THE SECRET PLACE.

BY H. V. ANDREWS.

Above the waves of earthly strife,
Above the cares and wrongs of life,
Above the clouds of doubt and fear,
There is a place where God is near.

A secret place of God Most High,
Within the veil, a cleft close by;
This secret place the righteous know,
And to its welcome shelter go.

A cloud may veil its only way,
The empty gaze of man to stay;
Fear not, O saint, to pierce the cloud,
'Tis the sure sign of God's abode.

Within the cloud infinite light,
No gloom of earth, no shade of night;
But softly falls o'er all the place
The shadow of infinite grace.

No scorching heat of sun by day,
Nor nightly moon with treacherous ray
Shall touch the soul that's sheltered there,
Nor even cast a shade of care.

No pestilence, no plague is found,
No terror,—this is holy ground.
His wings a shelter safe afford,
A shield, His everlasting word.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

There has been very much said and written, these latter days, about the need of revival and the necessity of prayer to bring it about, still, we would add a little more to what has already been written.

Our readers may have noted the call to prayer that was printed in our last issue. We desire to give that call more prominence this month, and to express our earnest expectation that Alliance friends everywhere will give heed and join us on Friday, October 10th, in a day of fervent intercession for our work in India.

The need of the Holy Spirit's working in our midst is greater than we can express, and our only hope for winning souls is that He will so mightily convict men of their sin and need of The Saviour that they will give heed to the message so often preached to them and come to Jesus Christ for salvation. We long to hear the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The power of the evil one to keep men and women from seeing their real condition is something that meets us at every turn, and the longer we live in the country the more we realize its dreadful greatness.

There have been revivals in our work in India, and, no doubt, many have read accounts of wonderful meetings, of confessions of sin, of whole-hearted restoration of stolen goods, and of the Holy Spirit coming upon the boys and girls of the Orphanages. But, so far, such revivals have been among the Christians and the heathen have been untouched. Now, while we are desiring a revival among our Christians again, we are pleading for a mighty, evident work among the heathen in the villages where for years our missionaries have faithfully and persistently preached the gospel.

Those of our readers who through these pages follow the work of the missionaries among the Marathi speaking people know of the vast districts, in that part of India, containing hundreds of villages without a single Christian. Do you wonder that God's servants groan over the hardness and indifference of
the people, and call out to you in the homelands to help in this battle, through earnest, definite prayer? The low-castes of the Gujarati people are more open to the gospel and numbers have accepted Christ, but the great mass of the people are indifferent to the message of the great salvation which the missionaries and native preachers are constantly presenting to them.

We make these few plain statements that our home friends may realize the need of something more than an easy-going prayer. Do not simply pray, 'Lord bless the poor heathen, bless the dear missionaries,' but wait upon God until the burden of the matter gets possession of your thoughts and hearts and you pray as for your own flesh and blood. Pray that the Holy Spirit may brood over dark hearts, that He may stir them up to be so dissatisfied and unhappy in their present state and so deeply convinced of their sins that they may seek for deliverance and find it in Jesus Christ. We know, as the Alliance friends everywhere unite with us on the day especially appointed, that the Holy Spirit will show the way and what to pray, that He Himself will pray through many "with groanings that cannot be uttered." And may the prayer not stop on the evening of Friday, October 10th, but may it go on steadily, a conquering force against the powers of darkness which hinder the people of this land from accepting or even wanting the Lord Jesus.

Not only do we need to pray with great desire and deep longing for this work, but we must pray in faith if we are to expect an answer. Surely the Word of God contains enough to encourage us to have faith for seemingly impossible things. The same God who brought Peter from behind the Roman prison bars, who delivered Paul and Silas from the dungeon, and convicted the hard-hearted jailer of his need of salvation, can and will cause the people among whom we work to see their need and cry to Him for mercy, if we hold steady in expectant faith. The hardness of the field gives us no license to give up the work, but rather calls us to greater humility in service, to more earnest, persistent effort, to more prayer and looking to God to whom all things are possible. "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"
OUR TRIP TO CHIKALDA.
BY MRS. W. FLETCHER.

Our readers know that during the hot months of April and May all the missionaries who can leave their work must get away to escape the heat, and especially where there are little ones in the family is it very necessary to get to some cool spot. We had heard a great deal about Chikalda, and although we had no special desire to go there, yet, it seemed to be the only open door for us this hot season. The fifteenth of April found us here in Amraoti, feeling it was time to get away. Our little ones were drooping, and their thin faces told us that they were feeling the heat very much. Having to be shut in all day, with doors and windows nearly all closed to keep out the blasts of hot winds, made it so much harder for them. So we began to pack, and that means more than a little in India. There were pots and pans, cutlery, all kinds of stores, bedding, mattresses, boxes etc. and by the time this was done, we had quite a cart load of things. A sixty mile journey was before us and, at the least, it would take two or three days to reach our destination. The children and I got into a horse tonga, and that, too, was well packed with necessary things, not forgetting the usual water-jar, for the night was hot and as we had thirty miles to go before our first stop. Mr. Fletcher rode his bicycle along. We left at five o'clock in the evening; a fierce hot wind was blowing in our faces, so that our baby boy was just prostrated for the first eight miles. The tonga was rough and we got lots of jolts. At the eighth mile, there was a change of horses and we were glad to get out a few minutes and stretch our weary limbs; we sat down on the roadside and had a little lunch, with some water to wash it down. We had four changes of horses during that first night's trip but nothing much happened on the way, except that two thieves were lying in wait by the roadside. Seeing we were Europeans in the tonga they did not care to attack us, but later on, when our goods with the cook came along and the moon had gone down, they made a rush for the cart. We had our great dog in the cart and he made a bound at them and they were off pretty quickly, otherwise, we might have been the losers. At half past ten that night we drove into the friendly Kurku Mission Compound, a weary and stiff company, but with praise in our hearts for a safe journey and a quiet spot to rest in. We got a hearty welcome, and after a supper, were glad to creep to bed and sleep. We stayed there next day and night, and on the Thursday morning were up again at five o'clock to make-
OUR TRIP TO CHIKALDA

