"I heard Him call,
'Come, follow,' that was all.
My gold grew dim;
My soul went after Him;
I rose and followed, that was all;
Who would not follow if they heard His call?"

—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

HEROISM.

"Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you." Jonah i. 12.

Whatever we may believe about the book of Jonah all will agree that one purpose of it's being written is "for our admonition. The verse quoted above seems to reveal the uttermost degree of self-abnegation, and marks Jonah at once as a brave man. Judged by the standards of any people, for one to offer himself to be thrown overboard for the safety of the rest of those on the ship, is a brave deed. Those who do such things are not so many in this world that they pass unnoticed. We all admire the man who can meet an emergency with a cool head and unselfishly. And the world rightfully honoured the men who, almost two years ago now, gave up their places in the life-boats to the women and children, and themselves turned with a smile to meet their doom. Doubtless the sailors who threw Jonah overboard never tired of telling the story of the brave man who bought their safety at the cost of his own destruction.

But it is one thing to rise thus to an emergency, and quite another to live a life of self-abnegation and denial. The brave Jonah was delivered from has watery grave and sent again on his
wonderously successful mission. And then our next glimpse of him is sitting pouting like a spoiled child because, by the deliverence of those to whom he had preached, a reflection was cast upon his truthfulness as a prophet. It is evident that he would rather have had all those persons—of whom 120,000 were innocent children—perish, than himself to be made of no reputation. Where is all his noble, self-sacrificing courage now? Where indeed! Doubtless it was genuine enough, but short lived, and the life that appeared noble in the emergency proved to be piteously selfish and ingnoble.

Such a course of action is not limited to the story of Jonah. We must not suppose because a man in time of danger proves true to the instincts of a gentleman that he habitually lives a life of self-denial. We often wonder how many of those who are lauded as heroes to-day, if their lives were carefully weighed, would prove to live nobly. How many of them, think you, engage their time in any real self-sacrificing work? How many are even friendly or tolerant toward the great work of missions? It is not for us to attempt to say, but we wonder.

Most of us, likewise, have reached a point in our lives when it seemed to us that we could cheerfully die for God and for the souls of men, and doubtless we would have done so had occasion demanded. But what of our consecration to-day? Does the dull grey monotony of a life lived for others appeal to us less than the glowing colours of a martyr's crown? In short, does our consecration ooze away and our life in the long-run prove selfish?

A number of our workers are going on furlough this month, and some have already sailed in February. All of them have well earned a rest, and are leaving because to stay longer would be unwise. We are sure that while they are at home their ministry in behalf of India will be blessed of God. Their's have been truly heroic lives, though not one of them would admit such to be the case. It is not merely in encounters with venomous reptiles and deliverence from murderous mobs or thieves (though some of them can tell of these too), nor even the necessary exposure to disease and the walking "through
the valley of the shadow” themselves or with loved ones; but the number of years spent in the service tells its own story. They have for years borne the “burden and heat of the day,” sometimes weary and discouraged, and with their sacrifice unappreciated. It is not because they have not often been tempted to run that they have stuck to their posts. Their lives ring of true heroism, and we thank God for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Eicher, with their two children, sailed from Bombay on Feb. 20th. They have been a little over seven years in India. Their work has been largely in Khamgaon and Akola. In Khamgaon Mr. Eicher erected the new buildings and managed the farm and garden and did district work, while Mrs. Eicher had the Girl’s Training School. Later they were moved to Akola, where Mr. Eicher’s management of the workshop has been most efficient, and Mrs. Eicher has been mother to a large family of little orphan boys and to the apprentice boys in the shop. This little woman, though not naturally robust, has been to all of us a model of constant and conscientious work.

Two of our workers from Gujarat, Misses Woodworth and Wells, also left us three days later. They have each spent seventeen years in our work in India, and now, after seven and eight-year terms of service, leave for their much needed furloughs. Miss Wells has for many years been at the head of the girls’ orphanage at Kaira, a task requiring unusual patience and faith, and which she has fulfilled faithfully and devotedly. Miss Woodworth has also spent all of these years in Kaira, both in orphanage and evangelistic work, and is much beloved there. On the eve of sailing she received the sad intelligence of her brother’s sudden death. We extend our sincerest sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Hagberg and family, of Bhusawal, are leaving us on March 12th, after a nine-and-a-half year second term. Mr. Hagberg is another of our diligent workers, and during the past eighteen years has filled a number of important posts in our Berar field. Perhaps the largest share of his effort has been in the promising Malkapur district, and we are sure that a large part of
The harvest that will come from that district will be the result of his ministry.

The fourth party to leave us will consist of Mrs. Moodie with Ina and Mabel, and her sister Miss Lothian. This family came out almost ten years ago. The Lord gave them little Teresa in Akola, and a few months later took Mr. Moodie to Himself. Soon afterward Mrs. Moodie was transferred to Chandur, and there this brave woman has lived for seven years. During three years of that time she was alone in the station doing a man's work, with her children and sister away at a boarding school, and with no white person nearer than twenty miles. What all of this has meant to a woman of naturally timid disposition would be hard to express. Weary and worn with her long years of service, and about to start for home, she suffered another great loss in the home-going of Teresa. The children had almost always been away from their mother, who was now looking forward eagerly to the luxury of having them with her in the homeland. Once before, when Teresa was lying dangerously ill in a distant city, the daily letter, which came early each morning as Mrs. Moodie was starting to preach in a village, was tucked away unread until she reached home, lest it contain sad news which would unnerve her for the giving of the gospel message that morning. Widowed and bereaved for India, in this last sorrow Mrs. Moodie has shown the fortitude and resignation which come only from being much alone with God and dependant upon Him.

Miss Lothian's self-sacrificing work in the Children's Home is well known to all our missionaries. It is a work that is necessary for the sake of the children, who need educational facilities and at the same time a Christian home life, and also for the parents, to free them for the work. Thus, although Miss Lothian's has been a hidden ministry it has been much appreciated by the parents of seventeen of our missionary children. "Iasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these...ye have done it unto Me."

We bespeak your prayers for all of these, our brethren and sisters in the work, that health and strength may be speedily
CHRISTMAS CHEER IN A LONELY STATION.
A MISSIONARY MOTHER.

The school holidays had come—the time we had looked forward to for months. The children were to be home the next morning. I had promised to awaken the little ones, so that they too might go to meet the early train. As the day drew to a close, I was so tired that I was about making up my mind to give up the pleasure of seeing the eager little faces peep out of the car windows as the train would draw in. Perhaps it was really not all weariness. Christmas would be here in five days more. My husband would not be at home, for there was to be a splendid opportunity to reach hundreds with the Bread of Life at a fair, at that time; but perhaps weighing more heavily on my heart was the thought that there were no Christmas presents for any one and no prospects of our getting anything extra for the children in these great holy-days that I so enjoyed when a child. In fact, even the usual fare would have to be, of necessity, shortened. And then too, there were many, small and large, among the native people who were expecting presents and a treat from us and I thought I understood a little of what it means to be poor for Christ's sake.

It was while I was feeling thus and praying more for grace than for the supply of the need, that my husband called me to come and see the Christmas home mail, which was a day late. We had been wondering if any one would remember us with a letter or a postal. What a surprise! A parcel from a dear friend in America. On opening it we found that it contained a lot of nice useful things. There was something for everybody, even for baby. And then too, there was such a dear letter from another friend with a dollar enclosed. The gloom quickly disappeared and as tears began to flow praise arose to Him who never leaves nor forsakes His own.

The early train was met. Boxes were opened and the old clothes sorted out and suitable ones selected for the natives.

A day later a small sum of money was given me to make Christmas pleasant for the children. We made pea-nut brittle and the children brought a tree and fixed it up. On Christmas morning the children had pleasant surprise for 'Lo, the tree was laden with many useful and nice presents, and they said that this was the best Christmas they ever had. And again I praised God who had done exceedingly above what I had asked or thought.
FOR the past four months we have had the privilege of preaching the gospel in Pachora, East Khandesh. Sometimes we have seen the light break upon the dark faces, as they have listened with rapt attention to the Story of Love and our hearts have yearned that they might really know what salvation is and have the knowledge of their sins forgiven.

Our experiences are many and varied as we go into the towns and villages day after day. Occasionally we visit places where foreigners are seldom seen. When we go to such places it usually takes some time to make known our errand, as the curiosity of the hearers must first be satisfied. The Bible-woman is kept busy answering questions about the missionary such as,—“its this person a man or a woman?

“How many sons has she?”

“What, not married yet! When is she going to be married?”

etc.

Finally, after at least an attempt to answer their numerous questions, we begin to sing and give the message. At first it is usually rather difficult to make them understand, the story is so strange and so new; but we tell it over and over again with a prayer in our hearts that the Holy Spirit may enlighten their darkened minds and enable them to receive the truth.

The people like the gospel songs. Often we have to sing several for them before they are willing to let us go; but it is not always an easy matter to gain an entrance into their homes, especially into those of the high caste people. And even if we are welcomed the first time, we so often find that we may be barred out the second time. It is not because they would not have gladly received us again, but between the visits the Evil One has been at work and the women have been made to believe, that through receiving us into their homes, they have become defiled and have committed an awful sin. We fear that sometimes a cruel husband punishes them for listening.

Not long ago, while making our morning calls, we met a woman with a baby in her arms. We greeted her and stopped to notice her baby. The woman seemed very friendly and on learning who we were, she took us to her home. We were soon sitting on the verandah of one of the cleanest Indian houses, I have ever seen. It was a high caste home. We were given a cot to sit upon in the shade. This being our first visit to
this quarter of the town, we attracted no little attention. As we began to sing, the neighbouring women began to come around until we had quite a company of eager listeners. We proceeded with the message, the Bible-woman and I speaking in turn. More than once, as we spoke I noticed our hostess with her face all aglow turn toward her neighbours, with an expression that said, "What do you think of this story? Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?" Then she would turn back to the speaker, as if fearing she would miss one precious word. We often see such interest and read the hunger in their faces and we long to help them. After singing another hymn we gave out tracts and cards and offered gospels for sale. Unfortunately we had only a few copies, and to our surprise, we found the women vying with each other as to who should buy them. We were given a hearty invitation to visit the neighbourhood again, but when we went again, how different it was! We were not allowed to enter any of those homes. The Evil One had come and done his work! Our kind hostess of a few days before, turned her back upon us and grunted in response to our greeting of "salaam." She wanted, or seemed to want, nothing to do with us. No doubt she had had to suffer because she had allowed our presence "to defile" their home.

That same day we visited another home, also the home of high caste people. The women were interested, but before we had finished our meeting, we were asked to leave, as the men from the nearby houses were complaining and they were afraid to allow us to stay any longer. Again—"Then Cometh the Evil One!"

We are saddened, when we know these women are eager to hear but are not allowed to do so. We do not often have such experiences among the lower castes and we are generally welcomed to their homes. It is as ever "The poor heard Him gladly." Caste is the great barrier to the gospel in this land.

We praise God that there are exceptions. Just yesterday, we visited a Brahmin home. We were welcomed and had perfect liberty to give the gospel and were invited to come again both by the little Brahmin woman, her mother and by her husband.

Then too we have had good meetings with the Mohammedan women and we have reason to take courage and press forward in this battle. We would ask you to pray that Jesus may be victor in the hearts of many of India's sons and daughters who are now under the control of the Evil One.
A RETROSPECT.
BY P. HAGBERG.

It will be eighteen years next April since my wife and I landed in India. Of the sixty-four missionaries then on the field, not less than eighteen have laid down their lives in this land and are awaiting the glorious resurrection morn. When we look back over these years, we praise God for His goodness to us in sparing our lives. How tenderly he has cared for us! Trials there have been, of various kinds, but His grace has been abundantly sufficient. Praise His dear name.

We are now privileged (D. V.) to return to the homeland for a much needed change and rest after nine and a-half years spent on the field since our last furlough. To every missionary who has had a definite call to proclaim the blessed gospel among the heathen, and has spent some part of his life in this glorious work, there will always be a feeling of sadness and regret in parting with the people, who have become dear to him. Not that they are naturally so loveable and nice, but because of the love of Him who died for us while we were yet enemies. And at the time of writing, we find this feeling strongly taking hold of us and even the joyous expectation of soon meeting the dear ones in the homeland, does not overcome it.

No one can realize the awful spiritual destitution of this people, except by living among them. Why such destitution? Because the field is so large and the messengers so few. For example,—the last couple of weeks I have had the privilege of being out with brother and sister Cox in the Mulkapur district, where I have spent many touring seasons in former years. In many of the villages that we visited this year they had not heard the gospel since Brother C. Eicher and I were camped in that locality eight years ago. Once in eight years! At that time they were friendly and open to the gospel and they are more so now. They listened attentively for hours and on leaving, they cordially invited us to come again and tell them more. Seeing these and many other wide 'open doors,' do you wonder that we are reluctant to leave them and wish we could stay with them our whole life-time, without a break, if it were possible? The years of sowing the precious seed have been many and some times they have seemed weary years; but shall we not definitely believe that the time for reaping is at hand? There surely are indications of an ingathering in the near future. God has promised and He will bring it to pass.

Turning away from the needy villagers, there is still another class from whom it is equally as hard to part, perhaps harder—
our native Christians to whom we have ministered the Word of Life, for the past four years. They are not perfect and we often need a goodly supply of forbearance in dealing with them; still we do praise God for their fellowship and expressions of gratitude for our humble ministry among them. May the dear Lord bless them and lead them out into a larger place of blessing and victory.

Then lastly there are the dear native helpers—our fellow-workers in the gospel. For the last four years, we have toiled together, sharing each others joys and sorrows. And as they express their gratitude to God for our lives among them, so we also praise God for their devotion to Him and to the work. We have learned many lessons from them. May the Lord bless them more and more and prosper them in their work for the salvation of their own people.

In closing we ask your earnest prayers for the work at this station, for the dear ones who are to succeed us and that the Lord may guide our "steps" and our "stops," according to His good and perfect will.

LANOVLA,

BY E. CASE.

We are praising God for continued blessing in the Marathi work and for the faithfulness of our one worker. He is very earnest in his desire for the salvation of the souls of the many in this district who have until now never heard the Gospel message.

He has visited most of the neighbouring villages, and with few exceptions the people are friendly. We have just been asked to send some one to a village 12 or 14 miles distant to tell them about our God and the only way of salvation. The headman of this village has been to our bungalow several times, and seems very friendly. He assures us that our worker will be welcome and well entertained for two or three days if he will only come and teach the people our religion. We hope to send him out there at an early date. It is away from the railway not even a cartroad—the villagers making their periodical trips to town on foot; but our worker is willing to walk for the sake of telling these people of Jesus. Pray for him that he may be endued with power from on high; also that God will prepare the hearts to receive the message and make it fruitful.
"A NEW LITTLE GIRL IN HEAVEN."

BY ADDIE GARRISON.

It had not occurred to us that the King might call little P. Teresa Moodie. We had supposed that she would go with her mother and sisters to Scotland, for the tickets were already purchased and they were to have sailed in six weeks. But the King called and on Tuesday, January 27th, at 7:15 P. M., she answered the summons.

We fain would have kept the winsome little girl. She snuggled into our hearts in such an artless way, that we could not help loving her. Her sunny, gentle ways made her a favourite with the natives too, who were ever ready to put up a swing or do anything for "Teresa Baby."

