EDITORIAL NOTES.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. 1 Peter iv. 12.

For out light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen. 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. John xiii 7.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

There is very much that comes into the lives of God's true children that we cannot understand, much of trial, suffering and apparent loss, and the enemy likes nothing better than to get us to questioning the 'why' of God's dealings. One of the Lord's tried and victorious servants has recently said, "Never allow to lodge in your minds one single devil question that would in the slightest degree question God's faithfulness. If you do, you switch off the life-giving current. True faith never questions, never tries to explain nor understand the whys and wherefores of life's experiences, but rests in God's will and love, knowing that He is absolutely perfect and that He will cause all things to work together for good."

In the little picture Luke gives us of Jesus' visit to Bethany, when Martha served and Mary sat at His feet and heard His Word, we catch a glimpse of some of the serious results that come from
one being so busy in serving the Master that one has no time for real communion with Him. We will mention but one of the results. Poor Martha! she allowed a big ‘why’ to get into her heart, she questioned the Lord’s love and care for her, and affairs to her seemed to be sadly out of joint. “Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?” she asked. She accused the Lord of being careless. Yes, to-day also, many of God’s children are, in their hearts, asking the same question. —“Dost Thou not care?” and to them life seems to be out of joint. Because the trials have been many, hard and long they have begun to question God and His personal love, murmuring has crept in, and the sweetness has gone out of their lives, while the supply of divine grace seems to be stopped. How sad the Master must be as He looks into the hearts of those who are doubting Him and who are considering it strange that fiery trials are so frequently allowed to come to them!

Truly, it is only as we learn what ‘sitting at His feet and hearing His Word’ means, as the divine life is maintained within us by daily communion with Him, that we shall be able to refuse to question His dealings and to praise Him for every circumstance of life that casts us more fully upon Him. Trials are often the Lord’s chastenings, we know, and to those who are in right relation with Himself will He often reveal the present lesson that He desires to teach.

The Apostle Paul had such a vision of the reality of eternal things that he was able to look away above what he termed “light afflictions” and constantly believe that they were working for him a “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” And to-day, God is just as ready to take all that comes to us and work it out on that same plan, while we keep our gaze of faith on the things which are not seen.

There is always blessed comfort in the thought that the Lord is training us down here for greater service above, and we know He will not allow one trial too much to come into that training. But the trouble with many of us is that our wills are not absolutely yielded to God, and we are irritated and inclined to murmur when things do not happen as we plan or desire. In these days of pressure, when the devil is seeking to make it
harder all the time for God's children to hold steady in faith, let us take heed that our yieldedness to God's will is not merely in word, but in deed and in truth; then only, will our spirits be victorious in all the experiences that may come, and we shall be kept above questioning the personal love and care of the Master whom we serve.

CRUELTIES OF HINDU MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Happy girlhood, as a period, is not known to Indian girls. They are infants, and the next stage is womanhood. For, when the dear little child ought to be playing, she is sent to her mother-in-law's house. As soon as a girl arrives at her husband's home, everybody there, beginning with the all-powerful mother-in-law, tries to find fault with the child. She may not sit down in the presence of an elderly person, though that person be comfortably seated. Poor girl, she has to work the whole day, and is constantly found fault with, and is treated cruelly besides. Some women are very cruel to their little daughters-in-law. I shall give you instances, from the time of my mother's girlhood to the present. Hinduism does not change.

I remember my mother telling me and my sisters with tearful eyes about the sufferings of one of the cousins. This girl's mother-in-law was very unkind to her. She never gave her enough to eat, and the little she got was not good; it consisted of a small piece of bran bread and a pepper. For the least offence she was beaten. One day she was very hungry, so she quietly took a piece of bread, and a little pickle, while her mother-in-law and sister-in-law were absent, and went to a corner to eat it hurriedly. Just at that moment the mother-in-law arrived, and when she saw the child she was so angry, that she ran to beat her, and threw her down and sat on her chest, and stuffed the bread and pickle into her throat until she was suffocated. Her father's and father-in-law's families were very wealthy; they always ate their food from silver plates and drank from silver cups. When she went to her father's house or returned to her father-in-law's house, she rode in a palanquin lined with velvet and satin, with silk cushions; and was always followed by ten or twelve maid servants. But was she happy? No, no, far from it! she was very sad and miserable! Once she asked her parents not to send her back to her mother-in-law's house, and told them that she could bear it no longer. But the girl was sent, and in a few days she ended her sufferings by dying a victim to them.
There was another girl twelve years old, the daughter of one of our neighbours. When her father-in-law came to take her to his house, she came running to my mother, and embraced her and began to cry bitterly. When asked what she wanted, she entreated my mother most piteously to ask her father not to send her just then; she was treated so badly there that she dreaded to go. My mother tried her best to induce her father to put off sending her away for a year or two. His answer was, "No matter how she is treated, she must go, or else it would disgrace our family." One evening, soon after, the girl came to say good-bye to us, and said she was going that night. She cried bitterly all the while she was there, and we could not comfort her; we knew what she would have to suffer. She left us saying, "You will not see my face again." We thought she returned home; but she made her way to a well, not far from our house, tied some stones in her clothes and jumped into the deep water. That was how she found a remedy for all her misery. At about eight at night her mother came hurriedly and asked my mother whether she had seen her Krishna that evening, as she had said she was going to say good-bye to us. My mother said that she did come and say good-bye about two hours before that time. The police and the parents sought for the girl in vain for two days, and on the third day her body was found in the well.