another start for a sixteen mile ride up the mountain. After an early cup of tea, we set out in our friends' bullock tonga. It was a lovely morning, and we enjoyed the scenery for the first few miles, but it was rather slow work, as we met all the carts coming in for bazaar day in Ellichpur, and so the passing each other on the narrow and very often dangerous road hindered our progress. The latter part especially was slow. The bullocks were tired, and the hills were steep so that our pace was a slow walk. At ten o'clock we sighted another Kurku Mission bungalow where Miss Ramsey lives. We were glad to rest under her kindly roof that day and night. Here was a wild spot with ravines and mountains, suggestive of all wild animals, on all sides, and yet our friend lives here all alone, having no fear, for God is her protection. The scenery is without fault, but the loneliness would be great, only that the Lord gives her so much to do in looking after others. Friday morning found us ready for our final trip of another sixteen miles. These sweet spots by the way helped to make the journey so much easier, and we were indeed grateful to the dear Kurku Missionaries for their kindness and hospitality. The morning was fresh, and the beautiful green jungles on either side of the road, made it so refreshing to eyes, that had just come from the dry barren plains. We saw wild fowl, beautiful peacocks, and other small game. The latter part of our journey for about five miles was just a zigzag road around the mountains, and one could not but feel sorry for the poor bullocks, who had to drag us up. We got to the top of Chikalda about ten o'clock in the morning, and we were so glad to come to the end of our journey. We had breakfast and tiffin at the Kurku Mission Orphanage, and then got into the tonga to go another mile to the Alliance "Sunrise Cottage."

Our hearts almost failed us when we saw the condition of it. No one had been there since the hot season before, and so the buffaloes and bullocks had made the verandahs their resting place. As the floors are only mud floors, they were in a bad state. Not only this, but the cattle had been in the two little back rooms. Some one had broken into the house and taken a few things. All the furniture, such as it is, was packed in one room, and the only thing that spoke of plenty was the crockery, and even that was very odd indeed. We began work, sweeping, putting down mats, and fixing up generally. We had expected our goods by the time we reached there and we needed them for we had nothing with us but a few clothes. However, the cart did not turn up till Saturday night at nine o'clock. We were in a fix. There were two canvas cots and one bed with tapes while the remainder of the beds presented
a hard surface of wooden slats. For that night my husband had a hard bed I can assure you. We had hardly anything to eat, and the eggs we had managed to get, I had somehow let fall to the ground, and they lay in a broken mass on the mud floor; we managed however, and were only too glad to get away from the hot plains. In a week or so, when leaves etc., had been gathered up, the place began to look more homelike, and we spent a quiet, happy time there, until up to the last, when our baby had two convulsions and we nearly lost him.

Just a word for Chikalda. It is a pretty place, and one can have a real rest if the furniture and bungalow in general were more comfortable, for you will remember that after the year's work on the plains we are very tired and need something to refresh us in order to fit us for the coming year. The bungalow needs stone floors above all things, a good ceiling and many other things. Soon the railway will be opened up to Ellichpur, and then there remain but thirty miles to Chikalda, so it will be far more accessible, and no doubt in the future many more will be induced to go there.

THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE OF THE ANDREWS.
BY LILLIAN M. PRITCHARD.

My feelings for the first year in India must have been, I think, like those of the small boy who has not paid his entrance fee to the ball ground, but who with longing eyes stands peeping through a knot-hole in the fence at the game on the other side. My high fence was the language which seemed to separate me from the work of soul-winning in which the other missionaries were engaged. But, as the months roll by, I am paying my entrance fee by hard study of the language, and it is with great joy and thankfulness to my Heavenly Father that I am beginning to take a little active part in this great work.

Perhaps a few daily occurrences will be of interest to some of our readers, and, as my present station is Ahmedabad, I will give you a few glimpses of the work here, as I see it.

Ahmedabad is an old walled city of over 200,000 inhabitants. Our compound is within the city walls in a very good location. On the left, is the Civil Surgeon's residence, his compound and ours being separated by a high wall. On the west, the compound is bounded by the city wall, the outside of it reaching down to the river-bed being about twenty feet high, while the inside of it is only about three feet high. On
our right, stands a mouldy looking, three-storied building which forms part of the city wall and extends out on to the riverbed. I have often wondered if Rahab's house was anything like that building.

The new missionary is often surprised to see the varied work which falls to the lot of the older missionary. In many cases he has to be lawyer, doctor and undertaker, as well as pastor and teacher, in fact, he has to do everything that might fall to the lot of a dozen different men.

We invite you to look in upon us some Sunday morning. At about eight o'clock the dining table is removed from the dining room, the large screen which divides the drawing and dining room is taken out, all chairs except those to be used by the missionaries are set out on the verandah. At about nine o'clock the people begin to gather and take their seats on the floor. Who are the people who gather here week by week to worship? Many of them were formerly the orphanage boys and girls, and now, having become men and women, they have moved here with their families to work in the cotton mills of this great city. These Christian families, living in their little homes in the midst of dark heathenism, are often lights in dark places. One can readily see how important it is that these young people should have a missionary to shepherd them.

