O teach me what it meaneth—
That Cross uplifted high,
With One—the man of sorrows—
Condemned to bleed and die!
O teach me what it cost Thee
To make a sinner whole;
And teach me, Saviour, teach me
The value of a soul!—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have been hearing a good deal lately about "Mass Movements" in India, and there is much that might be said, pro and con, concerning the subject. It is hardly necessary to define the term "mass movement" for we all understand it to mean large numbers becoming Christians about the same time. In different parts of this land, particularly in the Punjab and Southern India, this sort of a movement has been going on for some time, and hundreds and thousands are reported as baptized Christians.

Now, it is well for our home supporters to know that, so far, the move towards and into Christianity has been almost altogether among the very lowest classes, among those termed "the untouchables." These people have been down-trodden for centuries, and they have become weary of the serfdom the higher castes force upon them. They have come to realize that the Christian missionary is their friend, and that by accepting his religion and joining his Church, in other words, by becoming Christians, they are lifted into a higher place socially, with corresponding rights. Hence, we may truthfully say that a large number of those who are becoming Christians en masse are doing so to better their social position.
Not long ago, we heard the Bishop of Madras speak on this subject, which he has been studying the last few years. He said that while it is true that very many become Christians for social reasons, still, there is a strong spiritual side to the movement and some do accept baptism because they believe on the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

He told us of his visit to the Punjab some months ago and of the trips he made to the villages of that district in order to see some of the native Christians in their homes. In one village he was waited upon by a native six feet, eight inches tall who carried an exceedingly thick stick. He spent his time with the Bishop in trying to convince him of his great humility. The Bishop was not deeply impressed with that particular grace of his, but he was interested to know how such an individual became a Christian. It appears that a few years ago this tall native visited the missionary in charge of the district and informed him that he wished to become a Christian and receive baptism at once. The missionary remonstrated and tried to persuade the man that it would be better for him to wait and receive teaching; but he went away unconvinced. The next day he appeared before the missionary with a revolver, and pointing it at him said, "Baptize me at once or I'll shoot you!" It is hardly necessary to explain that we find very few of this type in our work.

The plan of the missionaries working in parts of India where large numbers are willing to receive baptism is, to have these so-called converts in classes for spiritual teaching after they are baptized. They feel that they have a greater hold on the native men and women after they are baptized, and that they can train them to become real Christians. On the other hand, there are many missionaries who feel they cannot baptize the native people until they are sure that they have been born again,—baptism being the outward sign that they believe their sins are washed away by the atoning work of Jesus Christ, and not in itself a saving ordinance.

Now, we are free to tell you that our Alliance missionaries are among the latter. We believe in the pre-millennial coming of the Lord Jesus, and do not expect to see the whole of India
converted. We believe the Lord is calling out a people for His name, therefore, a people socially improved will not do. We know we are working for eternity, and in the light of the Lord's coming of what value is a long list of unregenerated Church members, even though their names may appear in the census reports as Christians? We seek to reach all the people with the gospel, working as though we expected all to be saved, but we feel there should be caution in giving baptism, lest the one baptized should feel that baptism makes him all right, when his heart is unchanged and when he has not made an open break with heathenism. The life and influence of such an one is generally a disgrace to Christianity and he himself harder to reach with the real truth of the gospel.

There are certain things that we as a mission require of our converts. For instance, they must give up idol worship of all forms, feasts for the dead, and child marriage, and we cannot but feel that if a man is unwilling to let these things go, he is not worthy of baptism or the name Christian.

So far, we have not been able to report large numbers of converts, but we believe the day is not far distant when the Holy Spirit, in answer to prevailing prayer, will usher in a movement that will begin by men and women being convicted of sin and their lost condition, and that many out of the heathen villages will be swept into the Kingdom because they truly accept the Lord Jesus. Indeed, we have present signs of His real working in some of our stations and our hearts are glad and expectant. Pray that we may be ready for this great work, for it means much to be able to win and shepherd souls in India.

A FAREWELL.
By Mrs. O. Dinham.

IN the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

We had laboured in the Buldana district for over five years and God had watered the seed sown and caused it to bring forth fruit. A little less than two years ago, two men, from a small village
in the far end of our district where we had many times preached the Word, came on foot to see us during the rainy season. They said to us, “You have told us sufficient about Jesus to convince us that He is the only Saviour of men, and now we have come to learn, or do anything you tell us to do, until you are satisfied that we are ready to be baptized in Christ’s name.” With glad hearts we sat down and taught them more. My husband talked until his throat was tired and then I took his place while he rested a little. Thus we continued until we felt they understood the way of salvation and were really ready for baptism. A few days later we went out into the country where there was a river and my husband baptized them in the name of the triune God.

These two men had walked 30 miles in the rain and mud that they might receive more teaching and baptism, and not many days after we went to their village and baptized their wives and three other persons who had accepted the Lord Jesus. But here the trouble began. The parents of the two wives who were baptized came and took them away, under false pretences, and refused to let them return to their husbands. After more than a year of waiting and standing true to God, in the face of all sorts of pleadings and enticing offers, made by their fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law, to draw them back into caste and Hinduism, God saw that it was enough and caused the parents of the younger wife to let her return to her husband. Now, these two are again happily united in their home and in the Saviour’s love. Praise God for answered prayer! We believe that the other wife will soon come back too.