There was another girl who jumped down from the third storey and was taken to the hospital; all her bones were found to be broken. Her mother-in-law and other relatives went there to see her: she then said to her mother-in-law, "I am glad I am dying, now I am out of your reach: now you cannot beat me or burn me. O God! have pity on me, and take me away from the sight of my mother-in-law." Who can tell how many girls commit suicide every year and how many suffer in agony?

A Proposed Sacrifice and Extraordinary Escape.

This girl was married while a child. She was treated badly by her mother-in-law. She had to grind, and cook, and do other work the whole day. They had a nice, big house. In the middle of the night they used to hear a peculiar sound in one of the rooms. There is a superstition among the Hindus that if a noise comes from a room it is either a bad or a good omen. And if they cannot interpret the sound, they send for the family priest or a fortune-teller. And they say that the house is haunted by an evil spirit, or that there is treasure buried somewhere in the ground there.

So this girl's husband's parents sent for the family priest, told him about the strange sound heard at night in one of the
rooms of the house, and asked him to find an explanation of it. The worthy and learned priest examined the room in question thoroughly, and informed them that large quantities of treasure were buried there, and told them that if they did as he bade them, they would get it all and become fabulously wealthy. They eagerly promised to do all he would require of them. He said that there was a cobra, with a goddess of wealth guarding the treasure; and that the goddess could not be satisfied by anything less than a human sacrifice. The love of money was in their hearts, and they consented to offer human blood. They thought of their little daughter-in-law, and were determined to sacrifice her.

The priest then promised to come on a certain day, and told them to keep the girl ready. He gave directions about her dress, and other things that ought to be brought for an offering. On the appointed day they bathed the child, who was only ten years old, and put on her green sari, and applied red and yellow stuff to her forehead. They filled a plate with cocoanut, betel leaves and nuts, and incense, and several other things that were wanted as an offering to the goddess before the child was sacrificed. At the hour fixed the girl, decorated for the occasion, was brought forth. The priest got down into a pit that was made for the purpose, with a large knife in his hand, and the poor victim was made to stand before him, and she stood trembling, like a lamb before a butcher. The priest looked at her and at all the things which he had to offer, and noticed one thing missing. He asked them why that was not there, and was told that it could not be had in the market. The priest told them he could not proceed with the ceremony without that article, and so it had to be postponed, and the girl's life was safe for a time at least. Providentially there was a wedding at the house of the girl's mother, and so the child and all the relatives were invited. The mother-in-law could do nothing but send the girl to her parents' house. So she sent her own elder daughter with her, and told her not to let the child speak to her mother alone. They were directed to stay only two days, and return immediately after. So they went to Poona, where the parents of the child lived. As soon as the mother saw her child reduced to skin and bones, she knew something was wrong. So, when after two days, the sister-in-law of the girl wanted to take her back, the mother pleaded an approaching festival as an excuse to keep her a month longer, and the sister-in-law went without her. The child then told her mother all about the sacrifice, and that it would be certain death for her to go back to her mother-in-law. The mother became very anxious and wanted at
all risks to save her child from a cruel death. She determined to send her to a Christian school as the only safety. Before they had quite made their plans, one night there was a knock at their door at midnight. They opened the door, and to their surprise and disgust, there stood the mother-in-law, who had come personally to fetch the daughter-in-law. The child was in a fright and began to cry; and the mother did not for a while know what to do. But when all had retired to sleep, the mother went to a Christian woman who lived next door, and told her that her child would go to her very early in the morning, and requested her to take her quietly to the Christian school, where previous arrangements had been made for her. Then she returned, and told her child her plans. Early in the morning at four o'clock, the girl ran away from her parents' house, and was safely out of reach of the wicked woman, her mother-in-law.

The girl was missed at daybreak, and the mother pretended to be as sorry as the rest, and began to cry with them, and beat her breast. She took occasion to reproach the mother-in-law of her child, and said: "My child ran away on account of your cruel treatment; she was afraid to go with you: perhaps she has jumped into a well or killed herself by some other means." They searched for her in vain. Her mother-in-law went away, and got her son another wife. That girl stayed at the Christian school, gave her heart of Jesus, and is now helping in Christian work.—Soonderbai Powar, in "The Fruits of Hinduism."

SUFFERING FOR PEACE.

BY DAVID MCKEE.

SOMETIMES ago, I gave, through these pages, a short account of Kawaji Khordaji who had just become a Christian after many years of searching for peace by visiting the numerous shrines of the false Hindu gods. He did not find peace among the shrines, but he did find it in Christ; and now he has an entirely new experience with an excellent testimony as to the power in the blood of Christ to cleanse and save from sin,—he has found the peace that passeth understanding and which enables him to keep quiet and restful under persecution. It is of his recent trials that I wish to write at this time.

Before he became a Christian, he was respected by all who knew him. He was known in his village as the Bhagat (true worshipper) and as one to whom the people looked up as an ideal worshipper among Hindus. He was also known as a peaceful dweller amongst his own caste and people. But when he became
a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and openly declared himself to be a Christian, then, the testimony of the people of his village, and of others, was very noticeably changed.

Before he became a Christian, the merchants and others would trust him with as much indebtedness as he desired to take upon himself. But afterwards, there was a marked change in the attitude toward him, as none, not even his own relatives, would trust him in the smallest matters, and many testified against him as being a wicked and deceitful man, entirely unworthy of the confidence of any one. Then, even his own relatives forsook him. This was an exceeding hard blow for him. He and his wife and children were alone with no one to visit them but once a month, and it seemed as though they were without a friend in the world. But he had an unseen Friend now who was able to cause his face to look more cheerful than I had ever seen it before, and every step of the way seemed victory.

