I'm glad I heard His whisper sweet and low,
   It came so clear and tender—"Will you go?"
What could I do but answer—"Lord, send me?"
   "No, not alone," He whispered, "I with thee."
And so we go together to the foe,
   There's sure to be a triumph—He says so.

—M. W. B.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Those who have ever rushed with the crowd to the scene of a great fire can never forget the horror that possessed them as they watched the awful flames and heard the cries of those who were trying to escape from the burning building. The thought that human beings were perishing stirred the on-lookers with intense desire to help save them—to save even one. Who of us has not been moved during these latter days as we have read of thousands perishing in floods, earthquakes and cyclones? Who of us has not longed to help alleviate the suffering of those left destitute by war, flood and flame?

Our little paper brings to you the awful news that to-day 20,000 have died in India; 20,000 died yesterday; 20,000 died day before yesterday, and 20,000 will die to-morrow. Thus they have been dying for hundreds of years, dying the death of the hopeless heathen. Is it an old story to you, and has it ceased to touch or stir you? We become callous to the facts of missions; we hear so much and read so much that it all becomes an old story. We "get used" to hearing awful things.

T. H. P. Sailer once said, "The remedy for this callousness is to change from the general to the concrete. Instead of asking a mission study class the question, 'What
are the evils of polygamy?’ put it this way, ‘How would you like your father to have four wives?’ See the difference? Put such questions that way, and you can see how it feels, it presses upon you.”

If you think of the child widows of India, so many millions of them, in a general way it is only an arithmetical proposition. Think of your own little girl as an Indian widow, and think of all the horrors of that life, then the thing lives before you and you feel for the children in such a condition. Not only so, but if you feel sufficiently, you favour work among such a class and want to help in every way you can.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer bids us “keep warm” on the subject of missions, and we would add that the way to keep warm is to keep in touch with the Lord Jesus, so that the compassion that moved Him, as He looked at the multitudes, may move us and that we may do something to get the Light to the millions of India, and of all other heathen lands.

Twenty thousand dying daily! If you had ever witnessed the death of a heathen man and had seen the look of fear and horror on his face as he went out into the dark, this fact of the thousands thus dying everyday would grip your mind and heart with such a force that you would join us, in a very material way, in our efforts to get the saving knowledge of the gospel into every corner of India during this generation. If we truly catch the possibilities of the evangelization of the world in this generation we must start to realize it by prayer, sacrifice and labour.

We often wonder if our home friends and supporters grow weary of hearing us talk about ‘caste,’ ‘child widows,’ ‘idol worship,’ ‘ignorance,’ ‘superstition,’ and all that goes to make up the life of India. No one wishes more than the working missionaries that we could send you thrilling accounts of whole villages and large crowds coming out boldly for Christ and receiving baptism. But as we work with a far-seeing faith, while we labour as those seeing the invisible, our courage and zeal are kept alive, and we plead for your patience and prayers in this great work.
In this issue of the paper, and in recent, preceding ones, you will note that some of our oldest and most experienced missionaries write with greater hopefulness than in former years. They tell of hungry crowds listening attentively to the gospel story, where formerly there was open and bitter opposition. These things should encourage us to take hold of the Lord in mighty prayer, for nothing is impossible with Him, and we have His promise that we shall reap if we faint not. The greatest recompense in missionary work is not the approbation of men but the presence of Christ—He is with those who “go and preach the gospel” in a special way, and this is what keeps us from “fainting” in India.

WHEN BAIROBA FAILED.

BY K. D. GARRISON.

ONE evening, as we sat around the dinner table at Bodwad, we heard a confused noise on the road, and went out to investigate. Soon lights began to flicker coming toward us, and then two boys, tired and breathless, dashed by toward the near-by temple crying, “Oh, Bairoba, someone is snake-bitten!” We hailed them, but they had no time to answer. It was their duty to go ahead, waken the god, and inform him that a snake-bitten person was on the way to the temple.

This little temple is a simple affair, located only about a hundred yards from our compound. It contains a stone painted red, and called “Bairoba,” the god commonly worshipped about here. Near it is the sacred, temple well. Its stagnant water, covered with scum and dirt, is said to have healing properties, and the green slime collected from its surface is used for medicine. Bairoba is said to cure snake bites, and all snake-bitten persons from far and near are hurried to this temple.

One can understand how the common and ignorant people can hold such a superstition, but sad to say, those who are not ignorant also worship there, having the greater sin. There are in our town three lawyers, educated men, who have read and heard much about the Christian religion. One has obtained the degrees of M.A., and Ph.D. in a Bombay University. Yet these three come here and bow to the hideous idol. When remonstrated with they say, “Of course we do not believe in such things, but we must do thus because the people believe in
it." Thus we have before us not merely the pitiful sight of the blind leading the blind, but these who can see and who should be leaders of the blind, willingly permitting themselves to be led by those blind into the ditch. Such is the result of western education upon those who are not willing to accept Christ.

That night the two breathless boys hurried to the temple, and we heard them calling to Bairoba to bestir himself and help them. Following them at a distance came a number of men with lanterns, bringing an old woman. Wishing to see how Bairoba accomplishes his cures we followed them to the temple. One glance at the old woman showed that she was not snake-bitten, but was suffering from a hemorrhage of the lungs, and was already weak from loss of blood. We advised them to take her back home and put her to bed instead of subjecting her to their treatment, but no one paid any heed to such advice. They were communicative, however, excitement always makes the Hindu talkative, and some of them stopped their work to tell us just how it all happened. The woman had been stung on the hand by something in the afternoon, and at night when the hemorrhage started from her lungs, they decided that she had been snake-bitten, and she was forthwith hurried off to the temple. There, weak and exhausted, she was supported by two men and made to drink large quantities of the juice of "nimb" leaves ground up in water from the filthy temple well. From time to time she vomited up the poisonous mixture.