As the hour of worship draws near on Sunday morning, one may see a native Christian school teacher entering with eight or ten heathen young men and boys from his night school. These night schools, as many of our readers know, are proving very fruitful. Here and there in the congregation may be seen a few baptized Mohammedans. One old man will especially attract your attention because of his long, white, patriarchal looking beard and shining face. On close observation you will see that his right hand is badly maimed. This old man was a policeman here in Ahmedabad and when his Mohammedan friends found that he was inquiring into the Christian religion they violently attacked him, and as a result he is maimed for life and receives a small pension from government. It is an inspiration to watch his bright face as he drinks in the words of life and nods assent to all the missionary is saying. His two small daughters always accompany him. Then, the women, garbed in bright-coloured sardies and carrying their babies, fill in the rear and overflow on to the back verandah. As a rule the congregation numbers about one hundred and thirty-five or forty.

Why do we have the services in the bungalow? Because here in this important centre we have no place of worship. However, the Lord has given the promise of a Church and we
trust we may have one in the near future.

At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon we have Sunday School, Mr. Andrews teaching the men, Mrs. Andrews the women and the writer doing the best she can with the little ones. It is beautiful to see the confidence some of these children have in prayer. A few Sundays ago, after the lesson, one of the little boys stood up and said he had a request for prayer. I asked him what it was, and he said he wanted to pray for a Christian young man who was ill on the compound and for a poor, old sick man who had been at the point of death for weeks and whose wife was worn out caring for him. So, in his simple faith, he prayed that God would heal Rama, and if it was not God's will that old Naran should get well that He would take him to Heaven soon. The next day the old man passed away and the young man was quite well.

That same Sunday p.m. some baptisms were to take place. After the Sunday School had closed I went out on the verandah, and there I saw a small company of natives who had been receiving their final instructions for baptism. There were three young men from a night school and an old woman from the same village. These had come in about five miles for the service. One of the young men was engaged in extracting four ear-rings from his ear and he was having some difficulty. After a while one of his friends applied his teeth to the brass rings and in a short time he was ready. Just then Mr. Andrews emerged from the bungalow with a pair of scissors in his hand and I wondered what part they were to play in the preparation for baptism. Then, one of the young men removed his head-gear which revealed a tuft of hair about six inches long on the top of his head. This, of course, represented his caste and had to be severed before he could receive baptism. These preparations being completed Mr. Andrews and the men with the aid of a ladder climbed over the city wall on to the river-bed, while Mrs. Andrews, the old woman and I wended our way down the street through the big city gate, and across the burning sand to the edge of the river, where the four were buried with Christ in baptism. On our way the old woman said to Mrs. Andrews, "Now you must love me for when the people know I am baptized I shall have a hard time." Yes, we believe many such in India are longing for "a little bit of love." And the only way these people can get an idea of the love of Jesus is through us. How we should endeavour to live near Him, so that He can love these people through us. Jesus is longing for empty channels through whom His love can flow into hearts darkened by idolatry and superstition. What a glorious privilege to be a channel for Him
The native teachers labour very faithfully in instilling the gospel into the hearts of their scholars. Once a year, there is a united examination of all the Sunday Schools in India. Among those who came in to Ahmedabad to take the examination was a class of boys from a night school about five miles from Ahmedabad. They had waded through deep water and pouring rain to get here. One little boy especially attracted our attention. I wish our readers might have seen him as he stood so very erect before Mr. Andrews with his hands folded across his chest, answering in a most wonderful straightforward manner the questions put to him by Mr. Andrews about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph. As he stood there in his bright oriental attire, which consisted of a bright red cap and coat and white dhota one could almost imagine that he might have been little Joseph himself. When he was leaving Mrs. Andrews asked him the following questions which he answered in a manner befitting a man of twenty-five—"How old are you?" "Seven years." "Are you married?" "Yes Ma'am." "How long have you been married?" "Three years." "Where is the little girl?" "She is living in my village."

Do we have Christian weddings here? Yes, very often. The responsibility of providing wives for the Christian young men rests on Miss Wells of the Kaira Girls' Orphanage. Not many weeks pass by without weddings here in Ahmedabad and often there are three and four couples married the same time. A few weeks ago two of our native preachers were married. We took special pains in decorating the bungalow for the occasion. Their little one-roomed houses were also well cleaned and decorated with coloured papers and mottoes, and the scant furniture neatly arranged. In the midst of the preparation one of the missionaries arrived from Kaira with the brides and a half dozen girls from the orphanage. The brides looked very pretty in their pale blue and green sardies, draped gracefully about them. After the ceremony we all gathered in the compound, where we were seated in two long rows facing each other, with a plate before each of us. After asking God's blessing we proceeded with the feast, and as everything seems to be done just the opposite of the way we do it, of course our desert, which consisted of some native made sweets, came first, then rice and curry. After the attempt to convey the food to my mouth with nature's implements my dress was ready for the laundry.

Do we not have discouraging things here in Ahmedabad? Yes, many, many, but we know if we get discouraged and
depressed it will be impossible for God to work. So we will just praise Him for the really noble Christian men and women whom the Lord has saved, and leave the bad and discouraging things with Him who will not permit His cause to suffer loss. Please pray for the Ahmedabad Church that soon the Lord will provide a place of worship for these people. And as you pray ask, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

NOTES FROM CHANDUR.
BY MRS. ISA MOODIE.

As one listens to the rain pouring down these days, and sees new life springing up on every side, the longing to see the floods poured upon spiritually dry and parched Berar is intensified. The hot winds of vice, wickedness and idolatry blow fiercer than the hot winds that blow like a blast from a furnace, in the hot season. As we look and long for the monsoon just so are we looking for a spiritual outpouring.

