THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

"And die?" "And die?"
Be buried, planted, sown
In the fearsome dark alone?
Ah Lord, it is a bitter word
My soul hath heard!
"Much fruit" I fain would bear,
But this canst Thou not spare—
The cross, the grave, the night?
O leave me light!
Is there no other way?
I love the day.
Hush, my beloved.
Come closer to my heart
That love may strength impart.
'Tis an eternal word
Thy soul hath heard.
It is a royal way—
God's way, Life's way, Love's way.
I could not spare it Me nor can I thee.
Wilt bide for aye "alone"
Or for love's sake be sown?

—HESTER ALWAY.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"If we refuse to be corns of wheat falling into the ground and dying; if we will neither sacrifice prospects, property or health, nor, when we are called, relinquish home and break family ties, for Christ's sake and the gospel, then, we shall abide alone." This comment of Thomas G. Ragland on John xii. 24 sounds out a new call for men and women to give their
lives for the spread of the gospel; and at this stage of our work in India, when recruits are so much needed, we would send the message broad-cast among the young people in the homelands, that, perchance, some young men with their lives before them may heed the Master's call and be willing to be planted in India.

How glibly we can talk of there being one thousand million heathen in the world to-day; of the hundred thousand souls a day that pass into Christless doom; but, to win these Christless ones, is the real spirit of sacrifice among us? Do we refuse to be hidden away from the gaze and applause of men that the Lord may use us in some far-off corner? Then we lack one of the real marks of discipleship, and we need a true revelation of the Man on the Cross and His love for a lost world.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." "It abideth alone"—what a selfish atmosphere circles around these three short words! No one desires to go alone, to enter empty-handed, into the presence of the Master; and yet, the price to be paid to win the sheaves often causes one to shrink back and to abide in one's corner alone. "But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit"—life out of death, that is the Lord's way. Not self-effort, but such yieldedness to the Master, such a willingness to be buried out of sight in the soil of His perfect will and control that our one corn of life may be multiplied. May the Holy Spirit teach all of us what this sort of "dying" means.

By this beautiful and deeply significant law of the vegetable kingdom the Lord Jesus prophesied of His own death and resurrection; but He did not stop there, He added those words which forever show what He expects from His real followers,—"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me." Yes, in a very real sense we are called to bear the cross, to deny self and to follow in His steps. There is a difference between our burdens or trials and the cross. The cross is something we can take or refuse, and very many refuse to carry it and live out their lives in a soft self-pleasing, but they "abide alone" as far as fruit for the Master is concerned.
Jesus had a joy set before Him that helped Him endure the cross. It was the joy of fulfilling the will of His Father, of making a complete atonement for the lost world, and of being again in the immediate presence of His Father in Glory. He had a vision of future events. And we, too, need, a vision, shall we say, of the joy set before us, for if we suffer with Him here we shall reign with Him hereafter. Not only so, there is also a present joy in the life of sacrifice; there is that sustaining joy of knowing we are doing His will, and there is the joy of being used to win souls for Him. Let us not be slow, in these days of great opportunity, to hear His voice calling us among the lost; let us remember the Lord’s own words, “He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me is not worthy of me. He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.” Whatever our friends or foes may think of us, let us see to it that the true mark of the disciple, the characteristic which Jesus Himself looks for, is ours, that we, like Him, deny ourselves, and take up our cross.

THE MARATHI SABHA.
BY K. D. GARRISON.
THE Marathi Sabha (Convention) met in Akola, Sept. 26-30, immediately after the close of Summer School. The Sabha has been to the writer almost a direct answer to certain questionings as to what there is to show for the work carried on in these parts for the past years. Shut up to one’s own station with its limited horizon, remembering perhaps only the discouraging things and forgetting the victories and deliverances of the past, one may soon find himself under the juniper tree. For there is, without doubt, a juniper tree in each Mission station, and the enemy is always on hand to conduct the missionary to the best seat under it. You must, therefore, read in this description what has been felt in writing it, and praise God with us for all that the convention means.

The meetings were held in the new church building, a fine structure, not quite completed. This building itself is a cause for thanksgiving and encouragement. The weather at the time of the Sabha was very hot and oppressive. But notwithstanding this there was much blessing, as may be judged from the fact that the people were willing to remain in the Sunday afternoon service (on hard benches) from 2-30 to 6 o’clock. The audiences...
were good, reaching about 400 on Sunday afternoon. Meetings were held daily from 8:30 to 11 a.m., 2:30 to 5 p.m., and a prayer meeting from 7:30 to 9 p.m. Addresses were given by Mr. Moyser, Mr. Schelander, Mr. A. I. Garrison, Miss Little, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Krater, Mr. Cutler, Mrs. Moodie and Mr. K. D. Garrison.

At the Special Workers' Meeting the results of the Summer School were made public, certificates awarded to those who had passed, and account taken of the year's deportment.

The Personelle of the Convention was interesting and encouraging. There were the Catechists and Bible-women, about 35 in number, who listened thoughtfully to the messages. There are some really fine characters among these native brethren. The apprentice boys from the workshop sat in one corner on the floor, thus making room for others on the benches.

There were the older Khamgaon girls in a solid body to the left of the church, their heads modestly covered by the end of their sardis (robes) and their faces averted from the public, as becomes unmarried Indian girls. But from the averted faces looked out eyes full of interest. We praise God for the brightness of these girls in contrast with heathen girls of the same age. They seemed to receive blessing, and to have blessing in prayer.