Bairoba's cures were easily explained. The enforced trip on foot to the temple cures those who, bitten by some harmless snake, become so terror stricken that they are in danger of death by fright, while if there is really poison in the system the "nimb" juice, which is antiseptic, counteracts it. One old man explained, "They must drink a bucketful of the nimb water, then, if it is vomited up, the victim well live. Otherwise, it is a sign that he will die." Doubtless! a bucketful of the mixture kept in the stomach would kill a person whether snake-bitten or not.

I asked what assurance they had that the woman would be healed, and was told that drops of sweat had appeared on the idol, indicating his promise to heal. A glance through the temple door revealed a number of men sitting about the idol, talking and jesting most unconcernedly. Now and then one person, evidently a relative, would pause in his administering of nimb water and send someone to fall at the idol's feet, "For," he urged, "if you do not fall at its feet how will it heal her?"
Soon a friend whispered to me that we had better go, because the people did not want us there, so we withdrew. Then he explained, we were wearing black coats, and the presence of a black coat upon such an occasion was a hindrance, for it made the poison of the bite worse.

As the poor old woman did not improve, they brought a cot and kept her there before the idol all night. I do not know what they did during those long night hours, but I do know that with a feeling of desperate need they determined to keep the case before the god. “But there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.” Have you ever tried, dear reader, to imagine what it would be like to come with a case of life and death, and pray all night to a stone?

In the morning they carried her home, and later we heard that she had died as soon as they reached her house. It was nothing unusual—only an old woman dead. It did not affect the town, and there was probably no mourning, for she was old and had ceased to be useful. But to us it means that one more soul has gone for whom the message came too late. One more soul has passed out into darkness, trusting to the very last in—a stone!

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

BY H. V. ANDREWS.

"The period of susceptibility to influence both good and evil is that of childhood" is a truism everywhere admitted, and yet we find so many, even among Christian workers, who act as if they doubted it. Those who have made a careful study of the subject have given us the benefit of their research in the form of statistics which show that the great majority of those who turn to Christ have taken this important step in childhood, while the percentage of those converted after the age of twenty-five is very small, estimated as low as one in thirty. In view of these facts should we not give the best of our time and effort to save the young? We are told to “sow beside all waters” but does not wisdom bid us sow most extensively where the soil is most productive?

Some regard work among children as slow and unattractive. Those who desire to have baptisms and an early Church to report may not choose this soil, but how many missionaries have toiled long with hopes deferred, and almost despaired of ever seeing the longed for native Church. If the work among children is slow it is usually very abiding.
It is better to prevent a boy from learning to drink than to save a drunkard from his cup, so also, it is better and easier to fortify the young mind against idolatry and evil, than to clear the mind that has been polluted by it.

If this is the soil that offers the best returns, the accomplishing of which is the only reason for the presence of the missionary in India, then the question arises—what are the means best calculated to produce a harvest?

A vast field is open before us among the depressed classes. These are called “the untouchables” because no caste man can touch one of them without becoming defiled. After such a defiling touch, food or water may not be taken until the person is cleansed from pollution. These unfortunates are obliged to remain a safe distance from their more fortunate fellow Hindus. The extent of their depression can only be fully realized by personal observation. A few illustrations that have recently come to the writer’s knowledge may help the reader to understand something of the meaning of the word “depressed class.”

One of these unfortunates, wishing to visit relatives in a town ten miles from this city, hired a horse and carriage and rode into the town. This so enraged the high caste men, “the twice born,” that he was called by the head man to the public office to answer for his conduct. The charge was that he, an outcaste, had dared to outrage the sensitive feelings of the caste men of the place by riding into town in a carriage. Another man was found carrying an umbrella over him, which was not befitting a man of his station. The umbrella was taken from him and he was beaten with it, and it was torn to threads, the unfortunate not daring to resist. Still another case, that of a man in a village where we have opened a school. This man wanted to put a window in his house so as to have light for weaving. He applied for permission to his “twice born” neighbours. This man was refused permission to put a window in his own house.

Hinduism prohibits the education or betterment of these depressed classes, and our schools are often opposed. This is our opportunity. If we can get the children daily in school, under a good Christian master, where they will learn the gospel as regularly as they learn to read and write, we can be sure of a good percentage of them becoming true believers, and none are likely to be much influenced by idolatry. Several schools of this nature have been opened during the past three years and already they are bearing fruit. Many children have learned to read and have also more Christian truth than many children.
of Christian lands. Some large boys and young men have become Christians, and others have expressed a desire to be baptised, as a result of these schools, but most of the children are yet very young. A visit to one of them would be sufficient to convert most any skeptic on the subject.

In our schools at present, among these unfortunates, are some very bright boys that give promise of becoming good and useful men. Unless the Christian missionary lifts the depression, who will? It means that, in the eyes of some at least, the missionary becomes an "untouchable" and our masters who live among them are untouchable, but the results are well worth the price we pay.

The cost in money is very small, yet splendid opportunities are passing for want of means. The master's salary, his house rent and school rent can all be met by the small sum of four dollars a month. In cases of real poverty we have to provide books, but this is not a large item. Thousands of children are growing up in ignorance and evil, who might be brought under Christian influence and teaching if someone would sacrifice a little.

