MORALS OF MONEY.

If any hoarded gold of mine
   Can help a fellow creature:
Can to the body send relief,
   Or to the soul a teacher;
Lord, help me make the sacrifice
   And I shall be the better;
And while my brother reaps the good,
   Thou mak'est Thyself my debtor.

My life is passing fast away,
   My earthly days are numbered;
Forbid it, Lord, that I should die
   With guilty wealth encumbered;
May I have grace to use my gold
   For Thee while I am living;
And thus enjoy, while here on earth,
   The perfect bliss of giving.—Sel.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

God has one supreme purpose for the life of every Christian man and woman, and He has not left us in the dark as to what this purpose is, for He has spoken unto us through His Son, who says with authority, "Seek ye first the kingdom." We are well aware that these words are more often interpreted to mean that one should seek personal salvation above everything else, but do they not also contain a command for all those who have become part of God's kingdom to seek, more than all else, the advancement of this kingdom?

If this is true, and we know it is, how far short many are falling, what minor purposes are actuating the multitudes of men and women to-day! It is not enough that ministers,
missionaries and regular Christian workers should be giving their lives for this supreme purpose of extending the kingdom by giving the gospel to the lost everywhere throughout the world, but the work at home and abroad needs the co-operation of the business man, the day labourer, the teacher and the mother in the home.

No man, woman or child can come in vital touch with Jesus Christ without having the heart purposes and ambitions changed. To all who have a listening ear will the Lord Jesus whisper His great plan that every follower of His should be one with Him in the work of evangelizing the world. God wants His children to discriminate between the necessities of life and the purpose of life. He knows that there must be bread winners, He expects the Christian man to provide for his family, the mother to care for her children; but, back of all we do, we may have the great, absorbing aim in life of spreading His kingdom.

As we, who are working in India, look over this vast country with its teeming millions we are comforted in believing that God has a mighty plan for this land. The deep conviction that God has sent us here to labour in accordance with His plan, and the steadfast purpose to be at His disposal for the work of the kingdom keep us in the country and willing to go on with the preaching of the gospel. One of God's honoured servants, who has laboured for nearly forty years in India while he has kept his eyes open regarding God’s workings in other lands, recently said that he felt that it was here in India the Church of Christ was to have her greatest conflict with heathenism. But the very fact that the field is hard, and in many places unyielding at present, should incite to keener interest and call for greater earnestness in prayer and effort among missionaries and home supporters.

Is it not true that the interest of the Church at home in foreign missions is measured by the success of a work numerically instead of by the greatness of the difficulties and the arduousness of the task? This is natural; one likes to see the fruit of his labours and good results from money given, but the
burning purpose that the living God puts in our hearts to spread the knowledge of His Son throughout the world at any cost carries us beyond a special field, or a special friend missionary, and makes us willing to be a channel of blessing to the lost everywhere.

We know of people in the homelands whose life purpose to give the gospel to the ends of the earth and whose sacrifice to do so are just as real as the purpose and sacrifice of the missionary on the field. The sacrifice may differ in kind from that of the one who has left all to live among the deadening, degrading influences of heathenism, but the actuating motive is the same in both the home supporter and foreign worker. May the Lord give to all of us to see the greatness of our responsibility in obeying His command to "seek first the kingdom."

OUR INDIAN MISSION FIELD.

BY W. R.

(Continued)

In the previous articles on this subject I have given a short sketch of the C. and M. A. mission stations in the provinces of Berar and Khandesh which lie along the line of the G. I. P. Railway, East of Bombay. Proceeding to our Gujarati Field, we start from Bombay going due North on the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway, along the coast, to the first of our stations, Mehmedabad, 292 miles from Bombay. Here, close to the station, is the mission bungalow where Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull and Miss Hansen are at present located. Besides his evangelistic work, Mr. Turnbull is Secretary for the Gujarati branch of our mission, and Mrs. Turnbull has just been elected and has taken up her duties as Editor of the India Alliance.

Mehmedabad county has a population of 67,692, among whom Mr. Turnbull has nine preachers or teachers and three Bible-women, working in different villages preaching the gospel and teaching the Christians, of whom there are 113 in the vicinity. Evangelistic work in these villages is Miss Hansen's delight.

Kaira.

Seven miles from Mehmedabad, along a good road, brings us to our orphanage which is situated near Kaira, another large city
of Mehdmediabad county. Here there are 170 girls in the orphanage, a good number of them being Christians. They have a Christian community of 233 members, 128 of whom are regular communicants. There are six schools, with an average attendance of about 90 pupils, conducted by teachers and older girls belonging to the orphanage.

Among the Industries carried on by the orphanage girls are weaving, farm and dairy work, sewing classes and bead work. Miss Wells, who has been at the head of this orphanage since its commencement, exerts an influence for good which extends far beyond the precincts of the orphanage. Miss Woodworth makes tours and does a great deal of evangelistic work in the surrounding district in addition to her classes and the orphanage correspondence. Miss Coxe is responsible for the accounts connected with the orphanage and industrial work, besides teaching several classes. Miss Peter takes charge of the hospital work both for the orphanage and such outsiders as come in for treatment, and spends much time in prayer with the girls; indeed, it may well be said that this whole work is carried on by prayer, and even a visitor is struck by the restful, quiet, harmonious and prayerful spirit which pervades the place.

Matar.

Two miles from Kaira orphanage, along a good road, we come to our mission bungalow at Matar. The bungalow is some distance from the town of Matar, being so placed as to be central to three fairly large villages. Here Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton laboured before they went on furlough, since then Mr. F. H. Back has cared for the work, but since he went away in March 1912 there has been no resident missionary until recently Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have just returned to India and have taken up the work again.