The question often comes to mind,—have we let fear creep into our minds about India? A fear somewhat like that awful fear that takes hold of the people of India when they think rain might not come and the result be another famine. The devil seeks to make us fearful. Fear hath torment, 1 John iv. 18; fear is also characteristic of the wicked, Rev. xxi. 8. The Lord wants to deliver us from fear, Pro. i. 33, also to give us rest from fear, Isa. xiv. 3. Perfect love casteth out fear. Let us praise the Lord, trust Him and not be afraid. Oh, for a faith to see the clouds banking up! As the Lord has given us rain this year in plenty, yea floods, so let us look for the fulfilment of the promise, "I will pour floods upon the dry ground." We see the heart of God revealed as He speaks to His chosen people through the prophet Malachi and complains of their unkindness, irreligiousness and profaneness. "I have loved you, saith the Lord." These few words speak volumes. God loves us and dark India with a tender love. Let us pray that the eyes of the people may be opened to see the love of God in Jesus Christ.

In our taluka, companies of men and women listen to the Word and ask many intelligent questions. We even teach them to pray, but they look like the dried-up roots we see in the hot season. One wonders whether there is life or not. We long for the rain that will make life burst forth, for the tender green blade that reveals growth.

Some of the women are very ignorant. When we begin to speak to them they hold up their hands and say, "What do we
know? We can only make bread and eat it!” We usually get a few words with them by showing them that it means something to be able to make bread. I would like to tell you about one dear woman who is a rich widow. Besides her money she has a large vegetable garden and much land. We camped in one of her fields under some mango trees where cotton was growing. She came to see us and told us to pull up the cotton around our tents, telling her manservant to help. She is a kind-hearted woman and she did all she could to make us comfortable. She came to see us nearly every day while we were encamped under her trees, and she always wanted us to take some vegetables or grain. One day she took me round some of her possessions, pointing out the different things of interest. She showed me some nice big trees growing on the banks of a river that flows through her fields. She expected to make money by selling them. Then, she opened her heart and told me some of her trials. Her husband died when their first baby was born. That baby is now a boy of twelve. As she is rich, she is not treated like some of the poor widows in India. Still, she has to suffer in many ways. The Patel (headman of the village) steals her mangoes, takes her bullocks whenever he wants them and in many other ways gives her trouble. Still she said: “I would gladly give them to him if he would only ask me.”

She would sit for hours with the Biblewoman listening to the gospel story, then she would come to me to hear more. One day, as we sat together, she looked up into my face with such an inquiring look and asked me if God sent letters to me that I knew so much about Him. Laying my hand on the Bible I said, “This is God’s letter to me, and not only to me but to you also.” She came a little closer to look at the wonderful letter.

Another day she brought her mother and an old man servant. She led her mother to the tent door, the servant staying at a respectful distance.

After introducing me to her mother she said, “I don’t want to worship idols any more, I want to worship the true God that hears and answers prayer.” I told her over again the way of salvation and asked her if she wanted to pray to the true God. She said, “Yes.” She had been at our daily prayer meetings and seen us pray, but when I told her to shut her eyes she was afraid. She looked as if she thought something awful would happen. She came to Him in her own trembling way—to Him who never turns anyone away who comes with a humble and contrite heart. This is only one of the many for whom we need to pray. They need the floods that will make life spring forth to out-grow caste system and all hindrances,
DEAR YOUNG READERS:—Perhaps you have all heard of the magnificent tomb built at Agra by the Mohammedan emperor, Shah Jahan, for his favorite queen, the beautiful Mamtaj Mahal. Not long ago, on our way back from the hills, we had the privilege, for the first time, of seeing this splendid building, called after her, the Taj Mahal. I was so impressed with it as a type of the religion of the Moslems who built it, that I want to draw some striking parallels between the Taj and Mohammedanism, so that you will have a greater interest in these people, of whom there are at present over 62 millions in India alone.

We will think, then, of the Taj Mahal, with its garden and walls, as a type of the Mohammedan religion. There is only one gate by which to enter the Taj enclosure, and that, of course, typifies the false prophet, Mohammed, who founded this cult in the fifth century after Christ. I wish you could see the gate. It is very pretty with its exquisitely inlaid white marble, its turrets, domes and arches, and is well worth a visit. But remember, it is the gate of a tomb! Moslems are all taught that Mohammed was perfectly sinless, a miracle worker, and the greatest pattern of morals, and his name is daily repeated by more lips, perhaps, than the name of any other man who ever lived, excepting our Savior, Jesus Christ. Yet, he was really ambitious, cruel, and wicked, and to believe in him means to leave the way of salvation and enter into the "enchanted ground" of death.

The garden is enclosed by high, red, sandstone walls, which make us think of the blood-stained sword—the greatest instrument of the Mohammedans for making others accept their religion, and for barring out those who would not. This same barrier has, likewise, held the Moslem in that death enclosure even when he wanted to escape. It seems harder, perhaps, for a Mohammedan to become a Christian than for a man of any other religion.