The question of how to get the girls into school has been occupying our attention of late. The parents think it quite unnecessary and useless to educate them, and are unwilling to forego the help they are able to render at home. Boys also are sometimes kept from school and sent to work. Government takes no school fees from girls, to induce them to attend school, yet they are conspicuously absent, except in the cities, so we are not surprised at these outcaste people taking this attitude. The women are more superstitious and cling more to the old ways than the men, and so are harder to reach than the men. They wield a strong influence in the home. Therefore, it is important that the girls of to-day, who are to be the women of to-morrow, should be influenced for good. If we can offer them some inducement, perhaps five cents a week, or its equivalent, we shall be able to get quite a number daily. This is not much to save a girl, but what it may mean in the future no one can tell. These children are all married before reaching their teens, hence, while we seek to save the boys we must also try to save their young wives. They may not live together for some years, yet the contract is just as binding as if they were living together. We need friends to work with us in this great enterprise. If you cannot support a school, then save a village girl from ignorance and idolatry. Will you not join hands with us in prayer and sacrifice?
AN INDIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.
BY KATHERINE P. WILLIAMS.

If I were to ask you to go with me to Sunday School some
Sunday morning, I feel sure that on reaching the place you
would ask me, "But where is the Sunday School?"

There are some very nice Sunday Schools in India, yes, even
one in the town of which we are speaking, but it is some
distance from that quarter of the town to which we have come
this morning, therefore, the children do not go to the "nice"
Sunday School. They cannot hear the bell, their mothers are
not interested, and anyway Sunday means no more to them
than any other day, for these children whom we have come to
teach are not Christians but Hindoos.

As we approach this little place called the "Mahar Warda"
("Mahar" meaning one of the low castes), what do we see?
Little groups of mud and grass huts scattered here and there,
and just a little in the distance a government building where
lime is prepared. There is a steep flight of steps leading up
to a little door of this building and we sit at the bottom of
these steps. Some of the children have seen us coming and we
hear them calling out to the others, "The Missi Sahib has
come, the Missi Sahib has come!" Before we reach the
appointed place, a number of children are following us and
as we take our place on the lower step and the children seated
before us on the ground, we see others coming. A boy with a
baby astride his hip and dragging his little sister by the hand,
a little girl with a baby on her hip and two or three other little
ones toddling after her.

They have almost all arrived now and we are
singing "Jesus is my Saviour." Then you will see them fold-
ing their hands and bowing their heads in prayer, saying, "Our
Father which art in heaven." This is difficult for them to
learn and so they do not know it all yet. We sing again, and
after telling them about the true God, we ask them questions
to see how much they have remembered, and each child who
answers correctly receives one of the pretty Bible cards which
they love so much and which are sent by kind, thoughtful
children away over in the home land.

One of the sentences we teach the children is, "God is
my heavenly Father," but one little girl, though she seems to try
very hard, cannot yet get it right. The only idea she has of
God is a huge, ugly stone, daubed with red paint, set up in
a heathen temple, which they call a goddess, so all we can
get her to say is "Goddess is my heavenly Father."
Although the other children have been taught to worship idols, they seem to get a better idea of what we are trying to tell them about the true God and when little Ulne tries to say her part they all burst out laughing, but to us there is another side and our hearts are pained as we look at this precious child whose only conception of God is that ugly stone.

Now the children's class is over and we turn our attention to the women. They do not wish to walk over to the place where the children have met so we go to them. It takes only a minute to walk to their huts in front of which is a tiny neem tree. Here they spread a mat and we sit down. There is not much shade, and by this time the eastern sun is getting very hot; however, this is soon forgotten as we, in our eagerness, try again to tell these women that Jesus loves them that He died to save them, and that unless they forsake their sins and believe on Him they cannot hope for eternal life.

These women listen intently and as they apparently drink in the message they tell us it is very sweet to them and repeatedly they ask us to sing about Jesus, often choosing themselves something they have heard us sing before.

One day while speaking to this class a strange woman appeared on the scene and listened to the message. She heard us say that Christ was the only Saviour, so, as soon as she had an opportunity, she asked, "But what about Vitoba?" (one of the Hindoo gods). We told her that Vitoba had no power to save her and that if she would be saved, she must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. She did not seem in the least inclined to believe this, but we could at least praise God for the privilege of pointing her to the Saviour.

For two Sundays in succession we were unable to have our class of women, it being the cold season. The first Sunday there was a strong, cold wind blowing and we could not get the women out of their huts. The following Sunday the men were at home and the women acted shy and strange. They always seem more or less afraid at such times, however, our hearts are encouraged as we see that more and more these poor people, even in their ignorance, are awakening to the fact that their idols cannot save them and there are many indications that they are reaching out for something better, and for this we do indeed praise God.

To-day in India there are millions, still groping in their heathen blindness just because there was no one long ago to give them the light. Do you realize, dear reader, that perhaps the Saviour, looking down on these "other lost sheep," is "counting on you" to shine in one of these small corners for Him?
As we look on the ripened fields our eyes naturally turn to the homeland and we ask, "where are the reapers?" we hear Him say, "Beside me there is no Saviour," but how shall they know this if you do not go and tell them? How many places there are in India where you might have a Sunday School class of bright, interesting boys and girls, and by implanting into their young hearts the story of the cross, save them from all the awfulness that lies before them as Hindoos, both in this world and in that to come.

TOURING NOTES.

BY WILLIAM FLETCHER.

No doubt the most interesting time in the life of the missionary is the touring season, when he leaves his station for several months, taking with him his preachers, cook, and their families it may be; besides, tents, boxes of clothing for all, food, crockery, folding tables, chairs, cots, bedding, buckets, cooking utensils, etc., etc. These are not only for the missionary and his family, but for all who are with him.

Like Abraham of old, moving with his camp from place to place throughout his large district, he pitches his tent under some beautiful, shady mango tree, near a large village or town, from which he is able to reach twenty or more villages, within a circuit of eight or ten miles of his camp. Camp having been fixed, all are generally tired out and glad to throw themselves on their cots, and welcome the cool, night air and refreshing sleep. Then comes the best of all, telling out the "old, old story of Jesus and His love" to the village people who perhaps hear it at this season of the year only.

