How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,—
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking,
The sheep that went astray!
Heart sore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And, lo! we come at night fall
And bear them safely home." *Selected.*

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

As we write this month we are privileged to be among the mountains of South India, in the beautiful resort called Coonoor. While we breathe the clear, cool air and look at the beauties of the heavily wooded mountain sides, we can scarcely realize that a few miles below us are the intensely hot, dry and dusty plains.

Coonoor is nearly 6,000 feet above sea level and is known as one of the beauty spots of India. Here, a large number of missionaries from many parts of the country gather yearly, during the hot season, for rest and recuperation.

As our missionaries have often told you, through the pages of the *India Alliance*, the hot season is a time when very little work can be done among the villages, because it is dangerous to be out in the intense heat. Consequently, there is no virtue in one staying on the plains and merely existing when one might be on some mountain top, gaining strength spiritual and physical, to be better fitted for the work when the heat abates somewhat. Every conscientious missionary wants to be at his or her best for God and the work, and "going away to the hills" is not for mere personal enjoyment, but that the whole being
may be refreshed and built up for longer and more efficient service in the long run. It is a means the Heavenly Father has provided for His co-workers in India. A missionary who has dragged through the awful heat and then undertakes to stay on in the plains during the rainy season, which follows the hot season, almost invariably finds himself worn to the last degree. He is an easy prey to fever, and the work before him seems a burden.

*Experience is a great teacher,* and, as was intimated in a former issue of this paper, we have found the wisest plan to be that missionaries get away for a change sometime during the year, preferably during the hot season or the rains. Living in the tropics is not like living in the temperate zone, and allowance must be made for the difference. We feel that most of our readers are too charitable and too well informed relative to the work of the Alliance Mission to say that the missionaries are having "an easy time of it," or to feel that they are any less spiritual or earnest in the work because they occasionally go to the hills for a rest.

One of the greatest benefits of going away is that the missionary has time for quiet waiting on the Lord for his own soul and for the work. If you could look into the hearts of many who are at present resting, you would see intense desire for souls written there, and you would understand a bit better how their hearts yearn over the heathen, that they may be brought to the Lord Jesus.

We are glad to be able to tell you that throughout India, among missionaries of many societies, a deeper and more constant cry is going up to the Lord for revival. A revival that will purify the native Church, that will quicken the missionary and native Christian to believe God for great things, and that will sweep thousands of heathen men and women into the kingdom of God. India missionaries who have laboured long and faithfully, as well as the newer recruits, read of God's working in Korea, China, parts of Africa and elsewhere, and their hearts cry out for a similar working in this dark, caste-bound land. Many are getting to the place where they actually realize that
they cannot make Christians of men and women of India, and therefore the fervent, inwrought prayer that the Lord will pour out the Holy Spirit. And faith says, "He will do it!" We can, perhaps, never have a better standard than that of William Carey, the first missionary to India,—"Attempt great things for God and expect great things from God." Great things have been attempted for God in India; however, it may be that the expectancy hasn’t been wholly from God, but from well trained workers, from institutions and plans, and there has been disappointment. Hence, the gradual lessening of expectancy. The work has gone on, to be sure, hard work filled with much sacrifice, but, to be truthful, we must say, in many cases, the expectancy of faith has grown small indeed. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick" is true of many a worker. Perhaps God has allowed this to show the foreign worker how impotent he is. At all events, many have gotten to the end of their own resources and the Holy Spirit is quickening them to believe for souls and they are expecting great things from God.

INTERESTED ONES.

BY H. H. COX.

A NOther touring season is ended, and now, on account of the extreme heat, we must close ourselves in the house if we desire a little comfort. In the homeland we close our doors to keep warm, but in India we do it to keep cool. The hot winds are not appreciated in the least, so we shut them out.

However, this is the time when we are able to review the work done in the past few months and to recall to mind those who, with intense earnestness, listened to the story of the cross and desired to become followers of Him who died to save them.

Several of these vividly come before us daily, and, while we are unable to go to them on account of the intense heat, we have the privilege of bearing them upward to the throne of grace, pleading that the God of all mercies will, through the merits of His dear Son, lead them to a full knowledge of the Truth.

While remembering these dear souls, the thought struck us that, perhaps, our friends would like to learn a little about them too. Therefore, we shall try to give a short account of a few who have in many ways expressed their desire to become Christians.
In a village about three miles from our bungalow we met a kunbi (farmer) by caste. His name is Marotiba. Hearing the gospel message he began to show himself friendly. He said very little at our first meeting but continued to come to our bungalow to listen to the story of Jesus' love. One day we went to another village to preach and this man came with us. It was not until then that he ventured to speak about what he had heard. After the meeting was over he came to us and said, "Sahib, I have listened to the preaching many times but I did not understand until now. It is all clear to me. It is a sweet story." Since then Marotiba has been different. He used to curse his bullocks when they failed to please him, but now he says it is sin and does not do it. His mother came to visit us the other Sunday and she said he would not work that day because it was "Jesus' day." In spite of what his people say, he has told them that the message of Jesus is true. Now, he, his mother and brother often come to visit us and listen to the "story" which he says is "sweet." He has not taken the final step; but perhaps someone of our readers will take him upon his heart and pray for him by name until Jesus saves him.

Nine miles from Malkapur, we pitched our tent in a field owned by a man who, although not opposed, seemed not anxious to visit us very often. During our stay here this man fell sick. His son was the first to inform us. Hence, we inquired of him what was the matter with his father. We also assured him that we were ready to pray that God in Jesus' name might make his father well.