Now there is a little band of 24 Christians in that village and several others are very near the Kingdom, besides, in other villages in the surrounding district, a number are almost ready to take the great step.

After those mentioned above had become Christians, the spring that had supplied them with water dried up. When they went to their heathen neighbours to beg for water they replied, “You say you believe in the living God, let Him give you water; you are no more Hindus, you are defiled, we will not give you water.” So each day, these young Christians had to endure the abuses of their neighbours because they had turned to the living God. But one day they said, “It is true the living God is our God and Father, and we will ask Him to give us water and prove to these people that He does answer prayer.” Forthwith, they knelt down on a little square piece of land, the only spot they owned large enough to dig a well in, and there in the open gaze of their taunting, despising neighbours they called to their heavenly Father to give them water, and He heard them.
They took pick in hand and began to dig, but soon they came to hard rock and had to blast. God enabled them to get the powder, and day after day they laboured, while all the people around them told them they would never get water unless they sacrificed some goats and offered cocoanuts. Still, they stood true and said, "Our God does not ask for such offerings, He will give us water." And He did give them water, good water, too, long before they had blasted the usual depth. The well was named Rehoboth, and is a testimony to all the people about of God's willingness to hear and help His children. We trust it may continue to be a silent witness until Jesus comes.

Three little babes have been born of Christian parents in this village, one a little girl who has been dedicated to the Lord and given the name Rebecca; so now they have both the well and Rebecca. The two other babies are boys bearing the names Samuel and Jacob.

You can imagine how happy we felt to see these dear people come out for God and grow in grace, but the day came when we received word to leave them. A neighbouring mission had been working in part of the Buldana district and it was thought they could take over our part of the district as well, while we go to another station that was vacant because the missionary brother who had laboured there had been so long on the field he had to go home on furlough. There was no one else to take this worn-out missionary's place, so we had to say goodbye to these dear people who were almost as dear to us as our own children. This was not an easy matter for them or for us. When they got word that we were leaving they borrowed two bullock carts, put their children into them and started for our bungalow, walking thirty miles through the heat to say goodbye. They arrived before we knew they were coming. They came into the room where we were and began to weep, some of them sobbing aloud. It is needless to say we wept with them. Amid their tears they said, "Our father and mother are leaving us and what shall we do? You have showed us the way and brought us to the Saviour, and now you leave us." We assured them we would not leave them alone, we would leave someone else to be father and mother to them, but they replied, "One can have only one true father and mother and you are that to us." They remained with us the rest of the day, and the next morning at six o'clock they were ready to start back to their homes. However, between sobs and many loving expressions of love and good wishes, they did not really start until about half-past eight. This was a hard time for all of us, a day that shall never be forgotten, a goodbye to our children whom we
may never see again until we meet at Jesus feet.

But why all this sorrow and separation? It is because someone has not been willing to say, 'yes' to the Lord's 'go ye,' and others have not given to God His share of what they possess, hence, workers are too few and the means too little to occupy all our stations. Who is willing to come over to help us, and who is willing to give to the support of the King's business in India?

We feel greatly comforted as we think of our new place of labour because the Holy Spirit has given us Mark x. 29-30, and we believe God will make it real to us in Pachora. He will give us an hundred-fold of spiritual children; pray and believe with us for the fulfilment of this promise, also, ask the Lord to quickly send the money for us to build a house to live in. At present we are living in a native room and sleeping in the little chapel, but it is not safe for our health in the rains or in the hot season. A well is partly sunk on the compound; also pray that money may be sent to complete this; but especially pray for souls. Pray for us and for those whom we have left as well as for those to whom we have lately come.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

BY MRS. C. H. SCHOONMAKER.

MOST of our readers are aware of the fact that the number of orphans in our orphanages in India is being greatly reduced year by year. Our boys and girls are growing into manhood and womanhood and are leaving us to marry and make homes of their own, to follow higher education, to take up various trades, or to engage in teaching, or other Christian work in connection with the Mission.

The Dholka orphanage buildings, which at one time were crowded to the full with several hundred active, boisterous boys, seem half deserted now with their scanty seventy. Rooms are lying empty, and the question often asks itself in our minds, what is to become of these buildings that the Mission has erected at such a great expense? There is no probability that they will ever be filled with orphans again, unless God permits another dreadful famine to mow down parents and to desolate homes. We trust this will never needs be.

However, on the mission field, one need scarcely passes away before another presents itself, and it appears that He who loves the children has purposed that we shall never be without little hearts and minds to train up in the nurture of the
Lord. Now the call is coming to us, not from famine-bereaved, homeless children, but from our various Christian homes scattered here and there throughout the dark, heathen villages.

One of the first effects Christianity produces upon a heathen soul is to awaken a desire for knowledge and general improvement. The new-born Christian begins to look cleaner and tidier in appearance. He seeks to brighten his home by nailing up S. S. cards on the bare walls; he buys clothes for his children, who have hitherto run naked, and he begins to feel for the first time that he should give his children an education.