During the first two months of the past cold season Mrs. Fletcher and I, with our two children and workers, had the joy of daily preaching the gospel in our old district, Chalisgaon. I can truly say that this year's preaching tour has been the best and sweetest to my own soul, that I have known in India. The people of all castes never turned out before as they did this year to hear our messages. What a glad surprise we got in several villages where the people had always given us the "cold shoulder" and opposed us in our preaching! In one village especially it was a joy to find that almost the whole village turned out, men, women and children, and sat for nearly two hours silently listening to the wondrous story. When we began to tell them of the resurrection, how those poor, hopeless
heathen, listen to the hope of the believer, of the coming again of Jesus, and the resurrection of the blessed dead! There was then a deep silence, as if they were thinking, “Is this possible for us!” Then with a quiet salaam (goodbye) we moved on to another village.

One day, a Brahmin from Chalisgaon met me in secret, (like Nicodemus of old) and asked me the following questions, "What must I do to become a Christian, as I have no more faith in Hinduism? What are the conditions? Shall I be forced to eat meat and eggs and drink whisky?" I asked him where he had heard that such things were expected of him, on becoming a Christian. He said, that many had told him that this was what the Christians did. (Haters of Jesus spread such reports.) Poor fellow! He had seen a beauty in Jesus but could not understand many things. May God reveal Himself to him!

Whilst engaged in this blessed and interesting work, we were surprised one morning to receive a letter from the mission secretary asking us if we would be willing to go to Amraoti if it were necessary. What a start it gave us! We felt it would be hard to leave dear, old Chalisgaon where we had been so long, and which had become dear to us. Yet, we were willing, if it were God's way for us, and our hearts felt at rest. A month later we received the word, “Go to Amraoti.” Then began the packing up and the getting ready for a new place. We were sorry to leave our old neighbour, brother A. Johnson, with whom we had had very sweet fellowship, sharing each other's joys and sorrows in the work. But he too is leaving Khandesh, where for many years he has laboured so faithfully. We feel sorry to lose him, but our prayers go with him as he leaves for his own land.

After a two hundred mile journey further inland, and after much packing and unpacking we are settled in our new home in Amraoti. I will not write about it this time, as Brother Moyser, who has just left for Akola, has written about it before. I have one request to make to our dear home friends concerning our little church here. We have a native church building, but owing to one wall having bowed out about ten inches, carrying the roof with it, it is necessary to pull the wall down and rebuild it. Also the fence has fallen down and requires new posts and wire. Our Christian village houses are also in need of repairs. About three hundred rupees, or £20, will go a long way in repairing, so that if anyone feels God would have him or her help us in these real needs, we shall be truly grateful, for places that are all out of repair, are not an honour to God or His cause.
WHAT can a blind girl do? This question was asked me years ago by a little blind girl in America. The same question was asked again a few years ago, because we have ten blind girls here, and they had nothing to do. So we decided to teach them to do bead work. Miss Gardener had some compartment boxes made in which to put the different coloured beads. But she had too much to do to teach these girls, so the boxes lay unused for many months. Finally, I took charge of this class and they began to make all kinds of seed and bead chains, necklaces and curtains. I had to explain to them about all the different sizes and colours of the beads, and now when we buy any new beads they are always eager to know the different colours and to handle them. They sit on the floor Indian fashion with their boxes in front of them; and now they do their work quite as well as if they could see; and they enjoy it too.

I also have a Bible class with these girls. We have studied nearly all of the Old Testament together. The blind girls usually know their lesson better than the girls of any other class.

These girls may divided into three classes. The mischievous ones, the studious ones, and the spiritual ones. There are ten blind girls in all, they all live in one room, and one of the older and very best girls of our compound takes care of them. There are five or six of the mischievous or fun loving ones. One day, some months after Christmas, they were having some fun in their room and I went in. They had made a tiny Christmas tree. All their bits of colored paper, their picture cards and their presents were piled on it. They had made a miniature dining room in front of the tree, they had placed their American dolls and some native food in the dining room. They said, the dolls are white so one is Miss Wells, one Miss Peter and the third is Coxe sister. The leaders of all the fun are Lardu and Uvali. Some months ago Lardu broke her arm, and I think her great consolation was the fact that now she would not have to sweep, fill water, or do any of the work that falls to her share. But Lardu is also of a spiritual turn. She always attends prayer meeting and always prays. Her prayers are very simple. One night she must have been feeling especially wicked, or convicted for she prayed like this, "Oh, Lord, just as we take a broom and sweep our house, every corner, and under every bed, so please sweep our hearts out to-night."
Two of the girls are very bright, good students. They are studying now in the Bombay school for the blind. Nani is very bright. She plays the organ and sings and speaks in English. She expects to become a teacher. Just now she and Shanti are both home, as it is vacation time. And both study a large part of each day.

Amba is the most spiritual one among the blind girls. She loves the Lord and is always ready to work for Him. A few days ago she was very sick with fever. In the evening she came to my room, she said, "To-morrow I must go to that village to give out the gospel." The village was six miles away, and she would have to walk. I said, "You are not well, you must wait until you are better." She said, "But I must work while I can." A few days later she went to the village and got the people together and gave them the gospel. When she came home she was so happy. She said, "Oh, so many, many women listened and asked questions."

Surely, if one blind girl can do this, all boys and girls who are Christians can do something for Christ. Three of these girls go out daily with a Bible woman to the near-by village to tell the people about Jesus, and many of the men, women and children leave their work to listen to them. Let us pray that the word they give out may bring much fruit.

TOURING EXPERIENCES.

BY P. HAGBERG.