Matar County has a population of 58,705 people, among whom there are 118 Christians and forty-two children of Christians, besides a number of enquirers. Many of these Christians are the fruit of Mrs. Hamilton's faithful work among the children during the famine years. It is a great pity that such a station as Matar should be left without a resident missionary when one has to go on furlough, but with our present missionary force this is unavoidable.

Ahmedabad.

Returning via Kaira orphanage and again taking the train at Mehdmediabad, a ride of eighteen miles brings us to Ahmedabad, a city of 225,000 people, which was founded in 1411 by Sultan
Ahmad I, and has played a very important part in the history of India. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have been doing a good work in this city, chiefly among young men who, after leaving the orphanages of the various missions, have come to this city in search of employment. They have a Christian community of 125 adults and 33 children. The great need here is a church or hall where these may meet for worship and teaching. Mr. Andrews has nine workers preaching the gospel and teaching day schools and nightschools in the city and surrounding villages, and these schools, though recently established, are already beginning to yield fruit in conversions and baptisms.

SHANTIPUR.

This station, where Miss Jessie Fraser is working, is about ten miles from Ahmedabad. Here she has a little congregation of 27 adults and four children, also a Sunday-school with an attendance of about fifty. Through the kindness of Miss B. Emery, a little church has been built with a room in one end for our sister to live in. This is truly a light in a dark place.

SABARMATI.

This station might almost be called a suburb of Ahmedabad as it is just across the river on the Northern bank. It is a junction station for three different railroads. Perhaps, so far as our work is concerned, we might consider this as the mission station for Daskroy County, as Ahmedabad being such a large city is an ample field of work for the missionaries who reside there. Daskroy County, exclusive of Ahmedabad city, has a population of about 121,900. Miss Hansen did much faithful work both in the town and touring in the district before being transferred to Mehmmedabad. Miss O'Donnell also worked in this district prior to her appointment to Dholka. At present Miss Mary Compton and Miss Edna Prichard are in charge of the work.

SANAND.

Another short railway journey of seventeen miles brings us to Sanand. Here Mr. and Mrs. McKee, with five native workers, are preaching and teaching in a county containing 81,363 people. They have a Christian community of eighty-four adults and thirty-three children. Many of these are boys from our orphanage now grown up, married, and with their families, settled on our farm colony at Ashapur, which is only about ten miles from Sanand, and of which Mr. McKee has the oversight. Here there is also a promising Sunday-school with an attendance of about fifty-five. Mr. McKee tells of several remarkable instances of
divine healing among the heathen in connection with his work.

**Viramgam.**

From Sanand we again take the railroad, which now turns almost due West, and proceed for about twenty-seven miles to our new station at Viramgam. Our missionaries have been living in a rented house for some time but last year a new and commodious bungalow has been built. Here Mr. and Mrs. Duckworth are in charge of the work in a county containing a population of 150,000, and with them our two recently arrived missionaries, Miss Lillian Pritchard and Miss Blanche Conger, are stationed while studying the language. Viramgam is a hard field but we have there a little church of twenty-one members, and nine children. Mrs. Duckworth, in addition to her family cares and her work in the station, has charge of the mission accounts which require a good deal of time and care. She is an efficient book-keeper, and that the financial affairs of our Indian field go so smoothly and without the least friction is largely owing to her patient, careful work.

**Dholka.**

The last station we have to describe is Dholka. To reach it we have to return by rail to Ahmedabad, and changing trains, travel in a South-westerly direction for 39 miles. The work here is divided into two sections, viz.,—the evangelistic work in the district and that connected with the orphanage and farm. Dholka County has a population of 87,195 people, the evangelistic work among them being in charge of Mr. and Mrs. J. Culver. There are about 150 Christians in the local church including many of the older orphanage boys. Mr. and Mrs. Culver have only been a short time at Dholka so have scarcely yet got in touch with the outlying parts of their district, but we trust they may be able to reach most of them this touring season.

The orphanage, with its seventy-five boys, is now in the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Schoonmaker, who also look after the farm, which is a very useful and profitable adjunct to the orphanage. Few who have not been in it can realize what a care and responsibility such an institution is, the correspondence connected with the supporters being in itself no light burden, and when sickness comes, especially epidemics, it is a constant source of care and anxiety day and night. The latter part of October and beginning of November last year was such a time, there being over 100 cases of sickness on the place, the native Christians suffering as well as the orphanage boys. Some very encouraging meetings have just been held at Dholka, the Holy Spirit being present and
working in many hearts. Miss O'Donnell also assists in the work of this station.

REMARKS.

Our readers will notice that the work on the Gujarati field is much more compact than that on the Marathi side. Many of the counties are smaller than those on the other field, so that the places can be visited oftener. There is also a much larger number of native workers obtainable, so that a greater number of out-stations can be opened. A few more good missionaries are needed even to properly man the stations which are now opened, so that when a missionary temporarily breaks down, or goes on furlough, the station need not be closed as has been the case at Matar.

South-west from Gujarat is the immense district of Kathiawar with scarcely a missionary, and away to the North-west lies the great province of Sinde, hardly as yet touched by missionary effort. When will these be evangelized? On both our present fields the missionary force is only just strong enough to hold the stations under normal conditions. A missionary going home on furlough or dropping out for any other cause either leaves the station vacant or puts such a burden on the nearest station which takes the oversight of the work, that there is soon a breakdown. While this is so no great extension of the work is possible or advisable. May God pour out His Spirit on the churches at home so that they may adequately respond to the growing needs of the foreign work. The Mission Board can only make advances in the work as the church makes it possible for them to do so.