The wife of this sick man had suffered untold sorrow through the loss of several sons, and the sickness of her husband was adding much to her grief. She quickly made friends with Mrs. Cox and Miss Beardslee and assured them that if they could make her husband well it would bring great joy to her heart. The man was helped and soon began to improve. In the meantime, father, mother and son were hearing about the Saviour who longed to deliver them from sin, death and hell. The man was completely restored and that family became our greatest friends. The time came for us to move our camp. The morning of our departure will not soon be forgotten. This family was there while we were packing our things. They begged us to stay, but there were other lost sheep in other places that needed the Gospel, therefore, we had to give our parting word. We told them we expected to return, if the Lord tarried, but the Lord's coming we believed was near at hand, hence, we looked for Him. After speaking these words the woman looked into our faces and, with a gleam of hope, said, "We will look and wait for Him too." These
dear souls are seeking God if haply they may find Him. Who will carry them to the feet of the Master and plead for them, yea, intercede for them, until the angels in heaven rejoice over their coming to Jesus?

Our next camp was quite a long distance from home. A nice young mango grove gave us shelter from the burning sun. We were about half a mile from any village, still, many visitors came, some out of curiosity, others for their own interests, and some to know the way of life.

Our usual order is to rise early in the morning, take a little food, commit our way and keeping to the Lord, and then start out for one or two villages. One morning found us in a village two miles from our camp. Two or three hymns were sung and our catechist explained the way of salvation as it is in Jesus Christ. Suddenly, a man with a small boy in his arms appeared before us. He apologized for having come so late. Then he asked for another hymn and urged us to tell more about Jesus. We did so, and after we had finished he stepped forward and, before the crowd of people, put two rupees in our hands to show his appreciation of the messages given. We refused to take it at first, but he urged us to. Then, we explained that the money should be used for other gospels to be sold among the people. Thus, the money was taken. But who is this man? What makes him so interested in God's children?

Some years ago Bro. Hagberg visited this village. At that time this man was present to hear what was said, and the message evidently gripped him. Being a man of money and able to read, he is assured that Jesus is the Son of God and the only Saviour of mankind. All his works are not secret. He has shown his people by his actions that he believes in the Christian religion. Learning that Sunday was the day for worship and rest he closed his store and refused to sell anything on that day. This week he came to visit us. We were having our daily meeting with the workers. When about to give a few thoughts from the Word he interrupted and began to tell us a little about himself. He informed us that from the heart he believed that Jesus alone could save. “He only do I trust. All our practices are vain. No one but Jesus can save from sin. He is God. He is Almighty, I believe all this,” he said. We then asked why he did not step out and take baptism. To this he replied, “It would be to my hurt and the people are so hard and wicked that it would only make them worse.” We tried to show him that God would honour him if he took baptism, and, although persecution would
be his lot for sometime, if he were true, no doubt, others would follow him. But he went away seemingly unconvinced. We told him our prayers would follow him.  We believe Satan is deluding this man and holding him back. He is an influential man in the district. People tell us he is a Christian. But oh, what might he be if God had full control of his life! We wish you could see and understand this man as we do.  What a privilege for someone who by prayer desires to be a sharer in his salvation!  Who shall it be?

There are several more of whom we could speak encouragingly but one must suffice. Near the farther end of our district we met a man by the name of Khrisna. He is a gardener, and by the sale of the products from his garden makes a living for himself and his family. We camped near his garden for two weeks and not a day passed but that he gave us a short visit. He knew our errand. We had not come to give him trouble but to be his friend. He was confident that if he only accepted the message we had told him he would be a happy man. His people knew that he was longing to be one with us, therefore, they warned him in many ways; still, as far as he could, he showed himself willing to believe. Nearly every day some vegetables from his garden were brought to us. When the time came for us to leave he was about to fall at our feet, but we forbade him.

Mrs. Cox went to visit his wife and tell her the story of Jesus. He knew her mission, so in his own way, told his wife the story of the cross. He knew it so well. It was told in earnest just as though he were a Christian. Our hearts are torn when we think that these dear souls, who really desire to be saved, are held back by the power of caste. They have lost faith in their idols; they do not want them; they want Christ and His salvation. But the cost! It is tremendous! Words cannot tell it; but oh, our God is able to save to the uttermost! There is nothing too hard for Him; yet sometimes God seeks for a man, one to stand in the gap before Him, one who will travail in prayer until these souls are born again. Sometimes He cannot find the man. Shall God fail to find the man this time?

**WORDS BY THE WAYSIDE.**

One afternoon during the rains, a middle-aged man in Vadaj village kept us on his verandah, until quite late, explaining the way of salvation. He seemed a simple-minded soul, and had evidently never heard the “good news” before. When he became convinced that Christ alone could save sinners, and that therefore He alone, and not his gods, must be worship-
ped, he asked, "If I, in passing, throw an offering to my idol, would the true God be very much offended?" He could not think of breaking entirely with idols, for he feared them. The Bible-woman gave him some examples of faith, and endeavoured to show him that the living God could take away all this fear, and make him strong and courageous. "How" he enquired? "Ask him to," was the reply. "I can't," he replied "you ask." So there and then we knelt down, with this heathen man, and asked God to take away his superstitious fear. When, at last, we rose to leave he said, "You have told me so many things, that I fear, I shall get confused and forget. Before you go, tell me three short 'words,' that I may keep them in my heart." Then Eliyabai, the Bible-woman in her sympathetic, and inimitable style, recounted what had already been said of sin, and the Saviour and faith.