The district work was started in the middle of November last. Our first camping place was at the out-station, Varangaon. Not having any bullocks or tonga of our own, we hired bullocks and cart to enable us to visit distant villages. All the villages close by are visited regularly during the year by the native workers. The people in most places were friendly. Even in a few places, where a couple of years ago there was some opposition, they gave us this time a respectful hearing. We had planned for a busy week's interesting work, when, in the afternoon of the fourth day, dark clouds appeared in the sky. From former years' distressing experiences of being caught in the rain while on tour, I am now more cautious to get my tent and myself, if possible, in safety as soon as I see signs of rain. So this time I managed to get my tent and "baggage" hurriedly in a "dharmasala" (native inn) near by. After midnight it began to rain a little, but towards morning it poured down and kept on for several hours. Then more rain the next
day, making a rain fall of over four inches. This put a sudden stop to the work as all the village roads were for the present impassable. However, as it soon cleared up, the village work could be resumed.

I had by this time to go up to North India to bring our children home from school and, therefore, gave instruction to the native workers about what part of the district should be worked until I returned. I joined them at a large village about seven miles south from the place where I had left them. They had many incidents to relate about God's care of them, and His blessing in the work. Perhaps the most eventful was how God delivered them from an attack by a tiger.

Five miles from their camp was a market-place, to which they went and kept on preaching and selling scripture portions till rather late. The Patil (headman) of the village, where they camped, being very friendly invited them to have a ride with him in his own cart. On the way home they had to pass through a wild jungle about a mile and a half long. There were four more carts in the company, but the cart of this headman was in front. Having passed through half of the jungle, the bullocks suddenly stopped and refused to go further. The people in the carts soon found, to their horror, that a big tiger was sitting in the middle of the road ahead of them and would not move. They all became terrified, fearing the tiger might attack the bullocks any moment. The two native helpers engaged in silent prayer for God's deliverance and the answer came quickly. About half a mile behind them was another company returning from the same market-place. Among them was a man leading a male buffalo, which suddenly got himself loose from his owner and came running in full force past all the carts beside the road side. Here was the desired chance for the tiger, and in a moment he leaped on the buffalo, threw him down to the ground, and the next moment had a secure grip at the buffalo's throat. The cartmen lost no time in driving hurriedly ahead, and, while the tiger was engaged with sucking the blood out of his victim, they had time to get safely out of the jungle. They were now all rejoicing. The Hindus ascribing it to their good "fate;" but the native helpers fully realized it was in answer to prayer to the living God and told the people so. So much about that incident.

The people of the village where we now camped were known to be rather opposed. Some years ago they had ordered the missionary and native helpers to leave their village as they did not want to hear about our Christ. Still, I felt it was God's will for us at this time to camp right at that place. At first,
there was a good deal of argument and some opposition. As it was the Mohammedan Mohurrum festival, and a few Mohammedan residents were in that place, there might have been some objection to our preaching on the streets. After prayer together we felt it was His will for us to go ahead. So, on the last and greatest day of that feast, when usually it is most noisy, we went to the high-caste quarter of the village and for nearly two hours had a large audience, who quietly and respectfully listened to the gospel story. Those who a few days previous had visited our tents to argue, and in course of their conversation got quite “zealous” for their own religion, telling the native helpers that, since they knew the rites and religion of their forefathers and had willingly forsaken all this and accepted the religion of the foreigners, they ought to be called “beasts” and not men—these very men now sat at this place and, from beginning to the end, listened most attentively. After our preaching was over, they readily confessed that what we had said was the very truth and invited us to come again and tell them more. So we praised God and took courage.

After the Christmas holidays we moved our camp on the border of Malkapur and Bhusawal districts. The headman of the village where we camped received us most cordially and supplied us, free of charge, with cart and bullocks for distant villages and also offered me the use of his little horse to ride on when I wanted to do so. He also invited me once to take a meal in his own house. It is most unusual for a high-caste man to invite a foreigner to take a meal in his private house, it being entirely against caste rules. As there were a good many villages within reach in both districts, we stayed here for nearly two full weeks and found a good many really inquiring after the truth. The low-caste people in several villages entreated us to give them a Christian teacher to teach their children to read, and to instruct them about the true way. Since the headman of this village was not only friendly but, as he himself confessed, convinced of the truth, and as that village is only about six miles from the Training School at Nargaon, it is to be hoped an out-station may be planted there in the near future. Before leaving this village our force was increased by three more native workers from the Training School. We now moved our camp six miles farther south to a village where we camped two years ago. The people received us very kindly. We preached in several places of the village to attentive listeners. The living Word spoken two years ago seemed to be remembered by a good many, and they were glad to meet us and to get an opportunity of hearing the message of “good
news” again. After two days’ stay here, our force was still further increased by the arrival of Brother C. Eicher with several of the students from the Training School. About two miles from our camp a big “Yattra” (religious fair), visited by about 50,000 people, was to be held. For the three following days we all had grand opportunities of preaching the gospel to the multitudes as well as selling the scripture portions. In the early mornings we visited surrounding villages. In one village, about three miles from our camp, the people were more than usually interested. We visited this village once two years ago and found it then rather hard to get any to listen and could sell only a very few gospels. Now, three native workers went there one evening all alone. Nearly 200 people turned out to listen and when it was getting dark and they had to return to the camp the people entreated them to stay there over night. They would supply them with food, bedclothes and anything they needed. Seeing such interest, we visited the village again. The people said ever since we were there two years ago they had been inquiring about the story we told them. From the many questions they put forth, it was evident that they had read the gospels. Several seemed quite convinced; but the conviction was not deep enough to cause them to take an open-stand for Christ. In another rather small village, we found a man who had bought ten gospels on the R. R. Station of this place, no doubt from the Bible Society’s Colporteur. He had since sold them among his own people, who now showed deep interest in the gospel.

So we could go on and tell about village after village, which are indeed “white unto harvest;” but where are the reapers? A faithful, consecrated, native worker would here find a golden field. Only a consecrated one would take it up. The location is far from the Railroad, far from any mission station and any post office; still, these sacrifices would seem as nothing for one with the burden of precious souls upon him. But where shall we get the man? “Pray ye (disciples of Christ) the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest.”