Then the testing began from a new quarter. A grain merchant had loaned him eighteen rupees for seed grain, but when he knew that he really had become a Christian he sued him in the court for the money, ere he had time to thrash or sell his grain, or before his promise was due for payment.

After this he had another experience with a cattle dealer, from whom he bought a yoke of oxen on his promise to pay after harvest. He, too, desiring to do him all the harm he could, went to a relative of Kawaji's, who had become his security for the oxen, and persuaded him to join him in the taking away of the oxen from Kawaji. They came and demanded the payment in full. Then Kawaji offered them within five rupees of the full payment and promised to pay the other five rupees in about a month, but they refused his offer and proceeded to take away the oxen by force. When he pleaded with them, they rose up against him in anger and came toward him to beat him with heavy bamboo sticks, so he resisted no further. Then they untied and led away the oxen to another place.

At the point, he came to me to ask assistance regarding this matter. I at once notified the chief of Police about the trouble that had arisen. He promised to be present with his men early next morning. At about midnight I left my home for a journey of some 20 miles through jungle and over bad roads, reaching Kawaji's village about nine o'clock next morning. The officer failed to keep his promise and did not arrive until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime, investigation was made as to the whereabouts of the oxen. They were found inside the village boundary, and the men who had seized them were waiting to see what the results would be.
On the arrival of the officer, the case was begun and continued until late in the night, and again in the morning, continuing up to about four o'clock in the afternoon. During this time many witnesses false and true were heard. Finally, the Lord gave the victory on behalf of His own, and Kawaji had given to him the choice of either having his oxen back, or of a refund of all money paid by him on them.

On account of the deep water courses and bad roads, I have not been able to visit him since and have not even heard from him for sometime. But I am trusting that "He who hath begun a good work in him will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Again, in the Psalms we read, "The law of God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide. The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him. The Lord will not leave him in his hand; nor condemn him when he is judged." Psalm. xxxvii. 31—33.

May we ask your prayers for Kawaji and others who are going through similar trials; and also that courage may be given to others who are about to enter into this life of cross-bearing for their Master.

A CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE.

BY MRS. H. V. ANDREWS.

On Tuesday, September the second, our hearts were greatly rejoiced when a company of Christians assembled to formally open the new Christian weaving factory.

Ahmedabad abounds in cotton mills and weaving factories, besides, there are many families who weave on a small scale in their own homes; but this is the first Christian enterprise of this nature in the city.

We have longed, planned and prayed for the opening of some door whereby our Christians might have opportunities of rising to the height of their abilities; as, in most of these establishments where they have hitherto been employed, they are treated as out-castes. So we see, in the opening of this small factory, the beginning of the realization of our long cherished hopes. When we gathered early in the morning to celebrate the opening, we found the factory cleanly swept with rugs spread upon the little bit of available space in the loom room, upon which we seated ourselves for the glad, solemn service. After we all united in a hymn of consecration, Mr. Andrews gave a short, suitable message, based upon Scripture, at the close of which he
declared the factory opened. This was followed by a prayer, in which workmen, factory and income were consecrated to God.

The new factory is not a Mission enterprise, but entirely established and managed by native Christians, with the understanding, of course, that they are always free to call upon the missionary for counsel and advice. It is necessarily small, as the capital, mostly borrowed, is small, but we believe if they keep true to the vision, it will enlarge until numbers of the Christian people will find employment there.

At present, they are weaving just one line of goods—a very good quality of mercerised suiting. One of the company being an expert dyer, they are able to produce this in fast colours of any shade desired.

We want our home friends to take this new work upon their hearts in prayer. Pray for the four men who form the company, that they may be kept true to their vows. They have agreed to open the work each morning with prayer, and to give one tenth of all profit to God. If, in their giving they kept true, it will be, at least, a step towards a self-supporting Church.

Mungal Davji, one of our native preachers who was brought up in the mission from a very small boy, desires the prayers of the home friends for his little son Paul. The little fellow, less than three years old, has lost one eye and the other one is very seriously effected. The father earnestly asks prayer that the remaining eye may be spared and that his little boy may be saved from blindness.

We would ask prayer for the various village schools recently opened among the "depressed classes" and for the Christian young men who are having their first experience as teachers.

A missionary of another mission writes: "In a house I visit, I found a little girl of not more than three months old lying wholly neglected and uncared for, on the floor, crying very bitterly and apparently in much pain; but nobody came to render her any help. At last the grandmother appeared, but instead of taking her up and comforting her, she showered anathemas upon the poor little thing, which greatly distressed me. So I asked the old woman to try and pacify the child; but imagine my horror when she exclaimed: 'Who cares for a girl? If God took away the boy, let Him take the girl also. I am not going to touch her. I would rather she died.'"
ARE YOU WEARY?
BY CARRIE H. PETER.

Very often the above question, with similar ones, has been asked me by Christians and non-Christians. "Do you not get discouraged?" "Does it pay to give your life for these people in this way?" the on-looker inquires. How am I to answer these questions? Ah! It does not seem hard to me since a blessed hymn keeps singing in my heart—

"O teach me what it meaneth, that cross uplifted high,
With One, the Man of Sorrows, condemned to bleed and die!
O teach me what it cost Thee to make a sinner whole,
And teach me, Saviour, teach me, the value of a soul!"

