EDITORIAL NOTES.

Fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. i John. iv. 18.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a strong mind. ii Tim. i. 7. Fear thou not for I am with thee. Isa. xli. 10.

The message the Lord seems to be speaking to our hearts this month is contained in the two short words, “Fear not.” They appear many times within the Word of God and come to us not only as a comforting message, but as a command to be obeyed. The Spirit has plainly told us, through the apostle Paul, that God has not given us the spirit of fear, and yet, it is very evident that fear, in various forms, exists in the hearts of Christians to-day, even in the hearts of those who profess to know a great deal about the Lord. There are fears concerning the future, that this or that may happen to one’s children or to one’s self, fear that one’s work may not be successful, fear that all needs may not be supplied, fear of evil tidings, fear of man’s opinion, and a thousand other fears, and the whole ugly brood is from below, from “the father of lies” who is always on the alert to destroy the peace and faith of God’s children. How Satan loves to dangle some special fear before us, in the night watches perhaps, how he exaggerates and makes us feel the dreaded thing is sure to happen!

It is often only too true that the thing we fear comes upon us; the fearing seems to open a channel through which the enemy works to bring to pass the thing we have feared. There is one certain result of fear, and that is—torment. The Scriptures
tell us that, “Fear hath torment,” and any of us who have ever entertained a fear over night know how very true that statement is.

Now, we know that fear is not from God, that it is from the evil one, that it brings torment; and yet, it is existing in many of God’s children to-day. What then is the remedy? We know of but one,—hiding in the Lord who has definitely said, “I am with thee.” As we recognize His presence, refuse to listen to the suggestions of Satan, and claim the blood of Jesus to shield us from evil of every form, the torment of fear ceases. We read that, “Perfect love casteth out fear,” and “The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit,” hence, the need of the constant, abiding presence of the Spirit to keep that love alive in our hearts.

Very many who read these lines may be able to remember the time when the Holy Spirit came with His power into their lives, when the love of God was truly shed abroad in their hearts and when all fear departed. However, it may be that, as the days and months and years have gone on, fear has insidiously tried to creep back, and the heart may have allowed it to have a place little by little until to-day the life shows the lack of a quiet, trustful poise in God. The only way to get back is to recognize that failure to obey God’s command to “fear not” has been sin; it must be confessed and put under the blood. Then, there must be the deliberate and definite turning away from all that is eating the sweetness out of life, to the Holy Spirit, that He may again bring in a flood of God-love that will cast out all fear. And afterwards, the daily counting on the shed blood of Jesus to shield from all the evil purposes of the enemy.

Many in India to-day could tell of living in the midst of dread diseases without fear because they have learned to claim their constant shelter in Jesus. Do not think that missionaries are free from all temptation to fear. Ah no! Many are the conflicts and victories that could be told, but a habitually fearful soul in the Lord’s working ranks in India is a poor weapon to use in this war for souls.

One of our missionaries tells of a time, just after the awful famine of 1900, when she was alone at a Mission Station where a
great many of the native people were sick and dying with plague and cholera. One night, after having attended to a group of such sick ones at a little distance from her bungalow, the realization of the personal danger she was in came upon her. A great fear took possession of her with such force the perspiration broke out all over her body and she felt actually sick, while the taunting voice of the enemy hissed in her ear, “And what if you take plague or cholera and die here all alone?” She knew where her safety lay, and there in the darkness all alone she knelt down in the open field and refused the fear in Jesus’ name and claimed her protection,” under the blood.” She arose in triumph and went through all the succeeding days of caring for the sick in calm fearlessness. Ah yes! The very same One who met His fearful disciples in the storm puts His loving hand upon us and says, “Fear not for I am with Thee.”

**RAIN.**

BY E. R. CARNER.

“I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.” Isa. xlv. 3.

GREAT rolls of fleecy clouds loom in the western horizon and glad, hopeful hearts cry, “Look, look, the monsoon is coming!” Yes, blacker and blacker, bigger and bigger, nearer and nearer roll the clouds. Then flashes of lightning split the blackness and great volleys of thunder rumble over the dark canopy above and then—the rain. Long has been the waiting. Month after month the earth and sky have been dry and hot. The ground has seemed to pant for the copious drink so long delayed. Hot winds as from a great furnace have scorched the cheek and brow, and all vegetation not rooted deep in perennial moisture has withered and shriveled long ago. All the host of things living have waited for the rain as if their very existence depended upon it. The shepherd and the cowherd have driven their panting flock and herd to the wellside at each noontide and have looked with longing eyes toward the molten heavens and said, “How long till the rain comes?” The brute creatures themselves have mutely prayed for the showers on a thirsty land. All nature, animate and inanimate, has asked for rain.
Here and there some doubters have questioned whether rain would come and some have blamed the Giver of all good for not looking after His creatures. Their pessimism has made the heat harder to bear for those who have trusted for "the seedtime and harvest." These trusting ones have gone forth to their fields and with sweating brows have broken up the fallow ground that it might be ready for the seeds as soon as the first downpour of rain had ceased.

And so, at last the rains have come. The air is full of moisture, and the water, which is everywhere, seems to fairly pour from the sky. The thirst has departed, and the oppressive heat has gone. It is hard to believe that so shortly ago there was such parchedness and such heat. It is one of the miracles that a benevolent God works for unworthy mankind every year here in India.