AND WHAT ABOUT DHOLKA?

BY C. H. SCHOONMAKER.

THE voice of the Dholka orphanage has been silent in the columns of the Indian Alliance for quite a long time, and because of this, some may have been asking the above question. We are glad to be here and be the spokesman in behalf of a work God has so signally honoured in the past.
AND WHAT ABOUT DHOLKA?

Our appointment here began two years ago, but not having completed the prescribed course in the language we were unable to enter fully upon the work. Both examinations have been satisfactorily passed, and for several months we have been able to give ourselves entirely to the work. This has been a great joy to our hearts. James tells us, that part of true religion is to visit the fatherless in their affliction. That injunction is literally carried out here in a very thorough way, and every supporter should realise how intensely practical is his heed of it. To be the personal representative of so many of God's own in this place brings joy and heavy responsibility. However, we truly enjoy the work, and desire to be upheld in it by all who are truly interested.

The pre-eminent aim of all our work is to have spiritual blessing come to the boys. As workers together with God we pray for this continually, and God is not leaving us without evidence that our prayers are being heard and answered. Each day of the week is begun with morning worship, lasting from 30 to 45 minutes. All our boys attend this unless sickness or some justifiable cause detains them. The blessed truths of Salvation are pressed upon their attention again and again. Then, along with these, such practical talks as are deemed wise and necessary. We are convinced in the Spirit that there is a gradual softening going on which must result in some at least actually partaking of Jesus in the new birth. On each Wednesday evening a Christian Endeavour meeting is held. Among some of the bright features of this service is the individual participation in it on the part of the Christian boys. Also when the roll is called each boy generally answers by repeating some verse of scripture which he has memorized. Then occasionally some new songs are taught. All will be glad to know that each boy who is able to read sufficiently has a whole Bible in his own language. Such as cannot appreciate the whole Bible in a practical sense have been given the New Testament.

On Sunday morning we all gather together for Sabbath School. Since we have quite a number of Christian men living on our compound we are able to secure good teachers for each of the eight classes, and here again all have opportunity of hearing and receiving the purest, richest and most complete truth we are able to give. On Sunday afternoon all the boys, with all the Christians, gather again for a regular church service. God has twice visited this work in a very powerful way. During the second visitation in the Spring of 1908 we witnessed one of the most copious outpourings of the Spirit that it has been our privilege to see in this gracious latter day outpouring of the
Holy Spirit. From the oldest to the youngest, generally speaking, blessing was received. But a hardness has crept in since, resulting in many forgetting and turning aside. It seems that the second visitation was greater than the first, in point of blessing, because many were carried by divine grace into the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They spoke in tongues as recorded in Acts, and a few have continued in the blessing received. Shall we not all pray that the One we so sorely need now shall speedily be sent, bringing such a flood of Salvation as shall result in manifested righteousness and an abiding love for spiritual things?

When you know that there are about 75 boys here now it will not be difficult for you to understand that we have an overflowing measure of intensely practical work. We are seeking to establish all our school work in as thorough a manner as we know how. We make education compulsory as far as we deem it wise. Some boys say their minds won't work and this is evident in a few cases. So a few are excused. Those attending school work a couple of hours daily, while those who do not, work more or less all day. The boys wash their own clothes, (and they really get them clean), cook their food, clean their rooms and do all that is required to keep up a proper appearance in their dwellings. A so called tailor, with a few of the boys, makes all the boys' clothing, that is their coats. The dhotie, which covers the lower part of the body, is ready for wearing when the weaver finishes it. The coat and the dhotie comprise the usual attire. As a usual thing the Indian youth is an active happy chap, therefore, while work sometimes becomes irksome it is usually done in a happy mood.

All may not know that we have a hospital of our own on our compound. This has been in existence for some years. A young man who formerly was in the orphanage has studied medicines somewhat, and now has charge of the hospital work under one of the missionary's supervision. We seek to provide such needed comforts as are required by the sick. Again and again it becomes very evident that much blessing is received by the boys from this phase of our ministry. Our very limited means holds us back from doing all we see could be done, but we do the best we can with what we receive. We seek to point out to all the privilege of trusting Jesus for the body but true love cannot force this. Therefore, our hospital continually proves to our present number, and to many who have left but who return for help, a source of great blessing. We enjoy visiting these sick boys and present their needs to Jesus while by their side. We have reasons to believe that the healing power
of the Lord is manifested in some cases. From such blessings these boys will come to believe that Jesus heals in answer to prayer.

As we look out on the work here as a whole, we feel the need of the deepest spirituality in our own lives. Yea, we need what Jesus speaks of in John vii. 37 to 39 in order to make these boys beautiful for God. We need the wisdom, understanding and divine love necessary for wise wholesome management. We need good health from the Lord to stand in this deadly climate. We recently heard that Dholka is looked upon by the Government as one of the most malarial centres in all India. This is not difficult to believe from past experience. Then, we continually need your prayers and any other help God may desire to give us through you, to the end that these pressing needs may continually give way to the onward march of an actual supply.

A PARTING NOTE FROM PACHORA.

BY A. JOHNSON.

It is with a deep regret that I am about to turn my back on India at this time; not knowing if I shall see her shores, her rivers, her mountains and her people again or not. For the last two years, owing largely, perhaps, to two severe shocks received, one in a cart out on tour, and the other in a fall of ten feet, my health has been very unsatisfactory. Still, I had hoped, on account of the scarcity of workers on the field, and many of them needing a furlough, to continue in the work at least two or three years longer before asking a furlough. But last November, the very first night out on tour, I was taken with a bad cough. I thought it was only an ordinary cough, and expected to get over it in a day or so, but instead it not only continued, but increased in severity and left me so weak that after a month and a-half of struggle I had to stop work and come in from tour.