And with this that other song, "A Little Bit of Love," stirs me to do all I can for—"Some have burdens hard to bear, some have sorrows we should share; shall they falter and despair for a little bit of love?" Again, as I go in and out among the people, I am comforted and cheered and enabled to look up as I sing that chorus—"Grace enough for me." If there is grace enough for me, then surely, there is grace enough for the worst sinner. Now, perhaps, you can understand in what way I answer the above questions.

For the last eighteen years, my work has been the nursing of the sick; and since I have been in India, which has become very dear to me, my work has largely been along this line. This not only means that I care for the poor suffering bodies but I have blessed opportunities of getting at the hardest hearts, for there is never a better chance to deal with hard hearts than when one is caring for the sick body. Oh! I am grateful that at times I can do something for the body so that the way to the heart may be opened. Yes, I am glad to minister in this way to those even who are known as unworthy, hard, bad etc., and to see them melt and break before the Lord, our blessed Saviour, surely would not discourage us. Many times have I wept for joy because of the blessed, abundant grace given—enough for them and me. The thought of that fathomless grace lifts one up and puts a fire in one's heart, with a desire to go to any length, at any cost, to win some "down" soul. This is why I am not weary; the dear Lord daily gives new joys. The body gets so heavy at times that it would be a pleasure to drop it, if this could be, and one could still go on and work for those who are weary in heart.

In the Orphanage, we have all kinds of experiences with the sick ones and others. It is always an encouragement, when some suffering girl comes and says—'Pray for me,' to see the
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living, child-like faith taking hold of the Lord, and to know next day that the sore is healed or the pain all gone. After these girls are married and leave us, we often get word from them that they are sick, which often means ill in body and sick at heart, and they want us to come to them. There is something in such a request that makes one feel, though it rain or shine I must go; and often such occasions prove to be times of great blessing to my own soul, while I know, from the bright faces of those to whom I have ministered, that they, too, have received strength and courage. If I were free to go I should, no doubt, be here to-day and there to-morrow,—and why? Are these not our own children in the Lord, given to us as a mission all these years, and does the fact that they are married make them any the less ours? Many are poor and need help and encouragement as they go on in the "narrow way."

Each dear missionary has his or her own hands full of duties every day, and often far into the night, yet each has a special call for service, and I am sure if we obey and keep to the call we shall not have time to think of discouragements. Moreover, the dear Lord Himself will see that daily strength is given us, and He lifts us up and on toward the goal which is set before us. The race must be won.

If I should write you of all the letters that I receive from our own Christian young men and women, letters to encourage me, I am sure none would feel that orphans are nothing but a great expense to the mission. No, they are our joy and crown if we will but have them thus. Perhaps, the fact that I am an orphan myself makes me feel this more keenly. Thus far, our true standing fruit is from our orphanage children, so it pays to look after them; yes, and to keep after them, until the Lord, our blessed King, shall come again, if we are allowed to remain to serve until then. I would say again that I do not understand why a missionary should be weary or discouraged in spirit; the body gets weary, to be sure, but we have every right to be encouraged in His cause, when we are living in His will.

Will you, dear readers, please ask the Lord to give you prayer for the orphans and for us who work amongst them? Also, pray that the burden which can be lifted by friends may be lifted with more whole-heartedness and greater joy. We know that the Lord Himself has a heart full of love towards the orphans and widows, and so, may we all help each other in doing the work that is pleasing to Him. As you help by your prayers and gifts, may His richest blessing be added unto you for obeying Him.
HAVE you ever been in Kaira, Gujarat, India; and if you have, did you see the Yellow Daisies? For a short time our Junior Alliance had no name, because we did not know what to call it. The White Lilies would not do, as there was not a single white one in our Band, neither could we call it the Roses or Violets because other bands have these names; but one day we decided to call our band of Juniors the Yellow Daisies or Black-eyed Susans, because most of them are brown, while a few are yellow, and all have black eyes. Were you ever in a large daisy field picking whole bunches of white daisies, and did you not long to find just one yellow one? I always wanted the yellow daisies and I never found them unless I happened to be in the mountains, but now, I have plenty of the Black-eyed Susans, for every Saturday afternoon from 5-30 to 6-30 p.m. they come to the Junior Alliance meeting and each one is to be picked and trained for God. How their black eyes shine when they come! Each little daisy comes in and sits in her own place on the floor, tailor fashion. Then we sing, and they like either, “The Cross now covers my sins,” or, “Let me hear Thy Voice now speaking.” After this we have the roll call and, sometimes, each daisy bobs its head and says a verse, then we have a short lesson and prayer.

At the close of the meeting we have a little sewing school, and all the daisies are working on a bright-colored quilt; most of the blocks are red and white. They like bright colors, and the first day, when they saw the bright red patches, they began to clap their hands and say, “Oh, quick, quick give me a needle and a red patch!” Perhaps you do not know that little girls in India do not use a thimble but use their finger nails in place of one. But we gave each girl a thimble, and soon some had them on their thumbs, some on the little finger, and some were wearing them on the right finger. They consider the new, bright, brass thimbles ornaments and would hold them up in the air and look at them.

One Saturday afternoon, we explained to the Yellow Daisies that the Junior Alliance Bands are different from any other band in all the world. We are not only flowers, but we must work and live for Jesus, too. We also explained how all the bands in America save their pennies and send them to the little girls in India, Japan and China who have not heard the gospel, and we said, “Now you have a band and a name and you, too, should
begin to work.” And they said, “But how much would it take to send the gospel to a little girl in China?” “Just $15 or 45 rupees.” “Sister, sister 45 rupees!! How could we get 45 when we never have a single pice (half penny)?” But we will earn it,” I said, “and we will give you a little box to keep your money in.” They were quite ready to begin, so, the next week, we made some bright green paste-board boxes, and the following Saturday gave one to each child, and told them how they could earn some money. There are two little daisies who, I am ashamed to tell you, never like to make their beds, but I said, “Now Esther and Dhunie, if you keep your beds tidy for one month, I will give you a pice each,” so they agreed. At the close of the meeting, the girls went scampering away to their missionary mother to show her the boxes. “Oh Mama, oh Wells Mama! see our new boxes.” And she promised to give a pice for every 100 insects they would pick from the lilies.