God is working, may we be "workers together with Him."

THE NEED OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN BOARDING SCHOOLS.

BY W. MOYSER.

In a late number of the "India Alliance" we had an able article, by Rev. E. R. Carner, on "Our Christian Children, their Condition and Environment." In that article he set forth the condition of our Christian children here in India, surrounded by heathen neighbours, daily seeing and hearing all that is gross and vile in modern Hinduism. And if they are fortunate enough to be able to go to a government school, here also, they are all day under the teaching of some heathen master, who, you may be sure, will not help them in their upward walk of life, but will even scoff and sneer at them for becoming Christians. In all this there is a direct downward tendency, a tendency to be un-clean in word and thought. It is not our wish at present to write about the two great and important sides of their condition,
viz., the moral and spiritual sides, but we wish to say a little from a very necessary standpoint, viz., the financial.

To-day, thank God, besides the boys and girls in our Orphanages, we have in our 12 Marathi Stations nearly 200 children of Christian parentage. In most of these stations, or their out-posts, there are no schools for our Christian girls and in some places none even for our Christian boys. Not only is this the case, but if there were schools in some of the places our Christians could not afford to send their children to day school, and as for sending them to a boarding school, that is entirely out of the question. There are no free government schools in this country.

We want to remember, and you to know, that the majority of our Indian converts are from amongst the sixty million "untouchables," who for so many centuries have been down-trodden and oppressed, and whose very shadow polluted the orthodox Hindu. Yes, even to-day, in some of the government schools, (out in the district) where children of all castes are supposed to be treated on equal terms, we have personally seen the Brahmin master, when some of the untouchable boys have aspired for an education, keep these boys on the outside of the schools and not allow them to enter the class rooms,—simply because they were out castes and considered morally unclean.

Our Christian people, without almost a single exception, desire to give their children an education, and we praise the Lord for this desire. They want their children to fill a better and more useful position in life than they themselves have been enabled to do. But the great problem for them, and for us, is how this is to be made possible. As I have said, the great majority of our people cannot afford to keep their children away from picking cotton, herding cattle, gathering buffalo-chips, etc., and send them to day schools; if this is beyond their means, how can they send their children away to Boarding Schools? Some few of these children have been taken into our Orphanages and educated there, but we, as a Mission, do not think that this is the proper place for them. Some of our children, we are sorry to say, have been taken into other Mission Orphanages and Boarding Schools either absolutely free of charge or for a very small fee. How can we blame the parents for sending their children to other Missions to be educated if we, as a Mission, make no arrangements whatever for them in our own Mission Schools?

Most of the children of our Marathi workers are now being educated in other Mission Schools, these conditions ought not to continue for two distinct reasons. First, we want all our children and young people trained in the doctrines of the
THE NEED OF NATIVE CHRISTIAN BOARDING SCHOOLS

Christian and Missionary Alliance, and we cannot expect such teaching in other schools; we want these truths and doctrines inculcated in the hearts and minds of our young people. The second reason is that we practically lose all those who are educated in other missions, they are really educated away from us. We are not blaming anyone nor accusing anyone of proselyting, but the logical result of educating our young people in other schools and missions is to lose them to our work. Some Missions offer to educate our children FREE if they will sign an agreement to teach or work for that school or Mission for two years after their education is completed. It is only natural, if a young person spends a number of years in any school, and furthermore teaches for two years in that school, that he or she will have a greater love for that school than for any other.

In past years we, as a mission, have taken hundreds, yea, we can say, a great many more than a thousand children of heathen parents, who came to us through the famines of 1897 and 1900 and through the plague, etc., and we have given these children an education absolutely free in the Orphanages. Now, the Scriptures expressly exhort us to care especially for the household of faith. We, as a Mission, discussed the whole subject thoroughly at our last annual Convention and we were unanimous in regard to the absolute necessity of providing Boarding Schools for the children of Christian parents in the Marathi work. The writer has been requested by the Mission to lay this need before you for your prayerful consideration and help. If it is necessary to plead for such schools for our Alliance children in America it is surely a hundredfold more necessary here in India. Nearly all of our Christian people will be able to pay part of the fees for their children in our Boarding School, but very very few could possibly meet all the school expenses for board, books, travelling, etc. Our plan is not to ask for money for buildings because we have buildings that have been used for orphan children, who are now grown up and married with homes of their own, that may now be used for school purposes. Our plan is to ask our home constituency to raise in the beginning about 75 scholarships for poor and worthy children of our native Christians, said scholarships to range from $10 or $15 to $20 per year. In this way we could grant these scholarships to the different children according to their ability to pay part of the school expenses. If these scholarships are guaranteed to us we can engage the necessary teachers and provide the boarding arrangements for these boys and girls in our existing orphanage buildings and yet have them separate, to a certain extent, from the orphans. I am sure that this simple solution of so great a
problem must appeal to many of the dear ones at home who would like to know that they are educating some needy Christian’s child in India.

The money for these scholarships may be sent to 690, Eigl Avenue, New York, or to our Assistant Treasurer here on the floor direct to Akola, Berar. We pray that you may “eat the bread and drink the sweet and send portions to those for whom nothing has been (provided) prepared.”

AN APPEAL FOR PRAYER.
BY CHARLOTTE RUTHERFORD.