In the front benches on the other side of the church, were the boys from our Bodwad Training School—our preachers of the future. During the meetings they listened with earnest, thoughtful faces, and between services played games with vigor and energy seldom seen in heathen boys of the same age. Going to the Sabha is one of the events of the year to which these boys look forward. Some of them show encouraging spiritual growth since last year.

One part of the audience that must not pass unnoticed is a line of boys which occupied the open floor space between the front benches and the pulpit. Before each service these wee orphanage boys would file up to Mrs. Eicher and get their "Sunday clothes," run around the corner of the house to put them on, and then march two by two to church, there to sit quietly through two three-hour services daily. Of course they counted the rafters a good many times during the long service, and they seemed to find much to interest them about their naked toes. But they kept quiet, and they are forming the habit of regular attendance at the house of God; and they sing the Christian hymns (especially after a long sermon) with much the same enthusiasm that an American boy displays over a baseball game. There is little doubt that their enthusiasm is due in a large measure to relief upon the completion of a sermon, or
as a change of occupation from their silent distractions. But they show a knowledge of Christian hymns that would surprise our home friends.

Perhaps the most curious part of the audience was that found in the back right hand corner of the church. Here were the "Mothers in Israel" with an army of babies. They sat on the floor with babies asleep beside them on the stone floor, babies playing around them, babies getting out of their mothers' reach and scratching each other's faces, and babies doing almost everything that a baby can do to keep its mother from hearing. But somehow these women did manage to hear, for from their corner came more than one bright testimony.

Besides the Catechists and large Akola Christian community, there must have been a hundred who came from other places to attend the meetings. At one service it was estimated that there were nearly 80 from various other stations. And we believe that the time is not for distant when the timid villagers, who are convinced of their need of Christ, but are afraid to be baptised, will come to the Annual Sabha, see what God has wrought, and find courage to step out and become open Christians themselves.

There were in the audience, Christians of every sort of trade and occupation, and of all grades of intellectual capacity, and many different castes have been forced to yield up their slaves to form this Christian host—the writer knows of at least seven castes represented. Indeed, in one family, husband, wife and adopted child had been of three different castes. We thank God for this triumph over the enemy that is most impregnable of all in India. It was this more than other reasons that made the communion service particularly precious. Here, with the missionaries, there met Indians of every class to "Remember His death," Native preachers and Bible-women, carpenters and blacksmiths, farmers and coolies, housewives and labours, all met without distinction. And he who had once been a haughty Brahmin knelt beside those who had once been of the class below the lowest caste, and whose very shadow would have defiled him, worshipping the same Lord and drinking from the same cup of Communion. The altar was filled four times, two deep, to partake of the emblems which were served by missionaries and native brethren. Someone counted 155 who partook.

After the sacrament a woman came forward and confessed Christ before the large audience. She, with her husband and family, were baptised some ten years ago, but after a time, for some reason, her husband went back to his caste people, taking her with him. She protested at the time, but had to go. But
now, after his death, she comes back again to the Lord and to His people. Had there been no other special feature of the whole Convention, we have scriptural warrant for saying that there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over this one who was lost and is found. After this woman had come forward, about thirty of the Christians came also, to straighten up their lives with God, and continued in prayer until nearly dark.

Often during the meetings Hindus and Mohammedans crowded the back door, and even ventured in to occupy the back seats, where they sat looking about with wide eyes, conspicuous because according to oriental custom they left their shoes at the door and kept their turbans on their heads. Sometimes during the singing we could see people stop on the road and listen to catch the words, and look wonderingly at the windows, and our hearts rejoiced over the testimony which is being borne before the city of Akola. Verily this church is “a city set on a hill that cannot be hid.”

There is also something to cause thanksgiving in the spiritual condition of the people. They are far from perfect, and most of them are first generation Christians, i.e. of heathen parentage, which fact surely makes a difference. But one who has worked in India for sixteen years remarked that an encouraging improvement can be seen in these people over what they have been in the past years. Perhaps the testimonies given at various times would be an indication of their spiritual condition. The following is the essence of a few jotted down during the Sunday services.

A man.—Praise for the deliverance recently from the habit of cigarette smoking, which since childhood he had been unable to break. This deliverance came after prayer with the missionary.

Another.—Praise for the healing in answer to prayer, of his baby girl who was lying at the point of death. This deliverance came after prayer with the missionary.

Another.—Praise for restoration after backsliding.

A young catechist.—Praise for the healing of his little son. He (the father) had been doing what was improper on the Sabbath. Through the child’s sickness he was convicted therefore, and upon confessing and forsaking his sin God healed his son.

A testimony was given in the Hindi language by a stranger, the purport of which was thanks for God’s overruling providence.

Another catechist.—Praise for blessings received in studying the Word.

A carpenter.—Praise for God’s blessings and help in his work.
A very old woman.—Praise for healing two months previously.

A Bible woman.—Thanks for deliverance from physical danger in a flood.

Another woman.—Testimony to a desire to cause others to know the God who answers her prayers, and a request for prayer to that end.

This last mentioned woman earns her living by breaking stone, but finds chances to preach the gospel to others while she works. Already several of her relatives have been led to the Lord by her life and testimony.