So the Yellow Daisies are busy trying to fill their boxes. One day, two tiny girls came to Miss Conger’s room and asked her to please let them sew for her, so she gave them some hemming to do, and later she found that they wanted money for their boxes. Another girl asked for extra grinding, but we could not let her grind so much as she is frail and to grind flour is hard work. However, she does darn our stockings, and now she has 25 cents in her box. They are all eager to fill their boxes to get the gospel to some little brown girl in some other land.

Sometimes, we give the little ones a treat at the close of the sewing class. Once it was a tiny cake, once a few candies, and once it was a pice. The treat makes them very happy and we feel we have the happiest, best and brightest Junior Alliance in all the world, so we extend a cordial invitation to all the little boys and girls in America to come and attend one of our band meetings.

DAILY BLESSING IN BODWAD.

“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.” “Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.” “Jesus was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil.”

DEAR Fellow-workers in the homeland:—Once more, in Jesus’ name, we bring you greetings from the Young Men’s Bible Training School here in Bodwad. During times of testing and trial in the work, how often has the Holy Spirit whispered the above and other comforting and inspiring promises from His Word, and we have been encouraged to go
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on with new vigour, for the work is not ours but His and He will see it through, as we yield to and obey Him in all things. He is the One in charge and the one who is responsible, and we are His stewards—nevertheless, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful: so, day by day, we ask wisdom for the work of the day, and by His strength and for His glory carry it on His name.

At this time of year, when the rain falls abundantly and all nature is fresh and green, our time for hardest study and heaviest work comes on. However, as the weather at this season in this tropical climate is very enervating, we have, day by day, to look to the Lord for special strength just for to-day, and for His praise and glory we can testify that He has never denied our petitions; and many times, when we have felt altogether unable physically for the work before us, He has answered the cry of our hearts and has poured in His abundant life and strength, so that, when the day's work was over, we felt fresher than when we started in the morning.

As our students have the full Government course of studies, according to their various standards or grades, as well as a thorough course of Bible studies, and have to pass their examinations in both branches, we have to plan that the examinations in the two departments of study may not come too close together. For that reason, the students who had been here during the past year were given their examinations in secular studies in July, and considering the short time they had had for study, (most of them having been out with different parties of missionaries giving out the gospel for three months, or thereabouts) they did very well, almost all of them having the marks required for promotion.

While the other students were giving special attention to their secular studies, in preparation for examination, we had our time more free for special Bible lessons with newly arrived students. As we dealt with them and had heart to heart talks on salvation and kindred subjects, we found that some of them were unsaved, but their hearts were hungry, and the study of God's Word stirred up that hunger, so that nothing would satisfy but the assurance of salvation, and as one after another came to Jesus and was washed in His precious blood and received assurance of being adopted into the Heavenly Father's family, our hearts rejoiced, and there was such a change in the spirit of the lessons.

God has answered prayer and has glorified His name, but we long for an outpouring of His Spirit on us, that the heathen around us may be stirred to realize their lost condition and may turn to God.
At present, the students are giving their whole time to Bible studies, as their teachers of secular studies are in Akola, with the catechists in the summer school, reviewing their year's Bible study. Though their work is teaching, yet they keep up the regular course of Bible study prescribed for the preachers and catechists, and pass their examinations in the same; moreover, when they have time free from teaching, they love to give out the gospel.

Our Bible classes with the students are frequently times of real refreshing to our own souls, as we dig into the treasure mines in the Word of God and find some precious jewel that had not, thus far, been made our own, but as the Holy Spirit flashes His light upon it we realize that it is indeed our very own.

At times, especially during this trying season of the year, the call comes to pray for some sick missionary, and we lay aside our lessons and all kneel down before the Lord and pour out our hearts in prayer, one after the other, until the Lord gives the assurance that He has heard and will answer, and then we proceed with our lessons.

Beloved, do you not want to have a share in this blessed, but not by any means easy, work of preparing these young men for giving out the gospel among their fellow-country men? Then join us in prayer—not spasmodic prayer, but regular, intercessory prayer—that God may pour out His Spirit in power on them and that they may have such a vision of the awful condition of lost souls, and of Jesus the Remedy for sin-sickness, that they will, like the Apostle Paul, of whom we study a good deal these days, gladly spend and be spent that their kinsmen, according to the flesh, may have the Light of Life.

There is also another very practical way in which you may have a part. As many of you know, the work here has been from a financial standpoint made possible by the help and support of the Lord's children in the homeland. The sum of twenty-five dollars a year will give some Christian young man, who wants to prepare for the Lord's service, the opportunities of the study of God's Word and other necessary study in this place. Let us take this opportunity of thanking your dear friends who have in the past so nobly helped in this work. Your personal interest in the students assigned to you, your prayers for them, and the letters which you have sometimes sent to them have meant a great deal to them, and they feel that they are bound to you by a very close tie.

There are at present a number of new students who need just such personal interest, prayer and support. Will you not, dear Reader, take one of these prospective workers on your heart, to stand back of him in intercession and to support him
DAILY BLESSING IN BODWAD

while in school?