In a village, one day, a woman whose husband had recently died—fifteen days before—was seated among the women. As the woman had been torturing herself, in order to do penance, Saruba, the Bible-woman, sang a hymn speaking of the uselessness of works of merit. "Yes," was the reply, "that hymn is true; we torture ourselves, we do much to be rid of sin, but it amounts to nothing. We are foolish." Then Saruba said, "If you sit all day long, rubbing a piece of coal, it will never be anything but black; we cannot make ourselves white; it is only Christ who is able and ready to purify us from evil. If we want to be clean we must come to Him in faith and ask Him to make us so."

A Brahmin widow is learning to read. She is greatly tormented by her relatives as she refused to be shorn, at her husband's death. A year has passed, and the relatives all say she must be shaved. She is young and pretty. She feels she has not the strength to go through the rigorous life of a "shorn woman" and stands out against it. Her relatives say it were better that she should take her life than to live defiled as she does, by not performing the ceremony. At one time she went to the water, thinking to throw herself in, but, as she said to me, the water looked so black and cold, I could not throw myself in. She bought some opium, thinking to take that, and the thought that came was: "Should I die, my body would be taken to the hospital, and an examination made—how could I do that?" She says she spent her days in tears, until the Bible-women began coming to her, and now she looks eagerly for them, and loves to spend her time preparing her lesson to read to Walubai and to hear her talk. She has expressed some desire to come out and be amongst us, but her knowledge is as yet small, and
we do not urge her to take the step at present. At another place a woman who is much interested, asks her husband also to come and listen. He is an old man, and not likely to live long. She promised to come, and has been at some of the women's meetings I hold for Christian women.

In one home I found a mother and grandmother very disconsolate, because of the serious illness of a little son. The boys of the family had all died, and only this one son was left—the darling of his parents. I heard about their sorrow, and went to see them. The grandmother said, “If you can do anything for the little child, please do it. We are all so sad over his illness and fear he will die.” The boy had small-pox. I said to them “Your child seems very sick indeed, I do not know what can be done for him, expecting to tell Jesus about him. When Christ was in the world, he cured people of all manner of diseases. I will pray for him, and I will ask some friends to pray to Jesus for your boy. Don’t be anxious, we shall pray for him, and if it is God’s will He will cure him of the small-pox.”

Soon after this, I went for my holiday to Nasik. On returning, I went to see the women at this house and, to my joy, I saw the little boy playing about in the street. The mother and grandmother were very happy, saying it was because of prayer that the boy had recovered.

A gardener and his wife say they are fully convinced of the truth of Christianity and trust in the Saviour, but they cannot come out to be baptised, as it would mean the whole town would be against them,—he would not be allowed to sell fruit and there would be no way of carrying on a livelihood.

In one village where the Bible-woman visited she found the women most eager to listen. Some of them said they had given up the worship of idols entirely but how could they come out and acknowledge they were Christians, for they would be cast off by all their relatives.

At one village Sarubai was asked, “Are you a Christian? If so, you are of the same religion as so many are at Pandharpur. They have been terribly persecuted and even beaten, but it is a wonderful religion that can keep them so happy and cheerful, even in such trials.”

One woman in talking said, “We have to work hard and can only get the least little to eat, and we are unhappy through it all, we quarrel, and are in constant trouble; it is wonderful how your God helps you all to be patient, even when persecuted and to bear all trials so meekly. He keeps you from worrying, and gives you enough to eat and to wear. He must be a true God.”
The other day, in the course of her visit to a certain village, one of the Bible-women found a very interesting woman, with whom she had a long talk. After the preaching service, the woman said, "I am tired of the thirty-three gods I am obliged now to worship. I am coming to the one God, even your Jesus. Teach me all you can about Him. All this fasting and penance and yet I have no peace in my heart." Bible-woman answers—"Why do you worry your life out? Come to the true Saviour who says, Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me. My yoke is easy and My burden is light." "If" the woman says, "you will come to this village very, very often, and teach me, my heart will be happy and I shall be saved." Pray, dear friends, for this woman and for all those who are seeking Jesus.

[The above extracts are taken from the reports of the Bible-women of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and are true pictures of what we meet constantly in our work among the Marathi and Gujarati speaking people. Ed.]

ONE OF GOD'S WITNESSES.

BY EDNA PRICHARD.

In a small one-roomed house, on our compound in Sabarmati, lives a mission worker with his wife and one little boy. This young man, Poonja, has been a worker in our mission for several years, and now has an evangelist's certificate. Feeling that it will be interesting to home friends to know of another case of God's transforming power in the life of a heathen, we have undertaken to write a short sketch of Poonja's life.

In the first place, Poonja was born in a low-caste family; he comes from the class of people known as 'the untouchables,' whose very touch is considered defiling by the higher castes of India. Nevertheless, God has chosen him, and we believe he is one who will shine in the coming kingdom, for he has begun to shine here. His mother was the only child of her parents and even after her marriage she continued to live in her own home. Her father was considered a rich man by his heathen neighbours, for he had two houses,—mud houses to be sure,—many gold and silver ornaments, as well as an abundant supply of brass and copper cooking vessels.

In the house next to this grandfather's house lived a Salvation Army worker who taught Poonja and his two brothers to pray to the living and true God. They learned many things about Jesus, but did not understand how to receive Him into their hearts as their Saviour. Finally, however, the oldest brother left his home and joined the Salvation Army.
When Poonja was about twelve years old his parents died, and he and his younger brother were left alone to look after themselves for about two years. They had a married sister living in the neighbourhood of two of our earliest Christians, and these Christians urged the sister to call her two brothers into the Alliance mission, which she did.