It is now nearly three months since we came in from tour, and they have been trying months indeed, not only on account of the suffering, but seeing the work to be done on every hand, and being unable to do but very little.

I have now been granted a furlough and am about to sail, but one of the causes of regret is that there is no missionary available on the field to take my place. Only one, or at the most, two native workers will be left to hold the fort.
Another cause of regret is that the Alliance property in Pachora is being left in an unfinished condition. We have been enabled to put up a substantial little Church, the cost of which was nearly all contributed on the field. We have built some small houses of five little rooms in all, besides a stable and cart house, with very little cost to the mission. We have spent Rs. 350 in blasting a well, but have to go ten or twelve feet deeper to get to the water. But as yet we have no bungalow for a missionary to live in, if there should be one available.

But there is yet one regret, the deepest of all. After all these years of labour we have not had the joy of seeing any real breaks in the ranks of darkness; and if we did not feel satisfied that it is God's own work, and that He is able to make the barren land bring forth fruit to His own glory, this alone, would be enough to crush, every bit of courage, and every bit of zeal that we have ever had for India, right out of us. And that is, no doubt, what the enemy is trying to do with some of us, but thanks to the Lord he has not been able to do it so far.

I praise Him also, that it is not with regrets alone that I am leaving India. It is with a real, soul-satisfying consolation that I can look back over twenty years of toil in India, in which time, in the strength of the Lord alone, I have been enabled to tour, not only the Pachora district, but three other districts in Khandesh and preach the unalloyed gospel of Christ. That He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, is now presenting His shed blood in our behalf; and is soon coming again to receive His faithful ones unto Himself and crush the enemy under His feet, and to establish a reign of righteousness in this dark world of suffering, sorrow and oppression, has been my theme. As a fruit of this labour, only a few have been separated from idolatry by baptism in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but in nearly all of the two hundred towns and villages in the Pachora district, there are little companies who are always glad to listen to the preaching of this wonderful gospel of Christ. And, if the Lord tarries yet a while, I believe it is His intention to have these companies confess Him openly before the world, and to be buried with Him in baptism. In my absence, if the Lord wills that I shall come back once more, if I can not pray for each individual by name, I can at least pray for each town and village by name, which I hope to do, and earnestly invite any, who may be at leisure for such work, to join with me in intercession for these two hundred towns and villages, that His saving power may be manifested in many of these people.
THE DEDICATION OF THE PACHORA CHURCH.

BY C. W. SCHELANDER.

On Saturday morning, March 29th, the Church at Pachora was dedicated unto the Lord in the presence of twelve of our missionaries who had gathered there from Chandur, Akola, Bodwad, Malkapur, Jalgaon, Pachora and Chalisgaon. The Mamlatdar of Pachora, the Station Master and the Chief of Police were also present.

After singing and prayer, Mr. Johnson spoke of the joy he had in seeing the Church dedicated before he left for furlough. Our brother also told how the money had been supplied, mostly from subscriptions on the field, started by the Akbari Inspector, Mr. Margent, and his wife in memory of their children. Mr. Moyser, of Akola, read Ex. xlv. and then gave some of the spiritual lessons from the old Tabernacle in Israel. He spoke especially, at some length, on the significance of the different materials and colours of the Tabernacle. The meeting was closed with prayer and song.

All of us who live in the Marathi field know how very hard our brother Johnson has worked in erecting this Church and the workers' houses that are built on the compound. His greatest regret in having to go away on account of his health at this time is that he leaves without seeing a bungalow built and occupied by a missionary, in this place where he has laboured so long. Brother Johnson has spent about twenty years in India and has well earned a furlough.

The Church is a nice, little, stone building, seating at least one hundred persons, and costing about Rs. 1,700 or $560. May it be a light-house in the dark province of Pachora!

BAPTISMS AT MEH MADABAD.

BY J. E. TURNBULL.

Our readers will remember an article, written by Miss Cora Hansen, in the April number of this paper in which she told of nine members of one family having accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour. It is with deep joy that we report that seven out of the nine were baptised on Sunday, April 13th.

For twelve years the missionaries, and two Christian members of this family, have prayed that these very ones might be Christians. For years they were hard, resisting and opposing, but, as Miss Hansen told you in her article last month, God has done the seemingly impossible and His light has truly shined into these dark hearts, and we can sing, "Oh, what a change!"
The baptised ones were Bhika and Jeti his wife; the blind brother, Dava, and his wife, Ashi; the old mother; another relative, Herka and his wife, Puni. It was touching, indeed, to see the old, wrinkled mother leading her blind son, Dava, down to the river to be baptised. Our hearts leaped for joy and the tears wouldn't stay back as we saw them coming, for we remembered how hard and bitter the old mother had been against Christianity. But she isn't bitter any longer! Her old, deeply wrinkled face shines, and when, in a service held after the baptisms, we asked all who had the assurance that they were truly saved to hold up their right hands while we sang, “Hallelujah, hallelujah, I have salvation,” this dear, old soul held up both hands.

As I said, there were nine to be baptised, but Lala, a young man whose mother is still in bitter opposition, and his little wife, Gunga, were held back at the last moment because the mother was so angry and determined that her son should not openly confess Christ. Even so, the little wife ran down to the river without her husband, so eager was she to be baptised with the rest; but we talked kindly with her and showed her that it would be better to wait a little until her husband, Lala, could be baptised with her. As God has softened the heart of the other old mother and made her not only willing that her sons be Christians but eager to be one herself, so He can work in the heart of this opposing mother, if we are truly fervent and faithful in prayer.

CASTE OR CAPRICE.

THE following incident will serve to show the blind unreasonableness of caste, as it exists and acts in India, day after day and year in and year out.