As the mission has not, thus far, had any fund designated for this purpose the funds have always been sent direct to the one in charge, and may be so sent at this time.

Since the commencement of the school, six years ago, the Lord has always provided and He is still the same faithful Jehovah-Jireh.

Yours in His joyful service,

Susie Eicher.

Address Mr. C. Eicher,
Nargaon, Khandesh,
India.

THE KING'S BUSINESS.
BY L. CANNON.

One afternoon, while sitting on the verandah studying Marathi, that most difficult yet interesting language, the jingling of bells attracted my attention. Looking in the direction from whence the sound came I saw a man running toward the Post Office, on his head he carried a load which on closer observation proved to be a mail bag and I identified the man as the Post Office "runner." In his hand he held a long staff, on the end of which were attached a spear-like iron point and small bells that made the jingling sound as he ran. He is employed by the Postal authorities to run with the mail to and from the Post Office branches in the outlying villages. It is necessary that this run be a solitary one because of the importance of the mail which he carries.

Now, this man was on the King's business, and as we thought of his calling it was remarkably suggestive to us of our call into the service of the King of kings, into the service which is urgent and requireth haste.

This runner's position was no insignificant one; although he was poor and illiterate, still, he had been called into the King's service; he was a man apparently trusted by the authorities. This brought to mind Paul's words, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise." 1 Cor. i. 26, 27.

All God's servants or runners should have their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Eph. vi. 15. "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" Rom. x. 15.
We all regard the service in which John the Baptist was engaged as one of the greatest importance and privilege, for he was chosen to be the forerunner of Jesus Christ. But, great as we regard his ministry, our privilege to-day as servants and ambassadors of Christ, as forerunners of His second coming, far surpasses that of John; still, we do not appreciate and esteem it as we should.

Christ has called His Church to be separate and holy unto Him, He has paid the price for her (1 Pet. i. 15, 18, 19) and He longs for her to fulfil the ministry that He has planned for her. In 2 Cor. v. 20 we read, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ," but who would recognize us as such by our misrepresentation of Him in look, word and deed? The Post Office runner's bells gave no uncertain sound; everyone who heard them jingling knew that the mail was coming. Neither should there be about us any uncertain sound, nor any hiding of our light under a bushel. As becoming ambassadors of Jesus Christ there should be a fragrance about our lives that would permeate every circle in which we move, whether it be in business, social or family circle. All the characteristics which were pre-eminent in Christ, whom we represent, should predominate in our lives.

The spear held in the hand of the runner afforded him a weapon of defence against a probable enemy who might attack him in the ministration of his duty. We are certain to encounter a most vigilant enemy while in the ministration of our duty as ambassadors of Christ, 1 Pet. v. 8. "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Therefore, it is necessary that we be armed, not with carnal weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. Yea, more than the sword we need the whole armour of God that we may withstand the fiery darts of the wily enemy. Eph. vi. 12. Oh that every one of us were so impregnated with the Word of God that we would be able to meet our opponent as victoriously as Christ met him in the wilderness!

This runner is never seen in company with another while on duty; that time is his master's and the business requires haste. Neither is he allowed to be engaged in any other business, for he could not do justice to either. Likewise, when Christ chose, separated and severed us from other people it was that we might serve Him and Him only. He expects us to abandon the world, its pleasures and fellowships, and to be holy unto Him. "They are the enemies of the cross who mind earthly things." Phil. iii. 18, 19 (compare Jas. iv. 4.)

The King's business requireth haste 1 Sam. xxi. 8. Because
of the near approach of our Lord’s advent it behooves all of us to be up and doing, for in such an hour as we think not the Son of man will come. “Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.” 2 Pet. iii. 14.

Reader, are you, as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, carrying the gospel of peace to the Godless and hopeless around you? Are you letting your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven? Matt. v. 16. Are you appreciating the privilege and honour which the Lord of the harvest has conferred upon you in calling you to be one of His co-labourers, or are you in sympathy and friendship with the world?

Be faithful, be diligent, preach the Word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. 2 Tim. iv. 2. For truly, the harvest is great but the labourers are few. Pray, work, watch, and so run that ye may obtain from the Master His “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

NOTES FROM BHUSAWAL.
BY P. HAGBERG.

At every station of our mission the chief and most important work is that of preaching and teaching the blessed gospel of Christ, as we fully believe that it is still “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” However, there are other features of a missionary’s work beside the direct preaching or teaching, and these are of importance, though not always very agreeable to one’s human tastes. It is of these various features I want to write briefly in these notes.

We have at this place a native Christian community of between forty or fifty who more or less regularly attend the services. These represent at least six different missions beside our own, so it is surely an interdenominational Church. In shepherding this flock, we have often need of the exhortation “Let your forbearance be known (manifest) to all men.” When, however, we consider how patient “The Good Shepherd” is with our shortcomings and imperfections, we learn to be forbearing with the weak and faltering native Christians in our charge. Another feature of our work here is to help native Christians who come here from all directions in search of work. This being a large R. R. centre and having a repair shop which employs about 4,000 men, many flock to this place for work.
Among these are a good many native Christians, who usually come here stranded. Even if they succeed in getting work right away, they will not receive their first pay for six weeks. They cannot expect any help from the Hindus. To help these and other native Christians, who reach this place in a destitute condition, the native Christian community has started, during the last two years, a "poor fund," and from this we try to help as far as is practicable and according to our ability. Beside these needy Christians, we have quite frequent applications for help at our bungalow from European sailors who, on account of sickness or for other reasons, have lost their employment aboard the ships in Bombay and are now "beating their way," as they say, to Calcutta or other ports. Then, all classes of Eurasians who are travelling in search of work come to us. Their tickets (if they secured any at all) always seem to terminate at this place, or to have been lost or stolen by the way etc. Though some of these are frauds, there is no doubt that others are real needy cases and we often wish we could help them more. This gives us opportunities of showing kindness to these classes and also to give words of exhortation about their souls' welfare and along with a meal the exhortation or a few coins by which to secure one. Then, there are native Christian men settling down here, who are either widowers or bachelors, and these sometimes appeal to the missionary to arrange for them to get a suitable helpmate from our girls' orphanage. Since this place is the very headquarter for immorality, we would not withhold our advice and help in such matters. This, however, sometimes involves a good deal of correspondence, and in the end the efforts prove fruitless. One example of this:

