayats (meetings), settled disputes, and officiated at marriages. His occupation and ability made the people respect him highly. He ate and drank as he wished, and lived half his life with great pomp.

"In his fortieth year he fell seriously ill. The fever prolonged for many days, and when getting better he had a shock of paralysis, and consequently lost the use of both legs. He recovered his health again, but was no more fit for his duties, and his priesthood was given to another person.

"Poor Gangappa became quite helpless, and to maintain his family and himself he sold his lands, houses and jewels, till at last he was reduced to the condition of a poor beggar.

"We first saw him about a year and a-half ago, when he was sitting by the roadside near his house, to ask alms from those that passed by. He greeted us, and asked for alms. We gave him something, and, sitting by his side, told him of the paralytic man in the New Testament and the great Physician Jesus, pointing out specially to him that the sins of the paralytic were forgiven.
by the Lord Jesus. The Word went home to his heart, and he showed much interest in Christ. He requested us to visit him now and again, and to tell him more of the Saviour. Accordingly we visited him whenever we found an opportunity, and explained to him more clearly the way of Salvation.

"One morning I asked him, 'Why are these heathen marks on your forehead?' and he said, 'It has been my custom from boyhood to put them on to distinguish myself as a priest from other people.' I told him that Jesus would not have any such thing; as these indicated that he was the servant of the devil, and if he wanted to have Christ he must remove them and put them on no more. He asked me twice if that was true, and I told him it was, and he instantly removed them and promised that he would not put them on any more. I am glad to say he kept true to his word.

"During the last four months of his life old Gangappa was so constrained by the love of Christ that he spent much of his time in preaching the glorious gospel to his friends and to others who came in contact with him. He endured much opposition for telling of Christ, but patiently bore it all. His prayers chiefly consisted of praises to Christ, and when praying he sometimes forgot everything about himself and shouted out, 'Praises and thanks be unto Jesus.'

"One day we went to see how he was getting on, and were sorry to find that he was very ill. He was not able to sit up, and his limbs and face were swollen. We asked him how he was enjoying the company of Jesus, and he said, 'Jesus is coming nearer to me day by day,' and when I asked him if he had any fear to die, he said, 'Oh, no, not the least fear; I am so glad I am going into the presence of my Saviour.'

"We went to see him again after a week, and learnt that Gangappa had passed away two days before. His daughter told us that when he was alive they had brought toddy for him to drink, that he might forget his pain, but he refused it, saying, 'Jesus will be displeased if I drink,' and he did not take it even though they tried to force him. She also said that when about to die he shouted aloud, 'Praises be unto Jesus,' and made signs to his friends that were around him to look up at some vision of beauty he saw. It was evidently Jesus Who had come to receive Gangappa to Himself.

"Gangappa's daughter is now showing much interest in the gospel, and although her husband is quite against Christianity, she is praying to God to convert him.— Darkness and Light."
A few days ago, one of our young ladies, doing missionary work in an orphanage, had occasion to take a little homeless waif to the civil hospital. The child had been cruelly beaten and was covered with welts and also with sores caused from lack of nourishing food. An old medicine compounder in the hospital noticed the child, and turning to the missionary with a look and tone of respect and sincerity said, “I like your religion the best, because you help those who are in distress and trouble.” The pure and undefiled religion that visits the widows and fatherless in their affliction carries its own convincing testimony that it is indeed “the best.”

Miss McAuley, of Sholapur, writes:—“The first Sabbath of the New Year brought us much joy, as four lepers were baptised that day. Others are almost persuaded and hope to soon come. Pray for them that they may heed the call and yield before it is too late; also for our medicine compounder who is still a Hindu.”

The young Brahmin for whom Mr. Cox, of Malkapur, asked prayer last month has yielded to God. He was baptised in the river near the mission bungalow, before many Hindu people, on December 15th.

Mr. Lapp writes that when Mrs. Lapp was recently so ill, Moses, a native boy of four years, came into the room where she was and told her he could pray and the Lord would heal her. He was asked to do so. He began quietly and waxed louder and louder. After prayer, he looked for someway to act his faith and asked Mrs. Lapp if he could not bring her shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, with daughter Jean, expect to sail with Mr. and Mrs. Lapp for home on February 15th by a Rubbatino steamer.

Mrs. Erickson and Miss Case are transferred from Akola to Lonavla to take charge of the Rest Home.

Miss Holmes, of Amraoti, writes: “A high caste woman has invited us to her home and listens most earnestly to the message about Christ’s first coming and His coming again. Her grandchildren also listen most eagerly and point upwards as we speak
of some of the particulars of His appearing as given in John xiv. 1-3 and 1 Thess. iv. 13-18. One little girl, to whose house we sometimes go, often asks us, as she meets us, to sing "Jesus loves me." If we are in haste to meet some appointment she says, "Sing as you go," which we do. She really loves Jesus' Name. One Sabbath morning, some boys who knew English asked me to sing some hymns, first in Marathi, then in English. In three different places this occurred. The hymns were, "Jesus loves me, He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide," and, "There's a land that is fairer than day." It would be too bad, would it not, if when Jesus comes, some of the children had never even heard of Him?

Mr. Andrews has baptised four more young people in Ahmedabad during the past month. On Christmas day, he conducted a dedicatory service and ten children of the native Christians were dedicated to the Lord.

We deeply regret announcing the death of Mrs. Annie Murray of "Beulah," Bombay. She had not been well for some months and on December 14th she entered into the presence of her Lord and Master. Mr. W. Ramsey conducted the funeral service at the house. She had been in India just two years, but, as one has said, she was a quiet force for righteousness in the city of Bombay, and will be greatly missed by those who were privileged to know her.

There has been a good deal of sickness among our missionaries and their children during the past few weeks, but we rejoice to report that all have been spared and nearly all are well again.

Miss Jessie Fraser writes from Shantipur, where there is a little Christian farm colony and a church, that she is much encouraged over what the Lord has done for the people there. They are all so well and happy, and their peaceful lives are a testimony to the heathen people in the surrounding villages. In fact, the caste people often tell the Christians that they believe God's blessing is upon Shantipur.

The Home in Bombay being closed for the present, in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey going on furlough, all letters or communications for the Secretary of the Mission should be addressed to Rev. E. R. Carner, Khamgaon, Berar.