The two boys went to Ahmedabad and lived there for awhile, but Poonja was discontented and decided to run home again. With this determination in his mind, but pretending he wanted to see the city, he started out. But God, who had led him thus far, was holding His hand over him, and did not let him find the road, but brought him back to the mission compound. In a short time Poonja, with a number of other boys, was sent to Dholka Boys' Orphanage. Here he was very happy. In his own village he had studied as far as the third reader, and was delighted to find in Dholka an opportunity to go on with his studies.

All this time the Lord was working in his heart. Being a quiet boy and naturally religious, he found great pleasure in listening to the gospel story, and accepted it as he was able to take it in. At one end of the Dholka compound the half-built walls of some new houses afforded a hiding place for Poonja, where he stole away from the others in the late afternoons to pray.

Finally, a revival broke out in the orphanage and he, with many others, was thoroughly born again. A good number of these very boys are now our native preachers and are, indeed, one of the richest products of the whole mission. When the Bible training class was started Poonja joined and worked hard at his new studies. Meanwhile he was learning more and more of the Holy Spirit's working in his life, and to-day we have him as one of our most spiritual preachers. He not only knows a good deal about the Lord and the Bible but his life is one of practical righteousness. The success of his life lies in his deep love for prayer and the study of God's Word. He is steady and quiet and is loved by the missionaries and native people. We are glad to be able to say he has a nice Christian wife who used to be one of the Kaira Orphanage girls. Their simple, little home is a happy one, and an added testimony to the heathen around of the power of Jesus Christ to make "all things new."

Perhaps it is needless to say that there are to-day many, little heathen village boys whom God might use later in His vineyard, if we to-day can get hold of them and win them for Christ as Poonja has been. Pray for us as we seek them.
TWICE SAVED.
BY J. N. CULVER.

In a small village, not far from Mehrmedabad, there lived a father, mother and two little sons. The father earned his living by working for farmers at whatever he could get to do. When the terrible famine of 1900 began the parents often gladly denied themselves the necessary food in order that their little sons might have something to eat.

As the days passed, food for man and beast grew more scarce. The family buffalo, on which they depended for milk, was kept alive for awhile by leaves which the elder son gathered from trees near their village. One day, while gathering leaves for the beloved buffalo, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground and was instantly killed. The younger son was too small to understand why his parents and friends wept so at the death of his brother. This was a dreadful blow to the parents who loved their two little boys dearly.

The father found it harder all the time now to provide for his family. He ate food that was scarcely fit to eat and gave the best to his little son. One day, the father, weak from lack of food and distracted at not being able to provide for his wife and boy, went to a well for water. Mother and son waited longingly one, two, three days for his return, but nothing was heard of him. At last, he was found dead in a well where he had fallen through weakness, or, perhaps, had thrown himself in, in his distracted state of mind.

The mother and boy were now alone to battle with the dreaded monster starvation, but God, who careth for the little sparrow, brought them through the terrible famine which caused the death of so many thousands. About six years ago the mother fell sick with some dread disease and before her small son could realize it, death had snatched his mother from him, leaving him alone in this unfriendly world.

Some one found him, and sent him to the Dholka orphanage about two years ago, where he heard about Jesus the Saviour of the world. One Sunday afternoon, some months ago, at the close of a meeting he boldly stood up and confessed Jesus as his Saviour, and, with four other boys, was buried with Christ in baptism by the writer a few weeks ago. His desire and aim is to be an evangelist to bear the good news of this wonderful salvation to his own people.

Surely this boy, Lala Prema Guame, was doubly saved to serve God in some special way, and we trust that those who read this brief story of his life will pray that he may be used of God in bringing many out of darkness into light.
THE CHILDREN’S PAGE.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

I MAY not go to India,
To China or Japan;
To work for Jesus here at home
I’ll do the best I can.
I’ll tell of His great love for me,
And how I love Him, too;
And, better far, I’ll show my love
In all that I may do.

I’ll be a missionary now
And work the best I may;
For if I want to work for God
There surely is a way.
I’ll pray for those who cross the sea;
My offering, too, I’ll send,
And do all that is in my power
This great, bad world to mend. —Selected.

"JAYA-RAJ,"

We are quite sure that our little readers will be glad to hear about another poor little lost lamb that has been found by kind missionaries and brought to a place where he will be cared for and where he will learn about the great Shepherd, Jesus. We will give you his story as we read it the other day.

“Our Bible woman lifted him down from the cart, the dirtiest, funniest little piece of humanity you could think of. His face and body and feet were very swollen, and his hair stood on end, and looked as though it had never been washed (which I expect was the fact!) and he had such a quaint expression, just like that of an old, old man. All his worldly possessions were a dirty little rag of cloth, which he generally carried over his shoulder and a half cocoanut shell. This latter, however, he threw away as he got into the cart to come with us.

“We had been praying for months that God would send us this very little boy; and the children at their daily prayers had been most faithful in remembering the request. About three or four months ago, when visiting Brahmathasam village, we first noticed this little boy, not more than four years old, wandering about in a most forlorn manner, begging food from the villagers, with the cocoanut shell in his hand. We found out that his
mother had deserted him when he was a mere baby, and his father was dead. He had an uncle and other relations in the village, but they would have nothing to do with him—never fed him—and from babyhood he had learnt to crawl about begging his food from some of the kind-hearted villagers.

"Ponnammal, the Bible woman, and I were very touched at the sad picture this poor little boy made, and went straight to his people, encouraged and urged by the villagers, and asked if we might have him to bring up. But when they realized what we wanted their faces darkened, and they let out a storm of abuse upon us, and assured us that even if he died of starvation in the village it were better than that he should 'gather with Christians.' So we left, feeling rather hopeless. But we have kept on praying, and each time we have been to the village we have repeated our request.