One of our Bible-women lives in a mean little village where we have an out-station. There she ministers the gospel to such of the women as will hear her and helps her husband to teach in a little school which has been opened for the villagers by the missionaries. Often, children with sore eyes and other ailments come to her for eye-drops and other simple remedies such as she can give. This woman was born a Brahmin and came from a cultured and educated family. She keeps her house clean and is careful about her personal appearance, and cooks her food with “washed hands,” and such skill as would create an appetite in an epicure. One day after she had been having some dealings with some out-caste
women she was accosted by a woman of the Kunby (farmer) caste somewhat as follows.

"Surely these Mangs do not come near you. Why you are a defiled woman, a Christian, and have no caste. They have their caste to protect and how can they have fellowship with you?" Now the Mangs, whose cause this Kunby took it upon herself to champion (though for why who can tell? for the Kunbies hate the Mangs), are really out-caste and belong to the very dregs of India's social strata. They are brought up in dirt, and in their personal habits are disgusting. Yet the Kunby made her remark with apparent surprise and perhaps it was not unmixed with contempt for the defiling (?) Christian. Imagine how the latter must have felt to be classed as so much lower down than those whom she sought to help, as not to be fit to touch them.

We are glad she had grace enough not to defend herself. In one of the beautiful provisions of God's grace she is, in this very persecution, highly honoured for she falls into the class of the most representative of all Christians and can say with him, "We are made as the filth of the world and are the offscouring of all things, unto this day," (1 Cor. iv. 13).—E. R. Carner.

AN ORDINATION SERVICE.

THE United Executive Committee, which met at Mehmabad the first week in April, had four busy days planning for the future of the work in the part of the great harvest field which God has intrusted to us. In the midst of it all, a very interesting service was held in which Mr. J. Culver was formally ordained to the ministry. Mr. Moyser conducted the examination, in which the candidate's views of truth were fully tested. This being satisfactory Mr. Rogers gave a brief address, after which five of the older missionaries united in prayer and the laying on of hands, thus separating our brother to the Gospel ministry. Mr. Culver has had six years of service in India most of which time has been spent in the Boys' Orphanage at Dholka. He is now in charge of the district work there, and his labours have been blest and fruit has been gathered. Returning from the ordination service, Mr. Culver baptised four persons who had been waiting some time.

May God grant that with this added responsibility there may be added grace, power and fruitfulness.

H. V. ANDREWS.
ITEMS.

The hot season is upon us in full force; each day the heat seems to get more intense and many of our missionaries are finding it necessary to get away to the hills for a change. We have found it is very poor economy to stay on the plains throughout all the seasons. Those who cannot get away during the heat, usually try to go away for a short change after the rains.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton report continued, marked blessing in the night meetings they are holding among the people. In one village, where there has been very little fruit in the past, six persons have confessed Christ and more are deeply convicted.

On Sunday morning, April 13th, Mr. Turnbull baptized seven persons in the river near Mehmadabad. It was a time of much rejoicing.

Sunday evening, April 13th was a time of quiet rejoicing in Kaira Camp also as thirteen children of Christian parents were then publicly dedicated to the Lord.

Mr. Andrew Johnson sailed for his home in Sweden on Wednesday, April 9th. No one has been more faithful in the work than he, and while we are all glad he is to have the rest he so much needs, we shall miss him on the field, and pray much that he may receive the real touch of healing from the Lord that will enable him to return to the work so dear to him.

Mrs. Erickson writes from Lonavla: "We want to ask prayer for the Marathi Sunday School which we have started among the people working on the new tank here. The average attendance in March was 64, which is good considering the confusion there is in the camp of workmen on Sabbath."

With the above request comes a note of praise. "We praise God for His keeping power through the month of March, which was a very trying season to even the old residents here. We also praise Him for the protection of Victor, who slept with a cobra under his pillow the other night. The child discovered the viper soon after he got out of bed, and killed it himself."
Miss Blanch Conger, who has been ill with enteric fever, sends the following note of praise. "There is deep gratitude in my heart to God for His manifestations of love during the past weeks. I do thank Him for my recovery and daily increasing strength and for the loving care given me during my illness. I am grateful to Mrs. Duckworth and Miss Hilker for their kindness and care, and appreciate, also, the kindness of all the friends who ministered through prayer. Truly I can say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name."

Mr. Culver of Dholka reports four baptisms during the past month, and Mr. Andrews has baptised two more young men in Ahmedabad. We are sure that all the home friends who are praying and giving for the work in India will rejoice to know that God is working in our midst and that these six persons have had the courage to openly confess that Christ is their Saviour.

A very interesting and frequently-heard Hindu complaint is that the Sadhus (fakirs) are a great burden on the land. They make no contribution to the wealth of the land and only consume the food supplied by others. The greatness of the burden can only be grasped when it is remembered that there are about 3,600,000 Sadhus in the land and that their food supply, at the lowest cost, is annas 4 per day per man, or Rs. 900,000 per day.

—Selected.
### List of Alliance Missionaries

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#### KHANDESH
| BHUSAVAL        |                                |
| Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg |                               |
| Mrs. F. M. Bannister |                               |
| BODWAD (P. O. Nargaoon) |                              |
| Mr. & Mrs. Eicher  |                               |
| CHALISGAON       |                                |
| Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison |                         |
| JALGAON          |                                |
| Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schelander |                     |
| Miss C. Rutherford |                               |
| PACHORA          |                                |
| Mr. A. Johnson   |                               |

#### ON FURLough:
- Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller
- Miss L. Fuller
- Mr. & Mrs. Auernheimer

- Mr. W. M. Turnbull
- Miss L. Gardner
- Mrs. Cutler

- Mr. F. H. Back
- Miss M. Patten
- Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramsey
- Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp

### Bombay: