"IT MATTERS TO HIM ABOUT YOU."

1 Pet. 5, 7. (Literal Translation).

God's promise to greet me this New Year's day!
And one that never can pass away,
Since it comes from Him who is faithful and true—
Listen! "It matters to Him about you."

It matters to Him—what a restful thought,
That God's own Son hath Salvation wrought
So perfect, there's nothing for me to do
But trust His, "matters to Him about you."

Behind in the past are the last year's cares,
It's failures, temptations, and subtle snares;
I'm glad the future is not in view,
Only His "matters to Him about you."

They are gone—let them go, we will fling away
The mistakes and failures of yesterday;
Begin again with my Lord in view,
And His promise "It matters to Him about you."

I mean to trust Him as never before,
And prove His promises more and more;
What matters though money and friends be few,
I'll remember "It matters to Him about you."

I need Him more as the years go by,
With a great eternity drawing nigh;
But I have no fears, for real and true
Is the promise "It matters to Him about you."

So now "I will trust and not be afraid,"
But forward go with a lifted head
And a trusting heart, while from heaven's blue
Falls sweetly "It matters to Him about you."

I've a wonderful Saviour, Friend and Guide,
Who has promised never to leave my side,
But lead me straight all my life path through—
Here and there "It matters to Him about you!"

Laura A. Barter Snow.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

"This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. —Josh. i. 8.

The India Alliance wishes its readers a happy and prosperous New Year. We believe that true happiness depends upon conformity to God's will. The man who is willingly obedient is the happy man. And the secret of prosperity is found in the above text. As this is the only occurrence of the word "success" in the Scriptures, we are justified in inferring that it is our only rule for true success.

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The year just closed has marked a hundred years of work for the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Centenary meetings were held, in England in October, and in Bengal in November. The year also marked the Century of American missions in India. It was on July 13, 1813 that Adoniram Judson landed in Rangoon, Burmah. Gordon Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nott reached Bombay on February 11th, of the same year, and on July 21st Royal assent was given to the bill permitting missionary work in this country.

In November the American Marathi Mission held a series of celebration meetings in Bombay, a short description of which appears elsewhere in our columns. These were followed by Marathi meetings at Ahmednagar, accompanied by various exhibits of a character to interest and impress the native Christians. December brought the Judson Centenary in Burmah.

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Well might these occasions be made times of celebration and of devout thanksgiving to God. It has been computed that during this hundred years fully forty thousand missionaries have been sent to India from America and Canada. Of these 1870 were at work here last year. And it would be hard to estimate how much India owes to the men and women who have chosen
to come and labour and lay down their lives on a foreign shore for the salvation of India's sons and daughters. Multitudes of men and women have had the opportunity of hearing the eternal gospel, and many thousands are now serving the Lord Christ, or have passed on to be with Him, whom they will praise for ever for the coming of the messengers of the Cross.

But apart even from this direct result of missions, India's debt is immeasurable. The abolishment by the Government of the cruel "suttee" or burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands; the gradual decrease of many cruel customs, such as swinging with the body suspended in air by iron hooks thrust into the living flesh; the challenge of infant marriage and enforced widowhood; the rescue of numbers of child widows and temple girls; the founding of hospitals and the present support of 454 Christian missionary doctors and trained nurses, who minister daily to the bodies of men; the introduction of modern education and a large measure of its present spread and availability for the poor classes; the lifting of the whole of the educated classes to new ideals and ways of thinking; and finally, the provoking to emulation of large numbers of educated Hindus, who have formed various Reform Societies and charitable institutions, the influence of which, though merely social and temporal is still to the betterment and benefit of many of the downtrodden and caste-ridden of India—all these are the benefits India has derived and is deriving daily from missions, as side issues, apart from the one work that the missionaries came to do, i.e., the evangelization of the country and the salvation of men from sin and impending doom.

But the Church of America is also deeply indebted to the men who made this Centennial possible, as well as to those who have carried on the work throughout the Century. The example of these noble pioneers has stirred many hearts for the conversion of the world. The story of their efforts, of their manifold sufferings and trials, and of their achievement, through God's grace, of their unquenchable purpose, is a rich legacy to the Church of to-day. Their impassioned appeals to the Christians
in America were the means of arousing the Church from a
spiritual stupor which could only have resulted in apostacy or
spiritual death. The Church responded and was thus saved from
suicidal selfishness, and has had the privilege of a century of
giving the gospel to India. If the words of the Lord Jesus Christ
are true—"It is more blessed to give than to receive," the Church
of America, through giving her sons and daughters to the work,
and by providing for them while here, has received more through
the reflex action of Missions—in joy of sacrifice and in "treasure
laid up above," than all the above mentioned benefits to India
taken collectively. The results in India are many and gratifying,
but could we point to no results whatever in India, the American
Church has still been benefited more than it can realize.

The story of the labours of these pioneers, and of the others
who soon associated themselves with them, has long been
familiar and will be more so now after the Centennial celebrations
on both sides of the water. It is impossible to read the record
of their zeal without having one's heart moved. Opposed and
baffled and ordered out of the country again and again by the
East India Company, who "would rather have a shipload of
devils than a shipload of missionaries;" cut off for months from
news from home; undergoing peril and hardship beyond what
missionaries know to-day; or lying as Judson did for nineteen
months in a vile prison in three to five pairs of fetters as the
price of bringing the gospel to Burmah, they knew no discoura-
gement and accepted no defeat. And the review of their lives is a
call to us to render up our lives wholly to God for the work
which they loved and for which they lived and died.