But in this last detail, he is confronted by numerous obstacles. There is no school in his village, and purchance, if his village is fortunate enough to have one, it is for children of a higher caste than his. He applies for admittance, he is refused. Through the effort of the missionary, he may be granted leave to place his children there but with the understanding that they must sit in a separate place in the school-room and be compelled to recognise in various ways that they are unworthy to mingle with their school-mates. Even with this permission granted, let us remember the teacher is a Hindu seeking to instill Hindu thought and religion into the minds of the pupils. Not only so, but many are men of low, base morals, whose influence over the boys is anything but helpful. And then, out of school, what? No play-mates but the children of heathen parents, old far beyond their years in sin and vice. Surrounded by heathen influences, generally with parents who cannot read and who know little of the Word of God, these children are reared. What shall we do with them? They are priceless jewels. Ours in a special way.

Then what shall we say of the children of our former orphan boys and girls? A second generation is coming on, our grand-children; bright eyed, chubby-cheeked, mischievous boys and girls. We have great hopes for them, for theirs is a Christian training from childhood. Little lips are never taught to take the name of heathen deities but early learn to lisp the name of Jesus. We are looking to them for a sturdier type of Christian life than found in the present generation. But the same question confronts us with them as with the children of parents saved in the villages. How shall they be educated? The majority of them have surroundings no more favourable than the former.

We feel we should help them. Could not Boarding Schools be established in connection with our Orphanages where these children can be gathered together, given a thorough education with Christian teachers, be taught the Word of God and given a practical Christian training with Christian surroundings and in
a Christian atmosphere? Would we not desire it for our own children, and are these children not worth while?

Already the parents are asking for this, and some few children have been admitted into the orphanages. But who shall support these children? The average earnings of our Christian fathers are less than $4.00 a month. By means of this, they have to support a family and keep a home. Can they afford to send their children to us where they will require better clothing and need school books, etc? It is impossible.

Our scheme is this. Let the father pay what he is able. The Mission has decided that one rupee (33\frac{1}{3} cts.) a month would be a fair sum to require for each child. The father can pay this and we appeal to the home friends for the balance, $16.00 a year. This, with the $4.00 given by the father, would meet the need here in Dholka.

We are having requests from the homeland for orphans. A number of friends have been denied because of the fact that we have none to give. Can we not adopt one of these boys as well, see him through school, and help give him a start in life? Can we not take him as readily into our hearts as though he had no parents, and fit and train him for the work of the Lord? We believe we can. Let us appeal to you for prayer, sympathy and help. We would be glad to hear from any one who feels ready to accept such a charge. Those desiring boys might write direct to us, and those who prefer girls would do well to communicate with Miss Wells of the Kaira Orphanage.

"Suffer the little children to come into Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God."

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ONE OF MANY.

BY EMMA KRATER.

A few years ago, a little girl was a day scholar in our orphanage school. Although her father was a Hindu, yet, he wanted his little daughter to be educated, so he allowed her to attend our Christian school.

She was a very winsome little Hindu girl and as happy as the day was long. Coming in and out among us we learned to know and love her very dearly. She was a general favorite among the orphanage children and spent most of her time in their company.

Every thing went well with our little friend until she was ten years old, then the blow fell. Attending a Mission school
meant more than merely learning to read and write. She had daily instructions in the Bible and learned about Jesus. When she passed the fourth standard in school, she had an experience of salvation and passed from death unto life. In one of our meetings she stood up boldly and testified to the saving power of Jesus, and her childish voice had no uncertain sound when she said she would follow Jesus all the way, and confess Him in her heathen home.

When the Hindu father heard what his child had done, he took steps at once to knock the silly notion of being a Christian from her head, and forthwith beat her unmercifully and warned her never to speak the name of Jesus again. The beating did not have the desired effect for the little girl knew Whom she believed. Her Bible was taken from her and burned; then, when warnings and punishments did not avail, she was taken from school. Hasty arrangements were made for her marriage and in a few months, against the entreaties of the missionaries to spare her, she was married to a wicked, immoral man. At once she was taken to his home. The husband's brother's wife had died and left two little girls. The little girl-wife was installed as cook and housekeeper for two men and had to look after two motherless children.

For a time she passed out of our lives, but one day I came across her in her little home, in Khamgaon. She is now about sixteen years old and lives right in the midst of heathenism. She is very different from the people among whom she lives. Cleanliness characterizes her home while around is dirt and filth. Her neighbors are repulsive looking on account of their uncombed hair and unclean persons, but she is always clean with hair neatly combed and braided. The children of the neighborhood are conspicuous for their lack of dress, but the two motherless girls whom she looks after are dressed all over, and are as neat and clean as our own children. She is not loud and coarse like the women around, but the impress of Christian training is on everything she says and does. One can readily see she has been in touch with Christianity.

The influence she wields over the two little girls is very beautiful. The older one with childish confidence says she means to be a worker for Jesus when she grows up. In secret they love and worship Jesus, and call upon His name in prayer, right in the home where the pictures of odious heathen gods adorn the walls, and where the husband and father follow idolatry in all its dreadful forms.

The husband hates Christianity and his hatred is poured
out on the girl-wife who loves Jesus. Many and cruel are the beatings she receives, and although we endeavour to keep her supplied with scripture portions they are always taken from her and destroyed. She is not allowed the comfort of reading, being constantly reminded that it is a disgrace for a woman to sit and read. The husband and brother are always quarreling, and usually their hatred for each other comes to blows, and the defenseless wife comes in for her share, and many times is left bruised and unconcious with the two terror-stricken children.

One time, I interfered and sent for her father, because she had been beaten day after day for a week or more until it seemed the frail child would not last very long. Did the father stop the outrageous treatment of his child? No! he simply authorized the husband to go on in the way he thought best to control his wife.