The urgency and potency of prayer, and the power of omnipotent God is far too little realized by the major of Christians in this present day. Pecuniary means have their important place in the work of evangelization and are indispensable, but real importunate prayer, full of faith, moves the heart of all powerful God to move the heart of man, whether he be a proud, ostentatious Brahmin, or a low-caste man of India, whose severe superstitious adherence to custom bind him as strong fetters, and whose salvation appears a seeming impossibility.

Thanks be unto God for the Deliverer which He has raised up, the mighty and strong One, who by His power can break every fetter, and who would work miraculously in our day were He not hindered by the unbelief of His own people. Salvation is free to all of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues. The blood of Jesus Christ God’s Son can cleanse, and does clear the very vilest sinner, and make him a new creation. It can exalt him and make him a fellow-citizen with the saints, and a member of the household of God. Christian, do you believe God is able to do this? If so, learn the art of praying in the school of prayer.

Such a transformation can God make of a religious Brahmin beggar, whom we met recently while preaching in a village. He was on his usual morning round, exacting alms from the ignorant and misled people. He stopped to listen to us, and became interested in what we were saying. He picked up the Bible-woman’s New Testament and commenced to read. Seeing that he was a good reader we asked him to accept a gospel of John and also a pamphlet of Pandita Ramabai’s entitled, “The New Birth.” He accepted both and opening the pamphlet I read aloud to our audience. Closing this he opened at the eighth chapter of John and continued his reading. Something in the reading strangely appealed to him, which has unsettled him and made him a miserable and a discontented man.

Throug
ically proclaiming the truth of the Christian religion and the
cry of their own, he has already created trouble and persecu-
for himself. Early this morning he appeared at our tent,
told us that he refused to listen to the terms of reproach
ied to him; he permits them to enter into one ear and to
ut the other. "I will listen to God, not to them, He is
gh," said he as he left us.

This Brahmin has now come to the place where he must
a choice of two things—whether he will forsake father,
er and his profession as a religious beggar, with all the
ady stories of their gods and customs connected with
luism, which have been instilled into his mind by his
nts and grand-parents, and take up his cross and follow
; Christ, suffering persecution for His sake; or, whether he
turn his back on the Lord of life and choose the present
r path by remaining a Hindu. May Jesus Christ triumph
his critical crisis of his life! An earnest appeal is made for
er that this precious soul may find rest, peace and eternal
n Christ Jesus.

The postmaster of this village sent the postman to our camp
gospel. May it bring life and light to him!
A police patel, a government servant, also came asking for
spel. Receiving a copy of each gospel, he turned away
ed with his prize. We trust that the Word may be the power
do unto salvation to him.

A short time ago our native preacher and his wife overheard
versation between their boy, Chubboo, five years of age, and
ndu neighbour’s boy of about six years. Chubboo was the
peaker, his topic was how Jesus answers prayer. Further-
Chubboo assured his little friend that when he himself dies
ill go to heaven, but gives his friend no hope, as he worships
“Oh, but,” says his friend, “if I were to become a
stian like you, my mother would beat me, but when I am
, then I shall be one.” Chubboo is a witness for Jesus
ngst the school boys, as well as amongst the neighbours.
as taken gospels with him to school and sold twenty-five of
high caste Brahmin boys. God can take His own Word,
simple little child, or a most illiterate person to work His
miraculous works through them. “His ways are not our
nor His thoughts our thoughts.”

Apart from Christ there is no hope for India. She needs a
our, and He needs her, and yearns to deliver her from her
dom and to make her a partaker of His free and full salvation.
fore, reader, help to pray India to the feet of Jesus Christ.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE
CONDUCTED BY SARA COXE.

A Picnic in Khamgaon.

At the beginning of the new year we took the women and girls of the orphanage to the Tank for a picnic. The Tank is a half natural and half artificial pond from which Khamgaon gets some of her water supply. The girls got up very early to prepare the day's food, which we took along in tin-lined copper vessels. The native bread, a sort of flapjack, we carried in baskets. Most of us walked the three miles to the Tank, but there were three bullock carts to carry the babies and weak girls.

We arrived at the Tank about eleven a.m. There is an artificial garden there containing many beautiful trees and flowering plants and pebbled walks. We very soon had the noonday meal ready. The girls had for this meal, vegetable curry, wheat bread and guavas (a fruit shaped like an apple). Those who had brought babies soon had a little fire of sticks crackling on which they heated milk for them. After eating, about half of the girls went to the surrounding woods to get bores (a fruit which grows wild and of which they are very fond). The rest of the girls stayed behind to play ball, skip the rope, and play several Indian games. Miss Wyeth and I joined in, which pleased the girls very much.

At four p.m. the "bore" seekers returned, at which time we sat down in an open space and had a prayer and praise service. Nearly every one repeated a verse of Scripture. Even Granny got up and said, "God is love," and the little ones repeated long passages, with the peculiar rapidity belonging to children of their age. Then after closing in prayer, we had our evening meal. This time the girls had besun (like dried pea-meal cooked with red peppers and oil), bread, phutava (like roasted split peas) and some candy.

As the sun was going down, we climbed the steps up the high hill, which forms the wall of a basin for the Tank water, and as we gazed down at the water, now pitifully low, we realized that unless our God intervenes in mercy this part of India will soon be in the grip of famine. Walking along the top to see more of the Tank, we saw a path leading down the hill towards the garden. At the foot of the hill there was a peculiar kind of grass and a few of us went down to look at it. Soni (Gold) a girl of twelve, had started down too, unnoticed by us. I have never seen Soni run but once and that was on this occasion. The hill was steeper than Soni had expected and she came run-
ning down in spite of herself, and just as I put out my hand to examine a blade of the grass, Soni came down pell-mell, stood on her head, wobbled on it a second or two, and toppled over at my feet. For an instant or two I felt as if my blood were curdling. I believe my teeth were chattering. It seemed as if her neck must be broken, but God in His love and mercy did not call us to go through such an affliction for Soni got up, and beyond a little soreness in her neck was none the worse. And how thankful I was, because Soni is so naughty and I am afraid she was not ready for death.