Their history also attests the fact that the work of missions
is not carried on merely by human enthusiasm. They were
giants of intellect and giants of unconquerable zeal and purpose;
but behind them was God, turning defeat into victory for His
servants and working out His appointed ends for India. It was
God who brought about the birth of a new Missionary Society
through a doctrinal difference of opinion. And it was God who
used the actions of the authorities in Calcutta to send the
Those men were not famous merely because they were missionaries, nor because they had much to suffer. But they came as Commissioners of the God of Heaven and refused to be turned back until they had a hearing. Missionary work was not with them a charity or a round of social engagements carried on with the hope of influencing the Hindu by indirect methods. They were prophets of God sent to a people whose whole life is hopelessly out of harmony with the will of God, and who were therefore warned to flee from the “wrath to come.” The Bombay Guardian speaks editorially of the conditions obtaining in India a century ago and describes their message thus:

“In the midst of all this those men stood alone, declaring to the people with one voice that their natures were wholly sinful, that their every idol was an insult to the Creator, that their duty was obedience to the explicit commands of God, that they could not be mended or improved, but must die and be recreated, that their hope was in the undeserved mercy of God; that this mercy had come down to them in the person of the eternal Son of God, who emptied himself of all that was for His own advantage, but retained the omnipotence and wisdom that would avail for the benefit of mankind; that He shed His blood without which there could be no remission of sin, and so made a full atonement for the exceeding sin of all Maharashtra; (The Marathi Nation) that, this accepted, salvation, sanctification and glorification would follow; and finally that there was no salvation in any other name, and no hope in any other means.

That generation was followed by another, who are remembered as hoary-headed men by hoary-headed men of to-day. Those men had the same Spirit and the same message with their predecessors: they knew no way of salvation except the Atonement, Christ crucified, not as the result of His mission, but as the purpose of it. And with great power they gave united witness to this effect.”
cipate, and our Mission have the opportunity of celebrating a century of work in this land, we do not know what changes would have taken place. But if we express what our desire would be for those who would by that time have succeeded us, it would be that our successors should be found preaching the same gospel, unchanged and unadulterated: that the "book of the law" might not have "departed out of their mouth." For the greatest success, etc.

THE GUJARATI SABHA.

BY SARA COXE.

The Gujarati Sabha (Convention) met in Dholka, Nov. 18-23.

Last year our Indian Christian workers made a plea that we have a Convention for native people with singing, prayer and special messages and with business sessions also. So we held one similar to our Akola Convention. Previous to this we had held a yearly meeting with our workers and Bible-women but it was not a real Convention. Last year this Convention proved such a success, there was such help and blessing, that we are continuing.

On the way to the meeting, groups of people were to be seen at nearly every station. They looked clean, bright, happy and expectant. There were preachers with their wives and children, school teachers, boys from our Training School, girls from Kaira, and village Christians. After the usual salaams, to the question, "Where are you going?" they would answer with beaming faces, "Why, to the meeting." As the train stopped along the way real gospel songs were sung.

The meetings were held in the Church. The audiences were very good, there being about 300 people in all. There were 13 missionaries, about 40 workers and some Bible-women besides the Training School boys and our Christians from every station. The body of the Church was filled every day. There were no seats as our people sit Indian fashion on the floor. The married women and their babies sat on one side of the platform, quite near the door, so they could easily leave the meeting when the babies began to cry. The girls from Kaira, 14 in all, sat right in front of the platform. Behind them some of the Dholka Orphanage boys were usually seated and the space at the back was filled with
men—preachers, school teachers, college men, farmers, weavers, in fact, from all classes—but all Christians.

The key note of the meeting was struck by our new chairman, Mr. Hamilton, on Tuesday evening, and was, “Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.” The missionaries and many of our workers all through the Convention felt the great need of letting God have His way, and of doing whatsoever He said. Many precious messages were given by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Andrews, Mr. McKee and Mrs. Hamilton. Our hearts were also touched and our faith strengthened by the helpful messages given by some of our native workers. One of this number, a godly man and well qualified as a worker is not a regular worker but a farmer who ministers as he labours. As we looked into their faces and heard the words of life we rejoiced and marveled at what God hath wrought.

We were so anxious for God to lead that the messages were all given at the time when the speaker felt led to give his message. Each morning at 7 o’clock the bell would ring and we knew it was the call to prayer. Here some of our missionaries and workers would meet and pour out their hearts in prayer that God would give us real blessing. Then at 8 o’clock the bell would ring again and that would be the call for the general meeting. Immediately, a stream of people would begin to flow from the houses (grass huts that had been built for the purpose) to the Church. There is such a contrast in this crowd of people—men, women, boys and girls to any such crowd found among the people who are not Christians. We do see the same bright coloured clothes red, yellow and pink sardis, the same flowing turbans, but the people are different. They are so clean and so quiet and as they file into God’s house and take their seats on the floor each head is bowed in silent prayer. How we thank God for them! The morning message was usually given by a missionary. The messages were so heart-searching and stirring that at the close we bowed before God and sometimes, one or two hours of waiting on God followed.

At one o’clock the Children’s Meetings were held. These meetings were in charge of Misses Compton and Coxe but others also gave messages. Here we see the future Church of India. There were quite a number of little ones, children of our people and the small orphanage boys. It would perhaps surprise some people to hear them sing, recite Scripture verses and tell Bible stories. They are well taught along these lines. In one meeting Miss Edna Pritchard gave a very effective message using candles for illustrations. A large white candle lighted represented Christ while a dozen tiny coloured ones represented the little Indian children, the little ones receiving their light from the big one.
Miss Pritchard had some tiny black paper caps which represented sin. She explained that when any little Christian told a lie, stole, or did any of these things common to India then the black cap, sin, put out the light of the candle. Many other helpful thoughts were brought out in this same way. One candle accidentally got two caps and a little boy immediately called out, “My, what a sinful child that was!”

At 2 p.m. the Women’s Meetings were held. These meetings were in charge of Mrs. Andrews, but messages were given daily by different missionaries. The first meeting was led by Mrs. Andrews. There were from 35 to 40 women present and they seemed very tender, open and ready for new help and blessing. Heart-searching messages were also given by Miss Compton and Mrs. Hamilton. All the meetings led up to the last one, when, after two short messages there was a long time of waiting on God. In this meeting some prayed, some read a portion of Scripture while one woman with great sobs confessed her sins. We are sure that our women met God in these meetings.

At 3 p.m. the bell rang again for the general meeting. In this meeting messages were usually given by our native workers. How our hearts were encouraged as we listened to them! One spoke about our light, “Ye are the light of the world.” Another about the Day star, “Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.” And another about our choice, bringing out the thought that if we have really chosen Christ we would walk with Him in the midst of trials, sorrow, disappointments, etc. As we heard these words and saw the face of the speaker; and as we remembered his life and walk we praised God.

Sunday, the last day of the Convention, was one long to be remembered. It was the day appointed for the Communion service. In the morning we had our preaching service and prayer meeting; in the afternoon, the communion service. There had been much waiting upon God and heart-searching and this was a very solemn time. But this service was very precious as it drew us nearer to God and to each other. On Sunday night we had our last meeting. It was a prayer and praise service. Sometimes 3 or 4 were on their feet at once. They told of blessing received and of new desires to go on with God. There were testimonies interspersed with songs for about two hours. It reminded us of the old time revival meetings where everybody was glad to praise the Lord.

We would not like to close without a word in regard to the men and women who spent days and nights in prayer for this meeting. Some native workers were so burdened that they prayed all night and also all day when no meeting was on. One
night one of our missionaries awoke at 12 o'clock and felt con-
strained to get up and go over to the Church. Soon her husband
awakened and together they went. There they found some of the
workers on their faces before God pleading for the Convention
and they stayed there until morning. That was the beginning
of many nights of prayer. Sometimes there were 9 or 10 present;
sometimes 4 or 5; sometimes only 2. But we believe the heart-
searching, the blessing received and the work begun was a result
of these nights of prayer. We believe, too, that the work has just
begun. Mr. Hamilton says constantly that we need a good old
time down-pour upon the dry ground. We have received the
drops; we are looking for the showers.

There were definite results to this Sabha. Many received real
blessings. One missionary said, "I have not received such blessing
at any meeting Native or English for years." One of the workers
said, "The blessing was a great one but God wants to prepare us
and fill us and get us ready for greater work. One of our best
and most trustworthy girls said, "It was all God; everything
that happened here was of God." Surely we can trust Him and
say, "Whatsoever He saith unto us that will we do."

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A NEW ARRIVAL!

AFTER seven and a-half weeks on board French Liner
_Dunheia_, land and buildings in view. Bombay! really
Bombay! Praise God, the voyage is over. Anchor cast,
numerous little boats alongside our vessel; Oh! the scramble of
the dark figures up the ladder, how they yell! They seem ready to
kill each other in their efforts to get our baggage into their little
boats that take us to the wharf.

My first glimpse of the people:—Those that impress me most
are the calm-faced Parsees with their wives dressed in graceful,
beautiful, silk sardis.

Then comes the Custom's Office—Coolies carrying all kinds of
baggage, boxes and trunks. Many boxes are opened, we fortun-
ately escape this inconvenience. We are now free to visit the city.
The native shops are such funny little places. We pass one where
cooking vessels are for sale, the vessels, (called dakshars), and
other utensils hanging all over the walls and ceiling. The owner
sitting on a mat at the entrance calls to his servant to bring the
article the customer wants. How the natives gather around us I
look at our clothes, and watch what we buy. Next we come to
the market; what a variety of vegetables and fruits! Mostly all new to me. And the beggars! How numerous, mostly able-bodied, some old ones, how one longs to help. Coolies are always on hand with large baskets ready to carry our purchases anywhere for a few small coins.

Here we are at Victoria Station. Am surprised at its beauty; any city in the Homeland might be proud of such a building.

Train time. "This is our carriage, get in Miss Loud!" We are to travel 3rd class. I stand still for a moment and look. Well, it is all right I suppose. Not a great deal like our dear old American bullman. The seats are benches, wood, and hard wood at that. A journey of twelve hours is before us. Not knowing I should need my bedding on the train I had packed in it many gifts sent from the Homeland to dear missionaries. How shall I rest on these hard boards? A kind friend realizing the situation offers me a steamer rug which I gratefully receive and use. At 1-30 a.m. we reach Akola. My first ride in an Indian carriage—a tonga—a two wheeled vehicle drawn by a jerky horse. Oh! those Tongas! How they shake us about!

We arrive at the mission bungalow; so glad to find a cot to lie upon. I unroll my bedding-bundle, begin to separate clothing and packages. To my dismay a can of blackberry jam, brought for one of the missionaries, had lost its top, and the can lost most of the jam. It is 2-o a.m. and such a state of affairs—this must not matter. "Take joyfully the spoiling of your goods." I roll the bundle up again, get on the cot and try to sleep.