At the close of the school year, she came home from Panchgani with the other school-children and was so well and rosy and brimming over with happiness that we little dreamed she would be with us such a short time. In the few days that she was home from school, she was always busy. We saw her hopping and running here and there in the compound, feeding the chickens, leading the bullocks about or climbing up to the top of the slim nimb tree in the garden. She planned to have a carpenter-shop and a school in which she and Mabel were to be the pupils and Ina the teacher. She loved school so much that she wanted it even in her holidays. Teresa had always stood high in her classes in school and this year also she won two prizes.

In the midst of these happy, busy days home from school and with her mother, little Teresa was taken. Eight days she suffered of a malignant tropical fever and then the tired little girl was borne to the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." She was patient in her sufferings and was conscious to the last. She realized that she was going and told her mother so and called us all by name to her bed-side. Many of her words spoken during those hours are treasured now in the hearts of her loved ones.

The little form was taken to Akola and lovingly laid away in the quiet little cemetery beside her father, the much loved Peter C. Moodie, "Ready," as Mrs. Moodie beautifully said "to clasp hands and come forth together when Jesus comes."

We miss the sunshine of her sweet little life which had blessed us for eight years and eleven months, but we know God willed it when He called our little Teresa to a fairer land than Scotland, and God's will is best.
"A NEW LITTLE GIRL IN HEAVEN"

"Oh what do you think the angels say?"
Said the children up in Heaven;
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day,
She's almost ready to fly away
From the world we used to live in;
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl."
Said the children up in Heaven.

"God wanted her here, where His little ones meet"
Said the children up in Heaven.
"She'll play with us in the golden street,
She has grown too fair, she has grown too sweet,
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That gilds the sides of the gates of pearl,"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' dome"
Said the children up in Heaven—
"My little darling, rise and come
To the place prepared in my Father's home—
To the home My children live in?
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,
Ready to welcome this new little girl,"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Far down on the earth, do you hear them weep?"
Said the children up in Heaven,
"For the little one has gone to sleep,
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl.
Oh why do they weep for the dear little girl?"
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Fly with her quick, Oh angels fair"
Said the children up in Heaven.
"See! She's coming—Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on her sunny hair,
Where the veiling clouds are riven!
Ah! hush—hush—hush! all the wings furl,
For the King Himself at the gates of pearl
Is taking her hand, dear tired little girl,"
—Said the children up in Heaven."
As we have seen the dear little brown babies cooing and cuddling just like babies with white faces, we have often made the remark, "A baby is a baby the world over," and we can add, "children are children the world over," and what child of Christian training does not love Christmas? And we find here in India that the little brown girls and boys, and the big ones, too, to say nothing of their fathers and mothers, look forward to Christmas just as eagerly as children at home; perhaps more so, because the Indian children have so few play-things and so little to amuse them.

Christmas in the Orphanages is always a gala time, and preparations begin weeks before, that there may be no rush or hurry at the last. As the day approaches, there is a scurrying of feet and shutting of doors if one makes a round of the compound un-announced, because Christmas would lose much of its charm if there were not some mystery connected with it, and the missionaries are not forgotten by the girls. Christmas greetings and texts in bright colours are printed by some of the older girls to be presented on Christmas morning as a gift of love.

One of the chief features of Christmas in the homeland is absent in India, that is, the hanging of stockings on Christmas eve, for alas! they wear no stockings or shoes, but no one misses what he has never had, so this does not mar their pleasure in the least.

Just before Christmas Day, there are two rooms that are especially surrounded by mystery. One is the place in which the decorations are being made, the other, where the bags are being filled with sweets, and the gifts tied in neat parcels to hang on the tree. Our kindergarten teacher, Imanibai, assisted by the other teachers, does most of the decorating. Imanibai is one of our own girls, trained in our Orphanage school. She studied Nyack kindergarten methods under one of our missionaries and loves her work.

The decorations were never as nice as they were this year. Miss Krater, in her characteristic, whole-hearted way had spared no pains to have everything as nice as possible with the limited resources, for Indian decorations consist mostly of bright tissue paper cut out in fancy shapes and arranged according to one's artistic ability.
THE CHILDREN’S PAGE

When the school-room was opened up, it seemed as if a fairy wand had been stretched forth, such a transformation had taken place. Beautiful as were the decorations, of course the tree was the greatest attraction. Yes, we have Christmas trees in India, but not the shapely evergreen trees that we have at home. Our trees are only a large limb cut from some tree with fine green foliage, but they make a very good substitute. After all, what does it matter what kind of a tree it is, so long as there is something nice on it?

We had much cause for thanksgiving this Christmas, that we were all able to be together on that evening. Though little Gerald Carner had been very ill, and was still ailing, he was well enough to be there, and we were an unbroken band. No, there was one absent face, and we missed it. Dear Miss Bushfield, who had so faithfully and zealously carried on the Orphanage work for the past two years, was not there, but was busy with the new work to which the Lord had called her, that of caring for unfortunate women and unloved babies, of whom there are many in India. Our thoughts and prayers went out to her many times during the day and evening, as she was engaged in her labour of love two miles out in the jungle alone.

The long-looked-for hour at last arrived, and the restless feet got into line; the doors opened, and children and teachers, dressed in their Sunday best, filed quietly into the room and took their places in orderly rows. The back of the room was reserved for the married Christians and their families, and the space was crowded, because everyone turns up on Christmas Day, even if they have not been seen for months before.

The programme was a great success and showed that all had been carefully trained. Mr. Carner, pastor of the Khamgaon Church, presided over the service and gave a short message of Christmas greeting, this was followed by recitation of Scripture by the classes, and Christmas songs. The Indian children could put many of our home children to shame in their recitation of long Scripture portions, many of the small children being able to recite whole chapters.

The little kindergarteners looked so cunning with their bright coloured lugadis (robes) draped over their heads, and they simply outdid themselves in their recitations and songs. One song was especially interesting, the little singers growing so enthusiastic, that they sang faster and faster, till, breathless and radiant they finished and went to their seats.

The programme was not long, for who wants to sit through a long service with all sorts of tempting things
beyond the reach of eager hands waiting to receive them?
The first gift was a real sacrifice of love. A dear sister in
the homeland had taken a much valued silver pitcher, around
which clustered many sweet memories, and sent it to the
Khamgaon Church for the communion table. It filled a great
need in the Church, and missionaries and native Christians alike
expressed their appreciation of this beautiful and useful gift,
which was presented to the Church with appropriate remarks by
Mr. Carner.

The gifts were simple but much appreciated. I just wish
that the people at home who send dolls to the Orphanages, and
the children who make scrapbooks, could take a peep at the
happy faces as these gifts are received. It takes very little to
make Indian children happy, but that little makes them very
happy. The older girls received Bibles and hymnbooks, and every-
one received something.

But all good things must have an ending. The last gift
was received, the last, “thank you,” was said, the last sleepy
eyes were closed, and quiet reigned on the compound again.
Christmas is over, but many happy memories will linger for
days to come in these young hearts.

As we go out in the villages, and see the throngs of heathen
children, we think of the contrast between these children
whose gala days are all in some way connected with heathen
ceremonies, and the worship of hideous idols, and the children
of our Orphanages and Christian families, whose hearts are
full of love and praise to the Christ who has given us our
Christmas, and we realize with grateful hearts that “Jesus
died for all the children of the world,” and that some of
these whose bright faces greet us as we enter their villages,
may yet be won for Him, and become some of the “jewels,
precious jewels His loved and His own.”

E. Mildred Patten.

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“Hindu School Children are taught to worship Ganesa, the
son of Cali, the wife of Siva. He is the elephant-headed god
of wisdom, a great glutton, fond of eating and drinking.”

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A missionary from India states that fifty per cent. of the
children of India die before their second year.
DEDICATION OF THE AKOLA CHURCH.

K. D. G.

T was a happy company that met at Akola in the new church on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, for the dedication of the new building. It had been completed for some time, but Mr. Moyser was not willing to dedicate it so long as there was anything owing on it. So it was a relief as we looked about over the happy audience and inspected the building to know that it was entirely free of debt.

The building itself is a substantial brick structure, accommodating about 400 persons with comfort. The slightly inclined floor is paved with smooth stone slabs, and the nice coloured windows are each the gift of some person. Good, strong benches, made in our work-shop do away with the unhealthy necessity of sitting on the cold stone floor. The church is enclosed by a wire fence, and from the exterior it presents a plain but neat appearance.

After the opening hymns and prayer and the dedication of little "Jessie," the infant daughter of one of the shop foremen, the treasurer's report was read. Translated into dollars the receipts were as follows:

- Realized from sale of material from old church $24.64
- Church collections for about 5 years 737.12
  for 1913 with Christmas offering 172.73
- Donated by brick merchant 3.66
- Donated by friends 103.33

Total $1,041.48

From this, all bills had been paid and there was a balance in the treasury of 29 cents. One most encouraging fact in this connection is that, with the possible exception of $100, all of the funds were provided by the Akola congregation itself.

Glad indeed were we that Mr. Fuller could be back with us again for this service; and glad to listen to a message from him. He first recounted briefly the early history of the work. Mr. Fuller reached India in April 1882. The first few months were spent in Ellichpur, then eight months in Basim, three months in Akola, and something over a year in Akote. In 1885 the large bungalow in Akola was secured, and the work there has gone forward ever since. The only missionary work in this section up to that time had been an occasional tour by some missionary from elsewhere, and the work of a native preacher from the Free Church of Scotland, in Akola city.
only person present at the dedication who had also been with Mr. Fuller prior to 1885 was Kanwadi Swami, who was then a small boy. He is now the foreman of our work-shop and is held in high esteem by missionaries and natives alike.

When the work was settled in Akola they had seven or eight native children whom Mrs. Jennie Fuller kept and taught. In those days Mr. Fuller's whole time and strength was occupied in preaching the gospel in and about Akola, in the weekly bazaar and five or six times a week in the city. In 1887 Mr. Rogers and Miss Dawley came, and the small bungalow was built in connection with the girls' school which Miss Dawley opened. Later the girls were moved to Khamgaon and only the boys kept at Akola. Then came the famine, bringing hundreds of children to our schools. The audience at the dedication was quite largely made up of the fruit of those schools. The first church building was begun in this place about fourteen years ago. Then the congregation outgrew it, and we have this new one in its place.

Proceeding to speak of the new building Mr. Fuller read 1 Cor. iii. 16. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God." We rejoice more over our people than over the church building. Our chief joy in connection with the building is because of those who have built it. The church cost about a thousand dollars and some months of labour. But the spiritual church, the real church,—who can estimate how many dollars have been spent on it, or the value of the lives laid down in its behalf? Twenty-nine years have been occupied in building it but, unlike the building, it is unfinished, is still growing. And "He which hath begun a good work in you will complete it." (Phil. r. 6). It is not our work that will be completed, but God's work in men. Missionaries may come and go, or may come and die, but the work is God's and will go on. This is not "the Alliance work," but God's work in the Alliance. We believe the time will come when such a church building will be needed in every station, and when this one will prove too small for Akola and will need to be again enlarged.

Mr. Fuller closed with an earnest plea for all to give themselves unreservedly to God for the great work of the salvation of souls in this territory, after which, on behalf of the congregation, he solemnly offered the building to God for His worship and glory.

There is in Akola an organized assembly of which Mr. Moyser is the pastor. The church "panch," or committee, consists of five men, with the pastor as an ex-officio member. This committee has charge of all church funds, and of the
Wednesday evening prayer meeting and the bazaar preaching. It also disciplines any offending church member. That this last is no dead letter is proven by the fact that one of the members of the committee was recently removed from office for a certain offence. It is worthy of note that all the present members of the committee were boys from our orphanage, and three of them are now employed in our shop. Mr. Kanwadi Swami is Superintendent of the Sunday Schools of which there are seven. The central one in the church has nine classes with some 150 pupils. Another in Shivini, the Christian village, has three classes, and there are five others among the heathen.

The new building is a testimony to the city of Akola of the progress of the work of the Lord. It stands on a much travelled road between the residential district and the city, and near to both. Just across the road is the city foot-ball field where the Brahmin youths play on Sundays. Between the church and the post office are the golf links, where the English officials play, some of them also on Sunday afternoons. We rejoiced to hear that certain of these same officials had strongly objected to having the church rebuilt on that site, and when they could not prevent it they asked to have the time of service changed. The reason is not far to seek. When the godless sons of a "Christian nation" spend their Sunday afternoons thus, and past them flow streams of Christian sons of a heathen land, going to the house of God; and when the sound of the persistent bell in the top of the church, rung long and loudly, follows them along the golf course, we may imagine that if there is any conscience left it would be uncomfortably effected. And if the bell so irritates the Sabbath-breakers of Akola, the building itself stands constantly as a silent reminder to the inhabitants thereof of the God of heaven.

May the promise of God through Haggai become true concerning this Akola church,—"I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts . . . . The glory of this latter house shall be greater than the former, saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place will I give peace."

"The Brahman editor of one of the strongest daily papers in India writes:—'The Brahman priesthood is the mainstay of every unholy, immoral, and cruel custom and superstition in our midst, from the wretched dancing-girl to the pining child-widow, whose every tear and every hair of whose head shall stand up against us on the Day of Judgment.'"
ANCHGANI is a quiet little village on the top of a lofty hill where the climate is mild and healthful. An ordinary looking bungalow standing on its principal street is the center of a great deal of interest amongst our missionaries. It is not because this bungalow differs materially from those about it but the family which occupies it is composed of members from the various families of our missionaries. It is the Children's Home.

As far as my observation has gone I find that missionaries' children are made of quite the same material as other children. They are very active and are fond of getting into mischief as often as the occasion presents itself. These particular children are by no means models of propriety but, nevertheless, they constitute a very happy little family.

In order to make it as much like home as possible the birthdays are appropriately celebrated and many little outings are enjoyed. Each child is interested in all the other children. When one of their number is taken ill all the others are most devoted in caring for the sick one. They pray not only for each other but for their parents, their friends, their pets and everything in which they are interested. God honours their simple faith and has given them many precious answers. These children are deprived of many of the advantages and privileges which the children in the homeland enjoy, but God is always mindful of them.

In order to devote their time and strength to the souls who are perishing about them, the parents make the noble sacrifice of sending their children away to school while they continue their work on the plains.

This home has been provided by our mission in a healthful climate and is conveniently located for the children to attend school. Miss Lothian has been in charge of the home and has most faithfully and devotedly cared for the children. She is about to leave for furlough and Miss Loud and I have been appointed to serve in this capacity during her absence. We realize that her place is a hard one to fill but we are looking to God for wisdom to train these little ones for Him.

Dear friends, will you ask God to give us a special endowment of love and patience for this service? These children must be separated from their parents ten months out of every year. They are missing some of the lessons which most of us prize as the most precious ones of our whole lives, those learned at the mother's knee. Some one else besides mother must share their
joys and their heart aches for these ten months. Some one else must share their confidence and their secrets. God will hold us responsible for these children. Will you share the responsibility? Will you pray for the children's home in Panchgani?

"PRAYER-MEETING HILL!"
COURTLAND MYERS.