"Last week, as we passed through the village, we met the uncle, who stopped to speak. His manner was quite changed, and he actually consented to discuss the matter. Paravatham, one of our school teachers, was with us, and helped us much in persuading the man to give the boy up. After a little hesitation the uncle actually agreed, and we could hardly believe it when we found ourselves driving back with the boy beside us, and the uncle following to sign an agreement for a small consideration. We decided together on the way back that his name must be 'Jaya-raj' (Victory-King).

"Having been duly inspected on his arrival, he was escorted to the boarding home by all the other children, and then the cleansing process began! Kuppan and Devadas operated on his hair with the 'hair-cutting machine,' after which all the girls set to work and scrubbed him with sunlight soap till he was quite out of breath! Then he was clothed and quite ready by that time to sit down and rest a bit!

"He was very quiet at first, but is gradually getting more at home, and talks quite a lot to the other children. They have already taught him a short prayer, 'Lord bless me.' He is in the doctor's hands now, who finds him in a very unhealthy state, and little wonder, for the villagers tell us that one day he was found killing and eating a frog because he was so hungry for meat and no one would give him any.

"We hope that in time he will be clean, and well, in body and mind, and in heart also. I am sure you will be glad that we have won this little boy from surroundings that would have certainly made him grow up a bad man. Will you also pray that he may learn to love the Lord Jesus and be His true follower?"—Darkness and Light.
“Everybody ready! Time to leave!” This morning call set our camp in action for the day’s work. Gospels, song books, wraps, umbrellas and all the other necessities for a few hours’ preaching trip were placed in the tonga; we four missionaries climbed in and we were off by sunrise for Asalgaon, a town a few miles from our camp. The native helpers had preceded us on foot.

After a two mile ride over the usual Indian cart road, we reached our destination. As the men often refuse to let the women listen to the gospel when we go to them, Mr. Eicher informed the crowd of men, who gathered at the “chowri,” that we missionary ladies had come to visit with their women. While the gentlemen preached to the men gathered in the centre of the town, we wended our way through the narrow streets to the houses where the women were left, as they are not allowed to listen with the men. We attempted, though unsuccessfully, to speak with several women whom we met in the street, but they were shy and suspicious and told us to go farther on and we would find women to speak to. Around a bend in the narrow street we caught sight of a little group of women, and approaching them we wondered what reception awaited us. At first they did not seem cordial, but, being reassured by the statement that we were women also, they invited us to come nearer and gave us a bed to sit on. The “bangle-man” had preceded us, and we of course waited while he fitted and sealed a pair of bangles on an old woman’s wrists—the whole crowd intensely interested in this operation. After giving as much of our family history as was necessary to gain an entrance into their confidence, Mrs. Eicher began to tell them the Story that is so old and precious to us, and yet so new and strange to them.

What a picture! Some drew near, sat down, and listened intently, others stood off and looked on out of mere curiosity: and still others were utterly indifferent, paying no attention whatever. One continued cleaning her floor in Indian style, though she listened when she thought she was not observed. Another stood by with her baby astride her hip. The child was such a pitiful little creature, but we did not wonder at it after seeing the mother force an immense pill of opium down its throat. The missionary’s mental rebellion at this treatment was almost as strenuous as the child’s physical resistance. And so the Story was told, with many interrupting questions on their part as to who we were, where we had come from, etc., and with
oft repeated requests from the missionary that they be quiet and listen. We could not spend the whole time there, and with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy—sorrow because they seemed to grasp so little of the message and joy because of the privilege of telling of Jesus—we passed on to another group in another quarter.

We found these women in a secluded court yard. The floors and walls were exceedingly clean. As it was cool and quiet there we were glad to accept the offered rug and sit down. We learned that this was the home of the “patel” (head man) of the village, and that some of these women had heard the gospel before. They were very eager to have us sing, and one woman tried to join with us as we sang hymns that were familiar to her.

Someway, I had felt especially fearful of trying to speak that morning as I was weak, having had fever previously for several days; but when Mrs. Eicher finished speaking it did not seem hard, even though my knowledge of the language was limited, to tell them that Jesus Christ was my Savior and that He would save them that believe in Him. They asked us to sing again, and then, to show their friendship, according to native etiquette, they gave us “pan-supari,” (betel nut and a bit of lime done up in a certain green leaf) and thus we left them. As we made our way back to the tonga, having the picture in mind of these two groups and realizing that those in whose hearts the seed had been sown that morning were but a handful of the millions of our Indian sisters who would not hear of Jesus, for, “How shall they hear without a preacher,” we prayed again as He bade us—“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would thrust forth laborers into His harvest.”

A THREE DAYS’ PREACHING TRIP.

BY C. W SCHELANDER.

With our two catechists and two boys from the Bodwad Training School we started at four o’clock one Monday morning, each one carrying his own bedding and provisions for three days. About eight miles in front of us lay three villages, two small ones and one large one, and it was our object to preach in all of them the first morning. As we drew near, we divided into two parties; three of us held three meetings, with good attendance, in the large village, while the other two held two meetings, with poor attendance, in the two small villages.
Then, at eleven o'clock, we met in the shade of a Hindu temple on the top of a hill, near the river Girna, and here we had our noon meal.