The last time I visited her she wept and cried as she told me the awful things she was forced to endure. There was nothing to be done for the child, for custom and caste permitted all the outrages that were going on in that home. The only refuge was in prayer and oh, what a sad sorrowful petition went up to Him, who knows and loves and cares! She prayed that she might be kept pure and clean by His blood and walk worthy of Him in the midst of heathenism and sin. We sang hymns and the little girls also prayed. Jesus drew very near and her heart was comforted, but she begged for some plan to be made whereby she could leave the heathen and be identified with the Christians.

There is no way of escape for India's young girls-wives. They live, suffer and die, and the way is doubly hard when they seek to love and serve Jesus.

THE BENEFITS OF VACATION.
BY J. P. ROGERS.

THE hot season vacation and relief from work on the plains is just about over. The return to labour is about to be made and a little retrospect may be of profit. A pertinent question may be asked—Has the vacation brought the expected? The rested feeling of mind and body and physical up-building will have resulted in most cases. Change of climate, meeting others, and relief from the daily work among the native people all
have had a part in this. But what of spiritual results? This is another question. Opportunity to listen to teaching of a deeply spiritual nature may have filled the mind with much higher conceptions of truth and of our duty to God and our fellow men, but the great question after all is—has the truth really gripped the inner being? We may have had the surface rippled without the great deep being touched. If there are to be permanent results there must be a real sense that the Lord has touched a deeper spring in the inner life than ever before. This will bring us into a new relation with Him and with our work for Him among the heathen. Is the uppermost purpose of our lives to do the Father's will even as Jesus did upon the earth? Why did we go for a rest? Was the one desire above all others to meet God during the days of separation from the usual routine of regular station work? Did we have a conscious need to be met and supplied? If this has been so, and we have made use of the means available, then, today we stand in closer relation to Him than when we began the hot season.

His Word is true; to wait upon Him in prayer and the study of the Word cannot be barren of results. It is natural and easy to look for results without having complied with the conditions by which results are obtained. If we do not meet the conditions we can no more consistently look for results than the farmer, who neglects to prepare the soil and sow the seed, can look for a harvest. The asking and receiving, the seeking and finding are just as closely related. As we consistently seek to be confirmed to His likeness, He will meet us and do the thing we in faith ask Him to do. How the great apostle would break forth in holy ecstasy as a new vision of Christ was given him! We hear him saying, "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!" In his case he found all needed rest for soul, body and spirit in the most arduous service. Shipwrecks, stripes and prison cell were the means by which he came to know God. He got his first vision of Christ on the way to Damascus and as he went on in life it was enlarged, until, from the Roman cell, near the time of his execution, he shouted the victor's song, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day!"

May the coming days prove that during our summer vacation we received a fresh vision of Himself. Like Paul, we, too, may have a triumphant exit from earth if we are faithful to His grace.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.
CONDUCTED BY MISS SARA COXE.

_A Little Child Shall Lead Them._

AN old, blind beggar tottering along, leaning heavily on his stick for support, stopped at the Khamgaon Orphanage. The missionaries were busy, the little brown girls were playing in the compound when they heard the old man calling for food. And two of the children, Gold and Sunita stopped their play to run out and look at the beggar. How sorry they felt for him! But they had nothing to give him to eat, for as yet the morning bread was not made. Gold and Sunita are little Christians. Sunita is 10 while Gold is only 8 years old. But God can use little Christian girls. They thought they would sing for the poor old man; then they told him about their Jesus who can save and help poor people too; finally, they got down on their faces before God and began to plead for the soul of the old man. And he listened to them, and believed what they said. Later, when the bread was ready, they gave him some; and the old man went on his way; he had been given bread to eat and also the Bread of Life. Sunita and Gold are both children of the King; and the King will hear their prayers for the poor, blind beggar.

In the great city of Ahmedabad there is a school for little Hindu girls. All the little ones who attend this school are high caste children. They would never, never touch an unclean, out-caste child. They are proud of their family, proud of their caste, and proud of themselves too. And, they are beautiful with their dark hair and eyes; their little brown faces and bare arms look so pretty against the many lovely coloured saris; they wear all the colours imaginable; and when one steps into the room one thinks at once of the rainbow. And there they sit on their high benches, swaying their bodies back and forth, singing their lessons over and over. Day after day they come for they are eager to learn to read and write; and day after day the missionary spends a little time with them because she is able to teach them a little about Jesus. She teaches them hymns, Scripture verses, and the commandments. She also has many bright coloured pictures by which she explains to them the life of Jesus. It was a hot afternoon, the missionary was tired, but a great longing to tell the people again about Jesus kept her from resting. She took her pictures and went out. She thought, I will go to the homes of some of my children. And when she arrived in that part of the city
where the little ones lived she was soon surrounded by a band of eager little girls anxious to take her to their mothers. The women gathered on a verandah; they began to ask her many questions, and she answered them all. At last, she took out her pictures, hoping to tell these women a wee, bit about Jesus. But the children were there, and before she could say a word they began to sing their hymn, then they repeated their verses; and they also explained, in eager tones, the meaning of every picture. The missionary sat with folded hands, she had nothing to do. But how she did praise God that these little girls have learned so much about Jesus.