The Taj Mahal building stands on a broad marble platform which we will call, "No case." While there are several different sects among them, the Mohammedans are really all cemented together into one great brotherhood, into which anyone may enter upon the performance of certain rites. At each corner of this platform there is a round, hollow pillar of marble, nearly 150 feet high, called a minaret. We shall liken these four pillars, which greatly increase the beauty of the tomb, to four elements
which make Mohammedanism seem to be a very fine religion. One pillar may represent the true beliefs of Islam. They believe in one God alone, and do not worship idols, nor drink intoxicants. They believe that Jesus (whose name they never pronounce without adding "Salaam") was a great prophet, born of "Miriam bebe," (Mary); that He ascended to heaven, that He is coming back to earth—and many other things that are true. Another pillar we might name, "The valor of Moslems for what they believe to be the truth, and their willingness even to lay down their lives to defend it." The third minaret we might liken to the intense desire the average Mohammedan has to convert others to his religion. They coerce, buy, or win their converts. In India, under British rule, they are not allowed to use the sword, but they still buy and win converts. Last year we visited a village where small portions of land had been offered to the Hindoo inhabitants if they would become Mohammedans. About half of them had accepted the offer. They were dressed like Hindoos and looked in every way like them, but said that they were Moslems. Mohammedans also send out missionaries, and, every year, make many converts. We will have to tell the heathen about Jesus quickly or these false missionaries will get ahead of us in many places. The fourth tall column may represent the confidence of the Moslems in what they consider God's inspired Word. What a shame it is that there are so many church members to-day who do not believe that all the Bible is inspired of God, and consequently are not zealous Christians! If the Mohammedan's blind belief in the Koran is so steadfast, how much more should we, who have ample proof that the Bible is the Word of God, be settled in our convictions on this important matter.

The Taj Mahal building is an irregular octagon. The four corners are cut off so as to make four short sides, and four longer ones. These eight sides are of white marble, and contain twenty-eight pointed arches, like very large doors and windows. There are, in reality, windows but in the back of each of the smaller window-like arches is cut a marble screen of great beauty, to let light into the interior. There are, likewise, four very large door-like arches, one in each of the four larger sides, and these also have beautifully cut marble screens. There is an ordinary sized entrance in the front arch only.

All around the arches is the most beautiful inlaid work. The white marble was chiseled out in the shape of flowers and oriental figures, and precious stones of various colours, cut to fit into these grooves, were inlaid. On both sides and above each of the four larger arches there are many sayings from the
Koran, the Mohammedan bible. These are black marble letters in Arabic, inlaid in the white. This work is so carefully done that though the top letters are nearly one hundred feet above the pavement, they, being made larger, look just the same size to the eye of the reader as the letters down nearer to him. Tiny spires crown all the corners of the building and the angles of the large doors.

We shall now liken the eight sides of this grand building to eight of the chief beliefs of Mohammedans. One of the large sides we will call their belief in one God alone. While they are monotheistic, they do not, however, believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, nor in the Holy Spirit, as we do, and to say that "God is love" makes them angry, for they know Him not as the Father of those who love Him. Another of the larger sides would be the Mohammedan Scriptures. The Moslem believes that there are 104 sacred books, among them "The Gospel of Jesus," but he believes the Koran to be the only one that is purely inspired, uncorrupted and eternal. Though from some standpoints it is a wonderful book, yet it is full of all kinds of error and false doctrine.

Still another of the sides we might call, "The prophets of Islam." There are 28 of them mentioned in the Koran. It is a remarkable fact that in this building which I am taking for a type of Mohammedanism there are just 28 of these door and window-like arches. Of course the big front arch would be Mohammed again, as it is the only one that has a door by which to enter the Taj Mahal. Three other prophets whom they consider great, and who might correspond to the other large arches, are—Abraham, Moses and Jesus. Then there are a lot of other prophets, equal in number to the small arches, all but two or three of whom, (beginning with Adam), have Bible names, or their equivalents. The fourth of the larger sides of the Taj Mahal we had better call, "The belief of these people in predestination or fate." They believe that whatever comes to them, even sin, is the will of God, and hence they cannot escape. The word "Islam" means "resignation," but though the doctrine seems very beautiful, it has held them bound in chains for centuries.

There are also four smaller sides, and these we will liken to the beliefs of the Moslems in angels, genii, the devil and the day of judgment. They believe in both good and bad angels. Two of their four archangels are Gabriel and Michael. They also believe in the sort of genii one reads about in the "Arabian Nights," and in a personal devil. Concerning the day of judgment, Moslems believe that in a peculiar way they will be
resurrected, judged for works, and go to their heaven, which 
they have pictured as a place where they will enjoy selfish ease 
and earthly delights.

On top of the Taj Mahal are five domes, four smaller ones 
standing on arches back of the shorter sides, and a huge, 
graceful dome in the center, rising like a great white balloon 
over the entire structure. At its base the larger dome is nicely 
carved and inlaid, and the top is surmounted by a brasen (formerly 
golden) spire, in which is the Moslem sign on the crescent. 
This is fully two hundred feet above the pavement.

There are five principal works which the Mohammedan must 
do in order to gain a reward hereafter. There are also four lesser 
works, corresponding with the lesser domes, but the five principal 
works are, (1) a pilgrimage to Mecca, the holy city of the Moham-
medans where they kiss the “Black Stone,” drink holy water out 
of “Abraham’s well,” and run around the “Kaaba” seven times, 
usually returning to India with the beard dyed red: (2) fasting 
in the month Ramadan, during which they do not eat nor drink 
at all from sunrise to sunset, but at night usually have great 
feasts; (3) prayer five times every day facing Mecca: and (4) 
the giving of alms on the tithing system about one cent. out of 
every forty. (5) The great dome of Mohammedanism in their 
“watch-word” or creed—the repetition of which is said to 
merit great reward—“There is no God but God: Mohammed 
is the apostle of God.” It is used as a prayer, an imprecation, a 
battle-cry, or a funeral dirge, and in fact on every occasion. 
It is now repeated by about one-seventh of the people in the 
world and binds them together with a strong tie.