After resting until three o'clock and satisfying our thirst with several cups of weak tea, without milk, we started for a large town of 4,000 inhabitants. The town was about four miles from where we were and possessed a rest house where we could put up at night after our day's work. In this town four meetings were held in different places, with very good attendance. The last meeting was held in the bright moonlight, near one of the four gates of the town. We were conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and there seemed to be a holy hush upon the crowd. If at a time like this some one would take the lead in "coming over the line" and boldly and openly would confess Christ, many would follow. On this particular evening, the people looked at each other and seemed to expect something to happen.

Afterwards, we dragged ourselves along, rather than walked, to the rest house, as we were utterly exhausted from the day's work. After a frugal supper, we spread our mattings on the floor and slept the sleep of the just until four o'clock the next morning. We bestirred ourselves thus early as we had to make tea and walk four miles to the next village before sunrise, in order to have meetings with the people before they went out to work. On the way to the village we passed a small hamlet with but ten houses, and here two of our number stopped to hold a meeting with a few indifferent men sitting about a fire, while the rest of us went on to the larger village and held a meeting with a good attendance among the farmer caste; later the two brethren, who had stopped to give the word of life to the indifferent men around the fire, joined us at a second meeting in the potters' quarter. We started with only a few sitting on the ground before us, but we closed with nearly fifty earnest listeners.

In this village too there was a rest house, so we made it our home for the time, and after our meal, we enjoyed a good rest until five o'clock in the evening when we walked just across the river to a village. Here, at sunset, we held one meeting in the village square before the temple door. A couple of young temple girls sat on the steps of the temple and giggled, while several young men seemed to have a bit of fun, no doubt at our expense, but we paid no attention since the majority of the crowd listened attentively to the story that means so much to us and to all who believe. We even sold some portions of scripture in this place. Recrossing the river, we made ourselves at home in the rest house, cooked our food, which we ate with a relish, and then lay
down on the floor to sleep until four A.M. The morning found us ready for work, none the worse for our hard bed.

On the third day we wished to be at home some time in the night, so in order to reach more of the people with the Gospel message, again we formed two parties; two of us held three meetings in two villages about three miles away, and the other three brethren held two meetings in two villages five miles away. At eleven A.M. we met again at the rest house for food and rest, and then we packed our things and started for home. On the way we stopped at the large town we mentioned above, the one having 4,000 inhabitants, and here again we held two good meetings. At about nine o'clock in the evening we started on our eight miles' tramp for Jalgaon and arrived home at midnight. The day following was quite acceptable as a day of rest.

During these three days we had visited nine villages, held twenty-three services, and had walked about thirty-eight miles. No murmuring or complaining was heard from anyone. We give you this little account in detail that you may understand, perhaps a bit better, about one of our modes of work among these people of India, for whom we trust our home friends are praying that they may accept what we labour to give them.

THE HISTORY OF A FAMINE SCHOOL

BY MRS. S. P. HAMILTON.

It was in the days of the awful famine of 1900, just four months after our little Gertrude was born, that Mrs. Jennie Fuller visited our station to offer some suggestions regarding the problems of tiding people over the distress that was upon them. Somehow, Government did not realize the gravity of the situation until people young and old were actually starving to death. It was suggested that we open a school on our compound for some of the boys of our district, not orphans, but boys whose parents were unable to cope with the famine and keep them in school. Mr. Hamilton had his hands more than full of relief work. He gave yarn to two hundred families, made large quantities of brick, tents and sheets to help the poor, sold corn and distributed grain to hundreds of families. This, in addition to village and church work, was no small burden. However, we felt God was behind the suggestion and we gave out the word that a temporary school would be opened where boys would be fed, clothed and educated until the famine was over. In a few days we had a swarm of little fellows ranging from seven to twelve years of age. A teacher was engaged to teach them the Gujerati alphabet. In a very short time most of them were
able to read, and took great interest in learning texts of scripture. It was wonderful how God worked in those little lives so the time spent with them in Bible study was a real treat and inspiration, instead of a burden. There were one hundred and fifteen of them, and although many came in a run down condition only one died while with us. God's care for them was very marked. At the end of six months the famine prices lowered and the suffering was alleviated by partial rains, so we decided to send twenty-five of the best and brightest ones to the Government schools in their own villages. This made it necessary that four village schools open their doors to low-caste children, which was no small problem, as the high caste people, up to that time, had not allowed children of the lower castes to sit in the same school with their boys. In three villages there was but little opposition, but in the largest town where we had ten boys there was considerable. We cannot forget the morning Mr. Hamilton left, seated on a camel, with ten little fellows trotting along behind. It was a distance of six miles. Dismounting in front of the school-house, he made known his errand and told the teachers he did not wish to seat them with the high caste children but in one corner of the room on the floor. They were very nice and did not object, so the boys were enrolled and he left. He had gone but a short distance when the news reached the high caste people and they hastened to the spot to have their children removed lest they be defiled. In less than fifteen minutes every one of the sixty high caste boys had fled. The parents of our boys were threatened and boycotted in every conceivable way. The head men of the village made petition after petition to Government to have our boys removed, but Government stood firm, saying schools were for all, regardless of caste; so they remained there until they completed the seventh standard, which was five years. They had the whole school house and the undivided attention of the teacher. During the five years in school they came regularly to us every Wednesday afternoon for Bible study, also attended our Sunday services.

It is encouraging to find, after a few years, that many of them are preaching the gospel. We were transferred to another district and so were lost to them for a time. One day a neatly dressed, intelligent, young man came up to our tent and saluted us. It was difficult at first to recognise any resemblance to one of the little, raw, village boys we were teaching a few years ago, but he proved to be one of them. He had gotten a start then and went on to the third standard in school, and after-
wards accepted a position as foreman on Government works. Both he and his wife are to be baptised this month.