One afternoon I turned toward a bungalow to get a cup of tea and a little rest, for I had been shopping in the hot sun all morning long. When I came to the verandah I saw a group of women sitting on the floor, their babies playing near by. The women were sewing; some making frocks, some patches for quilts, some mending clothes, all seemed very busy and very happy. A girl, the daughter of a missionary, was sitting near by busily cutting. I said, "Why Ruth, what are you doing?" She answered, "these women need to be taught to sew so I got them together." And she was very happy, but not more so than the group of Indian women at her feet.

The Master hath truly said, "a little child shall lead them."

MISS O'DONNELL'S LAST DAYS.
BY JOSEPHINE E. TURNBULL.

In our next issue, appropriate sketches of Miss O'Donnell's life and work in India will be given, but, as we go to press, we desire to let our readers know a little about the past days our dear sister spent on earth.

During April she was taken with fever while at work in her station, Dholka, Gujarat. After about two weeks, she felt the Lord touched her body and she was enabled to rise and make preparations for the long journey to Coonoor, where she hoped for a real rest in the mountain air. With Miss Edna Prichard, she reached Coonoor April 26th, and went to stay at a Missionary Rest Home where over fifty other missionaries of many societies were spending the hot season. The first few days she seemed to gain a little, but, on May 15th, she walked to the foot of the hill, just below the bungalow where she was staying, to witness the baptism of a few native people. While there she caught cold, and afterwards she seemed to be going
down rapidly, in a way we could not understand.

Mr. Turnbull had rented a small cottage in Coonoor for the hot season, and on May 18th she was brought to us so that she could have every care and comfort a smaller home could give her. It was thought best to have her examined by the Civil Surgeon that we might know just her condition. He found that the dread disease, tuberculosis, had gotten a strong hold of her and advised her speedy return to America.

When Miss O'Donnell heard what the doctor had said she manifested a most yielded and beautiful spirit and said she felt she wanted to stay right here as nothing was impossible with the Lord, and He could heal her here as well as in America. The mission was ready to send her home just as soon as she desired, but, in a very few days, moving her was out of the question. Miss Hansen, who was with us in Coonoor, and who is a splendid nurse, took her right into her room and gave her the most constant and tender care until the very end.

Very much prayer was offered for the healing of our stricken sister and she joined in with all her heart, longing to see the Lord glorified. He blessed her much spiritually, while the body failed rapidly every day. She had been praying for some months that the Lord would reveal to her, in a more real way, the meaning of the Cross, that she might go all the way with Him in fellowship with His suffering. She felt, during her great bodily sufferings, that the Lord was answering her prayer, while her heart was being drawn out to Him in deepest love and adoration.

On June 6th, we found that she was not only suffering from tuberculosis but from typhoid fever also, and there was no hope naturally. When she heard this she was absolutely victorious in spirit; she had no fear of death but was glad and eager to go to the Lord, if this should be His highest will for her. We all stood by her in constant prayer that the Lord would spare her life if her work was not yet done, but if it were done, that He would take her quickly to Himself and not let her linger on in suffering.

It soon became apparent to us, and very real to her, that the Lord was calling her, and she left tender messages for her relatives and friends, and told us just what she wanted done with all her things. Her mind was so clear she thought of every little thing. We shall never forget her last messages to all of us who were about her. Among other things she said, "Oh, I never thought I would feel this way about going! Think of what it will be to see Jesus and all the glory! I'll be waiting up there for all of you, and if Jesus comes soon I'll be raised first and meet you all in the air. Oh, hallelujah!" Our hearts were
melted as we saw the exceeding grace given at such a time. The atoning work of Jesus was constantly in her mind and she spoke much of it to Miss Hansen, saying, "Oh, how much He suffered that I might enter into glory!"

As the end came on Saturday, June 14th, she was almost unconscious, and kept repeating the words "Offering all." She had, indeed, offered all she had and was to Him whom her soul loved.

She was laid away in a beautiful spot in Coonoor, in a Non-conformist cemetery, Rev. Harold Hercus, pastor of the Union Church, officiating at the services held at the house and the grave. Pastor Mallis of Ootacamund and Rev. Dr. Fraser Campbell, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, offered prayer and especially asked the Lord to bless the native people among whom she had laboured, and to watch over every seed of truth she had sown that a rich harvest of souls might be gathered in. We sorrow with her bereaved family because she has left us, but we rejoice that her pure, beautiful spirit is with the Lord. He took the sting out of death.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY DDIE GARRISON.

IT is a daily occurrence for a missionary's camp to be invaded by numbers of the curious village people, who seem to enjoy squatting on the ground in front of the tent by the half-hour, watching the white people eat and move about inside. These villagers are willing to listen to the gospel as they watch, and often the truth reaches some in this way who might otherwise not have heard.

One day in camp, a company of about twenty-five women came to the tent. At first, nothing was thought of this peering, whispering group, but later there seemed to be more than mere idle curiosity in this company of women, for, when asked what they wanted, one dishevelled old woman said in a shrill voice, "Give me my daughter!" This was indeed astonishing and called for some further explanation. The old woman continued, "You have taken my daughter away and you have her now, hidden in your tent." I told her I was alone, and invited her in to search the tent, lifting the covers of the cots to let her see that no one was hidden under them.