Last January my native worker brought before me a middle aged native Christian man who had lately been transferred from North India to this place. He had good employment as fitter at Rs. 30 per month. He said he was born in Poona, but was baptised in Rajputana over fifteen years ago. His wife had died several years ago and he wanted now to re-marry. In order to find out about his character and his first wife etc., I had to correspond with people in five different places, and it dragged out for three whole months. At the end, it turned out that he went under a false name and had deserted his wife, who is still alive in North India. Still, not all cases, I am glad to say, turn out in that way. The missionary who comes to the field with the fixed purpose of spending all his time in preaching the gospel will perhaps find these many distractions annoying; but one who comes here to do God's will, will be conscious of His smile in all his efforts to perform.
that will, and that smile is his reward. This is not to say that
the preaching of the gospel should be neglected for these
other duties. Some one has wisely said, “We always find
time for what we consider the most important.”

During the rainy months of July, August and September,
the preaching is mostly confined to the station, as the village
roads are muddy and the creeks and rivers filled with water.
During last month, (August) we had nearly three weeks’ break
in the rain, which afforded us a good opportunity of visiting
neighbouring villages. We have ten such villages within four
miles of the Mission station. We would start early in the
mornings, so as to reach the village about sunrise, and would
have a good hour’s preaching to an attentive audience. The
seven or eight miles’ walk each day was, however, rather too
much for my worn physical frame and landed me on the border-
land of fever; but God heard prayer and gave deliverance.
The following three days we hired bullocks and cart and were
thus able to visit eight more distant villages. We had a blessed
time telling the old gospel story to the simple-minded village
people.

May we ask the readers of these notes to unite with us in
earnest prayer for the quickening Spirit from on high to be
poured out upon us, on the native Christians, and on the
heathen around us and “the wilderness will become a fruitful
field and the fruitful field be counted as a forest.” Amen!

WHY I MADE MISSIONS MY CHIEF BUSINESS.
BY A LAYMAN WHO LEARNED WHAT REAL
HEATHENISM IS.

My feelings were of hate when I first saw Paganism. The
impulse was not only to hate heathenism, but to hate the
heathen. I remember one day sitting in the train in a rail-
way station in Egypt. The station was filled with a mob,
howling and screeching like demons. I wanted to get out of the
carriage and whip the whole bunch. Every action of theirs was
calculated to make one mad. I felt toward them just as toward
a lot of spoiled children; I wanted to whip them.

Then the thought came, “You would make a pretty mis-
sionary, wouldn’t you? Do you imagine Christ would look at
them this way, or would He not be able to look away beneath
all this and see the man that sin had so defiled, and would He
not rather pity?” My feeling, therefore, really did turn to pity.
But as time moved on, and I began to realise more fully the
deep-seated forces of Paganism, the feeling became that of terror
—terror for the safety of my own faith. If the god of this world can hold one thousand million in his leash, he has a power that ought to fill one with terror, but I did not realize before what his power was.

You would be stricken with terror if someone were shot down at your side—one who stood by you a moment before filled with life and action, and all at once he is pierced with an arrow and lies dead.

This is the kind of fear I felt. Why? Because I had with me travelling companions who when they left America believed that they were Christians, but when they saw heathenism they turned aside in dismay and said, "There is no power in Christianity." Following terror came a feeling of dismay, for if what I heard on every hand in heathen lands, on steamships and in hotels were true (that there was no power in Christianity that could overtake and turn this river of vice and shame,) there was no power in Christianity to save me. The sin that was in me was essentially just as terrible stuff as the thing which we call heathenism. If I were saved, all these could be saved. Hundreds of people told me that these could not be saved. They said that all history for thousands of years had testified to the fact that Africa and Asia could not be changed. Then, was I saved? It is easy enough to speak in glib terms of heathenism. But when you actually come into heathenism and your spirit chokes for breath, it is a different matter.

Searching, then, to learn whether the statements I had heard were correct, I soon found that they were not. Christ had saved many right out of the pit of death, and they were witnessing for Him. I was interested not only in the number of these, but especially in the character of their testimony. These people, you must remember, were not cheered on with the thought that they were maintaining the faith of their fathers; they were denying that. These were not living true to the last wish of a dying mother; they were repudiating that wish. They were not finding a life of temporal security; they were forsaking it, and actually embracing persecution, courting death and accepting shame—all for Christ.

I saw those who had formerly been Brahmans in India, but when coming to know Christ they so longed for the lost to be brought to Him that they carried even the outcast lepers in their bosom and brought them to Christ. Theoretically, this would be a harder thing for the Brahman to do than it would be for you or me. Have you and I ever done anything comparable to that? Ours is a wonderful Christ who can thus transform life.