The inside of the great tomb is also exceedingly beautiful. 
There are millions of small pieces of precious stones inlaid in 
the white marble. This work took a great company of the best 
workmen from India, Persia and Arabia a long time to finish. 
There are also large panels of very white marble with immense 
lily-like flowers cut in relief on them. When we see how 
accurately the gems were cut and fitted, and remember that the 
marble for the whole structure was sawed out with a piece of 
common wire strung on a bow, it is a marvel to us how this 
mausoleum could have ever been built. Some one has well 
said that the Taj Mahal gives the impression that it was 
designed by giants, and finished by jewellers.

But one thing remains to be said.—What are those two 
magnificently inlaid blocks of marble directly under the great 
dome? They are tombs! And what is under those tombs? 
Dust, defilement, and death. This marvellous structure, with 
all its internal and external glory, was built—just to be a
grave, a sign of death! One forgets all about the beauty, and shudders at the thought. No one lives there, and the buildings around the walls are the resting places of bats. It is the place of death!

And now, dear young reader, this marvellous comparison is complete. This great religion of Islam, which has so many beautiful and noble traits, loses its enchantment when one remembers that it is dead, and has no power to give life. Cruelty, polygamy, divorce and slavery are some of the signs of death. And worst of all, there is no divine Saviour and no atonement. Jesus Christ is only a prophet, and not as great as Mohammed. He is highly spoken of, but as one well says, “Islam is of all religions most false in this respect, that it betrays the Son of Man with a kiss.”

These people do not know the gospel, for there are few to tell them, yet Jesus loves their souls as much as He does those of any other religion. They need some of you to give your lives to come over and tell them that the Jesus whom they reverence is indeed the Son of God. Who Himself said:—

“This is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.” and, “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.”

Yours in Him,
A. I. GARRISON.

AKOLA INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL.
BY P. L. EICHER.

The work in our Industrial School is progressing as usual. It has its encouragements as well as its discouragements. Owing to the fact that nearly half the number of workmen are apprentices, the work does not go on as rapidly nor does it pay as well as if they were all experienced workmen. However, it is for these boys especially that the school is kept up, so that they may learn a trade by which to make a living. Most of the trained men are those who have been brought up in the Mission Orphanage.

As many of our readers know, we make tongas and do all sorts of blacksmithing and carpentering work, including furniture and cabinet making and repairs of all kinds.

The friends at home would be amused to see at what a slow pace all work moves in India. The workman must be watched
continually, for he does not believe in overtaxing his strength nor in putting in overtime.

We have a few Hindoo workmen. These hear the Gospel every day as we have Scripture reading and prayers every morning before starting the work. One of these men, or rather a Mohammedan, who had been in the shop for years, was taken down with consumption a few months ago, brought on we believe by intemperance, and died a few days ago. Oh, that we might say that he went to be with the Lord! But we are sorry to say as far as we know he died as he lived. How it grieves our hearts to think of another soul, lost, though he heard God’s word every day and the way of salvation explained to him often.

Another of the men, this time one of our Christians, is now suffering from the same disease, but how different is his future outlook. He prays everyday for the Lord to take him home soon. Yesterday one of our missionaries visited him and had prayer with him. He himself prayed very humbly and thanked God for what the missionaries have done for him in caring for him since he was a mere child. He has been married only about six months. He has always been one of our best boys and has been a faithful workman in the workshop. We can only pray the dear Lord to take him out of his suffering, if his work is done.

Just a few weeks ago, the Lord spoke to one of our boys about going to the Bible Training School at Bodwad. He said the Lord had shown him the way of salvation and now he wants to go to be prepared to show others the way. Pray for this boy, that the Lord may make him a real soul winner. He finds studying rather hard after having left it for some time to work in the shop, but we trust he will keep up courage although he finds it hard. We should be glad if more of our boys would go into definite service for God. Pray that they may live consistent Christian lives that they may help their fellowmen to find their Saviour, wherever they are, working at a trade or preaching the Gospel.

WHY?

BY J. B. ROBINSON.

EVERY effect demands a cause, and every action some constraining motive. The apostle said: "The love of Christ constraineth." History abounds with records of lives that have been governed by a constraining passion for their cause. To-day, worthy causes are being outraged by unworthy actions. In the
homeland, as I have listened to accounts of the daring exploits of prisoners, which have been related with a degree of pride, I have more than once asked—'Why?' As yet no satisfactory answer has been given.

The scene has changed. Instead of viewing things that are condemned by God and man, I am viewing things that are condemned by God and extolled by man. The scene is a common one, so common that its significance and importance are almost lost. Let us view the picture, if it may be called such.

Overhead, the sun is shining in all his brilliancy through a cloudless sky. The light is so fiercely bright that we must veil our eyes. The landscape around is tired and dead looking, for the foliage is losing its beauty, as it always does during the dry season, and the fields present a monotonous, dry flatness. The scene may lack beauty but it does not lack interest, because travelling along the road there is a seemingly endless stream of pedestrians, carts, tongas, cyclists and flocks of goats. The dust arises to the density of a thick fog, but, unimpeded, the procession goes on.

With such a scene before me, I naturally ask a few questions, such as, 'Where?' 'Why?' The former is easily answered, but the latter remains unsolved. As to the first question, one word suffices, i.e.'Bearam.' I am a new-comer in the district and that word does not convey much to me. True, it is the name of a place, but there is no beauty of nature to attract one; I see no beautiful mountains, cascades, nor luxuriant forests. There is not even a single house in sight, and yet, there is an attraction about the place that defies definition. For eleven months of the year the place is void of human habitation, all is barren and deserted. It is possible that two things may cause momentary attraction, but that would be all. One, a huge boulder resting upon a platform some two hundred feet high; the other, a well, or rather a pool of stagnant water. At first these things are meaningless to the westerner, but a little later they are full of interest.