It was a very sober but truly grateful party of girls that walked home in the dusk, two by two. As we walked along the beautiful government road, lined on both sides with great banyan trees and the smaller neem trees, we rejoiced in heart over the beauty. The girls did not walk so briskly homewards for they were tired. As we drew near the cotton mills, which go day and night, we met the men going to and from their work in the mills. We threaded our way between carts loaded with cotton, and were soon covered with clouds of dust through which we walked as one walks through a fog in London. These things made the walking less pleasant, and we were glad when we found ourselves walking through the gates to the place we call Home. And I think we all felt that after all, "there is no place like Home."

ANNIE LITTLE.

DASAMMAH, THE LITTLE HEROINE.

I SHOULD like to tell about a girl who studied in a mission school in India.

I will call her Dasammah though that was not her real name. When she came to the mission school she was about twelve years of age. She was married, but her husband allowed her to attend school. She was a very modest girl, and used to take her seat back in a corner, and draw her cloth closely over her face, so that she could not be much noticed. When questions were asked of her she seemed to be very timid about answering, but the missionary lady noticed that when she was teaching the Bible lesson this girl always seemed to lean forward and to be drinking in every word.

One day when Dasammah went home she told her husband that she did not believe the idols which they worshipped were true gods, but that Jesus Christ was the true Saviour. When he
heard this he was much alarmed; for he feared she would become a Christian, so the next morning he said, "Get your things together quickly; I'm going to take you to live at my mother's house. Be ready in an hour."

If you who read these lines were to be told that you were to leave your home and go to a distant village to live, and that you were to be ready to start in an hour, what are the things you would select to take with you? This girl thought of her Bible. But she must not be seen in the streets at that time in the morning. So she called a little neighbour girl of lower caste, and said to her, "Run quickly to the missionary's house and get that book we study in the school—the Bible." The little girl ran to the missionary's house and got a Bible and brought it to Dasammah, and she hid it in her cloth, and that was the only thing she took with her when she went to a distant village to live with her husband's mother.

She was the only Christian in the village; there was not a missionary there, or a native pastor, or a native Christian. But day by day she studied her Bible, and day by day the Christ of whom it told became more real and more precious to her.

After a time her husband died suddenly, and then, as is the custom in India, her relatives treated her very cruelly, and charged her with the death of her husband, saying she had used charms or something else which caused his death. The girl said she had done nothing to cause the death of her husband, but that it was the will of God that he should die at that time. Then they said, "It is because you have given up worshipping our gods, and are worshipping the Christian God. Now you must come back and worship our gods, and promise that you will not become a Christian." The girl said, "Oh, how can I promise that? I do believe in Christ, I am a Christian." They spoke with her many times on the subject, but she could only give them one answer, "I am a Christian."

One day the men of the house banished all the women to the women's apartments, and taking this little girl out into the yard, drove four stakes into the ground, and tied the girl's hands and feet to these stakes. They said to her, "Now we will bring fire and burn your feet unless you promise that you will not become a Christian." And the girl answered, "I do believe in Christ, I am a Christian."

They put the fire to her feet and let it burn them, and the heat was very great. Then they said to her, "Now will you promise that you will not become a Christian?" The girl answered, "Oh, I cannot promise, I am a Christian." Surely
He who walked with the three children of Israel in the burning fiery furnace was with this poor girl, and strengthened her in the hour of her great trial.

After a time the pain was so great she could not bear it, and she fainted. When the men saw that they became afraid she would die, and that the English government might call them to account for their conduct. So they untied her hands and feet, and then carried her away to a dark room and left her there. In the middle of the night consciousness returned to her, and she got up and felt for the door, and found it was open. She went out and made straight for the missionary's house. It took her that night and the next day and late into the next night to reach it. She walked part of the way, as well as she could on her poor, sore feet, and when she could travel thus no farther she crawled on her hands and knees.

When she came to the missionary's house she knocked. The missionary lady came to the door and looked at the girl, but did not recognize her, she was so covered with dust and looked so wretched. She said to the girl, “Who are you?” The girl told her. Then she asked, “Why do you come?” The girl said, “I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and want to be baptized.”

The missionary lady took her in, and when she saw what a condition her feet were in she was very sorry for her. She dressed her feet, and all the time she was doing this the girl never uttered a single murmur of complaint, but only said, “Oh, how good you are! how you must love Jesus Christ to be so kind to a poor girl like me!”

After a little time her feet healed, and she said to the missionary lady “You have a Bible-woman who visits in the homes and teaches the women; I should so like to help her to tell the women about Christ—all I want would be rice and salt; two shillings a month would be quite sufficient to buy my food. If you could find some one who would pay for me I would spend my whole time teaching the women in the homes.” The missionary lady furnished her with the needed means, and she is now a Bible-woman, and very happy in her work. This girl had only known about Christ a short time, but He was very precious to her, and she desired to tell others about Him.