I attended church in Chang-te-fu, China, one Sabbath
morning, and saw an old woman come and unite with the church. Fifteen years before, when the missionary first came to that section and she heard the Gospel message, she believed. Her husband persecuted her for attending on Christian ministry, and finally sold her to another man a long distance away. She waited fifteen years, until her second husband died; then, released from that bond, she came back after these many years, and I noted with what eagerness she registered her confession to a living faith in a Living Christ who had kept her. No human agencies had ministered to her life through all these years, yet who would say that she had been without vital ministry?

Then there was the missionary. What about him? He is in the missionary business. If I were going into the missionary business I would naturally expect to fare somewhat as he did; perhaps to profit as he profits, and stand chances to lose as he loses, and to win as he wins. I would have to prepare as he prepares. What is his preparation? Well, in the first place, inasmuch as his task is a hopeless task, humanly speaking, the most hopeless that could be undertaken—finite to be sure, but beyond him—therefore his first preparation is an utter and complete abandonment to Christ, absolutely and wholly. But I said his task is hopeless. Is it hopeless? No, indeed; appearances do not indicate that. I said humanly speaking it is hopeless, and for this reason the missionary must of necessity largely pass beyond mere human agencies. Yes, he must largely abandon being a human agent, and this is his preparation, uniquely and essentially. Out of humanity alone he has nothing to offer. There would, therefore, be no reason why any should listen to his message, and this being a limitation which is realised immediately, and it being apparent at first sight that there is nothing any mere man can do to help or turn heathenism, Christ is his preparation. Then I said, one would expect to lose as he loses. What does he lose? Well, he loses the opportunity to make large worldly gain. He loses the fellowship of congenial home life, and these are all real to him, just as real as they are to you and me. And what does he win? Well, he wins just what his preparation implies. He wins Christ. He wins Christ's constant companionship, and that's enough. That's all there is.

But now what of the results of his effort? Is there fruitage? Tremendous! The greatest I had ever seen. That's one reason why I wanted to make missions my business. I wanted a life that would bear fruit.

But the missionary is in danger of losing his life. Certainly he is. Stewart of Lovedale said, "Let me seek after this—to
face death as a likely thing every day, and fear will depart." But what of that? What of death? The martyr’s blood has ever been Christ’s “title deed” to the lands it was given to save.

I saw missionaries out there, bright fellows, keen and capable, who were being neglected. They were but poorly supported. I remember one young man in China who spent his days walking over the plains and hills of that country, speaking to the people of his Master in just the way his Master went about when He was on earth. He had gathered groups together in different places, was renting mud buildings for them to meet and worship in, and he actually had to disband one group for lack of two dollars and a half per month, with which to pay the rent on the mud house in which they had worshipped. I think it is reasonable to say that the missionaries whom I saw were held back to from one-third to one-half efficiency simply for lack of funds.

I visited them in their homes. The moral force of their lives moved me more than that of any class I have known. I stood by the graves of those who had fallen in the fight; their lives of faith had actually “subdued kingdoms.” I saw some who, when they came, were frail women but who “from weakness were made strong.” They had separated themselves from former friends. They were away where no one was at hand to speak a word of cheer, yet they constantly gave words of sympathy to the downtrodden about them. The unseen Friend, He walks very close to them. His life is their mantle, His presence their peace.

Another reason why I make missions my chief business is because my Lord made it His. He chose missions as His business, why not I?

These, therefore, are my reasons:

First: I am in the missionary business because I believe it is my Saviour’s right that everyone should know of Him that perchance accepting His offer He might have them for His own forever.

Second: I am in the missionary business because I believe that every man, woman, and child on earth has a right to know Jesus Christ.

Third: I am in the missionary business because heathenism and sin is too terrible a thing to tolerate in this world.

Fourth: I am in the missionary business because it is the most potential enterprise of the ages.

Fifth: I am in the missionary business because the life and performance of the missionary constitutes an unanswerable challenge to every man to make missions his chief business.—“S. S. Times.”
ITEMS.

The annual convention, which is a great event of the year to all our India missionaries, will be held in Akola again this year, beginning on Wednesday, October 22nd. We have been fortunate in being able to secure a promise from Rev. Pengwern Jones to attend the convention and to be the Lord's messenger to us at this time. He is a man whom the Lord is signally using these days and our missionaries are looking forward to receiving much blessing and refreshment through his ministry, during the convention.

Recently there have been times of real refreshing in the Khamgaon Girls' Orphanage. The Lord Himself was present and a number of the girls came into a place of real victory. With the personal blessing came a spirit of intercession for others and for the heathen round about. The missionaries there are looking to the Lord that this good work, wrought by the Holy Spirit, may continue and spread to other stations.

There has been a good deal of sickness among our missionaries during this very unhealthy season of the year. Some of the missionaries, as well as a few of the missionary children, have been seriously ill, but God has spared them all to us, and we praise Him.

Let us remember October 10th as the special day of prayer, and let us try and so arrange our work that on that day we may be free to wait upon the Lord in intercessory prayer for the work of the mission.

We are glad to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer are on their way to India after a profitable furlough in the homelands. A glad welcome awaits them.

Word comes from Khamgaon that Miss Krater is busy these days at one of the mission out-stations, where there is a school in which the text book for reading is the Bible.

The missionaries at the Kaira Girls' Orphanage are praising the Lord for keeping all the girls from the dengue fever, which has been raging in parts of India and has spread almost to the gates of the Orphanage. They also praise God for sparing all the little babies during this most trying time of the year.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

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Mr. J. P. Rogers
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher

AMRAOTI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

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