At the time of writing the scene is changing, the constant stream of arrivals gives life to the barren place. Activity displaces inactivity, and the desert becomes a habitation. We see the change and ask-'Why?' The great stone receives a coat of red paint, and here and there we see indications of some great event. The crowd about us is mixed in character. Side by side, we see contrasts as diverse as the poles. Education and ignorance, age and youth, buyer and seller, business and worship, fakir and thief, Hindu and Musselman meet and for the time being seem to blend. The blending is more apparent than real,
WHY

as a little walk amid the crowd will show. Sharply divided by a line that defies law and for the time even Christianity, we see Kurku, Bhil and Hindu separated. That line is the terrible caste line which says, "So far shalt thou come, but no further." A very noticeable feature is that the worship of the same god does not bring caste together.

For a little time we are interested in the general camp life. We saunter about and watch the crude methods of cooking, and, perchance, we see a party at dinner, but we are warned not to come too close as our shadow would defile. This interest soon abates and another scene attracts. The people who were previously covered with dust from their journey are now washed and garbed in clothes of varied hues. We watch, we listen, we ask, but we cannot define the motive of all this concourse. We look at the objective; it is—a stone. The people are conscious that it has neither eyes nor ears; no voice can be heard and no arm uplifted to help, still, they seem satisfied to continue to call to a stone. The would-be mother makes her appeal because a response means her salvation, in more ways than one. Families bring their offerings; the bride—almost an infant—and the bridegroom are presented, all seeking the favours of a stone. You say it is due to ignorance. That is only partially true, for side by side with the ignorant you may see the educated doing the same thing. India knows no distinction in this matter. The man who scorns to let the shadow of a low-caste man fall across his path will bow to the same smear of paint, or give money to the same despicable looking fakir, or will wash his body in and drink of dirty, stagnant water that a respectable western farmer would fill in or fence about so that his cattle should not be contaminated. Do you wonder that as we stand by our hearts are oft times sore? The anomaly of it all, the terrible power of Hinduism, the fear of the people, the tremendous price that must be paid if one desires to break away from the customs that enslave, make us realize that human power will not avail.

As we see the great crowd of people who have come through the heat and dust to get to this stone, we ask ourselves and we ask the people—'Why?' but our question remains unanswered. We conclude that some come for business gain, some from fear, some for fun, some to purchase, some to beg, some for debauchery, but none from a sense of sin. Truly it is, "As the god, so is the man." The imperfect man, the imperfect animal, the imperfect figures are worshipped. Surely India has found, or rather made, a god the worship of which debases humanity.

You may ask us why we visit such scenes. We answer that, whatever the motive of the Hindu may be, such occasions to the
missionary mean opportunity that must be seized. Daily the missionary faces scenes that are revolting, oft times his heart is sore, but the love of Christ constrains. He is entrusted with a gospel that knows no nationality, caste, colour line, or limits. Daily he proclaims the Saviour to a deluded, bigoted people, and he knows that through Christ alone India can be saved. He rejoices in the God of salvation and he presses on knowing that the power of the unchangeable, living God is working in many yet unseen ways in this dark land. We ask, and God is asking, for your co-operation in this work of spreading the knowledge of His salvation throughout the length and breadth of India.

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**UPS AND DOWNS.**

**BY ARTHUR DUCKWORTH.**

In the thirteenth chapter of Matthew's gospel, verses one to nine inclusive, we read about the parable of the sower who went forth to sow, and we note that,

"Some seed fell by the wayside."

"Some seed fell upon stony places."

"Some seed fell among thorns."

"Some seed fell into good ground."

Jesus intimates to us in these few verses that the Christian worker may expect ups and downs in his service for the Lord. As it was during His ministry while on earth so, also, is it today. Notice that the seed that fell "by," "upon," and "among," did not come to fruition, while the seed that fell "into," brought forth.

We have just had an illustration of the seed that fell upon stony places. Some time ago, a young man came to us from a village outside of our taluka, (county). He intimated to some of our Christian workers that he wanted to become a Christian as he found no hope of salvation in serving his Hindoo gods. After talking with him some time, they brought him to the bungalow and we questioned him as to why he wanted to become a Christian. Then we asked; "Who is Jesus?" "What did He do for sinners?" "How can you be saved?" He gave good answers to the questions asked him, so we told him that we would try and get him some work to do in the weaving mill, as that is about the only kind of work to be had all the year around; and he could come to the meetings and talk with us to learn more about the plan of redemption.

He got a position and worked for some time, and he seemed
to be a true Christian, one in whom the seed sown had fallen into good ground. After some time it was decided that he be baptised, so we baptised him, and as he came up out of the water he seemed so peaceful and happy that we felt sure he must have been born again. One evening, after receiving his wages at the mill, he did not come home and for two days we did not see him. Then he returned saying that he had been to Ahmedabad in search of a man to whom he had loaned four rupees, but he had not been able to find him so had lost his four rupees. When next pay day came we missed him again, but after several days he returned and said he had been to his village to make arrangements to buy some seed to plant. After getting a partner here to go on shares with him he returned to his village, having received from his partner five rupees to help him get the seed. From his village, in his uncle's name, we received a telegram as follows,—"On seeing telegram send seven rupees."

After considering the matter we began to think that something was wrong. One of our workers said that he had asked him to let him have his coat and his watch which the worker accordingly did. This shows how much confidence all had in him. Therefore, we sent one of the workers to the man's village with the money, telling him that if everything was all right to let him have the money. On talking with him he thought that everything was right and gave his uncle a note to get changed and he went out and gave it to our Christian friend who skipped off, and, although our worker searched for him, he was not to be found. We are praying, however, that this seed which seems to have fallen upon stony ground may yet prove to be seed which fell into good ground, for it is only as we abide in Him and His Word abides in us that we are able to stand against the wiles of the wicked one. This is one of the down experiences but, Praise the Lord, He is able to bring him back; nothing is too hard for Him. Kindly pray for this young man.