A few days ago we met a tall young man who bowed politely and asked in English if we knew him. He also was one of the one hundred and fifteen and is now a medical assistant in a hospital.

Since returning again from furlough to our old district we are anxious to find those who were spared through cholera, plague and famine. We have received several letters from some who are preaching the gospel. Did this work pay? We believe it has a hundred fold. Seventeen are preaching and teaching, several of them having nearly completed a four years' theological course in addition to the school education. One has matriculated and entered college. Four died, and the other three have good occupations and we know God is leading them.

We can only attribute the large percentage of real fruit to the Lord's special seal which seemed to be on the work from the first. We have had the joy of seeing three revivals, one of which started through them and the flame kindled and spread to the other villages. A month was set apart for special prayer and God came in power in these sun-rise prayer meetings.

We can scarcely realise now that some of these are the little boys who a few years ago had never seen the cars. One day, while they were still small, we took them for a short trip on a train for an outing. One exclaimed as it started, "Mother see the trees are chasing each other!"

There is plenty more of such raw material in these dark villages that could be transformed, through the blessing of God, into living monuments of His grace.

Coming, coming, yes they are,
From the Indies and the Ganges,
Steady flows the living stream,
To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wondering theme.

"THEN COMETH THE WICKED ONE."

BY EDNA PRICHARD.

In a little village in Gujarat one morning the people were very busy dyeing and printing sardis, (the drapery worn by women) and no one was especially impressed by the entrance of a missionary and a Christian worker; nor did they show any inclination to leave their work even for a few minutes to listen. They had heard before but did not understand nor care. Finally, however, the missionary determined the inmates of one
house, at least, must hear, and sitting down opposite a man, who was printing cloth by hand, began to ask a few questions by way of introduction. He politely answered and offered a bundle of cloth as a seat. An old woman with fever sat in front, and on the left was a little, sweet-faced girl with big, earnest, brown eyes. Her mother and others stood by and listened respectfully. The message was very simple, so simple that the little girl at the left understood and repeated a few of the words. Immediately the mother ordered the child away to do some kind of work, against the protests of some of the women who were sitting by. The fact that the child was taking in the truth frightened the mother, and she lost no time in taking her daughter away.

The heart of the missionary was deeply touched as she realized the child had understood enough to save her soul; and as she saw the awful power of darkness, the evil one come to steal away the seed of truth, she thought of the parable of the sower and the seed, and her heart ached at the possibility of the birds of the air carrying away that tiny seed. And friends, we would have you know that here in India there are very many who have heard the Word gladly and who would like to believe and accept, but the evil one, working through their relatives, holds and hinders them from hearing more, and does his best to make them forget what they have heard. This small girl is only one among thousands of those who have listened and understood. Years ago Adoniram Judson said, "When any person is known to be considering the new Religion, all his relations and acquaintances rise en masse; so that to get a new convert is like pulling out the eye-tooth of a live tiger," and it is even so to-day among the high castes of our districts. We can only pray, and urge you to pray, that the Holy Spirit may brood over the hearts of those who have heard the Word and gladly understood, that the tiny seed sown may be kept alive and that it may eventually yield fruit unto eternal life.

UNCOMFORTABLE RESTING PLACE.

A STRANGE scene was witnessed in the streets of Calcutta the other morning when a small trolley, containing several rows of iron spikes on which a Hindu was lying at full length, was being pulled through the streets. The man was doing penance. He had been living in seclusion for some time past and arrived in Calcutta on Wednesday morning from some place on the Eastern Bengal State Railway on his way to the temple at Kalighat. The spikes which numbered about 150 were quite sharp and the man wore nothing more than a loin cloth, his body being ash coloured.—Times of India.
Salvation, according to the Hindu conception, is a thing of the distant future, and means liberation or freedom from existence in a physical body. It is only to be attained after almost innumerable re-births in different forms, and these on account of transgressions may be almost indefinitely extended. He has different methods of cutting short these transmigrations. As the next birth is determined by the manner of life in this existence, a pious Hindu will strive to acquire merit by asceticism, the practice of charity, extensive pilgrimages, the building of temples, and giving offerings to Brahmans. A most essential feature in the Hindu's idea of salvation is the begetting of a son (Putra), through whom the ceremonies necessary after the death of a father to save him from hell (Put) are to be performed.

In the absence of a son, a second marriage, with or without the consent of the first wife, may be entered into, and in other cases adoption is resorted to.—Selected.

"Some years ago England was stirred through and through by revelations which were made as to the 'Bitter Cry' of wronged womanhood. In India the bitter cry is far more bitter, but it is stifled and smothered by the cruel gag of Caste. Orthodox Hindus would rather see their girls betrayed, tortured, murdered, than suffer them to break through the trammels of Caste."—Rev. T. Walker.

I have known of cases of young ministers dissuaded from facing the missionary call by those who posed as friends of Foreign Missions, and yet presumed to argue: "Your spiritual power and intellectual attainments are needed by the Church at home; they would be wasted in the Foreign Field." 'Spiritual power wasted' in a land like India! Where is it so sorely needed as in a continent where satan has constructed his strongest fortress and displayed the choicest masterpieces of his skill? 'Intellectual ability wasted' among a people whose scholars smile inwardly at the ignorance of the average western! Brothers, if God is calling you, be not deterred by flimsy subterfuges such as these. You will need the power of the Holy Ghost to make you an efficient missionary. You will find your reputation for scholarship put to the severest test in India. Here is ample scope alike for men of approved spiritual power and for intellectual giants. And so I repeat, if God is calling you, buckle on your sword, come to the fight, and win your spurs among the cultured sons of India.—Rev. T. Walker.
HELPERS TOGETHER.