I wonder if you who read these lines love Christ as much, and if you are letting your light shine as brightly. If Christ was to say to you, as He said to His disciples, “As My Father hath sent Me, so I send you,” how would you feel in His presence?—Sel.
BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT

AN ADDRESS GIVEN BY PASTOR MALLIS AT THE ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Eph. v. 15-21. The Revised reading of verse 18 is, “Be filled in the Spirit,” even as a sponge is submerged in water. In Rom. viii. 9 we read, “Ye are in the Spirit”—The Spirit is the element in which the believer should live. Again, we read in Luke xxiv. 49 R.V. “Tarry... until ye be clothed with power from on high.” The word “clothed” comes from a word meaning “enveloped”—living within the region of God’s power. Thus we are to live in, be clothed by, and be filled in the Spirit. Then others will not come in touch with our personality so much as with the Spirit of God.

1. The Holy Spirit is the element in which we should live.
   (a) An element is essential to strong vitality. If anything is kept out of its proper element all development ceases and death is the result. Some birds and some fish can live for a very short time outside of their element, but they cannot live long. The Holy Spirit is to a Christian what water is to a fish or air to a bird, and in order to be strong workers for Jesus we must abide in that Element.
   (b) An element is essential to the beauty of a plant. Almost invariably missionaries who are leaving the hills after a vacation take along some cuttings and plants. But if the truth were known, to-day on the plains those plants have drooped and failed and are but poor specimens of the original, because they are not in their natural element. If we want perfect beauty of Christian character we must stay in our Element of the Holy Spirit.
   (c) An element is essential to fruitfulness. Imported plants may be made to grow on the hot plains of India, but they do not bear fruit, for they are out of their element. The environment of the Holy Spirit is absolutely necessary to fruitfulness in service.

2. What it means to be filled in the Spirit.
   A word study of the word “filled” will reveal the meaning.
   (a) “Filled” in the original literally means “crammed.” When a thing is crammed there is room for no more. There can be no other Lord or Master or directing force if we are “crammed” with the Spirit. The Holy Spirit yearns over a believer even “to a jealous envy,” longing to possess every chamber of the heart, and enthrone the Master. The Spirit has a passion to possess the hidden, closed parts and cram them with
His power. When there is no hidden part the life of joy begins.
(b) “Filled” may be translated “levelled up in the Spirit.” That brings the idea of filling up the gaps of inconsistency. It is the discovery of gaps in people’s lives that stumbles others. Though the even lives may not have the high attainments of others, they are even, and they attract. The Holy Spirit has come to level up our lives, to deal with those things in us that make it hard for others to get to God.
(c) “Filled” might be translated “diffused,” as with fragrance. Once when Finney went into a factory the people became convicted and began to pray. The Holy Spirit had diffused God’s presence through Finney. The sense of God in our behaviour or our faces is what carries conviction to a sinful soul. The Holy Spirit has come to make our lives diffuse the atmosphere of the Master.
(d) “Filled” might be translated “embued,” or deeply coloured. The Holy Spirit gives tone to life. The blessings we get will be tested with wear and wash, with business cares and troubles, but what the Holy Spirit really prints upon our hearts will not fade nor wash out. We not only have the blessing, but we have the Blesser. The colours He paints upon us are burnt in by the fires of trial and pressure that they may be permanent.
3. Things produced in us by the filling in the Spirit.
(a) A new message, “Speaking to yourselves in Psalms,” etc. Speech is more than thought, it is thought expressed in words. The first thing that follows the fullness of the Spirit is “speaking.” It is not preaching at one another, or merely talking religion, but speech governed by the Holy Spirit.
(b) A new song, “Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.” The speaking is to each other, but the making of melody is to the Lord.
(c) A new occupation, “Giving thanks always for all things.” Thanksgiving takes the place of grumbling. When we grumble it is because we question God’s love or judgment. God surrounds us as a circle of which we are the centre. Nothing can touch us but what He permits. Therefore, grumbling is finding fault with God. But the flesh will never say “Thank you, Lord.” It is through the Spirit’s filling that the life of praise begins.
(d) A new adjustment, “Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.” The missionary’s greatest trouble is not the heathen nor the climate but the worker himself. The remedy for the friction that wears a missionary’s life is to learn to submit. A strong spring behind the buffers of a train permits the cars to run along in contact and without a jar, because
both sides give. In our adjustment one to another there needs to be mutual submission. We are not to submit in the fear of each other—not lest we hurt someone or make ourselves unpopular—but “in the fear of God.” We yield because we fear God; conscious of His presence, and fearful lest we hurt one of His little ones. Subjection one to another in the fear of Christ is practically subjection to Christ. The Holy Spirit comes to fill our souls that we may be made submissive.

Reported by K. D. Garrison.

THE GUJARATI CHRISTIAN MELA.

That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. John xvii. 21.

Perhaps many of our readers do not know that seven different missions are doing aggressive work among the millions of Gujarati speaking people in the provinces of Gujarat and Kathiawar. They are the Irish Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Church Missionary Society, Salvation Army, American Brethren, Missionary Alliance, and Vanguard Missions, and we rejoice to tell of a spirit of unity among us. For some years we have been united in what is termed the “Gujarat and Kathiawar Missionary Conference,” which meets semi-annually for a day’s session of prayer and the discussion of mission problems, and all agree that it has been the means of fostering a loving spirit of oneness in our midst.

In the year 1910 all the missions united in having a large, Native Christian Convention in Nadiad; there was much blessing at that time and it was considered to be so truly helpful that the Conference of missionaries voted to have another such Convention the following year. However, owing to plague and famine being in our midst since that time, such a Convention, or mela as it is called in India, has not been held until this year, from February 14th to 17th. For months we had been looking forward to and praying for this great gathering that it might be a time when the Holy Spirit would be present to do His much needed work.