The famous old Hindoo woman Julia rehearsed to me one night in Nellore, India, that remarkable prayer experience on "Prayer-Meeting Hill," when Dr. Jowett and his wife took her and another servant with them for that memorable sunrise meeting. Before daybreak they ascended the hill above Ongole to ask God to save the Lone Star Mission and the lost souls of India. The work had apparently failed; the money had failed; the faithful few had held on believingly and courageously and now at last the only help was in God. This Hindoo saint, nearly one hundred years of age, mingled her description with her tears as she told of that most important and thrilling moment of her life. They all prayed and they all believed. They talked and then they prayed again. They wrestled before heaven's throne and in the face of a heathen world, like Elijah on Carmel. At last the day dawned and the gray streaks were crossing the eastern sky. Just as the sun arose above the horizon Dr. Jowett arose out of the darkness and seemed to see a great light. He lifted his hand heavenward and turned his tear-stained face towards the great heart of love. He declared that his vision saw the cactus field below transformed into a church and mission buildings. His faith grasped and gripped the great fact. He claimed the promise and challenged God to answer a prayer which was entirely for His own glory and the salvation of men. To-day on that very cactus field stands the Christian church with the largest membership of any church on earth—20,000 members—and if it had not been divided in the years by necessity there would now be 50,000 members—the greatest miracle of the modern missionary world. The money came immediately and clearly from the hand of God. The man came immediately and clearly from the call of God, for Dr. Clough was God's choice. On that very field, almost abandoned, he baptized 10,000 in one year, 2,222 in one day. Prayer-Meeting Hill moved the throne of God and made the world to tremble. The battlements of heaven must have been crowded to watch these many workings of a prayer for His glory. This is the privilege and possibility for every man who can speak to God "in His name."—From "Real Prayer."
BLESSING IN DHOLKA.

MARY COMPTON.

THIS Sabbath afternoon, as I sit here on the verandah of my new home, I am constrained to write to you, my friends, of the goodness of God our Father to us these days. Nature's praise to its Creator blends with the rest and quiet of this holy day, as I sit here writing.

There has been a change, which places Miss Edna Prichard in Kaira, for village work and the writer in Dholka to assist in the orphanage. At Sabarmati we were all ready to leave in a day or two for the district touring and were looking forward to it with eagerness; but we were to be disappointed for Miss Prichard was taken with remittent fever and ere she was quite restored Christmas was here. Now so far as I am concerned touring work is over, at least for the present. It has been a keen disappointment but Father has helped me to see it as His appointment, and this afternoon my heart is filled with longing to be used of Him in this new field of labour.

The dear, spirit-filled co-workers among whom God has sent me, gave me a kind and cordial welcome, and the bond of loving friendship draws us together for His service.

Over and over again, we praise the dear Lord for His goodness and we feel sure that He will soon give us to see His mighty works in our midst, for we are praying and looking for a revival among the boys and we know that "He is faithful who has promised."

The day before yesterday a lad died suddenly of what appears to have been Cholera, and his death has made a deep impression, which we trust will be fruitful in drawing hearts to God.

May we ask you to join us in prayer for the work of God in the hearts of all whom He has committed to our care; and also for the forty-three villages of the Taluka which we have just left? Many of them have not heard the gospel message since last year and will not hear for another year, or perhaps never, from the lips of a missionary. There are three faithful catechists who are doing their best in these villages but they need your earnest prayers for strength and power to be given them to push forward in the work for God.

Later—since writing the above, God has visited us with a gracious manifestation of His favour. In the Sunday evening
service, no less than ten professed conversion and as many more requested prayer and help. Confessions of various kinds were made with strong crying and tears and we are confident that the Lord is ready to do the "much more" for us.

How our hearts leap for joy as we recognize the answer to weeks of prayer! Will you too not help us to praise Him?

"A word of praise upspringing,
A song of joy in bringing
And causing all within us
To laud the Saviour's name."

BACK OF THE IDOLS, WHAT?

"The land of darkness, and the shadow of death; A land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness."—The Book of Job.

"If one look into the land, behold darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens thereof—and behold trouble, and darkness, dimness of anguish."—The Prophet Isaiah.

How well the above description applies to this dark land of India, where so many years the rulers of the darkness of this world have held full sway. Many times have we felt the force of Paul's words, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, and against spiritual wickedness in high places."

I used to wonder at home what it was that caused these people to continue to worship idols so many hundreds of years, they still go on doing many of the same rites that their ancestors did ages ago, what mighty power was it that kept a people united though worshipping more gods than they number themselves. One doesn't have to live here long before we realize the powers back of heathendom. We look at that idol by the wayside, it is only a rough piece of stone daubed with a little paint, small, insignificant indeed, but it is the visible representative of powers.
I have heard people at home say they did not believe in Satan, the people of India do, and they are afraid of evil spirits. It is Satan that invented the caste system which has made India one of the hardest countries to win for Christ. Often the only reason they can give for not turning from their religion is, our forefathers did not go this way, we must follow them. Custom is law to them.

A few days ago I was passing a village shrine, it was covered with garlands, and a man from the lower castes was worshipping before it, someone had placed some offerings of food near it, a man well dressed having the appearance of an educated Hindu was just coming into the enclosure, we supposed to bow down before this hideous looking god. Some are repulsive to look at, yet millions are held in such fear and bondage they are afraid not to worship them. It is because they feel and realise the awful power back of them.

A missionary in writing about the forces at work in a heathen land has said: “It is not only the vastness of the numbers of unreached heathen that should engage our thought and prayer, but O remember, beloved, that these hundreds of millions are entrenched and fortified in every form of evil and religious organization against the Son of God. Satan is a strategist of the deepest dye, and it is not a motley, disorganised army we fight against, but a disciplined body led by demon forces. The numbers are over-powering but this alone is not the total force of the enemy by any means. But we praise God that Jesus came to destroy the powers of hell and bring glorious deliverance to all who put their trust in him.”