One afternoon as we went to church we noticed in the sandy path the prints of many bare feet, and it so happened that the larger footprints were outnumbered and almost covered up by a host of small ones. The occurrence is not without significance, for the path was the path that led to the church. It is true that our orphanages are fast becoming empty, and the little folk who once occupied them form a large part of our present Christian community. But it is also true that into the homes of these native Christians is coming an army of children which will outnumber this present generation. These children have the vast advantage of having Christian parents and their footsteps may already be seen in the path that leads to the house of God. Surely nothing in connection with the Sabha could give greater cause for joy than the swarm of children seen in the church, and no service was more interesting than the dedication service, when a row of happy parents proudly presented thirteen babies to be dedicated to the Lord.

As a mission we do not feel that it is right to seize this opportunity of increasing our number of baptisms for the year by baptising these babies but we encourage the people to, like Hannah, dedicate but them to the Lord who gave them.

An incident that provoked a smile but gave food for thought also, occurred on Sunday afternoon. Immediately upon hearing the collection announced sundry small boys, seated on the floor among the orphanage boys, darted for the door. They soon returned, breathless but clutching their forgotten coins. Several of them did not get back until the collection was over, but had to have someone come and get their money. One little fellow stood waving his ½ cent. piece at the preacher, who was well under way by that time, and would not be satisfied until someone got out the plate for him. "Shocking lack of decorum," say you? Perhaps it was. But perhaps a missionary who has for years preached and prayed about a self-supporting church, is inclined to be lenient, seeing more in the incident than a lack of decorum.
Thank God for the coming generation of Christians—for the little footsteps in the path. It is for these children that the mission is trying now to provide adequate schools under Christian control, feeling that the energy and resources formerly used in orphanage works may be even more profitably used in this way.

Now as to results of the Sabha. Perhaps you can imagine what such a time would mean in the spiritual life of a native Christian who has been surrounded by heathenism for twelve months, without even the opportunity of the Christian fellowship at a monthly day of prayer, which we missionaries find necessary. But though most of the work of the Sabha was of a quiet and steady though intense nature, still, there was much that could be tabulated. One incident will serve to show how God was working. On Monday morning a catechist came to his missionary with some confessions. The sins which he confessed were those that he had committed years before but had successfully covered. But now he said “Sahib, you may put me off the work if you wish, but I cannot longer delay to get right with God, whatever the cost.” This incident brought the missionary concerned to tears of joy.

The other result of the Sabha is that it brought to the missionaries present a realization that their labour in the Lord is truly not in vain. We have as a mission in India been grappling for over twenty years with the forces of Satan, and especially with caste—the strongest chain that Satan ever forged! And the results have seemed so meagre that some at home and many of us have been disappointed. But to see this large gathering, to think of all that it means, and to know that even this represents only a part of the work that God has done for us make it impossible to refrain from praise.

In short, the facts are two—God has already done more than we have realized, and a foundation is now laid for a larger work than we may know.

Those who have ever done any blasting know that the drilling of the hole into the rock is by far the hardest, most tedious and most discouraging part of the work. Then the few handfuls of powder placed in the hole look most insignificant. But a spark applied to the fuse blows the hard rock to pieces.

Friends, after many years of hard and discouraging work we see that a hole has been drilled into the resisting rock. We see also filled into it forces that may be made to blow the rock to pieces, and to-day we are calling upon God to light the spark from the Altar above. As this goes to press our whole mission is having a day of special intercession that God will kindle that
Divine flame, and we have asked you at Home to unite with us in this prayer. To us the great need seems to be that these native Christians might have a baptism of desire to preach the gospel to their fellow men, and power to witness. Being shut out from their castes their temptation is to become a “Christian caste,” and keep to themselves. And so we pray that the work begun in their hearts at the Sabha may be carried on in the stations, in each Christian and in each missionary, and that these 400 native Christians may become the dynamite of God. Oh, for the lighting of this blast now laid deep into the heart of the Hinduism of Berar and Khandesh! Oh for the fire of God!

NOTES FROM SHANTIPUR.
BY JESSIE C. FRASER.

SHANTIPUR, (the Villages of Peace) is the name of a Christian village about eleven miles from the city of Ahmadabad. Some years ago, when working in Jetalpur, a large heathen village near by, the Lord led us to apply to government for a piece of land with a well upon it and the request was granted. On this land we were able, through the kindness of a dear friend on the field and friends in the homeland, to build a church and four native houses. A well and two more houses have been added, so now we have in all six houses beside some outhouses in our little village. At present, one Mission worker and five Christian families, who are doing farming, live here. God has put His blessing upon this place and it is, indeed, a light to the dark heathen villages that surround it, for from here the gospel story is being proclaimed to the people round about. Many of all castes come to talk about the Word of God, and we praise Him for the privilege of telling them of the wonderful God who “so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

We also give them gospels and tracts to take with them to their homes. Sometimes they come back to tell us how much they like them and ask for more. We praise God, for “His word is quick and powerful and sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. We trust that some will through reading the Word see their need of the Saviour and turn unto Him, who alone can save them,
When I was first led to this place, the Lord gave me the following verses:—"I will give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert to give drink to My people the chosen. This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth my praise. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

We believe that many of God's chosen ones live in these heathen villages, and that they will in due time turn from their idols to serve the true and living God and become bright shining lights for Him.

At present, we have schools in two of the near villages. Some of the children attending these schools are very bright and we have great hopes for their future. I wish you could see them coming Sunday by Sunday with their teachers to the church for Sunday School and Church service. For two years a number of them have taken the all India Sunday School examination and some have passed with credit. Some years ago, schools were carried on in these villages, and through the efforts of a young Christian worker a few of them learned to read, and at that time they shewed a real interest in the gospel. But the schools had to be given up, and soon the children lost interest, but lately we have been able to hunt them up and have persuaded them to come back to school again. By this time they are large enough to work, so are not able to come to school in the day time, but we have opened night schools for them. Pray, dear readers, that these young men may be saved. We could open more such schools had we the means to carry them on. We are also in need of four more houses in our village. Land can be had from government and Christian families would be glad to come here to live. Many of our dear Christian people are still very young in their Christian experience. They are mere babes in Christ and need to be sheltered from the awful evil that always surrounds them in a heathen village. Pray that these needs may be met.

The Lord has given plenty of rain this year. The fields look beautiful, and there will be an abundant harvest. God is faithful, He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. As we see the effect of the rain, as we look upon the beautiful green fields, the trees and flowers, our heart cry out for the spiritual rain, for the pouring out of the Holy Spirit, that we, His people, may be like a watered garden whose waters fail not; that out of our innermost beings may flow rivers of living water to the hungry and thirsty around us.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Ps. cxxxvi. 5, 6."
THE SELF-CENTRED LIFE

A FRIEND once described to us his experience of a German stove that he had recently purchased. Said he: “It absorbed all the fuel to warm itself; and then the heat went up the chimney, while we sat round it to keep it warm!” The religion of many professing Christians is like that stove—they absorb all its fuel to warm themselves; and their spiritual experience ends in smoke. Only those who give out to others the blessing that they have received in Christ, derive true satisfaction from the Christian life. A self-centred Christian leaves the world shivering; and yet there are always some souls near at hand who are craving for the spiritual warmth and comfort which an unselfish child of God can so easily impart. “To do good and to communicate, forget not.” It was when Peter warmed himself that he fell.—The Christian.

GREAT RESULT FROM FEEBLE EFFORT.

YEARS ago a poor seamstress persuaded a boy to go to Sunday school. The boy, Amos Sutton, was converted. He became a minister and a missionary to India. It was by his influence that the Baptist mission among the Telugus was begun, and now there are connected with this mission over thirty thousand converts. That poor seamstress went to her reward without knowing of the wonderful things for God to which her simple faithfulness led.

The great things of this world are as a rule, not done by the worldly great and powerful. It was not a king on his throne, but a shoemaker on his bench, who began the great modern missionary movement. The Saviour of mankind was born, not in a palace, but in a stable.—From “Kind Words.”

“A RAVEN STILL.”

IN a volume of Persian literature, just published, there is an apt, if quaint, illustration of the powerlessness of new environments and social betterment to regenerate the soul:—

Were you to set the egg of a raven, whose nature is gloomy as chaos, under the pea-hen of the Garden of Eden... still that egg of a raven could but produce a raven.

Omitting the prolific play of Oriental fancy with which the parable is embellished, we are interested to find, from such a source, the old truth in a new setting—that, Persian or British, the human heart is incapable of “improvement;” it “must be born anew” (John iii. 6, 7).—The Christian.
Perhaps the most of our little readers do not know just what "Bazaar day" means in a large city like Ahmedabad. But every little missionary girl or boy would dance with delight at the prospect of a visit to Friday Bazaar.

Every Friday people gather from the surrounding towns and villages bringing their wares of all sorts and kinds into the Bazaar (market) for sale. These wares are spread in piles in the middle and along the sides of the principal streets.

Let us take a little trip there this morning. It is a very hot morning, so we must wear our sun hats and take our umbrellas too.

As it is your first trip, on the way you will see several things to attract your attention. You will see some grown up monkeys sitting on the high city wall holding their baby monkeys in their arms, while the young monkeys run around and pull each other's tails, or jump from branch to branch of some tree just over your heads.

Now we pass through a high city gate into another street; here, we see a woman slowly moving along on one side of the street. She has a tin can in her hand, and every few steps she takes something from the can and scatters it on the ground. On close observation we will see that she is only putting grain of some kind on all the ant hills she sees, thereby expecting to gain merit in the next world.

Now we pass through another city gate into another street and in a few minutes we are right in the Bazaar. We must be careful how we cross the streets for they are very crowded with vehicles of all sorts, from the camel and ox-cart to the newest kind of an automobile. The sides of the streets are lined with toy-like shops. The shopkeeper sits in the doorway on the floor, with a cushion beneath him and one at his back. There are no windows in the shops, only a door which is the whole width of the shop. Most of the shop keepers carry but one line of goods, their great grand fathers sold the same kind of goods before them. From his sitting posture the shop keeper will reach from the shelves any article you wish, but if you wish to go into the shop to look at something yourself you must take hold of that iron chain that is suspended from the top of the door and pull yourself up, as there are no steps and it is rather high from the street to the entrance.
Now we will take a look at the most crowded part of the Bazaar. In one space the copper smith will be seen mending old vessels. After they are mended, in order to brighten them up inside, another man will put some sand in them and, as the Hindus believe in using their feet for many other purposes beside walking, he inserts one foot in the vessel and while he supports himself against a tree he whirls himself around in the vessel until it is so bright you are able to see your face in it. Generally this is done while the customer waits.

Now we begin to sneeze; what is the matter? Are we catching cold? Oh no, it is only because we are passing piles and piles of dry red peppers and the air is full of the odor. Then there are fruits and native-made sweets in abundance; piles of second-hand clothing and live chickens and birds and many other articles too numerous to mention. In the midst of all this confusion a fakir with long matted hair and dirty loin cloth may be seen trying to preach to the people, thereby getting a few pice thrown into the brazen cup which he carries in his hand.

Perhaps, not far away, a Christian preacher may be seen selling gospel portions at the value of one cent each, and at the same time proclaiming the religion of Jesus Christ to all who will listen. In this way many hundreds of copies of Scripture portions come into the hands of the heathen. Let us pray that as they read, the Truth may sink into their hearts and bear fruit. For He has promised that His Word shall not return to Him void.

In another part may be seen a company of people selling their little clay gods. These many people will buy and take to their houses and worship. A few weeks ago another missionary and I saw a procession passing along the street towards the river. On the head of one man was one of those little clay gods. We followed to see what was going on. When they reached the edge of the river the idol was placed on the sand and a cucumber, some sugar, and a little fruit was placed by it while before it burned some incense. Just in front of the idol a row of little children was seated, while the grown up men formed a circle and began to clap their hands and dance and bow their knees to the idol. Their dancing increased in speed until it made our heads dizzy to watch them, and our hearts pained when we realised that the children in the homeland every Sunday are gathered in Sunday schools and taught to worship the true God, while the only form of worship that the children in this heathen land know about is the worship of a clay idol bought for a few pennies, perhaps, from the Friday bazaar.
But let us praise God for the thousands of little girls and boys who, by the efforts of the missionaries and the girls and boys in the homeland, have been brought out of heathen darkness and are learning to worship the true God.

LILLIAN M. PRITCHARD.

A CLEANLINESS AKIN TO WHAT?

BY E. R. GARNER.

ONLY those who have seen it with their own eyes can understand to what depths of extravagant folly the caste system of India leads her people. One would as soon think that a sane man could call black white and white black as to think that these people could be in their right minds and be guilty of the inconsistencies of which they are guilty, if one had not seen for oneself.

We have lately been coming into contact with the sanctity (?) of the caste system and afresh have seen how abject is the slavery of the sons of India.

In a jungle, where we had occasion to go for a few days, there is a well full of clear water. The recent rains have filled it almost to the brim and as there was no other good well in the neighborhood we went there to prepare our simple morning meal. As we approached the well, with what we considered a respectably clean vessel, for the purpose of drawing some water, a farmer who was sitting on or near the curb of the well arose and told us with a good deal of vehemence that we must not think of drawing the water. Our presence would defile it and on no account must we put our vessel into its limpid depths. Of course this was not our first introduction to the rules of the caste system and, in fact, we had rather expected to be balked in our efforts, so we quietly submitted and the man, who after all had a kindly heart, drew some water for us with his own brass vessel, which was perfectly clean, of course!

However, we were hardly prepared to see all that took place afterwards at that same clean well. First, we saw a Brahmin stand on the wall of the well and take his morning bath. All who know how Hindoos take their baths will understand that that meant he simply drew water and poured it over himself, rubbing such parts of his body as were not covered by his dhotar, (a garment worn by men, around the waist.) After he had poured as much water over himself as was considered a good sufficiency, he put a dry dhotar over the wet one, slipping the
wet one from under it, and then beat the dirt from the wet one on the wall of the well! The same morning we saw the Brahmin take his brass vessel and pour water from it into the hands of a poor man who dared not touch the well because he was not high enough in caste. The man crouched at the Brahmin's feet and drank the water as it ran into his hands from the Brahmin's big brass cup. But the Brahmin was afraid the cup might have touched the turban of the poor man in the act of drinking, so he took some ashes from a recent fire made of dried cow-dung (on which fire he had cooked his wheat cake without any vessel to intervene) and, with the ashes moistened, he vigorously rubbed the vessel, and then, with the ashes still daubed over it, he doused it up and down in the well to make it clean, not the well but the brass vessel. The next morning we had a further revelation of the ways of caste. We had been sitting by the well eating our breakfast and drinking of the water which the Brahmin drew for us with his undefiled vessel, and among a number of men gathered there we noticed one who was watching us eat, one on whose face was a look of distress as if he had been attacked with nausea. We at first wondered if the sight of our food had been the cause of this but later on concluded that there was some other cause for it. A little afterwards we made the remark to him that he did not look well and asked him what was the matter. Our question seemed to arouse him to the sense of his need of some remedy. We had turned our back when we heard a loud splash and at first thought that someone had fallen into the well. On turning around we found that the sick man had deliberately jumped in, to rid himself of his sickness. There was no cause for alarm, however, for he was not trying to commit suicide, but was simply using the virtue of the water in the well to rid himself of the sins which had caused his sickness. He was a good swimmer and for a moment quietly floated about on his back, with his hands devoutly clasped on his breast in the attitude of prayer, and his eyes closed. Then, after rubbing his arms and legs as best he could while keeping afloat, he took a few turns about the well, which was quite broad as are the most of wells in India. Coming to the side where he jumped in he took hold of the curb stones and after saying, "I now throw all my sins behind me," leaped out. No one seemed to think the incident anything unusual so I concluded it was quite the proper way to get rid of sins and sickness according to the ideas of the keepers of caste.

One more incident in connection with that well and then we will leave it for the present. Some farmers were hauling grass past it and stopped to get a drink. I had seen the Brahmin
take his bath and wash his clothes on the edge of the well and had not paid any special attention to how much water found its way back. I had taken the water and drank it even after he had washed the cow-dung ashes into it, and had forgotten (partially) as I drank it that a sick man had taken a swim in it, but now came a farmer and used it as a wash basin, dipping the water up and rubbing his face and letting the water go back for others who might need it after him. To finish up, he filled his mouth two or three times and squirted the water, not to the right or to the left, but straight into the same clean, limpid depth of that well, in the manner that is in vogue among some Chinese laundrymen, when they sprinkle clothes.

I have never had any quarrel with the good old proverb which says that cleanliness is akin to godliness. In fact, I think it is a part of the right kind of theology; but what about a cleanliness that forbids the touching of a well or a vessel or food or the person, and a thousand other things, belonging to men whose personal habits are far from ideal, as the above proves, by any other than their own caste, when the one told to keep hands off may have washed himself a hundred times to their once and be using a vessel that is at least free from visible taint? Here is a cleanliness that the world were better off without.

Yet the people who are caste's votaries are as human as you are. They know how to show a kindness whenever their manacles are long enough to permit it. That, Alas! is not often. Oh that we may love them as Christ does and work and give and pray till they are held fast in the liberty of Christ!

THE NATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF INDIA.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS KINGSBURY.

WHAT is this National Missionary Society of India?

2. Why should there be one more missionary society when there are already scores of them in the field?

3. What is the relation of this society to other missionary societies?

The best way to answer all the three questions at once is to give a brief account of the origin of the society.

In the opening years of this century the Editor of the Missionary Review (an American Journal) requested Mr. Azariah, now Bishop of Dornakal, to prepare a paper for that journal on unoccupied fields in India, all statistics being based on the census
returns of 1901.

It was found that in British India while the Madras Presidency was the best occupied field, yet there were parts of it which were very inadequately occupied and there were some parts which were not at all occupied; that in the Bombay Presidency there were no less than fifty counties, each with a population of more than 50,000, without a single Christian, European or Indian, Roman Catholic or Protestant; that in North India there were literally many districts with a population of many hundreds of thousands without a single Christian, and that there were Native States in not a few of which European missionaries were forbidden to enter for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It was also found that the existing foreign missionary societies, even if they should increase the number of workers both foreign and Indian and should improve their methods of operation, yet all that they could reasonably hope for was to evangelise 200,000,000 people, and that there would be still left more than 100,000,000 people without even a chance to hear the gospel message in their life time.

Mr. Azariah placed these facts not only before the Christian public of America, but also before the leaders in the Indian-Christian community.

The first impulse of our leaders was naturally to turn to the West for help to evangelise the hundred million people who were outside the scope of the efforts of the existing missionary societies.

A few of the boards of the leading missionary societies were approached both in Europe and in America. And every one of them replied that while they longed to see the whole of India a Christian country, they could not at present undertake to do anything more than they are actually doing now. Then our leaders saw that either the 100,000,000 people who are now outside the area of the fields occupied by the foreign missionary societies should all die without hearing the gospel or that Indian Christians themselves should rise and go forward to preach the gospel to these.

It was then felt that the time had come for the Indian Christians themselves to rise as one body and preach the gospel to their own countrymen. There were several arguments that weighed rather heavily on the consciences of our leaders.

1. The Protestant Church in India was almost two centuries old; and it was not too soon for the Indian Church to think of sharing the gospel with all the people of India.

2. Many of our Churches contained Christians of the third,
fourth and fifth generations who were very much better off in education, civilisation in general and in affluence, and there was a fear that in many of our city and town congregations people were becoming worldly.

But above all, the leaders felt that the great commission of our Lord was as much binding upon us, Indian Christians, as upon Europeans and American Christians.

It was then felt that even if the Churches in the West were to feel that they could evangelise the whole of India, that would not remove our obligation to bring our country to the feet of Christ. Under these circumstances our leaders felt that the time had come for the Indian Christians to organise themselves into a band to evangelise the unoccupied fields of India.

And yet, they felt a little diffident to do so, because you will remember that in the opening years of the present century there was a national feeling which, while it was intensely patriotic, was in some parts of India and among certain classes of people not unmixed with some dislike, if not strong hatred, for all foreigners and foreign institutions. Our leaders then felt that if a national missionary society should be started, it might be misconstrued by our foreign missionary brethren. So before founding the society the leaders consulted with about one hundred missionaries in all parts of India. And, if I am not mistaken, with the exception of one or two of the missionaries, all of them replied that the thought had been put in our minds by God Himself, and they encouraged us and asked us to go forward and found the society. Some of them, said that for many, many years they had been constantly praying to God to create in the Indian Church the missionary spirit, and how glad they felt because they saw God was answering their prayers.

Then, seventeen India Christians, representing all the Provinces of India, Burma and Ceylon and all the Protestant Churches in these countries, assembled on the Christmas eve, 1905, at Henry Martyn’s pagoda in Serampore and spent the day in prayer and personal dedication. The next day, i.e., on the Christmas day of 1905, they met in Carey’s Library and founded the National Missionary Society of India. The following days in Christmas week were spent in drawing up the Constitution and in appointing officers.

The object of the Society, it was then stated, (and it has remained unchanged), is to evangelise the unoccupied fields of India and the adjacent lands, and to create and to strengthen the missionary spirit in the Indian Church.

The policy of the Society is briefly expressed in the words
INDIAN MEN
INDIAN MONEY
INDIAN MANAGEMENT

and it may be added INDIAN METHODS.

The Society does not solicit funds outside India, Burma and Ceylon, and even here it does not solicit funds from foreigners. The Society is managed now by a Central Executive Committee, Provincial Committees and by a Council. It has also an Advisory Board consisting of twelve foreign missionaries of experience. These have to give advice, only when advice is sought for. But the Advisory Board of Foreign Missionaries have the right to send three of their number to be members of the Central Executive Committee which consists of nineteen men. I may add here that European members in the Executive Committee have not until now made themselves very prominent by being too forward.

The constituency is interdenominational, but every one of the fields is true to that section of the Church which happens to be nearest to that particular field.

The Society is now nearly eight years old. The first eighteen months or more were necessarily spent in much negotiation with other missions in the choice of a field, in the selection of candidates and also in educating the Indian Church about the Society and what it stands for.

A number of fine Indian Christian men of high education have volunteered for this service, and to-day, there are several hundred baptized converts as the fruit of their labour. This National Missionary Society carries on evangelistic work in five language areas in North India, South India and Western India. That this Society has created a missionary spirit in Churches which did not have it before and has quickened that spirit in Churches where it was before is an undeniable fact. It is also a fact that cannot be contradicted that there is no other organisation which fosters patriotism in the Indian Christian community as does the National Missionary Society of India. It is this and this alone that compels Indian Christians to think of India as a whole and to think of the needs of India as a whole. The Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., and a few other institutions are interdenominational and have undoubtedly helped the Indian Christians to come together, sinking their denominational differences. But no other society has helped the Indian Christians to rise as one man and present the common Saviour to their fellow-countrymen, so much as the National Missionary Society.—The Harvest Field.
Orphanage reports sometimes sound monotonous, but those engaged in orphanage work find the life anything but monotonous, for from early morning till late at night, the orphanage worker passes through changing scenes, and is in constant demand. Bruises and cuts must be washed and tied up, sick babies cared for, quarrels and disputes straightened out and little feet guided in the ways of righteousness, for, be it understood now if not before, Satan is just as busy in Indian hearts as in American hearts, and not all our orphans are righteous minded.

For instance, in a small folks' prayer meeting all were engaged in earnest prayer but one small irrepressible who gazed with open unbelief at the spiritual exercises of her small companions, endeavoring by occasional nippings to disturb the unity of the peace.

Again, three little girls, Mina, Jani and Rachel, were playing. Mina, the oldest, asked, "Jani, whom do you like better, Satan or God?"

"Satan" was the prompt rejoinder. Again came the question from Mina, "Rachel, whom do you like better?"

"I like God better than Satan!" answered devout little Rachel in horrified tones. "But," prompted the little temptress, "you should say, 'I like Satan better.'" "No," came the answer again, "I like God better."

At another time, small Moses came sidling up, slipping a grimy little paw into the missionary's hand, "Auntie, I testified in the meeting last night." "Yes, you did!" and the vision came up of a little tense straight figure standing up in prayer meeting repeating with lightning-like rapidity the twenty-third psalm, pausing halfway through with a horror-stricken gasp of stage-fright, but managing somehow to get through to the end. "Yes, child, you did testify."

"Yes Auntie, and I am going to testify in the next prayer meeting. I know lots of things by heart."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I am going to say this next time, 'Twice one are two, twice two are four, twice three are six.'"

This startling statement brought one face to face with the problem of getting Moses' small mind to comprehend the difference between the sacred and the secular.

In the midst of such every day trivials, it pleased God to send us a time of refreshing, which began on our monthly all
day of prayer in July. Our hearts for months back had been hungry to see spiritual life in our midst. Meetings seemed so dry, but we kept on praying and believing, and at last the first drops fell. After an altar call, several hands were raised, requesting prayer. These girls met again in a small prayer-room after the evening meeting and prayed until each one was saved. The next evening was our mid-week prayer meeting and these girls rose one after another and told, with shining faces, what God had done for them. One young woman for a long time had seemed restless and unhappy, and she sat throughout this meeting with downcast eyes. So heavy was she on our hearts, that instinctively we turned towards her, intending to ask what was wrong, when she asked if she might have a private interview. Then she poured out her heart-sorrow, how she had for two years deceived and lied to us and drifted away from God. But for a long time God had been dealing with her. In a dream, she saw herself with a nasty, putrid sore on her foot which did not heal. Then when she had turned from her backsliding to seek forgiveness, in another dream, she saw one dressing the sore on her foot, cleansing away the filth and putting ointment on it, and the sore healed. Then she seemed to stand on the banks of the river and one like an angel said to her, “This river is for your cleansing” and he sprinkled her foot and her body, and the waters of the river were red like blood, and she was filled with a sense of cleanness and utter peace.

The following Saturday and Sunday we had some special meetings, our brother, Mr. Dinham, having been invited to hold them. He came to us full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and God graciously used his messages to quicken all of us. On Sunday evening we assembled for our final meeting. After the preliminary hymns had been sung, we knelt to pray and a prayer meeting began which lasted for nearly three hours. There was no preaching that night. A divine hush settled down and we melted in quietness. Then one after another began to pray. Soon all were praying together. Some seeking forgiveness, others interceding for sinners. Some were seeking the Baptism in the Spirit. Yet, there was no confusion. Every one seemed part before God. More than one girl was saved and several were baptized into the Spirit. The young woman who had confessed to us a few days before knelt with her face buried in her hands, resting on her Marathi hymn book. This position he maintained for hours. As she rose one saw that her hymn book was soaked with tears, not now tears of sorrow, but tears of joy, “joy unspeakable,” because, as she afterwards told us with shining eyes, “I never thought Jesus would baptize
me.” She has pressed on amid many temptations. There are few who have entered into the life of intercessary prayer as she has. She is a student in the “Young Women’s Training School for Christian Workers” and has just passed the examination for the first year in the Bible. She expects to be a Bible-woman.