In it all there is a lesson for God's people. India is spiritually a dry and thirsty land—a desert place without water. Many have prayed and waited long for the fulfilment of promise," I will pour floods upon the dry ground." Others, again,—pessimists—have said, "It can never be." Still others, who ought to know better, have spoken discouragingly of the servants of God who for long, hard years have toiled early and late at breaking up the fallow ground, preparing it for the downpour in the day of God's visitation. To the toilers such criticism has been the hardest of all to bear. If ever they have almost given up in despair it has been when brothers have insinuated that all the drought has been the fault of the toilers in the fields. Willingly and hopefully they have given the heart of their earthly lives to this gigantic task. They have seen their comrades fall and have known the loneliness that takes the place of the "vanished forms." They have felt the ebbing of consecrated strength under the trying influences of a deadly climate and have laboured on, waiting for the day of the outpoured floods, or for their "turn" if it should come before the time of heat and dryness had passed. They have worked and suffered in faith and hope, without much visible result and have still believed God and counted that His time would come. They have gone on with the courage of heaven, because conscious of being in God's will. All has been gladly borne for Christ. They endure as seeing Him who is invisible and for His time they wait. They believe that the hot winds of earth that have blown so long are to turn out to be vehicles of God to bear on their wings the spiritual monsoon. And so surely as God has planted faith in their hearts so surely will He keep His word and pour out the floods.
And if the servants of God in the homelands will help to bear the burden and heat the floods will come the quicker. May the Lord of the vineyard give to all the Elijah faith that hears the sound of abundance of rain even before the cloud as big as a man's hand is seen. That kind of faith will "pray earnestly" (James v. 17) till the floods fall.

A LIFE LAID DOWN FOR INDIA.
BY MRS. J. N. CULVER.

IT was in the year 1898 that the writer first met Miss Hattie O'Donnell, and soon afterwards a strong tie of friendship sprung up that was severed only by her death. Her life, from the time we first met until we said goodbye to her when she was leaving us for her vacation a few weeks ago, was a continual inspiration. It could be said of her, even as of Caleb of old, "She wholly followed the Lord her God."

When the way opened for her to come to India the first time, the Mission Board asked her if she could be ready in three weeks to sail with the party that was going out to India then; she answered yes, and was ready at the appointed time; but at the cost of not being able to go to her home in Canada to say farewell to her parents whom she dearly loved. And at that time, although she was but twenty two years of age, she had learned to put God and His work first. After reaching India she began the study of the language and made good progress in it until she was attacked with malaria fever and held captive by it for months at a time. Malaria fever, with a foreign language to acquire, is enough to bring the strongest soul into despondency. But, notwithstanding all the trials she was called to pass through, she stood true to God. After she acquired the language it was her delight to go out to the dark villages to proclaim among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

When she had been in India about four years she was put in charge of the station in Sabarmati, Gujerat, where she faithfully worked for the Lord she loved. During the three years she was in Sabarmati, with the exception of a few months, Miss O'Donnell was the only missionary in her station, yet, we do not remember of ever hearing her complain of loneliness or of the work being too difficult. She had four native evangelists associated with her in the work, and she, with her little company of workers, toured the villages for miles around, so that in all the surrounding villages where she lived the people must have heard the
gospel over and over again, and are without excuse. She had exceptional tact and wisdom in dealing with the native people and she won the love and respect of all who knew her. She was exceedingly conscientious in her work, with the Christians, and daily gathered her little flock together for study of the Word and prayer. And the fruit of her faithful service among them was manifested in the lives of some of them who lived with her. She truly rejoiced with them in their joy, and wept and prayed with them in their sorrow, and faithfully dealt with them when they fell into any snare that the enemy had set for them. And when she went on furlough she kept in touch with them through correspondence. She faithfully shepherded the little flock "over which she was overseer."

Perhaps, though, the crowning feature of Miss O’Donnell’s life was the life “hid with Christ.” It can be truly said of her that she daily spent hours alone with God. She delighted in the study of the Word, and private prayer was her vital breath. She never allowed her work, friends or anything to rob her of her time of being alone with God and it was her hidden life with her Lord that made her outward life so beautiful.

A few quotations from the last letter received from her after she went to Coonoor and was told by the Civil Surgeon of her physical condition will suffice to show the yieldedness of her life to the Lord. “The civil surgeon’s sentence to me was a great shock as I had not dreamed of anything being the matter with me except a little fever and rheumatism. But the Lord seemed to prepare me for it before I heard it, as Mrs. Turnbull refrained from telling me for some time. The Lord is keeping me perfectly calm and restful and praiseful too, and gives me such sweet promises of comfort. This morning He said to me. ‘Be of good cheer it is I be not afraid.’ I know I am His and hidden in the hollow of His hand so how can anything come to me but what He allows and sees it is the very best thing for me? I feel what He wants is for me to just be quiet and rejoice in Him, and He will enable me to do this, Praise Him! Pray that in all things regarding me His will may be unfolded and made very clear. I am willing for just whatever is His will. To take Thy cross and follow Thee where love and duty lead shall be my comfort and my praise,” Miss O’Donnell’s life was a life nobly spent and bravely laid down for the Master. O, how we miss her! She was not only a faithful missionary but a true and loving friend and fellow-worker. Who will be willing to take up the cross and follow Him to this benighted land as she did? “The harvest truly is great and the labourers are few.”
ANOTHER VICTOR CROWNED.
BY WM. MOYSER.

MSS Lucy Holmes was born of sturdy New England stock, and the traits and characteristics of a New Englander were very apparent in all her life and work. She was converted early in life and chose teaching as her profession. When she was but seventeen years old she taught her first school; later on, she secured a position in Mt. Holyoke Seminary where she taught for twenty-five years.

Very early in the history of the Alliance work she came in touch with its teaching, and very definitely found the Lord to be the Healer of her body. Over twenty years ago her eyes were healed and from that time to the day of her death she never wore glasses, or needed a physician, as she trusted the Lord for the healing of her body at all times. She fully accepted the truths of the fourfold gospel which truths and doctrines were very precious to her, especially that of the imminent return of the Lord Jesus. She loved to talk of it, and to sing Mr. Simpson's hymns on the subject. During the past two years of her life she was talking almost constantly of the signs of the times and she hoped to live to see the Lord return for His waiting Bride. The theme was always uppermost in her thoughts and conversation. This doctrine did not depress her spirit, but, on the contrary, kept her in a bright and cheery frame of mind. She always seemed happy.