As Nadiad seemed to be a very central place, where the native people could most easily gather from all parts of Gujarat, the Methodist missionaries living there very kindly offered to make all the preparation for accommodating the crowds. It took much time and labour, and our Methodist friends did it well.
Long lines of booths, made of bundles of straw, were put up to accommodate the native people, while the missionaries, between forty and fifty, were well housed in the various bungalows on the mission premises. During the Convention days a general meeting was held every morning and evening, while at noon time four meetings were arranged; one for the native men workers and any who desired to give their lives for the Lord’s work, one for young boys, one for the women and still another for small children. It was inspiring, indeed, to see the great crowds each morning and evening as the people sat on the ground listening to the earnest messages from God’s servants. It was inspiring to the missionaries who have laboured long and hard, as well as to the younger missionaries, to see so many Christians together, and it was inspiring and encouraging to the native Christians themselves to see so large a crowd of those who claim Jesus Christ as their Lord. While there were not as many of the village Christians present as the missionaries had hoped there might be, still, there were some there who are the only Christians in their respective villages and it was good for them, as it was for Elijah of old, to see that there are many besides themselves who refuse to bow the knee to false gods.

On Sunday, between two and three thousand were present and we are confident the Holy Spirit was there searching hearts, and speaking to many of a deeper surrender and closer walk with the Lord. In the evening, after a stirring gospel message, and while the crowd was singing “What Jesus says that will I do,” nearly a hundred arose and went aside into an after meeting, thus signifying their desire to have more definite dealings with the Lord than ever before. It is always a cause for rejoicing to see men and women weeping before the Lord, but it seems especially so in India and we are trusting to see more of it.

The messages from all the missionaries during the whole of the Convention were very searching in dealing with sin of all forms, and were clear in holding up the crucified Christ as the only remedy for sin and the only source of heart satisfaction.

After the services for the native people were closed the missionaries met together on the following morning for a time of devotion and Conference. One of the missionary brethren gave a very helpful talk on the necessity of all of us having a vision from the Lord for the work and then working according to the pattern He gives. He spoke of a large machine shop where each workman is given a certain part of a great machine to make. The master mechanic gives to each man the exact pattern
of the part he is to construct, and as each works according to the pattern given him it is found at the end that all the separate parts fit together and a perfect machine is the result. The application to the work of the separate missionaries under different mission boards was striking, and all left the meeting feeling more than ever the necessity of being workers together with God and with one another.

Another such a Christian mela is to be held in 1915 if the Lord tarry. J. E. T

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IS IT WORTH WHILE?

A YOUNG man in India was a student in a certain school. He was of high social rank and had fine prospects from a worldly standpoint. He was a Mohammedan prince, yet he came under the influence of Christianity, when he knew that to be a Christian meant to be spurned and rejected by his relatives and friends.

He lived in the family of an uncle and from school he returned to his home. His uncle sent an automobile to bring him to the house. Word had come to the uncle that the young man had become a Christian, and the question was at once put to the student, "What is this that I hear about your becoming a Christian?" The youth frankly admitted that it was true.

He knew enough about the spirit of Mohammedanism to realize that his course would not be approved of by his relatives, and not even tolerated, therefore he was not surprised when his uncle called upon him to choose between Christ and Mohammedanism, saying, "Become a Christian, and out of that door you go disinherited, never to darken my door again. Give it up, and I will give you this winter palace, an allowance of a thousand a month, and my daughter as your wife; but if you hold to it, you are gone. Choose."

It was a severe test of the young man's fidelity, but he was not long in giving the answer, "Uncle, I choose Christ."

The threat was at once put into effect. The youth's trunk was set down in the road, and he who had been of too high rank to carry a burden lifted his trunk and went on his way, a Christian. He had turned his back upon a beautiful home and flattering friends, a winter palace, a rich monthly allowance and one whom he had especially loved, but he was leaving all to follow Christ.

Is it worth while to send missionaries to non-Christian lands with a gospel mighty enough to produce such results?—Sent of God.
A WORD FROM MATAR
BY S. P. HAMILTON.

A short time after our arrival from furlough, we went one evening to a near by village to preach the gospel to the sweepers (out-castes). There were only six or seven houses, irregularly grouped together, the walls of which were built of mud. Everything that met our eye spoke of pinching poverty and while we looked into the faces of the poor people, as they seated themselves on the ground before us to hear the message we had brought, our hearts were stirred and we breathed a prayer that God would make some of them at least "His children through faith in Christ. As we sat there, beholding the poverty on every hand and their poor darkened faces, we began to compare things with conditions at home. We thought of the splendid climate, the kind friends, and the comfortable homes where we had been entertained, and which we very much appreciated, but as we left that place we said to the native brother who was with us, that we would rather have the privilege of leading one of these poor down-trodden souls to Christ than to enjoy all the temporal benefits the homeland had to offer. The Indian Missionary has much to bear that he would not have to encounter in the homeland, but O, the luxury of preaching the gospel of the grace of God to this poor benighted people! Only those who are thus engaged can understand what that means.

A TRUE INCIDENT
BY SARA COXE.