God has done so much for us. If we did not praise Him the stones would cry out, in praise of Him, Who has lifted these girls and women above quarrelling and meanness and made them bright and shining lights in a community where each one tested the life of every other about as thoroughly as soldiers living in barracks. Praise God for His glorious salvation!

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INDIFFERENCE.

“AMMA, you are getting old.”
“‘Yes (grunt), yes.”
“When we are old then death is near.”
“Yes (grunt), yes.”
“Then we must leave our bodies and go somewhere else.”
Three more grunts.
“Amma, do you know where you are going?”
Then the old woman wakes up a little, grunts a little more
“Who knows where she is going?” she mumbles, and relapse into grunts.
“I know where I am going,” the girl answers. “Amm, don’t you want to know?”
“Don’t I want to know what?”
“Where you are going.”
“Why do I want to know what?”

The girl goes over it again. The old woman turns to her daughter-in-law. “Is the rice ready?” she says. The girl tries again. The old woman agrees we all must die. Death is near to the ancient, she is ancient, therefore death is near to her she must go somewhere after death. It would be well to know where she is going. She does not know where she is going then she gazes and grunts.

The girl tries on different lines. Whom is the old woman looking to, to help her when death comes.
“God.”
“What God?”
“The great God.” And rousing herself to express herself she declares that He is her constant meditation, therefore all is well. “Is the rice ready?”
"No."

"Then give me some betel leaf," and she settles down to roll small pieces of lime into little balls, and these balls she rolls up in a betel leaf, with a bit of areca nut for taste, and this betel leaf she puts into her mouth—all this very slowly, and with many inarticulate sounds, which I have translated 'grunts.' And this is all she does. She does not want to listen or talk, she only wants to scrunch betel and grunt.

This is not a touching tale. It is only true. It happened one evening exactly as I have told it, and the girl, a distant connection of the old woman, who had come with me so delightfully, eager to tell the Good Tidings, had to give up. She had begun by speaking about the love of Jesus, but that had fallen perfectly flat; so she had tried the more startling form of address, with this result,—grunts.

It is not an easy thing in the Homeland to lead an old man or woman to Christ, even though the only 'root' which holds them from Him is the love of the world. As the Hindu proverb says, 'That which did not bend at five will not bend at fifty,' till less at sixty or seventy. When a soul in India is held down, not by one root only, but by a myriad roots, who is sufficient to deliver it? Only He who overturneth the mountains by the roots. 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.'—Amy Wilson-Carmichael in "Things as they are."

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**ITEMS.**

Mr. Hagberg of Bhusawal writes:—"On September 27th I had the joy of baptizing a young Eurasian man. He was born in a Protestant home, but both his parents having died when he was quite small, he was brought up in a Roman Catholic school. When we gave him a Bible he seemed quite delighted to read it for himself, and to find out that he might approach God through Jesus Christ without any other Mediator. Remember him in prayer that he may fully follow the Lord and be His witness."

Ere this month closes, quite a number of our missionaries will be starting out to tour among the villages of their allotted districts. We would urge our readers to pray that, as these servants of God travel about preaching the gospel in hundreds of towns and villages, many may heed the call and leave their
old paths to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. To this end, pray that mighty conviction of sin may seize the people as the missionary stands before them and holds up the only Saviour of the world.

The missionaries living in Jalgaon send a note of praise for the wonderful way the Lord has kept them all through the unhealthy rainy season.

Read the account of the Akola Sabha in this issue, and rejoice over the fruit already gathered while you pray for the 'much more' to follow.

Mr. and Mrs. Auernheimer, with their little daughter Ruth, landed in Bombay on Oct. 21st, and proceeded at once to Akola where the Annual Convention was in session. They received a most hearty welcome back into the work, and with glad hearts enter upon their second term of service.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR
AKOLA
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
Mr. J. P. Rogers
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
AMRAOTI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher
CHANDUR
Mrs. I. Moodie
Mr. & Mrs. K. D. Garrison
KHAMGAON
Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Carner
Miss E. Krater
Miss H. Bushfield
Miss A. Little
Miss Wyeth
MALKAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox
Miss H. Beardslee
MURTIZAPUR
Mr. L. Cutler
KHANDESH
BHUSAWAL
Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
Mrs. F. M. Bannister
BODWAD (P. O. Nargao.)
Mr. & Mrs. Eicher
CHALISGAON
Miss K. P. Williams
Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison
JALGAON
Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schelander
Miss C. Rutherford
PACHORA
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham

GUJARAT
AHMEDABAD
Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Andrews
Miss Lillian Pritchard
DHALKA
Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Schoonmaker
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver
KAIRA
Miss E. Wells
Miss M. Woodworth
Miss Coxe
Miss Peter
Miss B. Conger
MATAR (P. O. Kaira.)
Mr. & Mrs. S. P. Hamilton
MEHMOabad
Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
Miss Cora Hansen
SANAND
Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee
SABERMATI
Miss Mary Compton
Miss E. Prichard
SHANTIPUR (Jetalpur P.O., Ahmedabad.)
Miss Jessie Fraser
VIRAMGAM
Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth
LONAVLA
Mrs. V. Erickson & Miss E.
SHOLAPUR
Miss Z. McAuley

ON FURLOUGH:—
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Miss L. Fuller
Mr. & Mrs. Auernheimer
Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
Mr. W. M. Turnbull
Miss L. Gardner
Mrs. Cutler
Mr. A. Johnson
Mr. F. H. Back
Miss M. Patten
Mr. & Mrs. W. Rams

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