After coming in touch with the teaching of the Alliance, she became a steady attendant at Alliance meetings whenever possible. She was a constant reader of four-fold gospel literature, and from the beginning took an active part in missionary work, being a supporter of the Alliance work in the foreign fields.

In 1892 she was led to give up her religious work in Chicago and to attend the Missionary Training Institute in New York City. After completing a full two years' course of study, she felt led to offer herself for the Lord's work in India, instead of supporting a worker on the foreign field as she had previously done. She was accepted by the Mission Board and reached India in the latter part of the year 1894.

After studying the Marathi language for some time she was transferred to Amraoti city to work with Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, who were then in charge of that station, and most of the time that she was in India was spent in that place.

Miss Holmes will be greatly missed by a large circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances in that city of 30,000
Hindoos and Mohamedans. She was greatly beloved by the young people. She never went out into the city without her bag full of Scripture portions and picture cards (sent to her by friends in America) for the girls and boys. She was nearly always surrounded by a group of children. They often asked her to sing for them and she willingly complied, singing in Marathi a good gospel hymn. Then she would give them a few words of testimony and earnest exhortation. Thus her days were full of glad, bright service for the Master.

Her last illness was very brief. On Monday morning before she died, I heard that she was not well, so I went up to Amraoti and invited her to come to Akola for a few days of rest and change with us. (We have been in Akola but a few months, and Miss Holmes had lived with us in Amraoti for three years, since our return from last furlough.) She consented to come, so I packed up a few things for her and brought her to Akola on Monday evening. All day Tuesday she was up and around, bright and cheerful, and came to the dining room for all her meals. Wednesday she was confined to her bed and at midnight Thursday, June 5th, she met her Lord, for whose coming she had longed and prayed.

Her death was caused by sun-stroke or heat apoplexy. She felt that the Lord's return was very near, and she often told us that she wanted to work for Him just as long as she could. She had planned to spend the hot season away from the plains, but the work and its needs pressed upon her and she deferred going away until it was too late. I believe she fell asleep as she would have desired, for there was no pain, no lingering illness and she wasn't a burden to anyone in her old age. She was 74 years old, but active in the work until the Lord called her higher.

She was a grand, noble woman of God. She has fought a good fight; right nobly has she kept the faith, and now she has won the victor's crown laid up for all those who love His appearing.

We shall miss her bright face and cheerful voice, but it is well with her. May the Lord comfort her sorrowing friends and relatives, who were not able to be present at the time of her death, or to lovingly help in her last illness; but they can rest assured that her end was peace. Her funeral was largely attended by our native Christians, Roman Catholics and Hindoos, who all knew of her and loved her. We preached her funeral sermon from the subject, "The fight fought, the faith kept." May God raise up some other one to take up the work she has laid down in this great and needy field.
WHAT A STRANGER SEES IN CALCUTTA.

BEFORE us is a wide street, lit with electric light and flanked with lofty houses, quite a credit to Calcutta if one does not look too closely. But our path lies to the right, along the cobbles over which run the tracks for the electric trams. Note that the wires are over head, as also are those for the telephone: the gas, water, and electric light supplies are conveyed underground. Just now the streets are well nigh empty, but when the crowds gather it would be hard for a breaking wire, should it fall, to avoid doing damage. Cross wires, however, make falling almost impossible.

On the right are large red-brick warehouses, where tea is stored and big iron sheds into which unloading ships are constantly pouring their thousands of tons of cargo. But on the left are houses—native houses—brick-built, five storied, verandah fronted—yet dirty withal to an English eye: and the half-dirty sheet-like cloths, washed perchance in Hugli water, which hang over the verandah fronts, drying in the breeze before their owners put them on again, do not improve the general aspect. And here are temples, right in the midst of the houses, scarcely distinguishable from them save for the figures of the gods half hidden in the murky interior, and for the blare of the conch-shells and the din of the gongs which would warn the god that it is time to rise from sleep.

The scene changes, and we pass into deserted streets of European offices. Two or three white-clad, white faced sahibs pass by on their early way to office: two or three unclad natives, who with huge hose-pipes have just finished their task of flooding the roads in a fashion which would destroy any surface, are carrying off their pipes on their shoulders: the scavengers, dirty in their persons as in their work, are slowly sweeping the paths and carrying away the refuse: save for these, the only people to be seen are the durwans or doorkeepers—how unlike the smart commissaires in London, or the concierges of the Continent! These, wearing nothing but a loin-cloth and a moustache, are lazily dragging their string cots out into the morning sun, or beating them with an intent which is but too shudderingly apparent, before they sit down to rub themselves all over with oil and proceed to the stand-pipe for their daily bath. Cleanly in their habits! h-m, what about those beds?

Is this the early rising east! The whole place seems asleep. But this is the quarter for Offices and Banks, which do not open before ten or half past: and next we come to Government Offices, which sleep later still; and then, over tar-paved
roads, we come to the long lines of shops, all shuttered and closed, for these do not open before half past eight or nine, though the native bazaar and the shops adjoining have been busy since five. A fine frontage this! There must still be money in Calcutta trade, even though the day for princely fortunes be at an end. One thing which strikes the stranger eye is the very small window-show, even yet. Twenty years ago even the drapers had windows like those of London warehousemen: but since then nearly all Trade Calcutta has been rebuilt: and with the arcades and long verandas which, they say, the last ten years have brought, the shop-window is gradually coming in.

Once in the residential quarter, the size of the houses strikes one. Most of them are now let out in flats, nevertheless they are much larger than those occupied by people with corresponding incomes at Home. Even so, as one soon finds, they are none too large, for the rooms get very hot and stuffy as the sun gets up, and small rooms would soon be unbearable. Most of the houses are two and three storied, for the price of land forbids bungalow building in modern Calcutta, just as it makes the spacious gardens of the past impossible.