Then the old woman and her friends told me her story. Years before, during the famine, she had sent her little daughter to a missionary who was caring for famine children. Twelve
years had passed and she had heard nothing of her daughter; but now, a missionary had come again to the village and she thought that the Bible-woman with the missionaries must be her daughter. True, she did not bear the family resemblance, but small pox can change a face, and did not the Bible-woman’s face bear the marks of that disease? Though a heathen, the old dame had a mother’s heart, and twelve years had not taken away the yearning for her child, and she wept.

While we were talking the Bible-woman came near and the poor old woman insisted that this was her lost daughter. Our Bible-woman patiently told her own family history but it had little effect. “You have lived with white people and learned to read and write and you do not wish to own your ignorant old mother now,” was her answer. We promised to do what we could to find her daughter for her.

When we broke camp and left that village, the old woman came down again and stood looking after us weeping. The orphanage records showed that the girl had been at the Khamgaon Orphanage, had grown up, married a Christian man and moved to another part of the country. Some time later, Mrs. Moodie was visiting another mission and chanced to find the girl. She was a Bible-woman and wife of a catechist in that mission.

When she heard that her mother had not died in the famine, she wrote a letter, telling how she had been taken to the orphanage, educated and from there was married. She had a baby girl and hers was a happy Christian home. She was anxious that her mother should visit her and learn to know her Saviour to whom she owed all. The letter came to us and we sent it off to the village (ten miles away) to be read to the mother, by the village clerk. Soon afterward the old mother came to see us. She had the letter in her hand, soiled and crumpled, and she was happy. The journey on the train seemed too great an undertaking for her, but she hoped she could go some day.

Some weeks later, a different sort of a caller appeared at the bungalow. She was a handsome young woman gaudily dressed. Her ankles and arms were weighted with silver ornaments. A pretty little girl was with her. Our caller approached us boldly, “Are you the missionaries?” “Yes,” “Now tell the truth “are you the missionaries?” Being assured we were the missionaries, she handed us a letter. It was from a worker in North India, telling us that the bearer of the letter was a temple woman. She had been wandering about for ten years and had turned up in her native town to find that her mother and brother had become
Christians during her absence. They wanted her to give up the life she was leading and live with them but she would not. Since she would not stay with her mother and brother, it was the brother's wish that the missionaries in the town to which she was going would interest themselves in her and help her. She could not read or write and the occasion of her coming to us was to give us the letter, asking for the privilege of receiving communications from her brother, through us.

She told us parts of her story and from it we learned the following:

When the famine broke out she was a child widow. She and her little brother began to wander around and beg from the temple priest and Brahmins, who seemed to suffer little inconvenience while the other people starved.

Her little brother fell in a river and was drowned and she continued her wanderings alone. In the temples she was given rich clothing and ornaments and had every comfort, for she was a bright and attractive woman. For ten years she had lived the life of a temple woman! The fair wee mite with her was her own child, who is being brought up in the temples to be like her mother.

We have talked to her about the path of purity and happiness that was open for her as a way of escape from her bondage of sin, and she has laughed hard laughs and said she was perfectly satisfied to be as she was. At other times, she has been unable to cover over the ache of her heart, and, with tears in her eyes, has admitted that she would be glad to be happy and pure like her mother and brother.

These two stories are told by way of contrast. They might have been much the same. The temple woman might have been a Christian wife and her little girl, instead of being trained to sing lewd songs in the temple, might have been singing Christian hymns, but no missionary found her! She fell into the hands of the "holy" of Hinduism and was ruined!

This is not an uncommon story for India, for thousands of innocent little girls are yearly being sold, or enticed, or given by their mothers to this life of shame. But some are being saved from her fate and their lives made useful and beautiful by the power of Jesus. Is anyone who reads these lines responsible for some of India's temple girls, who might have been saved had they been found by a missionary, instead of a Hindu Priest? Has any guilty lack of interest, or refusal to obey the call been the cause of loss of virtue and loss of souls? If so, "Doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? And shall not He render to every man according to his works?"
CONTRASTS.
BY HARRIET BEARDSLEE.

DURING the months of May and June the heat becomes almost unbearable on the plains. The missionaries find it very trying to carry on their work at this time, so as many as can be spared from their stations go to the hills for rest and recuperation. Although we are allowed a vacation of six weeks, yet this does not mean simply a period of ceasing from our work, but it does mean time to wait on God for a new filling of the Spirit and the quickening of the inner man.

This year a company of seven of our missionaries have had the privilege of spending these weeks in Simla, North India. This is a beautiful town built on the side of the mountain, where the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas can be seen in the distance. It is a most ideal spot for rest and quiet. The Viceroy of India has a summer residence here, and many come here from the plains to escape the heat and to enjoy the invigorating climate and magnificent scenery.

Each year several regiments of soldiers, volunteers, and boy scouts are encamped at Simla for a week of inspection. At this time these soldiers participate in a sham battle under the supervision of the highest military officers in India. As this battle was enacted on the hill which is just opposite the one on which our party is staying we had the opportunity of witnessing it, and it is my desire to draw a few contrasts between this battle and the one in which we are engaged.

First of all, we know there are certain conditions which must be met before a man can join the army. He must be free from physical defects, of a certain height, etc. When he becomes a soldier he must be always in readiness to respond to the call to arms. He must be on the alert to obey the captain's slightest command, even though it may bring him face to face with death. He dares not shrink from danger, but follows his leader into the front of the battle, into the very thickest of the fight. He must be ready to defend his country when occasion demands.