WHEN the missionary fire was burning in the heart of young Carey, he ventured to suggest in a public meeting as a subject for discussion: “The Duty of Christians to Spread the Gospel among the Heathen Nations.” Suddenly an old man arising to his feet thundered out: “Young man, sit down! when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your help or mine.” But the flame that was kindled in William Carey’s heart was more than human enthusiasm, or a mere transient glow. It had been ignited from Heaven, and could not be quenched by even this unexpected and chilling rebuff. William Carey went to the heathen, and long before his forty years’ work in India had been completed, when twelve hundred Hindus had been gathered into Christian Churches, and the Bible translated into thirty languages and dialects, people began to see that God’s method for converting the heathen was not for Christians at home to sit down in their easy chair of religion, and let Him do it all without their help. Doubtless many “ease loving” professors wish it were so; nevertheless Christendom at large is becoming more and more awake to the fact and quite generally concede that God wants men to devote their lives and go in person to the uttermost parts of the earth to help save the heathen. But that is not all. God’s call to “rescue the perishing” who live in these dark lands is upon every individual who professes Christ’s name. Every one is responsible for having a part and lot in this matter. You who to-day are 10,000 miles away from the scenes amid which we pen these lines—you, one and all, have a work “which none other can do” in the heavenly and stupendous enterprise. Many whose resources are limited can do little but “knee work.” This is a part which should be unfailingly engaged in by all.

A missionary in China was especially blessed. The mission stations nearby had workers apparently equal in ability, but there was very much less blessing. J. Hudson Taylor said of it: “I could not understand what made the difference until one time I spoke at a meeting in England. A man came to me and asked about this particular station in China. He knew the difficulties. I was surprised at his intimate knowledge. He said: “The missionary and I were close friends, and when the Lord called him we said that we would be co-workers. I have prayed for him and the work, and he keeps me posted. We work together and the Lord has blessed us both.”

Others may be able to do more than pray. None are excused. The inquiry of every heart should be, “Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?”—Selected.
ITEMS.

The Sunday services in Ahmedabad are constantly increasing, also the number of those who are willing to confess the Lord Jesus openly. The second Sunday in May, Mr. Andrews baptised sixteen more men.

Mr. Schelander writing from Jalgaon tells of a “first fruit” for the Lord. He says, “Sixteen years ago a young boy from Jalgaon was run over by a tonga, while attending our native convention in Akola. He was taken to the hospital and the different missionaries then at Akola took turns in watching him at night. After a week or ten days, I was staying with him the night that proved to be his last. About two o’clock in the morning he left this world for a better one. This twelve-year-old boy was the son of our old sweeper woman here in Jalgaon, he had learned to love the Lord Jesus in truth and was very happy to depart and be with Him. About two months ago his old mother, after suffering for two years with various troubles, received Jesus as her Saviour. She was happy and contented in her new-found joy of salvation and waited patiently for deliverance from her body of pain and suffering. On Saturday, May 3rd, she received her summons from the Lord, and joined her son beyond the river. They represent a kind of first-fruit from the lowest among the low of Jalgaon.”

The wells on the mission farm Santa Barbara, just out of Akola, had run dry, but now, after blasting them 15 feet deeper, an abundant supply of water has gushed into them. We praise God for this.

Mr. Moyser of Akola writes: “We are glad to say that we have the roof on and the windows in our new Church and are now worshipping there.”

On the morning of April 30th there was a fearful railway accident a few miles out of Akola, in which 40 were killed and 27 were seriously injured. All were natives with the exception of two Europeans who were seriously and perhaps fatally injured. Mr. Moyser and Mr. P. Eicher went to help bring the wounded to the Akola hospital and Mrs. Moyser was called upon to help nurse the two Europeans.
There is great scarcity of water in many parts of Berar. One missionary writes of having to send ten miles for water to wash clothes.

Miss Case was thrown from a tonga while returning from a church service one day last month. She was badly bruised and received quite a severe blow on her right temple, but is praising God for sparing her life.

We would ask prayer for baby John Culver as he is very frail during this period of cutting his teeth.

The first man William Carey and his associates were able to win for Christ from the multitudes of India was Krishna Chundra Pal, who was baptised in 1902. He composed a hymn the first verse of which is as follows:

\[
\text{O thou my soul, forget no more,} \\
\text{The Friend who all thy misery bore;} \\
\text{Let every idol be forgot,} \\
\text{But, O my soul, forget Him not.}
\]

Letters from Mr. Ramsey, our former Editor, and Mrs. Cutler, our former Business Manager, tell us that they, with their families, have safely reached their friends in the home-lands. Mr. Ramsey wrote from Ireland and Mrs. Cutler from England.

Mr. Ramsey, in writing of the homeward voyage, tells of a very happy visit of two weeks in Jerusalem. He says: "While we enjoyed every day of our visit there, yet some things stand out as times of special blessing. On the evening of the Thursday preceding Easter, most of the European residents and tourists received an invitation from the Vicar of Christ's Church (English Episcopal) to attend Holy Communion in his church at 7.30. When this service closed, they sang a hymn, and then went down across the brook Cedron to Gethsemane, where they had a good prayer-meeting in the Garden. It brought back to our minds very vividly that night, so long ago, when our Lord went the same way, with the same bright, Passover full moon looking down at Him."

Mr. Duckworth of Viramgam, reports the conversion and baptism of a man from a village of Viramgam district. The man’s name is Muggan, and Mr. Duckworth desires prayer for him that he may become a soul-winner in that hard and needy part of the field.