Another strange fact is, that all the servants are men. The cook, the housemaid, the tablemaid, the scullerymaid—even the laundress—are replaced by the opposite sex, and yet, to judge by the talk which goes on in every drawing-room, the change is no improvement. The only female servant is the Ayah, who is lady's maid or children's nurse, and, apparently, indifferent as either, depending as a rule on her sex rather than on her merits for employment. Judging by signs, she is not likely to over-work herself; but as news-bearer-general she has her place, and knows it. The laundry-man is, perhaps, the strangest sight to unaccustomed eyes. He takes away the dirty clothes, and brings the clean, upon his head, varying the proceeding only when he takes them down to the tank or public wash-house to do the actual washing; then the clothes rolled into a sausage six or eight feet long, wrapped in a sheet, is thrown across the back of the famous "dhobi's donkey," who thus caparisoned moves slowly down the street.

Many other sights strike one. There, for instance, is a piano, going to or from the dealer's shop, not in a van, as at Home, but on the heads of eight coolies, four at each end, who with a quick shuffle avoid each other's heels and get quickly over the ground. The number of coolies in the city, by the way, must be very great, for they are called in for all sorts of odd services. Is there a letter to be delivered or a parcel to be despatched when
the regular letter-carrier is out of the way, the coolie is called; are there windows to be washed, stores to be fetched, furniture to be moved, tiffins to be carried to office in the absence of a regular "boy," the coolie is called into requisition.

Almost all the cabs are open phaetons, some of which, in virtue of their rubber tyres, are called First Class. A few closed vehicles of the Second Class are left in the city, but they seem to be rarely obtainable in the European quarter. Even of the taxi-cabs, most are touring cars. The horses are nearly all what would be called ponies at Home, some of them small even as ponies: and in what are known as Third Class gavis, red, closed conveyances sacred to the Indian clerk and butler community, are to be seen animals no larger than a decent English donkey, many of them apparently depending upon the proximity of the second animal for their ability to remain upright, so thin are they.

But the sight of Calcutta, so far as I have seen, is the Indian policeman on point duty. The European constable is dressed in white with a white pith helmet. But his Indian imitation wears loose white knickers and tunic, khaki puttis huge native shoes after the French sabot style, but of native leather, and a red turban: whilst on his shoulders and breast he bears a brace arrangement of white webbing, the purpose of which is not evident till the sun-comes up: then, he sports a white umbrella, the handle of which is placed in a socket formed in the webbing brace, that he may not have the trouble of holding it: and thus surmounted he tries to imitate the ways of his European colleague in the regulation of traffic. Assisted by a moveable sign-post inscribed "Keep to the Left," which must be intelligible to quite one per cent of the drivers in Calcutta, he shoots out his hand almost—but not quite—like the European—and the traffic laughs. Nowhere in the world, surely, is there more reckless driving. A fare appears upon the pavement, and straightway two or three gavis from the stand, without the slightest warning, swoop across the street utterly unmindful of any vehicle which may be coming. Or a driver wishes to turn down a side street: without the slightest intimation of his intention, he makes for the nearest curb, and should another gari be coming in the opposite direction, there is much wild shouting, and the horses in both vehicles are drawn back upon their haunches with a jerk which must strain every joint in their bodies, if so be they have joints, these wooden-moving beasts. One thing alone he fears—the motor: and even with that he sometimes manages to collide.

Of all that I have seen so far, commend me to the Indian policeman:—The Indian Methodist Times.
HE was only a Mohammedan boy about fourteen years of age. His father, brothers and sisters had died, so he and his poor mother were left alone. He was anxious to learn and had gone to school, but his poor mother had no means of support. Her only source of livelihood was in her boy. He knew her condition so he left school and started work.

While the new bungalow was being built in Malkapur, Brother Rogers heard about him and gave him work. He carried water, mixed mortar and made himself generally useful. It was not long before Brother Rogers observed the boy's activity, and quickness to learn. As long as the work continued Kassam was a faithful boy.

When we arrived in Malkapur to take up the work there the bungalow was not finished and Kassam was still busy on the work. We soon learned to know him. He became dear to us and we loved him. Kassam became a subject of daily prayer.

After the bungalow was practically finished and the other workmen dismissed we felt that this Mohammedan boy should have work in order to support his poor mother. So, we kept him and gave him such work as watering the trees in the compound, drawing water for our use and taking care of the horses, etc. He was willing and anxious to do this work for a little more than two dollars a month. While doing this work he was very faithful and honest. I remember one day giving him, as I thought, a ten rupee note to purchase something for us in the village. When he returned he came to me and said, "Sahib, how much money did you give me?" I answered, "A ten rupee note." He looked into my face intently and replied, "Sahib, you made a mistake, it was a fifty rupee note you gave me. I have brought the note back. The shopkeeper wanted me to steal it. He said you did not know it was fifty rupees and I could put the rest in my pocket, but I would not." He put the note in my hand with a smile of gladness as if great joy had filled his heart on account of being honest. This act meant more to us than our readers can imagine because we know that children are taught to lie and steal in this country, even in the name of their gods.
This boy used to come daily to the meetings and listen earnestly to the songs and the reading of God's Word. We often talked with him about Jesus and how He died to save him. His tender heart used to take in the message and he acted sometimes as though he were one of us.

One day Kassam came to me and said, "Sahib, I have a thorn in my foot and cannot get it out." This is quite a common thing in this country, for people walk barefooted and thorns are strewed everywhere. They just take it as a matter of course. This time, however, it proved fatal. Kassam went home for his meal and did not return. Another boy came and said he was not coming to work to-day because his foot pained him.

Two days later the sad news came that he had died. It was quite a shock to us and we wondered why they had not told us how serious he was. Blood poisoning had set in and he soon left this world. We went to visit his poor mother and she was heart broken. Her only boy and means of support had gone.

We learned that the boy had sent for us several times but no one came to tell us. His mother saw he was passing away so she asked him what she would do. Her pitiful cry was, "My husband is gone! My boys and girls are gone, and you, the only one left to care for mother, are going too! What shall I do?" The boy in his dying moments said, "Mother, I am going to heaven, you trust God and He will take care of you."