The soldiers had been informed that this sham battle was to take place on a certain day and on one of the hills in the vicinity of Simla, but further than this they knew nothing, until they arrived on the scene of action. It was an impressive sight as they formed into their several regiments and received their orders to march. The boy scouts, some of them mere lads, were apportioned to the different companies. They were inexperienced and needed to take their place by the side of those who had been in active service that they might learn the
CONTRASTS

secrets of successful warfare.

These men scaled the hill and placed themselves in ambush near the top. Although the enemy consisted of mere targets on the opposite hill, yet as they opened fire the hills resounded with the echo, and the reverberation was almost deafening. We could easily imagine that the battle field was reeking with blood and that the dead, wounded, and dying were falling on every side. It made us shudder as we thought of the horrors of actual war. The different regiments were from time to time shifting their places, always of course under cover. They had been making their way toward the hill and as they ascended it the shout of victory arose, and balloons, which were supposed to be soldiers in flight, came rolling down the hill. We could not understand the various signals and manoeuvres but we knew the soldiers would do their best because the eyes of their generals were upon them.

Dear reader, we are engaged in a warfare. We have enlisted in the Army of the Cross and the glory of God is at stake. There is only one condition which must be met in order to enlist, namely, a life consecrated to God. The ranks of the enemy are full. He has many regiments at his command. They are known by such names as: caste, superstition, idolatry, prejudice, ignorance, etc. They are very formidable it is true. Our ranks are small, some of us are very inexperienced, but our Captain has never been known to lose a battle.

We need reinforcements. We are engaged in no sham battle but in actual warfare with Satan. We need men and women who are willing to go into the thickest of the fight, who are ready to follow where He leads. We are not shooting at targets but we are dealing with men's souls. The shout of victory is frequently heard when a precious soul is rescued from the enemy, and we know there is rejoicing in Heaven.

We appeal to you to enlist in our ranks. Will you give your life to God and to India? To-day there are many promising stations in India, but there is no one to man them. Many of our missionaries need a furlough, but who is ready to fill the gap? Must these stations be closed because there is no one to take their place? Many are begging us to come and teach them about our God, but we can't reach them all. The field is wide, the need is great. If you are inexperienced, like the boy scouts, you can take your place by the side of those who have been on the field for years. If you have been in the Master's service for some time, then you can fill the larger place here.

"Who will come over and help us?"
SOME SHEAVES FROM THE WHITENED FIELDS.
BY MRS. S. P. HAMILTON.

We have just completed a three months' tour in the villages of Matar District. We did not reach India in time to start very early, so we planned to stay out until the leaves would begin to fall. This is suggestive of autumn to our readers, but here it is the reverse. At the beginning of the hot season the old leaves are pushed off by the new ones. At our last camping place we had some difficulty in finding a shady spot for our tent. We found a "bavel" grove, but it took a whole day to clear away the thorns. We changed our camp three times and so spent about a month in each place. In a former copy of this paper was an account of the first month on tour and the ten who were baptised. Since then we have met these new-born souls many times and we have always received fresh inspiration as we have seen what God has done for them.

After the first month on tour, we went with light and joyful hearts to the next place, but at first the field did not seem very ready for harvest. Our plan of work was the same as before, we went out two by two and held meetings in different villages at the same time. When the battle seemed to go against us, we all gathered at the tent for prayer and the Lord gave victory. The first place we visited was not very hopeful. The people sat like statues and their spirits seemed as immovable as their bodies. They whispered to each other not to turn, move nor speak, and they acted as if they were waiting to have their photos taken. After a few days, they not only became acquainted with us but with the gospel, and one man was baptized. He has been a source of joy to us. There are no telephones in these simple mud houses, but the news that God was working, spread to the surrounding villages and others became interested.

One evening we went to a village to hold a meeting and on reaching the spot found the people seated in little groups looking very sad. We sat down near a man and his wife who seemed to have some real heart-sorrow. The others appeared like hired mourners. How glad we were to have a gospel that could meet their need in such a dark hour! They had just buried their only son. The Spirit of God worked in the meeting and it was a melting time. Two young men became Christians, and when we left, the bereaved father plead with us to send a native preacher to live in the village and teach them more. We were surprised later to learn he had been such an opposer that it was almost impossible to hold a service there.

One morning we went to hold a meeting in another village,
and among the listeners was a woman with her face partly covered and eyes red with weeping. A few hours before she had buried her little girl, and life was a dark eclipse. God opened her heart and she wished to be baptised. Her husband has threatened to leave her if she attends any more meetings. She is in great need of prayer.

The tide of victory kept rising. In a meeting one evening four men came out, and the following evening four more gave their hearts to the Lord.

Our next camp was Nyacka. The first convert was an old man nearly a hundred years old, but so active he walks several miles to service. This aged pilgrim burns charcoal for a livelihood and is in good circumstances. His wife, who is much younger, also became a Christian. Some terrible confessions were made which we refrain from recording. Very few have such a checkered history. Great was our joy to see him melt and bend under the power of the gospel, and both he and his wife were baptized with three others.