A glad welcome next a.m. from several friends. Bell calls about 7-o a.m. to chota hazri, (little breakfast) tea, toast and jam. About 11-o big breakfast, new diet, pulse and curry. Others enjoyed it, and I hope to do the same some day.

About 8-o a.m. I hear a strange sound of voices, looking toward the cook house I see all the servants gathered for morning prayers. Into my room, upon my cot, face towards the wall, I weep for joy. Our Jesus understands their language. I do thank and praise Him for having won these for Himself. Another such sight Sunday afternoon at a meeting for natives at the mission house, 200 men, women and children, all sitting on the ground; 8 or 10 orphans from 3 to 6 years old, all worshipping our God. These little ones praying with their tiny hands upon the ground, then their faces in their hands. Truly a place for us all to be, so low at His Feet.

Our object in visiting Akola is to attend the Annual Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. God has met us in a most precious way, sending our dear brother Rev. Penryn-
Jones with messages, fresh and powerful, just the ones needed.

Time has come to leave Akoln for Sholapur my future home. The Leper Mission is about 2 miles from the city. Reach our home, a school house, long, wide and airy, fixed up so homelike and attractively by dear Miss McCauley, most comfortable. Ants, lizards, scorpions, black spiders and other creatures, I fear I do not appreciate, but I hear again the comforting words of an older worker. "Oh, you'll get used to them after awhile." I hope I shall.

We visit the Leper compound. What an exhibition of the grace of God! The Lepers greet me with "Salaam," "Salaam," putting up their poor hands, some greatly disfigured, to their foreheads, as they say the words; they call us Missie Bai, (Bai is the respectful appelation after a woman's name). A fresh sense of His love takes possession of me and I thank Him that He has allowed me to come to them for His Sake, and I pray, "Live out Thy life through me, Precious Jesus, among these, so dear to Thine own heart."

The hospital is a stone-building, clean and white, eight beds. A dispensary adjoining. Beds are all empty at present.

The next building is for younger women, each has a separate room and tiny kitchen. Two other long buildings, one for the older women and one for the men. A "godown" or storehouse where provisions are kept. A large well of good water quite near. Also in the compound is the chapel, divided by a cement partition; men sit one side, women on the other. A portion also railed off where the workers sit. Here Miss McCauley has Bible Classes daily, with the assistance of a Bible-woman.

There are 54 inmates at present; all the women except two are Christians; one seldom sees so many faces beaming with His love. Truly our God gives grace and strength daily for this great work, and wonderfully meets every need.

Such quietness as broods over these dear people can only come from our Precious, Loving Father. Our heart goes out that many will join us in prayer, not only that God will still more abundantly bless this place and people, but keep us in such holy touch with Himself that we fail Him not, no, not one moment of this His precious time.

Never have I spent happier weeks than the two past, so conscious of His holding and folding closer to Himself than ever.

His for these His precious ones of India.

Martha Loud.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

THE STORY OF SHOROGINEE.

SHOROGINEE was only twelve when a bride. Her parents saw no need to educate a girl, so she had never been sent to school. She was married without her consent to a man several years her senior, and about whom she knew nothing. To her life-long sorrow she found him to be a selfish, hard-hearted, cruel man, given to drinking and hemp smoking. Often he would come home after receiving his scanty wages of three dollars per month with every cent squandered or else stolen while in a drunken sleep.

She heard of a missionary lady who was teaching some women to read, and she joined the class. She learned her letters and then learned to spell a little. The missionary started a day school for little Hindu girls, and put Shoroginee to teaching the infant class. She now had something to live for, and did her work faithfully from the first. She would prepare her Bible lesson by getting someone to read the Bible stories to her, and to teach her many verses which she memorized, and she in turn taught them to the little Hindu girls in her class.

When we came back to Calcutta this little school was made over to me, and I found her at this work. I started a daily Bible class and Shoroginee was one of the first to join. I put to them the question, "Have you been converted?" and kept pressing them every day for an answer, until one day she said to the other women, "How much longer will the men have to wait for an answer from us? I am going to seek until I find and can say, 'Yes, I have been converted.'" It was not long before she gave me the answer I wanted.

We soon after started our training school, and I said to Shoroginee, "You must go into class and learn to read." It was a great struggle but she faithfully persisted until she could read her Bible readily. Then how delighted she was! She would study her Bible every moment she had from her work. She continued teaching in the infant class for a number of years, many children passing out of her hand into higher classes, then out of school into the larger class of child wives. Finally, in a special meeting for consecration and prayer, the invitation was given for those to come forward who wished to seek a baptism of God's spirit for work. She went, and from that time seemed to be constantly seeking to lead souls to Christ.

I soon felt there was a wider field of work for her than was found in her class, and asked her how she would like to be a
Bible-woman and go to the women in the zenanas, who once were little girls in her class. She was overcome with joy and said she had always longed to do such work, but that she had never hoped to be so honoured. She took the call as from the Lord and, with a young widow whose gift is to sing the gospel, began to go from house to house among her old pupils, many of whom had become mothers and widows. With what joy they welcomed her! She teaches her women to pray and prays with them. And there is no other Bible work I have ever seen so encouraging as hers. Oh, the hearts she is enabled to comfort! And I am sure many women will be in heaven who were led there by this consecrated worker.

She has given up the many objectionable things practiced by the women of India. She has given regularly one-tenth of her salary to God, and God has so blessed her that she has been able to build a neat little home of her own—something that but few of our native Christians are ever able to enjoy in Calcutta.

Her husband has often treated her so brutally that she has come to me crying and saying, "How can I live with him any longer?" We would pray together and afterwards she would start out again, saying, "If he ever gets to heaven I am the one who must lead him there." After some time her husband professed conversion in one of our little meetings and her joy knew no bounds. He soon fell back again into his old sins, and this is the sorrow of her life. Her two little daughters she dedicated to God, and would not get them married until they were grown. She prays in every Hindu house where she goes, believing God has given her a special commission to teach the zenana women to pray to the true God, and is trusting him to touch their hearts.—Ada Lee, in Woman's Missionary Friend.

THE AMERICAN MARATHI CENTENNIAL.

BY C. EICHER.

A CENTURY of mission work in India is the boast of but few missionary societies.

The enthusiastic centenary meetings, with exercises full of intense interest convened in Bombay, November 7, 1913. While the work of one hundred years could not be reviewed in detail, the different speakers referred briefly to a number of facts and different stages in the work of the mission, and made touching references to the honoured men and women who laid down their lives for the cause of Christ in India.
We were told of the praying band of 1806 in William's College, known as the 'Hay-Stack Band,' who covenanted together to establish Missions in heathen lands. Their fervent prayers were not extinguished by the passing shower of rain, the hay-stack providing them shelter. This earnest band carried their devotion and enthusiasm to Andover Theological seminary where they were joined by other students of like mind, among whom were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel Newell and the leader of the band—Samuel J. Mills. Through the unceasing efforts of these was formed the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

The stupendous difficulties and opposition encountered by the first missionaries sent by this board to India—Gordon Hall, Adoniram Judson, the Notts and Newells—are beyond our comprehension. They had four or more long weary months of ocean voyage in a sailing ship. Upon arrival in Calcutta at first they were refused permission to land and threatened with being sent back by the same ship on which they came, and later when allowed to land in Bombay their chances for mission work seemed doubtful because of the strong opposition of the East Indian Company. From Calcutta Adoniram Judson had gone to Burmah and there founded the American Baptist Mission. Mrs. Newell died before they reached Bombay. The little band with undaunted courage and faith set themselves to obtain permission from the Government to carry on mission work in Bombay. After some months of uncertainty and trial this was granted and they began their work slowly and under great difficulties.

What an inspiration their noble efforts and their undaunted faith!

The breaking of the ranks by individuals who left the mission on account of certain convictions was then considered unfortunate, but even that turned to the furtherance of the gospel. We refer to Adoniram Judson, pioneer of the Baptist Mission in Burmah, and others who on account of special persuasion severed from the little missionary band, but who through their faith in the Word and in the Atoning Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, maintained in their work that same spiritual fervour so prominent in the early missionaries of the A.B.C.F.M.

How much we missionaries and Christians of the Marathi speaking section of India thank God for the translation of the Bible, hymn books and other books—the work of the ardent, hard-working men and women of the American Marathi Mission.

A number of the Centenary speakers told us with no uncertain sound what was the secret of the success of their predecessors, who achieved such excellent spiritual results in the conversion of
men and women. It was the same as the final watchword sounded by Dr. Capen of Boston—President of the A.B.C.F.M.—“Keep Christ before you—Christ on the cross. Sin is not a scratch on the surface but a deep seated disease which is beyond man’s help, but the provision and remedy is the sacrifice of Christ’s life on the cross.”

NOTES FROM LONAVLA.

VIOLETTE ERICKSON.

“As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, So the Lord is round about His people, from This time forth, even for evermore.”

We are ever reminded of this Divine assurance as we look out upon the rocky fortification of hills which surround our home.

Since our return from Poona the last of August we have truly realized that the presence of the Lord is not only “round about,” but in our midst mighty to save and to keep. Daily mercies and answers to prayer continually prove the truth of the word, “He is faithful that promised.” We specially praise Him for victory over severe physical testings during September, which was a trying month because of the unusual amount of rain which fell. Doors and windows were stuck fast when we came back to open up the Home after a few weeks stay in Poona, and it was not until October 1st, that we were able to air and dry the house and make it comfortable for guests.

Since then the weather has, for the most part, been fine and we have had the privilege of ministering to a number of the Lord’s children, some of whom came for rest, others to attend the annual Convention held here in Lonavla last month. The convention was a time of sweet fellowship and spiritual blessing to those who attended. A morning prayer meeting at 8 o’clock opened the services of each day.

Pastor Mallis followed with Bible-readings on Ephesians. 1st day, The Saint upon his knees. Ephesians 1: 16-23. 2nd day, The Pilgrim on the Pathway. 3rd day, The Christian Warrior. 4th day, The Minister of God. 5th day, “The Christian in the home;” “If the Christian fails to live out the Christ life in the home, he is a failure indeed.” Those of our friends who have heard Pastor Mallis know the force and
helpfulness of his messages. He and Rev. Stanley Jones alternated at the noonday services. In the evenings Rev. S. Jones conducted evangelistic services and the messages, given in the power of the spirit, were deeply impressive. The last evening it was "The Second Coming of Christ:—" "The signs of the times indicate its imminence." Hearts were deeply stirred, and as a number went forward for prayer the entire audience seemed to unite in the one earnest petition, "Lord help me to watch and be ready." During these days of waiting on God and the study of His Word, souls of Christians were led into deeper consecration, and the unconverted to seek the Saviour.

Before the close of the convention a precious baptismal service was held in the tank near our Home. The Marathi work which was closed during the rains is once more going forward. We trust the Lord of the Harvest will make His word fruitful in the salvation of souls during the coming season.

Dear ones, we ask that you will stand with us in prayer for the salvation of souls in this very needy corner of the Master's vineyard. Also please remember the "Rest Home" and the weary ones whom the Lord leads to it from time to time.

THE CRUCIFIED LIFE.

BLANCHE HAMILTON.

Notes of an address by Rev. J. Pengwern Jones,

Given at Akola, Oct. 24, 1913.

"I am crucified with Christ." Gal. ii. 20.

WHAT do we mean by the "Crucified life?" Our crucified life must be a copy of Christ's, and Christ's heart life during the six hours He was on the cross is revealed by what He said during that time, for His words were always the expression of His life. We cannot drift into the "crucified life," but if we are willing the Holy Spirit will put us there.

I. In Jesus' first utterance from the cross we find His attitude toward the world. "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do. (Luke xxiii. 34) all classes of persons we ever meet were represented in the crowd that gathered around the cross that day, the indifferent, who wagged their heads in derision; the hard and cruel soldiers who, having driven the nails, sat down to gamble near by, and the sneering religious Pharisees
who ought to have known better, besides the beloved John and Mary. Jesus prayed for them all. He loves the world with a love that forgives every wrong. Do you love and pray for the world in that way? That is the first step of the crucified life.

II. Jesus spoke next to the thief:—“To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise,” (Luke xxiii. 43). This shows His attitude toward the low, useless, degraded, sinner. He forgot Himself in His anxiety to save others. He might have said, “Oh thief, keep quiet now; I have the sins of the whole world upon me; in such agony I cannot think of one person. You have lost your opportunity of salvation by not coming to me sooner.” The crucified life means to be willing to forget ourselves, yes, even our food and sleep in order to save the most worthless of sinners.

III. The third sentence spoken was to Mary and John. “Woman, behold thy son;” and to the disciple, “Behold thy Mother.” (John xix. 26-27). He did not consult with them about going to the cross, but sacrificed them. This was Christ’s attitude toward His loved ones. Would John or Mary have consented to having Jesus crucified? Never! But never were John or Mary dearer to Christ than on that day. To be crucified to our loved ones does not mean to cease to love them, but to give them to God.

IV. The next and most mysterious as well as most important saying was, “My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?” (Mark xv. 34). This shows His attitude toward sin. It shows the terrible nature of sin to bring Him to that state. Christ did not resent sin but grieved over it. And oh, the cost of our deliverance! Sin is forsaking God, and God forsakes sin—any sin. If we go according to custom, morality, education or philosophy we may excuse sin. But at Calvary we see sin as it is. If our sermons cost us no tears it is because we are not broken enough over sin, we need a baptism of tears over our sins and the sins of the world before we are fit to proclaim such a bleeding gospel.

V. “I thirst” (John xix. 28). Herein we see Christ’s attitude toward the physical needs. He always made them secondary, yet they had their place. He had fasted since the previous day, had been dragged from court to court, and then crucified, yet he did not think of His physical needs until the penitent thief had been saved, and the cloud had passed and the face of God shone upon Him again. For us, too, the crucified life will mean the putting of our physical needs and comforts into a secondary place.

VI. When Jesus cried, “It is finished” (John xix. 13),
showing His attitude toward Redemption, He proclaimed it with a loud voice—a shout of victory. It was a cry of triumph in apparent defeat. It is on the cross that we, too, will fully realize that men are lost and in need of Redemption, and that we too will be able to see victory in apparent defeat.

VII. With what confidence and restfulness fell the last words from Jesus' lips—"Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke xxiii. 46). His attitude toward the future was one free from care. Worry is a sin. A night of worry is a night of sin, because worry is unbelief. Do you trust God for eternity with your soul and fail to trust Him with your little life for a few years? The remedy for all our doubts and fears is to be crucified with Christ.

In these seven sayings, then, we see what our attitude should be toward the world, the individual, loved ones, sin, self, and the future, and what the crucified life means. May we find our way into the wine-press with Him!

THE POWER OF THE BOOK.

An interesting little incident is related in a letter which a correspondent has just received from a Major in a native regiment in north-west India:

"An old Mohammedan priest, a Persian, comes two or three times a week to read Persian with me. The other day he picked up a Persian New Testament of mine, remarking he had often heard of the book but never seen it. He began turning over the pages, and finally settled down to read to himself. I was busy at a Persian exercise and did not pay any particular attention to what he was doing. Some ten minutes or so later I heard a curious sound, and looking up from my writing saw that tears were streaming down the old man's cheeks.

"It appeared that he had opened the book at Matthew xxvi. and read the chapter through, and was profoundly moved by it. He asked whether he might read more, and I presented him with the book. He is leaving this week, so I shall never know whether he continues his study of the Testament, but it is remarkable that the first glance into its pages should have had such an effect on a priest of what is perhaps, without exception, the most intolerant faith in the world."—Selected.
"I often think if I were in England, how I would plead with Christian men and women to leave the fashions of the world, with the terrible expense which compliance with these involve, and consent to spend and be spent in saving a lost world."

Alexander MacKay.

Does the work pay? Ask Him who, when one of His sheep had gone astray, went into the mountains and sought until He found it.

I should not like you, if meant by God to be a great missionary, to die a millionaire—I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary, that you should shrivel down into a king.—Burke.

If thou neglect thy love to thy neighbour in vain thou professest thy love to God; for by thy love to God thy love to thy neighbour is gotten, and by thy love of thy neighbour thy love to God is nourished.—Quarles.

"A missionary is one sent, who went."

BACK IN INDIA.

S. H. Auernheimer.

It is with pleasure that we are able to write a few lines to you from India once again. You will be glad to know that the Lord gave us a safe and pleasant voyage. We left San Francisco, September 4th, and arrived in Bombay, October 21st. We arrived here in Akola just in time for our Annual Conference, and it was a great pleasure to meet all our dear missionaries again. We had 8 days of blessed fellowship together waiting upon God. We could not but praise the Lord over and over for bringing us here in time to have these days of waiting upon Him at the beginning of this another term of service.
We praise God for the blessed furlough He gave us in th homelands. It was a time of sweet fellowship with many His dear children, who showed us many tokens of love an kindness. We would like to thank all the dear ones at hom for their fellowship and love to us while in your midst, an also would ask you to continue to pray for us, as we are in t fight again, and realize that we need your prayers and help We are in the enemy’s land and all the victories to be won f ourselves and for others will mean a fight.

The need for more workers is just as great as ever and w wish that the Christian young men at home could see the nee as we do here. He still have four whole counties here in Bera waiting for some men to come and occupy them for the Master: Young men in England, Canada and U. S. America, come ove and help us.

While writing these lines we are on tour and are camped at a town of about 4,500 population. It was here that I ha my first touring experiences. Have camped here several time and notice a change in the people. We are usually wel received and the people listen to our messages, but we long fo the time, when they will not only listen to the message, bu when they will accept Christ. We feel our own weakness, bu know that the Lord is able to cause the word to penetrat their dark hearts and minds. We remember that on previous visits here we sold very few gospels, but now people gladly purchase the printed word. At the market where we formerly sold 10 to 15 gospels we now sell 40 to 50 copies. Reade will you please unite with us in definite prayer that God will bless both the spoken message and the gospel portions; that through these, dark hearts shall be illuminated, bound souls shall be freed and those dead in trespasses and sins shall be made alive in Christ Jesus.

As usual Satan does all he can to hinder the work in the touring season. If not in one way in another. Only 3 days after the close of the Conference my wife was taken sick with remittant fever. This hindered us from getting out as soon as we had hoped. After the first attack (which lasted 5 days) she was able to be up, so our party came out to where we are now camped, 10 miles from home. After a week or so I was recalled, as fever again returned. I remained at home while the fever continued and then returned to camp. It is now 5 weeks since the first attack came on, but we trust that the Lord will soon give full deliverance and that long before this reaches the readers my wife and daughter will be out in the district with us. Brethren the fight is on. Pray for us.
TO THE PRAISE OF OUR GOD.

PROTECTED FROM HAIL.

MRS. SCHELANDER.

Mr. Schelander and workers were on the way to a village to give a stereoptican exhibition and preach, when they met the storm on Dec. 4th. Realizing that they could not reach the village they turned back, praying that the storm would withhold the rain until they reached home. The minute they reached the house, a great shower of hail began; the hail stones were as large as pigeons' eggs.

Miss Rutherford in another camp seeing the storm approaching, sent all her people, except one man and a Bible-woman who refused to leave her, to a house in town. Miss Rutherford with Miss Cannon and the Bible-woman were almost undisturbed and perfectly unharmed, though it rained all night. The hail was very heavy and one woman was killed by the hail stones, but none fell at the mission camp. The people who had gardens near by acknowledged that our God had protected the Christians, and thereafter offered a house for the workers to stay in, so as to give them still nearer to their gardens.

“I will be exalted among the heathen. I will be exalted in the earth.”

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Pachora.—Praise for special protection from fever.

Prayer for people in a village 20 miles from here. They have bought Bibles and Christian books. Pray for several who have asked for baptism; also for special blessings on the outing.

Lonavla.—Pray that scripture portions distributed may be used of God for the salvation of souls; and that as our day so may our strength be.

Shantipur.—Praise for good harvests in Shantipur and for God's blessing upon one of the young Christian farmers of that place.

Pray for a school-master who was dismissed from mission work last year, and who is now influencing parents against sending their children to the school.

Chandur.—Pray for two men who are inquiring about baptism.
ANOTHER WORD OF PRAISE.

OLIVE FLETCHER.

WE WOULD like to send a note of praise through our little paper, for God's goodness to us, during the past few days.

We all came out on tour a week ago, and had got nicely settled under some shady trees, and ready for work, when the unexpected happened. On Thursday the sky began to fill with very black clouds, and a fierce wind began to blow. We went to bed, but not to sleep. The thunder roared and the lightning was terrific, and it seemed that at any moment our frail canvas tent would be hurled to the ground. The rain poured in torrents. We had never tested our tent before in rain, so did not know how it would stand, but praise the Lord, not a drop came through, not even through the fly. In the morning the ground outside was wet, but we inside were dry. We ate our meals that day sitting on our cots, with our plates in our laps, and even the little ones soon adapted themselves to the situation, and sat or the floor with their plates in their laps. We do feel thankful that not one in the camp has suffered through colds or fever.

Two mornings before that, as my husband went to his box to get something (the tent being dark through the rainy spell we had had) he felt something soft at his knee as he knelt down and looking down he found a snake about three feet long curled up asleep. It was soon killed. We realise how God keeps His own from dangers seen and unseen.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

THE "SATI."

MENTION has been made elsewhere in this issue of India's obligation to God for the removal from this land of the "Sati." It is now a matter of general information that its abolition is largely due to William Carey, whose soul revolted at the sights which were common in his day, and who pressed the matter upon the attention of the British Government until laws were passed prohibiting the encouragement of the rite.

We are glad to say that cases of "sati" are now rare and those who encourage or permit it are punished severely by the authorities. The following, however, from the Poona Mail, describes a recent case in Mainpuri.

"At the trial of four Brahmans who were convicted of
The death of a woman who sacrificed herself on the pyre of her husband, and to which we briefly referred in our September issue, the following extraordinary facts were admitted:

About sunrise on June 27th, Ram Lal, Brahman of Jarauli, lied in the house of his uncle Ram Dyal, accused. His young widow, Jai Debi, at once announced that she intended to commit sati.” The relatives and neighbours tried to dissuade her, aying that such a thing was forbidden by the law, and when she refused to listen to them some of them, including Dodraj, accused, who was also Ram Lal’s uncle, despatched a chaukidar to the thana, eight miles off, to warn the police of her intention.

“Her persistence overcame their scruples, however, and about 9 a.m., at her bidding Ram Dayal Dodraj, Kankuar and Adhar, accused, started for the regular burning ghat some two furlongs from the village carrying Ram Lal’s body on a bier, while Chhote, accused, walking near and Jai Debi followed close behind. A large crowd collected from Jarauli and neighbouring villages, accompanied the procession, its numbers being roughly estimated at 1,500 to 2,000 persons. As the procession moved forward Jai Debi scattered small silver coins, flowers, etc., over the bier. When the burning ghat was reached she pointed out the exact spot where the pyre was to be made, and there Ram Dayal and Dodraj piled up the wood and cowdung handed to them, these materials having already been collected close by by the village Chamsars. When the pyre was ready Ram Dyal and Dodraj laid the corpse on it, and then after walking round it Jai Debi got on to it, sat down and placed the corpse’s head on her lap, she then stripped herself of her ornaments and threw them into a handkerchief which Dodraj and Chhote held out to receive them. Next she asked for some ghi, and Dodraj handed her a lota containing some. She poured some of it on the pyre and some on herself. She then asked for more and Ram Dyal gave her some more, which she threw on the pyre and then he himself threw some on her and on the pyre. Next she asked for some fruit and when Ram Dyal handed her some she scattered it on the pyre.

“Next she asked for some fire, but according to both prosecution witnesses and accused themselves, Ram Dyal and Dodraj, refused to give her any, and said that if she had sufficient virtue (sati) in herself fire would come of its own accord. Then she whispered in the corpse’s ear and clasped her hands in prayer to Heaven, and immediately afterwards the pyre is said to have caught fire spontaneously. However this may be there is no doubt that it began to burn, and in a short while she and the
corpse were utterly consumed so that when two constables arrived from the thana about 3 p.m., they found nothing but a heap of smouldering ashes and burnt bones. The thanadar arrived an hour or two later and began an enquiry, and later on the District Magistrate himself took up the case on the spot and in the result committed the accused for trial.”

ITEMS.

The new party arrived in Bombay, December 7th. We are very glad to welcome back among us Mr. Back of Gujarat, and Miss Patten of Berar. Miss Taylor, a new missionary was the third member of the party.

We sincerely regret to be unable to announce the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, whom we expected with the new party. On the eve of sailing, Mr. Fuller found that his health would not warrant his going at the appointed time. We trust that the delay may be only for a short time. (Since writing the above Mr. and Mrs. Fuller arrived unexpectedly in Bombay on Friday, 2nd January.)

Miss Williams has been transferred from Pachora to Amraoti, but will remain with Mrs. Dinham until the arrival of Mr. Dinham from Australia.

We are glad to learn that Baby Gerald Carner is now improving. He has been suffering from what seemed to be Enteric fever.

One of the late additions to our ranks is James Hudson Culver. The new baby boy has been doing nicely since his arrival, November 29th.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Phair of Winnipeg, Canada, are visiting a number of our mission stations. They are deeply taught in the Word and their messages and fellowship have been a blessing.

Miss Loud, whose article appears in this number, landed with Rev. and Mrs. S. Auernheimer and attended our Annual Convention in Akola. Miss Loud is working independently, but will be Miss McAuley’s co-worker among the lepers.

We have just received another item of interest. On Dec. 16th, a baby girl came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dinham.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

AKOLA
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
Mr. J. P. Rogers
Mr. & Mrs. F. Eicher
Mr. & Mrs. Aubernheimer

AMRAOGI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher
Miss K. P. Williams

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
Miss M. Patten.

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. Nagoan.)
Mr. & Mrs. Eicher

CHALISGAON
Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison

JALGAON
Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schlerander
Miss C. Rutherford

PACHORA
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham

GUJARAT

AHMEDABAD
Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Andrews
Miss Lillian Fritchard.

DHOLKA
Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Schoonma
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

MEHMADABAD
Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Turnbull
Miss Cora Hansen

SANAND
Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee

SABERMATI
Miss Mary Compton
Miss E. Prichard

SHANTIPUR (Jalalpur P.O., Ahmedabad.)
Miss Jessie Fraser

VIRAMGAM
Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth

LONAVLA (Puna District.)
Mrs. V. Erickson & Miss E. (________)

SHOLAPUR
Miss Z. McAuley

ON FURLOUGH:

Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller
Miss L. Fuller

Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
Mr. W. M. Turnbull

Mr. Cutler
Mr. A. Johnson
Mr. & Mrs. W. Rams

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