We remember so well the last time he sat with us in prayers. We asked the congregation if there were any hymn they would like to sing. Kassam with a timid yet earnest look on his face asked for number one hundred and eleven. It runs like this,

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\text{"बेसूरे नाम गोड फार}
\text{दिनांखा नागते."}
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This means "The name of Jesus is so sweet to the poor."

Knowing Kassam as we did and seeing his earnestness toward spiritual things we believe that he is with Jesus and hope to meet him when Jesus returns for His own.

There are many boys and girls like Kassam who do not hear so much about the love of Jesus as he did. Will our readers kindly pray that such boys and girls may not only hear the story but believe it and journey with us to heaven?

H. H. COX,
A VISIT TO CHANDAG.

BY ZELLA McaULEY.

THIS last hot season the Lord opened the way for me to go to North India, where I had never been before. The invitation came through Miss Mary Reed, a worker among lepers in Chandag. The journey was all new to me, the mode of travelling, as well as the language, different from anything I had met hitherto, but I started on my way knowing Jesus had gone on before me. As He was my guide, I had nothing to fear. The railway route was considered dangerous as it was through a very malarious, swampy country. I was warned not to go as last year two missionaries travelling that way contracted a deadly fever; one died and the other had to go home. I did not wish to be rash or to run into danger, but Miss Reed had written me that if I started by the first of April I would avoid the danger. I was, therefore, carried through that district in safety; the journey was very pleasant and I reached the railway terminus well and happy. A pleasant surprise awaited me at that place as another missionary lady, Miss Hays, was there to meet me and accompany me on the first two days' marches up the mountains. She had a nice dinner prepared, and after eating she put me to bed early as I was very tired.

The next morning we started off very early. A dandy was brought for me to sit in; surely this was a new way of travelling, this being carried by coolies in this strange contrivance! A dandy is like a chair and a boat combined; poles are attached which rest on the shoulders of the coolies as they climb up, up the steep heights. It is hard work, but they told me I was quite light and they went on very rapidly at times. Travelling this way is tedious, difficult and sometimes dangerous. It is often hard to get coolies to carry the dandy and I have heard of them setting one down and saying, "We will not go any farther." At other times travellers have been robbed. Pack-ponies can be obtained for the whole journey, but in any event one can travel but about fifteen miles a day. Our first march was eighteen miles. Up and down we went, meeting beautiful scenery at every turn. Great mountains and little hills all seemed to be rejoicing and praising the Creator. The green fields and valleys, as we caught glimpses of them below, seemed to be looking their best. The rivers were flowing on and giving life to all around. There was quiet time for meditation of the Lord's wonderful handiwork and power. I enjoyed His presence in a new way; newness of life seemed to come into my tired body, and the living water seemed to spring up and refresh my whole being. We were carried over several dangerous places but His watchful
eye was upon us and He did not permit any accident to happen. At night, we reached a traveller’s bungalow where we had our food and rest.

Next morning, we were off again. We had fifteen miles that day, reaching a mission bungalow in the evening where Miss Budden had a comfortable place awaiting us. Here I spent the Sabbath and rested for the further journey of four marches. Miss Reed sent her boy and cook with a nice provision basket, which was well patronized along the way. Each march was made without accident. How I did praise the Lord for His keeping power!

When we arrived at a place called Pitaraghur, Miss Reed came there to meet me with a glad welcome. I still had two miles to go before I reached her home on Chandag Heights. It is beautiful for situation. One enters an avenue of pines and finds two cottages, side by side. One is Rest Cottage for tired, worn missionaries, where they are made comfortable and surrounded with beautiful flowers. The place is bright and homey, and Miss Reed seems to be in good health and enjoys her work. The eternal snows are in constant view and shine in their beauty, so pure and clean. The valley of Shor, seen from such a height, is a lovely sight with its green fields of growing grain.

Miss Reed has a number of inmates in her leper asylum, and they seem happy and contented. Everything is done to make them comfortable. The men and women are kept quite separate which is a good thing. Their little white chapel on the hill stands as a light-house to those far and near. It is a strong tower and refuge for these poor, afflicted ones for whom Jesus is moved with compassion as He was while on the earth. Pray for all the poor lepers in India.

Chandag lies in a very beautiful country, a land of plenty. Grain is produced in abundance and a good vegetable garden can be had the year around. Nepal is not very far distant; Bhat is also near by, where we find a wandering people without any religion. It is said that they are waiting for something, and hesitating between accepting Christianity and allowing the Brahmins to form them into caste. Oh, how sad this is! Poor people, being led into such darkness for lack of some one to lead them into the light!

Dear ones at home, awake, arise and look on the fields white unto harvest! Where are the labourers? Why do you tarry so long when the Master is calling for you to go and fill some gap? Souls are dying without Christ because someone has disobeyed Him. Oh, may you and I be in the place He chooses when He comes! It behooves us to keep obedient, humble and low at His feet these waiting days, for there are many “other sheep”
to be brought into the fold.

A few days ago, while the Bible woman and I were in a village, two women listening to the gospel message suddenly interrupted by saying, "Do teach us how to pray to your Jesus." Although we were on the street, where a funeral was going on in one part and laughing in another part, we prayed at once, and Jesus was in our midst; we were not disturbed by the derisive laughter of the bystanders but went on in peace as though nothing had happened. We would ask you to pray for these two women that they may be saved, also for the many who have often heard the gospel that their chains of indifference may be broken. Pray, too, for the secret believers that their chains of fear may be broken and that they may openly confess their Lord. We thank you for your prayers which are such a help to us in this dark land. May we all be kept waiting and watching for His blessed appearing.

NOTES FROM MEHMEDABAD.

BY L. F. TURNBULL.

"W"HY do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?"