Yes, praise God, with Him to lead the battle we need not fear to push ahead against the thickest darkness of black heathendom. The forces of darkness in some places are giving way before this conquering army, but it means warfare, and we need YOUR HELP. God will show you what part He would have you take, but let us be sure we take time to listen to what He has to say. This is such a time for hurry and rush, that the spirit of the world along this line is creeping into the church until people feel they haven’t time to wait on God as they should. Why is there such a lack of workers and means to carry on God’s work, why is this conquering army hindered when one falls in the ranks and no recruits take their place? Let us answer these questions before God, and see if we are doing all He requires of us. What is in our house, our hand, that God can use? If only a pot of oil, or a rod God can do wonders with them if given to Him.—Stella Wood—in the “Wesleyan Methodist.”
TO MRS. MOODIE'S FRIENDS.

MRS. Moodie wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have expressed sympathy and have upheld her in prayer during her recent bereavement. It would not be possible to answer the many kind letters which have been received, but each has been deeply appreciated.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

FROM several stations come notes of praise for blessing upon the touring work.

Praise for the new building site at Pachora.

Praise because the Lord has overruled in the case of the native worker from Mehmedabad who was mentioned last month as being persecuted by the head-man of the village. The head-man has been punished by the Government, the leading men of the place have promised not to make further trouble, and our school is being well attended.

Praise for the two lepers baptised in Sholapur.

Praise for some gifts toward the Ahmedabad chapel.

Praise for the man baptised in Khamgaon.

GENERAL. Pray for safe and pleasant voyages for those going on furlough.

AHMEDABAD:—Prayer is asked for the full amount needed for building the chapel, and for guidance in selecting a building site.

Pray for the provision of a school building and teacher's residence in a village where we now have a school and where twelve names have been registered as inquirers. The building which we have been using has been sold, and no other is available for rent. It seems quite unwise to discontinue the school and more so to leave these inquirers without a teacher. The people will help, but $50. are needed at once to supplement their gifts.

CHANDUR. Pray for guidance in selecting a building site for an outstation.

CHALISGAON. Pray for funds for the opening of an outstation.

LONAVLA. Pray for Mrs. Erickson who is not well, and for Miss McAuley who is sick at Lonavla.
ITEMS.

After an eight-days' illness, Teresa, Mrs. Moodies' youngest daughter left to be with the Lord Jan. 27th. A short appreciation of her life will be found on another page of this issue.

Miss Beardslee has been appointed to take the oversight of the Children's Home in Panchgani, for the coming school year. Miss Loud, who has been with Miss McAuley at Sholapur will assist Miss Beardslee. The school term opens March 3rd.

Miss J. S. Rollier, landed in Bombay on Feb. 6th and has proceeded to Khamgaon. Miss Rollier has already had some experience of mission work in India. We welcome her to our work.

Miss McAuley is leaving Sholapur for a rest. The work has been very heavy and Miss McAuley is now in need of earnest believing prayer for the restoration of her strength.

Baby Miriam Francis Dinharn, has been very ill, so low that it seemed as if she could not live.

Later—Word has just come from Mr. Dinharn:—"Our precious baby went to be with Jesus on February 17, at 8 a.m."

An additional adjoining site has been secured at Pachora and we hope to begin building a bungalow there very soon. This station has been occupied for many years but we have never owned a bungalow there.

Mr. Carner writes:—"Misses Wyeth and Patten are touring in Jalgaon (Berar) taluka they write with much enthusiasm about the way they are received. I baptised a Kumby (farmer casteman) a few weeks ago at Khamgaon. He seems to be well and is working in the cotton mills."
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
Mr. J. P. Rogers

AMRAOTI
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,
Miss J. S. Rollier

MALKAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. Auernheimer

MURTIZAPUR
Mr. L. Cutler

KHANDESH

BHUSAWAL
Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison
Mrs. F. M. Bannister

BODWAD (P. O. Nagao),
Mr. & Mrs. C. Eicher

CHALISGAON
Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham

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

PACHORA
Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox

GUJARAT

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

DHALKA
Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Schoonmaker
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver
Miss Mary Compton

KAIRA
Miss Coxe
Miss Peter
Miss B. Conger
Miss E. Prichard
Miss M. Taylor

MATAR (P. O. Kaira.)
Mr. & Mrs. S. P. Hamilton

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

SANAND
Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee

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

VIRAMGAM
Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth
Mr. F. H. Back

LONAVLA (Ponda District.)
Mrs. V. Erickson & Miss E. C

PANCHGANI (Silvao District.)
Children’s Home
Miss H. Beardslee

SHOLAPUR
Miss Z. McAuley

BOMBAY
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller

ON FURLough:

Miss L. Fuller  Mr. W. M. Turnbull  Mr. A. Johnson
Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp  Mrs. Cutler  Mr. & Mrs. W. Rams
Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg  Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher  Miss E. Wells
                                  Miss M. Woodworth

BOMBAY:

PRINTED BY M. G. JOSEPH AT THE “BOMBAY GUARDIAN” MISSION PRESS, BOMB.
AND PUBLISHED BY REV. A. DUCKWORTH AT VIRAMGAM, GUJERAT.