She had just recently arrived in Mount Abu to rest, a tired missionary, tired and worn from things seen and heard in India. One day she took a walk about a mile away from the Rest Home where she was staying, some distance from any village. She was enjoying her walk so much for the sun was dancing on the hills, and on either side of the path wild flowers were nodding their heads in the gentle breeze. How pleasant it seemed to her just then to be so far away from the toil, care, sorrow and squalor of everyday India! After a while she noticed a mud hut, built on the side of the hill, and naturally she was very curious to know who could live there, so far away from any village. As she drew near she also saw a temple, one of the many found in and around Mount Abu. There were several Hindu gurus (priests) lazily lounging near, enjoying their sacred occupation of doing nothing. In a moment:
the leader, a Brahmin priest, came out of the temple and stood haughtily gazing at the lone missionary. A priest indeed! Such a man as we never see in England or America, a man all given over to the devil and whose very appearance is utterly repulsive to any right thinking person. There were no women about but a beautiful, little girl of about 12 years was playing around, laughing and skipping in the bright sunshine. She remained quite near the little hut in which, the missionary could see, the sacred cow was kept.

“What are you doing here alone?” questioned the missionary.

“O, I live here, my mother brought me here.”

“But, do you like to stay here?”

“This is my home, they brought me here,” was all the child would say and she threw back her head and smiled.

The missionary turns homeward sick at heart. She had read and heard of the Indian mothers marrying their small daughters to the gods and bringing them to live with the vile priests in the temple, but this is the first child she has seen in such a condition. “Can nothing be done?” she thinks. Ah no! The mother has placed her child there, probably in fulfilment of some vow, and there she must stay, sold forever into the hands of the enemy. No wonder the missionary’s heart is as lead in her breast and the sunlight seems to have left the hills.

A DAY IN BULDANA

BY O. DINHAM.

It is not quite daylight, the clock is striking six and I am on the road to a village. After a walk of about three miles I come to the village called Harola; before going in I sit for a few minutes on a heap of earth, and commit my way unto the Lord. Just outside the village is a shed where the blacksmith does his work, and where we often get a little gathering of people to talk to; but this morning the blacksmith is seated there alone. So after a few words with him, I make my way into the village, and there in the high caste quarters, seated around a little fire, is a goodly number of men. They have often heard the story before, but to-day they listen with more than usual interest, and conviction is plainly written upon their faces, furthermore, these looks are confirmed by their words. “What you say is true, but our forefathers worshipped these gods and we worship them!” “But before that stone was set
up, whom did your forefathers worship? A stone for bread and your body will be in distress; a stone for God and your spirit will be in darkness."

11 a.m. finds us gathered for family prayers, which are doubly precious to us just now because of the presence of our dear children, who are home with us for a short vacation from school in the Hills. Truly this little meeting is like a cup of cool water in a dry and thirsty land! After breakfast some letter-writing is done, then, the young man who is with us from the Training School comes in for Bible Study. He seems to delight in the Word, and it is a pleasure to help him. He will return to the Training School in about a month's time. Please pray for him, his name is Theophilus. Pray him through, and I believe he'll make a God-fearing and faithful worker.

The evening finds us on one of the street-corners of Buldana preaching the gospel to an audience, the greater number of whom would probably put us out, bag and baggage, if they could. But apart from the contemptuous smile on the faces of some, nothing special was noticeable. Such an audience would make me hopeless if it were not for one thing—The Word of God—"It shall not return void." This turns hopelessness into hopefulness, and our hearts rejoice in God.

**ITEMS.**

One of our Gujarati missionaries was recently preaching in a rather remote but good sized village, where he had a large crowd of listeners. After talking for sometime, he invited the people to accept some of the tracts and gospels which would show them the true way of salvation. No one made a move to take one even though the missionary urged them to accept and read for themselves what the true God says. Finally one young fellow, who knew a little English and wanted to exhibit it, attempted to explain to the sahib that the people were superstitious and afraid they would be defiled if they accepted the pamphlets. "Then," said the missionary, "You take one and read it to them and show them the fallacy of their fears." The young man reluctantly took a gospel but as the missionary was leaving the town, the poor fellow, pursued by hoots of derision from the crowd, rushed to the river to bathe and thus cleanse himself from the defilement of receiving the booklet from a Christian.

In contrast to the above, we are glad to record the following interesting incident from the experience of our missionaries in
Mulkapur, Berar. Mr. Cox writes: "The other morning after we had been preaching the Word a man came and put two rupees in my hand. This was to show his interest in the gospel. He is afraid to step out for Christ because of his caste associates, but he has bought a Bible and many gospels. We believe he is deeply convicted; please pray for him."

Mr. Turnbull reports fine, sweet water in the mission well at Mehmedabad. For years this well has been yielding a moderate supply of brackish water and now, after being bored to the depth of 100 feet, there is a plentiful supply of water absolutely free from any brackishness. Surely this is cause for deep gratitude to God.

Miss Coxe, of Kaira, writes: "One day this month our hearts were made glad when Ruth, Lois and Gladys Andrews were baptised here in Kaira. All our little brown girls were seated on the ground near the baptismal tank. It was a very impressive service and one that our girls will never forget."

The missionary children are returning to the hill stations again to attend school after their holiday. The home for the children in Panchgani is to be continued with a fuller house than during the two previous years. Let us continually pray for Miss Lothian in her special work of caring for these children while they are away from their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Schelander are praising God for the safe arrival of a baby boy into their home on February 27th. We give this little one a hearty welcome into our missionary family.

At present writing Miss Conger is suffering with enteric fever in Viramgam, Gujarat. Pray that, as the fever breaks, no evil effects may be allowed to remain, and that she may rapidly regain her strength.

Our good brother A. Johnson, who has laboured so long and faithfully in India, has been quite ill lately. He is looking forward to a furlough in the near future.

Mr. Ramsey writes from "Somewhere in the Arabian Sea" that all their party are well and thoroughly enjoying the voyage on board the s.s. Sardegna. They are having daily Bible readings with other congenial Christians on board.