Surely it is because they do not know God as their loving, heavenly Father; Christ as the compassionate Saviour, or the Holy Spirit as their Guide and Comforter.

Friends in the homeland may not fully appreciate how much Christianity means to them in every-day life, for spirit, soul and body, so it may not be amiss to write a few impressions that come to mind regarding life in a heathen village here in Gujerat, India.

Please accompany me on a short trip to a typical, heathen village less than two miles from the railway station or the mission house here at Mehmedabad. We leave the mission compound in the two-wheeled horse-cart. As this is the rainy season the pony has to struggle over the uneven road through deep mud. Soon we near the village and notice how unkempt and dirty everything is about the outskirts of the place. Ugly stone idols are frequently seen, smeared over with a greasy, red substance, before which men, women and children worship in a careless way, after making some small offering such as a handful of grain or a cocoanut. Satisfied that they have acted as good Hindus, they proceed to quarrel, lie, cheat and give abusive language as usual.

One of the native evangelists has walked on ahead of us. You remark on his intelligent, bright face and clean clothes,
which are a pleasing contrast to the garb of the heathen people, yet you note with surprise that some of the dirtiest, half-naked men scowl and draw away from him when he happens to walk close to them. The scowl shows that they are high-caste people afraid of being defiled by the Christian. If the evangelist should happen to brush against one of these high-caste men he would consider himself defiled by the close contact with a Christian and would have to bathe before eating his next meal. Perhaps you think that a bath would be good for any of them.

The big stick held in the catechist’s hand catches your eye. You soon learn how needful it is as many, mangy, yellow dogs come yelping around the cart.

We hold our first service with the high-caste people who listen respectfully and ask a number of intelligent questions before the meeting closes. Then, we proceed to the part of the village allotted to the low-castes, who give us a cordial welcome as they know that the missionaries are their friends and do not despise them as do their haughty neighbours. As we reach the centre of the low-caste quarter on foot we are surrounded by a crowd of naked children who whoop out the announcement that the missionary sahib has come, while their elders in loud voices command them to behave.

Among the confused mass of noisy natives you observe a few, who seem quite different as they meet us quietly with smiling faces and are cleanly dressed. You instinctively know that they are Christians and at once the thought arises, “How can they ever manage to live in such a place as this?”

After the usual questions have been answered the people are persuaded to sit down and listen to the “old, old story of Jesus and His love.” Some listen intently and seem to have a real hunger to understand the way of salvation, for they know they are not right with God. It is a great joy to go over and over the wonderful plan of redemption with such inquirers and they are urged to come for further instruction to the mission bungalow. While driving homeward we compare the village just visited to an ordinary village in the United States or Canada, and see in a new way how much it has meant to us to be born and brought up from childhood in a Christian land, with godly parents to lead us into the full truth concerning Christ. When we reach the neat, clean compound of the mission station and once more enter the home, we are grateful for such a haven of rest apart from the outside noise and turmoil of heathenism.

The immorality in this country is awful. Little children often lisp obscene words before they know the meaning of them.
The heathen people in the villages live very closely together and often quarrel over trivial matters. The women lose control of themselves very easily and shriek at one another, until they get hoarse, or too tired to say any more, when they go into their squalid mud huts banging the doors after them as if to say,—"I may be speechless but I don't give in any way."

The Hindu people think it is a great disgrace to have a child unmarried. Several times the relatives of our Christian people have brought such pressure to bear upon them that they have eventually yielded and married their little ones to heathen children. Afterwards they have realized the great evil of this step and most of them have repented with bitter tears when it has been too late.

Recently the writer was holding a service, in the high-caste quarters of a large village, and noticed that the marriage ceremony of two little children was in progress. The evil of this old custom was pointed out to some of the men who admitted that it was wrong. One man spoke up and said, "But what can we do, Sir? We must act according to the custom of our forefathers." Another man in the wedding group, wishing to justify the proceedings, said,—"These two children are both young so they won't live together for several years yet, until they are twelve or thirteen years of age. They ought to be contented with the decision of their parents. But last year a bad affair took place here when a young girl was forced to marry an old man whom she hated. Her father sold her to get money to pay off his debts. The girl ran away when first engaged, but was found and dragged back to the village. When the marriage ceremony took place she struggled so hard to get free that several men had to hold her and finally they tied her arm to arm with the old man until the wedding ceremony was over." Many such cruel cases could be related, and frequently the distracted girls and women commit suicide by taking poison or throwing themselves into a well.

It is not surprising that many heathen parents who hate one another fail to have the love and respect of their children. It is a common thing for grown sons to cast their old, infirm mothers out of doors to live miserably or die as the case may be. Several such instances have been brought to our attention.

Two of these parties are aged, blind women, while a third one is a cripple. The native thought is that the suffering parent is cursed because of sin, and is not fit for company with decent people.

The few incidents related give but a slight glimpse into
the darkness and cruelty of Hinduism. Oh, that the foolish, deluded Americans, who are so easily deceived by the subtle philosophy of Hindu religious teachers now in the States, could come and live in the midst of Hinduism for even a fortnight! They would soon find that the mass of the Hindu people are illiterate, bigoted and exceedingly sinful.

Our hearts have been much burdened at times as we have witnessed the temptations of the Christian men and women living in Hindu villages. For several years we have realized that the best solution to the problem was to establish a farm colony for the Christian people. They are nearly all experienced farmers in a small way. Last year, through the gifts of friends in Canada and the States, we were able to purchase a fine piece of fertile land within easy reach of our station. A few families are now settled on this farm. There is a large well of sweet water on the place which is a great boon in this tropical country. A certain part of the farm has been set aside for the site of the village, and houses will be erected as soon as we can manage to build. Just now the people are in temporary huts.

The Christian farmers desired to have a name for the colony, so, after considerable thought and prayer, it was decided to call the settlement “Hebron” which means alliance or friendship. When the farm was purchased from the former owners we received clear deeds for the property so it is safe to establish a permanent colony on the land. Adjoining the “Hebron” farm there is a large tract of fertile land owned by government which can be had as needed, free of taxes for sometime. Later, a reasonable tax would be levied by government, which is of course to be expected after the farmers bring it under cultivation.