In one town called New Village, we were greatly encouraged. It has the name of being a sink of iniquity, but some of the people were made new creatures in New Village this year. In one of Mr. Hamilton's meetings, six men, including one backslider, came out on the Lord's side one evening. They talked until nearly morning about salvation, and the next day the writer singled them out at once in a crowd, from the joy on their faces. Do not think they have had an easy time. One woman refused to cook her husband's food and persecuted him in unmentionable and innumerable ways because he was baptized. One young man was shut out of his home for some time to make him recant. In this village we have a school. During our meetings these boys took a decided stand for Christ, but only one was baptized because they are not only too young but have heathen parents who object. One of these pled with tears to be baptized with the older ones, but could not get the consent of his parents. It is an inspiration to hear him pray. He is a remarkable boy and we feel God has His hand on him for service.

Souls were saved in many of the villages we visited. Fifteen were baptized while we were on tour and several more are soon to follow. It is not possible to be out the whole year with tents, so this necessitates the building of a simple structure for worship. We are glad to say that the bricks are being made for it, but in the meantime we hold our meetings under the trees on that side of our district.

One woman, a devotee and widow, who attends ceremonies with Brahmin priests, was invited to our meetings. She sent
back the strange answer that although King George should call she would not come unless she desired. Great was our surprise to see her a few days later at our tent. She came from her village to hear the gospel and her hard heart melted, so she too was added to the sheaves gathered.

All pronounced it the best touring season we have ever had. "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

THE MARATHI YOUNG MEN'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

In the daily routine of school work one does not meet with many strange and thrilling experiences which would be of peculiar interest to readers in the homeland. But this being a very important phase of Mission work, we venture a few lines to stimulate an interest and renew your courage for prayer and support in this particular ministry.

The need constantly before us in the foreign work is that of Spirit-filled, trained helpers, who will teach and preach the way of salvation, and who are in a position to press the claims of Christ upon the awakened minds of their fellow countrymen in a more effective way than we missionaries could do, because we are foreigners.

Since our last writing in these columns, some definite changes have been made in connection with rules and courses of study in the Training School. These changes call for a more wholesome and concentrated effort, on the part of the missionary and the Christian worker, toward encouraging the brightest young men of our as yet small Christian communities to sacrifice the enticing worldly allurements of gain and consecrate themselves for definite and efficient service for the Lord. Moreover, that they avail themselves of the opportunities which the Training School offers.

Besides the regular, government standard courses of study, we have a three years' Biblical course covering the following subjects:

I.—Bible History, Old and New Testaments.
II.—Geography, Biblical.
III.—General chapter study (synthetic) through the Bible in three years.
IV.—Special Analytical Studies. Acts, four Gospels, etc.
V.—Christian Doctrine.
VI.—Character Study.
Out of school hours, from seven to nine o'clock each morning, and after five o'clock in the evenings, students have a change and do manual work, then everybody is busy about the place. Some at cleaning dormitories, school rooms and the compound; others drawing water, attending to the fruit trees and the field, or helping build a fence, dig in the well, or otherwise, helping with improvements about the place. When not too busy, we sometimes turn from this wholesome exercise to some athletic games.

During the cold season we aim at having each of the classes in turn with us on tour. At such times we live in tents and move from place to place among the many villages and towns of our allotted districts, preaching and teaching wherever we find souls to listen to our message; while those classes remaining at home pursue their secular studies with their teacher.

We note with interest the courage of these lads in witnessing for their Saviour, for it is not always pleasant when the gainsayers in the crowd probe them with perverse questions, and then snub them and seek to misconstrue the meaning of the truth presented. Probably not all of these students will become efficient preachers, but we also need teachers for village schools, colporteurs and other helpers in our Mission work. Our hearts are often encouraged as we see these lads develop into manhood with a strong and a simple faith in the Word.

Now, a word as to the support of the training school and students. The Lord graciously provided for the buildings through the generosity of our dear brother, Mr. D. B. Strouse, who is labouring heart and soul with us for the evangelization of India. The students are supported by friends in the homelands who send their donations direct to us, to address below. We assign students and keep up correspondence with supporters, and we invite their special daily prayers. This personal touch of working together by prayer is most helpful.

The amount needed for a student's support for food and clothing is twenty-five dollars a year.

Dear friends, you may safely let this work solicit your earnest prayers and support. At this stage of missions, the training of native young men is one of the most important aspects of the work of the foreign missionary.

The thorough evangelization of the thousands of villages and towns in the districts allotted to our Christian and Missionary Alliance in India will yet have to be done by the men of the soil, our Indian Christian brethren.

Yours in His Service.

Nargaon, P. O.,
Khandesh, India.

C. EICHER.
ITEMS.

Miss L. Holmes, one of our well beloved and honoured missionaries, passed on to be with the Lord, Friday night, June 6th. She was ripe and ready, and her end was peace. In our next issue a sketch of her work in India will be given.

Miss Zella McAulby, whose work is among the lepers, has been spending a few weeks with Miss Mary Reed of Chandag, away among the mountains of North India.

Our hearts have been stricken the second time within a month, as on Saturday, June 14, our beloved sister and fellow-worker, Miss Hattie O. Donnell, left us to be with the Lord. She was ready and glad to go and left behind her a triumphant testimony of His abundant grace.

One day in June, some of our missionaries visiting in Coonoor met a Christian Chinese young man from Shanghai. He proved to be a lad who had been taught by Mrs. Woodberry, and his face lit up with real joy when he found he was talking with missionaries in India who were associated with the same mission that had given him the message of Jesus in China. It was an inspiration to the missionaries as well, and brought to mind the familiar passage in Isaiah—"Behold, these shall come from far and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim."
List of Alliance Missionaries.

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