We have been praying for some time for a place where we might hold a night school, also for the support of a teacher. The Lord has answered prayer and we have now rented a building in which there were three small shops; the partitions have been taken down, making one room having a seating capacity for about fifty people. It is located in a public place so that evangelistic meetings can be held there. A few days before the school was opened, a number said that they wished to be enrolled, but on the opening of the school no one appeared. We wondered why no one had come, but although we were disappointed in this, yet a number of Hindoos and Mohamadans gathered outside, listened to the plan of redemption and a number confessed
that the Christian religion was the true religion. So the Lord turned what seemed to be a down experience into an up experience. The next night again no one came to the school, yet a number of persons gathered to listen to the story of salvation through the blood of Jesus. We inquired why the people did not come to the school, and they told us that a man had told them that we would educate them a little then we would carry them off into another part of the country, so that they were afraid to come. The next night five came and were enrolled and now there are ten, two of whom are Mohamadans and the rest are Hindoos of different castes. Several others have signified their intention of joining, so we trust that this will be an up experience.

It is precious to see how many times the Lord turns our down experiences into up experiences.

We desire your prayers for this night school that as the pupils listen to the Word of Life, given by the Christian master in charge, some may be convinced of the Truth and give their hearts to the Lord. We desire your prayers also for the Sunday School held there, that some of these children may soon learn to know Him and give their hearts to Him. Pray also for the evangelistic meetings there, that some, having heard His Word, may turn to the Lord and be saved.

A short time ago we organised our Christians into a church, and we praise the Lord for them. As we glance back a few years we see them as they were, “Without hope and without God in the world;” now they are cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus and are living in the blessed hope of seeing Him soon. Pray for the little flock here at Viramgam in the midst of heathenism, that we may be true and faithful to Him, and that we may “Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” We praise Him for the up and down experiences that He allows to come to us, though sometimes our hearts are grieved by some of the down experiences, yet we know that He has allowed them to come, and we pray for Him to work them out for His glory.

Since writing the above article the man in question has returned and humbly asked forgiveness and promised to restore all. The cause of his downfall is that which causes the same results in the homeland, i.e., strong drink. Each time he went away it was because of the desire for drink, which he dared not take on the compound.

Pray that he may be definitely and permanently delivered from this dreadful device of Satan.
JOY OUT OF SORROW.

A sad story with a glad ending comes from Muzaffarpur Leper Asylum. Many years ago an uneducated Hindu, of Mathura, emigrated to Africa, where he worked as groom, cook and miner till he had earned so much that he was able to purchase a small estate. To enjoy it better he returned to India to see his friends, and, if possible, bring his wife and parents to his new home. The usual medical inspection before going on board ship resulted, to his horror, in his being declared a leper. But as the leprosy was not far advanced he was allowed to go on board. Arrived at his old home, he had another sad experience; his wife and parents had died, there was no one to take care of him, he had become a stranger. His leprosy was increasing so rapidly that he would not now be allowed on board ship, and therefore he could not return to Africa. He started on a pilgrimage to Jagannath. In his misery he was met by a colporteur who told him about the Christian Leper Asylum. Gladly he found a refuge in it, attended the services and prayer meetings, and listened attentively; with the glad result that he has come to know Christ as his Saviour. He can now look forward to spiritual comfort during his remaining days on earth and to an eternity of bliss beyond, which may well make him rejoice in what came to him as an overwhelming calamity.—Selected

ITEMS.

A peculiar sort of fever, not unlike the dengue fever, is raging in parts of Gujarat and many of the Christian people have been its victims. The people tell us that there was such a scourge twenty-eight years ago, and it is a result of the abundance of rain we have been having.

Quite recently the baby of one of the mission workers became suddenly very ill with fever. After the child had suffered all night she was seized with severe convulsions and it wasn't long before the worker's little hut was crowded with heathen on-lookers who were loud and eager in telling the father what performances he should carry out to free the baby from the evil spirit that had come upon her. The Christian father put them all out and calling in two men, who had recently been baptized, he bade them with him lay their hands on his child.
in Jesus' name and help him call on God for deliverance. In five minutes the child was quiet, and its restoration to health was so speedy and marked that many visited the little hut that day to see what the true God had done in answer to simple prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, who stayed on the plains during the hot season, are expecting to take a little rest in Panchgani, where their children are in school. Miss Hansen will look after the work in Ahmedabad during their absence.

Mr. Hagberg of Bhusawal writes: "Little Gordon was stung by a huge, black scorpion on his second birthday; but, in answer to prayer, he was relieved from pain almost instantly. Some years ago, I myself was stung by a scorpion when an educated Brahmin happened to be around. He informed me that the opinion of the Brahmins regarding scorpion bites is, that whenever a person is stung by a scorpion it is a sign that such a person has committed one hundred sins. How such an opinion holds good in the case of an innocent babe is rather hard for us to makeout. However the logical Hindu philosopher might it out that in such a case the one hundred sins were committed in a former birth. But we, being the children of God's tender care, know that nothing can even touch our bodies without His permission."

We would ask special prayer for Mr. and Mrs. Schoonmaker's little children. They were so very ill in Dholka that the parents were obliged to take them to Panchgani, where they are at present. Pray that their little bodies may be sustained during the period of cutting their last hard teeth, and that the Lord may give them new life.
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