The farmers now settled at “Hebron” have been earnest Christians for many years. They greatly appreciate the spiritual fellowship they enjoy together.

During the past two years five schools have been opened for low caste Hindu children in Mehmmedabad district. This work is proving very encouraging as the schools are conducted by earnest Christian teachers who have the spiritual, as well as the mental welfare of the children at heart. It is surprising how rapidly some of the boys progress in their studies. In one school, opened only eighteen months ago, several of the boys are ready to pass into the third Gujerati reader. It was a real pleasure to listen to the boys of this school recite several psalms, many verses in the New Testament, the ten commandments and the Lord’s prayer. The children of this school are also proud of their ability to sing a number of Christian songs.
The teachers impress upon the children the sin and folly of idol worship, heathen customs and superstitions. Several of the boys already refuse to bow in worship to the idols, although their parents try to force them to do so by punishment. In two villages quite a number of older boys attend night school and some are inquirers.

We realize that the instability of some of the adult Christians is owing to their illiteracy, and believe that when some of the young people, now attending the village schools, accept Christ they will do so intelligently and will be more apt to remain true when able to read the Bible daily themselves.

This year people of many different castes have listened respectfully and at times eagerly to the gospel message. It seems as if more than one high-caste person would accept Christ if such a step, acknowledged by receiving baptism, did not mean separation from family, home, possessions and all that life holds dear. We praise God with grateful hearts for the gracious way He is working among the humbler classes. Some months ago eight men and women of one village definitely accepted the Lord as their Saviour and recently seven of the number received baptism in the river nearby. The eighth convert, who is a young man, is bitterly opposed by relatives of his wife. Prayer is requested that he may be kept true to Christ in spite of persecution.

In three other villages a few young men are taking a stand for the Lord. All who take such a stand are invariably harassed by the heathen people, and are beset by many temptations, so we request your earnest prayers for them that they may be kept true to Christ.

THE COURAGE OF UNANSWERED PRAYER.

It is very easy for one who prays and whose prayer is almost immediately answered, to have the courage of prayer. Let the next issue arise and, like a soldier flushed with the consciousness of victory, he rushes into the fray and fully believes that his faith can move mountains. There have been children of God to whom He has vouchsafed this blessed experience; men who, by reason of their religious life, walk on the high mountaintops, and who seem to tower from the shoulders and upward above all the household of God.

We look up to them as the heroes of faith, and not rarely we are worried because our own spiritual life and experience are cast into a mould so wholly different. Nay, there are
moments when we begin to doubt the reality of our faith, because we reason that if we were true children of the King, to whom a living faith has been granted, our prayers should be answered as are theirs.

And we forget that the highest type of religious experience and the greatest test of faith lie right here, in the courage of unanswered prayer. Monica prayed for 40 years for the conversion of Agustinus, and never for a moment ceased to pray, although God seemed to close His heart against her. To receive, if God wills, but also to be willing not to receive, if God wills—see here the very ideal of childlike trust. The Master was sublime when He said: "I know that Thou always hearest Me," but He was still more sublime when, in the garden of Gethsemane, He wailed out the words, "Father, if Thou wilt, let this cup pass from Me, yet not My will, but Thine, be done."

He who believes, even if God seems deaf to his prayer, has the courage of its answer even though it comes in a wholly unexpected way; the courage of an unconquerable faith, of an endless hope, of a trust that maketh not ashamed. May God give us this faith of unanswered prayer.—The Christian Observer.

KRUPA.

In a small village about 40 miles away, a little girl was born. For the first six months of her life she had both father and mother to care and work for her. They were dhobis and earned their living by washing clothes for the well-to-do people of their village. By and by came that terrible plague visitation when so many homes were devastated.

Into the home of this little girl named Lakshmi came the death messenger, and both father and mother were taken. At this time Lakshmi was about six months old. Her grandfather and grandmother looked after her to the best of their ability; they were poor, and it was not easy to spare money for buying milk. Someone must stay at home to mind her or she must be taken along with the bundle of clothes to the bank of the stream, and, with a small round ball of opium put down her throat, laid under a tree to sleep. Meanwhile the garments would be beaten on the stones and rinsed in the already well-used water and laid out on the rocks or grassy bank to dry. It was possible, though inconvenient, to mind the child as long as there was water in the stream and money to buy milk. But a day came when the water in the streams dried up. The rains failed. Drinking-water had to be bought at a farthing a vesselful.
By this time little Lakshmi had become so dear to the old couple that the thought of giving her up was out of the question. But what was to be done. She must eat the coarse bread which the others lived on and, of course, many other indigestible scraps as well, as sand and earth, to try and satisfy the craving. About a year after her parents' death, things got so bad that it was practically impossible to keep her any longer. Long weary tramps had to be taken to find water to wash the clothes in. Any odd jobs had to be taken to keep body and soul together. A consultation was held and it was decided that Lakshmi should be given away. To whom? Ah! this was the point on which the whole of the little girl's future depended. "To Christians," was the decision, "because they take such good care of the children." They went to the nearest Mission agent who said he would write to head-quarters and ask if they would take her. The old man decided to take her to Pandharpur and put her into some home, wherever they would take her.

So in September last he arrived in the sacred city with a sad heart. Soon after his arrival he saw a Missionary lady with two Christian girls talking earnestly to a group of people. He too listened to the story of God's love in sending His Son. He decided there and then that his little charge should be given to them. He said nothing, but followed them to the other end of the town where a cart was waiting. As the band of Workers was about to start off in the cart for home they were surprised to hear the request, "Will you take this child?" After many inquiries and testings of their sincerity, they were told that if they truly wished to give her over they should bring her up to the bungalow which was a mile away.

Although it was getting dark, the old man and a relative hurried along after the cart and on further inquiries being made it was decided to let her stay. Then came the tearing of the heart-strings of the poor old man. There was love in every action of his. It shone forth in the careful preparations which had been made for the journey. The silver necklet, worth a few shillings, he would not remove. "It is hers, let her keep it," he said. Here was a tiny brass vessel of boiled jowari, a little brass pot containing a few balls of opium, a few odd garments, all handed over, but oh! what real sorrow was there. When it came to the moment of putting her out of his arms into the arms of the missionary, he sobbed as if his heart would break. Yet he was doing what he knew to be the very best for her and must have gone away satisfied. There was every sign that she had been well cared for. She was clean and had the usual glass bangles and copper anklets. She was apparently a healthy child.
except for the fact that she had eaten so much indigestible food and was suffering from the consequences. She has been with us more than six months now. We call her Krupa, which means grace. She can run about and is full of fun. She can say many words and is very good in trying to imitate the sounds she is requested to copy. She is a plump, jolly, smiling, little girl of two years and we all like to see her trotting about. She lives in Ellirn Sudan and is well cared for by the elder sisters whom she has found.—R. Sted, in "White Already to Harvest."

ITEMS.

The rains have come—good, steady rains that are refreshing the earth and causing much rejoicing among the people. Everywhere the farmers are busy ploughing their fields and sowing the seed in hope of an abundant harvest later. The joy of the sower speaks to our hearts again of the joy that should be ours as we sow the precious seed of life, for we too expect a harvest.

We have just learned that a successful Indian Christian Lawyer of the Madras High Court has recognized God's call and has decided to give up his practice in the Courts and join a local mission as a preacher. In doing this he accepts a salary which is only one-third or one-fourth of the income he was earning as a lawyer. May many in the homeland as well as in India do likewise!

Mr. Murray, of Alaska, writes: "On Sunday, June 30th, after our regular Sunday School Review, we held an interesting baptismal service. A young man, in whom I have been deeply interested for the past three years, was one of those who thus openly confessed Christ by baptism, and the other was an elderly Mahravi widow who has been taught and won for the Lord through the constant teaching and help of one of our women whom I baptized six or seven years ago. On account of the river being in flood at this time of year, we could not follow our usual custom of going there for the baptismal service, so these two were baptized in a bazaar near the mission compound. We praise God for each of these dear ones and we want you to pray that they may also bring others to a saving knowledge of the truth as is Jesus. India will never be fully evangelized until her own people take up the work in real earnestness."
One of the missionaries writes: "I was encouraged last week when one of the Christians came to me and said he wanted to give two hours to the Lord's work on Sundays, going to preach with the regular mission workers. We are looking for more to volunteer for free preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Writing of the recent actions of the Suffragettes in Great Britain, the Baptist Missionary Review says:—

To the missionary, . . . . the trying part of the situation is that the elevation of women in eastern lands is suffering so severely, . . . . The Indian people, men and women too, see the suffragette and they say, "If that is the logical culmination of your boasted emancipation of women—none of that for mine." And the zenana door closes a little more securely. And, from the point of view of India, we do not wonder in the least at the conclusion.

The friends of Miss K. P. Williams will note with interest that she is now stationed at Chalisgoan, Khandesh with Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Garrison. May God grant her much blessing in her new sphere of labour.

The Marathi Workers Summer School this year is to be held at Abora from Wednesday, August 27th to Thursday, September 25th. About 40 evangels are expected. The following are appointed to teach—Messrs. Moses, Schlander, Fletcher, A. Garrison, K. Garrison, Kanwadi, Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. P. Fletcher. This will be immediately followed by the Christian School. Please pray earnestly for a real revival.

The need of a revival in our India mission was recently brought once more before the Executive Committee. It was suggested that a day set apart for concerted prayer throughout our Alliance constituency would be one means of bringing this about. It was decided that Friday, October 25th, be set apart for prayer and waiting upon God for this definite matter, and that we request all our brethren on the different fields to join us in the day of intercession. Let all who read these lines seek to unite with deep earnestness in fervent, effectual prayer for this great and needy field. There has been much faithful working of the previous season, and the missionaries feel it is a time to begin to reap.
MAP OF INDIA
Showing Stations of the
Christian & Missionary Alliance

Boundary shown thus: ———
Railway

Mission Stations Underlined Thus: Akola
# List of Alliance Missionaries

## Berar

- **Akola**
  - Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
  - Mr. J. P. Rogers
  - Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher

- **Amraoti**
  - Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

- **Chandur**
  - Mrs. I. Moodie
  - Mr. & Mrs. K. D. Garrison

- **Khamgaon**
  - Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Carner
  - Miss E. Krater
  - Miss H. Bushfield
  - Miss A. Little
  - Miss Wyeth

- **Malkapur**
  - Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox
  - Miss H. Beardslee

- **Murtizapur**
  - Mr. L. Cutler

## Gujrat

- **Ahmedabad**
  - Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Andrews
  - Miss Lillian Pritchard

- **Dholka**
  - Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Schoonmaker
  - Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver

- **Kaira**
  - Miss E. Wells
  - Miss M. Woodworth
  - Miss Coxe
  - Miss Peter

- **Matar (P.O. Kaira)**
  - Mr. & Mrs. S. P. Hamilton

- **Mehmadabad**
  - Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
  - Miss Cora Hansen

- **Sanand**
  - Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee

- **Sabermati**
  - Miss Mary Compton
  - Miss E. Prichard

- **Shantipur (Jetalpur P.O., Ahmedabad)**
  - Miss Jessie Fraser

- **Viramgam**
  - Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth
  - Miss B. Conger

## On Furlough:

- Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller
- Miss L. Fuller
- Mr. & Mrs. Auernheimer
- Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
- Mr. W. M. Turnbull
- Miss L. Gardner
- Mrs. Cutler
- Mr. A. Johnson
- Mr. F. H. Back
- Miss M. Patten
- Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramse

## Bombay: