"OTHERS."

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for You
Must needs be done for—OTHERS.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep: and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—OTHERS.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of—OTHERS.

Others, Lord, yes, others,
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others
That I may live like Thee.

C. D. MEIGS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Editor's desk this month is on the train. We are having the long desired privilege of visiting our work on the Gujarati field. What we are seeing will be described later. The kindly welcome given us in every station and the unity and fellowship in prayer have been a blessing to us. We rejoice heartily with our brethren over the signs of God's working in this part of the vineyard. The recent baptisms are a cause for thanksgiving and the large number of candidates under instruc-
tion is encouraging.

The Gujarati Christian Church has recently organised a new society called “The Gujarat Alliance Evangelistic Society,” and has appointed a committee composed entirely of native brethren to administer its affairs. They have selected an unoccupied field in an adjoining country (a long way from home to them) and now they are selecting by ballot two men who shall be the choice of the whole Church to undertake this important work. Support for over a year for these men has already been given by the Indian Christians of the mission, and they are taking up the matter with considerable enthusiasm. The whole matter has been suggested and carried out thus far entirely by the native brethren. As a mission we welcome this forward movement which is a healthy sign of spiritual life in the Church. We trust that the Lord Himself will put His hand on the right men, and that this shall be the beginning of larger things on behalf of their own countrymen.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the Prayer and Praise column which has been appearing in our paper for several months. This page is not published to fill space but to be read. Prayer makes the difference between success and failure, and often between life and death. Your prayers for us are as necessary as the offerings given to supply our temporal needs, in fact more necessary, and we shall endeavour to state clearly and concisely in this page some of the principal needs of our work that you may be able to pray intelligently for us. We would urge every missionary to avail himself of the opportunity of placing the particular needs of his station before our praying constituency each month. And in order that our friends may be able to rejoice with us we trust that we may not fail to be informed concerning the answers to their prayers.

There are also constantly urgent needs for prayer which cannot be published, because it is over a month from the time that the India Alliance goes to press before it can reach our friends at home. Please do not fail to leave a margin in your prayers for these emergency needs.
THE POWER OF THE RESURRECTION LIFE.

Notes of an address by Rev. J. Pengwern Jones at the Akola Convention.
That I may know Him and the power of His Resurrection. Phil 3:10.

The realization of the need of power and the longing for power are ever present with God's children, and are a good desire—a normal hunger. But often in our zeal and our keen desire for power we hinder our prayers by our very struggling self-effort. Power is not a thing, a quality or a mere experience, but power in any person is the Risen Christ in that life. He brings His gifts and He becomes the power in us—the power that forced Him from the grave.

Christ gave Himself to us in His death, making Himself one with us by dying for us. In like manner the "resurrection life" is not the life of Christ that we receive, but the very living Christ giving Himself to us; Christ coming in to drive out the self and sin and death in us, and bringing in Himself a new resurrection power. It is as though the life of Christ was dammed up and burst forth at Pentecost. Since that time it has been flowing into every life that makes room or opens for Him. In order to fill a bottle with water we must get the air out. The best way to do that is to pour the water in, and the air will go out of itself. But water cannot be poured in until the cork is removed. So it is with our lives. The Jesus of Power is ready to come in; and His coming will drive out and replace the self life. But the will is the cork that hinders His coming.

It is not easy to yield the will. Not all of us—even of us missionaries—are willing to lay aside the desire for popularity in order that we may be used of God. The late Mr. Hyde of the Panjab, known as "Praying Hyde," was the example of a man who yielded himself and was mightily used of God. Through, the letter of a personal friend he was led to seek and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost while on his way to India. He devoted his life to prayer, and became a power for God. God gave him many souls, and hundreds came to him for help.

Jesus did not leave this earth without telling us how we might receive the resurrection power. The statements which Jesus made in the four-fold commission give light on the road to power.

In Matthew the statement is, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth... and lo, I am with you always, even into the end of the world." This is a statement of the fact that He, Who has and is all power, is really with us in His risen life and power all the way along until the end of this age. The account,
given in the commission at the end of Mark, of the wonderful power to be manifested in those who believe, is prefaced by the words, "In My Name." To do any act in another's name means that in a certain sense we have identified ourselves with that one. Here Jesus tells us that we are His representatives on earth and that what we do is to be done in His name with the consciousness that He is dwelling in us. We need to believe that this is true and venture on Him. We need what a friend has aptly called, "The venture of faith." The commission as recorded by Luke contains the words, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." That is to say, "You need power in order to do my service; and now go to Jerusalem and wait there until I ascend to My Father; then I will send Myself—My own Spirit upon you as you have not heretofore known Me; then I will be in you, through the Spirit, the power you need for My service." The only difference between the command to the disciples and to us is that since the Spirit has come we are not told to await His coming to us, but we must take and have Him by faith, and He will honor our faith and be the power we need in service. The commission in John has an additional thought. Jesus said to them, "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you. "And when He had said this He breathed on them and said unto them, Receive the Holy Spirit." As the Father who sent Him abode in Him and worked through Him, so Jesus now sends forth His disciples, and as they go He promises to live in them as the power they need for His service. His breathing upon them may be an anti-type of the act of creation in Genesis when God breathed His life into Adam and made him a living soul. So again the Son of God breathes upon His new creation and imparts to them His own resurrection life and power. May we all realize that Jesus is breathing upon each of us and saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

A. I. Garrison.

"Our interest in Missions is a mark of our Christian character."
"Our knowledge of Missions is the measure of our Christian attainment."
"Our participation in Missions is the measure of our Christian efficiency."

—H. C. Mabie.
WHO IS SUFFICIENT?
BY E. R. CARNER.

WHEN the missionary stands before a company of India's villagers, and nearly all of India's people are villagers, and proclaims the gospel of Christ, he is to them either the savour of death unto death or the savour of life unto life. The responsibility is tremendous. He is speaking to men who will have but few such opportunities—who are soon to stand before a holy God and give an account of how they used the life. He gave them on earth and of what they did with the opportunities they had of embracing the truth and of turning away from error. His message is all right. It needs no excuse, no apology, for his message is Christ, crucified and alive again from the dead. But how does he present that message? Does he only tell a historical story which because of his oft-telling of it has become somewhat mechanical? Does he while speaking think of the Christ who was on earth two thousand years ago—so long ago that the long years and centuries that have rolled between have made the life he is attempting to describe so dim in that far away past as not to mean anything to his hearers to-day? Or again, does he speak of the Christ who is away off in heaven—or nowhere—but so far away as not to be tangible to mortals who live here on earth? In other words, is he awake to the fact that his story is only a story to his hearers unless in his presentation of it there is something which makes it different from all other stories? To his hearers it is not unique and not worthy of the very first place in their attention unless there is an atmosphere and an unction with the missionary which compels these heathen ears, so dulled by earth sounds, to awake out of sleep and listen.

These things might be said with reference to giving the gospel to any audience on earth, of souls not born from above, but they need to be emphasized with intensity when speaking of the people of India. A thousand lies are ready in their satan-taught minds to contradict the one truth the missionary is presenting; a thousand superstitions are arrayed against the same fact of the gospel; a thousand evil imaginations are waiting to corrupt the purity and sweetness of the Christ-message; a thousand hell-born traditions fortified behind all these lies and superstitions and evil imaginations are waiting in defiance. These strong foes, too strong by far for flesh and blood, must be routed and driven from the fort before the chained soul can be rescued. Well may we ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The answer is only one. The Lord (Jehovah) who saved us
can save them and He must have yielded lives through which to
do it. If like Paul our only ambition in life is to live Christ we
will stand with great joy before the people of India and tell and
tell again the story of wonderful love. We will tell of the historical
Christ, yes, and of the Christ on the right hand of the majesty on
high, but also of the Christ who is in our hearts and just at hand,
to save all who come unto Him. And "in them that are saved
and in them that perish" we are alike and always a sweet savour
unto God. And this will be the daily miracle in our lives that
we dare to go on telling and with undying love, the message
that is the only message worth telling or worth hearing.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.
BY MARY L. GARRISON.

All during the hot and rainy months we had looked forward
to the cool season and its accompanying privilege of getting
out to tour among the villages in the Chalisgaon Taluka.
But for various reasons, even after the beginning of the season
we were detained in the station. Eventually, however, the tents,
provisions and other necessities were ready and we soon found
ourselves settled in camp. No—not really settled, for the
Patel, or head man, must be informed of our arrival and through him
we must make arrangements for the supply of milk, wood and
feed for the bullocks. Though apparently incidentals, these are
in reality very necessary for the well-being of all concerned.
The Hindus believe that all roads lead to Heaven and that
there need be no concern about any special road, but we find
that this theory does not hold good in regard to reaching these
villages. So the map must be studied and questions need to be
asked as to which is the best and nearest way. Most of the
people do not have a very clear idea of distances; for instance,
in answer to the query, "how far away is the town?" we find
the reply, "It is just ahead" must be interpreted. "It is three
miles away." At times it is not quite as extreme as that and
they say, "Three or four numbers," numbers meaning fields,
which we find usually develop into eight or ten fields.

As the touring season is short and the villages we want to
reach are numerous and sometimes at long distances from our
camp we usually preach in a number of places in one day. On
such journeys we often notice a marked difference in the attitude
of different communities toward the Gospel. In one town the
people while not manifesting any special interest in the Gospel
are friendly toward us. Another group will listen eagerly to the message, some from among them at least seeming to comprehend a portion of the truth. It is not always thus, however. A few towns have simply refused to listen. In one village I attempted to speak to the women of three different sections and each time the few who gathered to listen were soon driven away by others, either because of indifference or prejudice.

In another town I had a similar experience: when my husband told the "Patel" that I desired to speak to the women, he replied, "the women will not listen; they have never seen a madam sahib before." They will be afraid and run away. So I started out praying that some would be inclined to listen or that God would give me grace to go on whatever their attitude. After greeting the first group that I saw, I said, "I am a woman like yourselves, I have come to visit you, will you not let me sit down and tell you some good news?"

At the thought of my sitting near her one young girl seemed terrified and nearly cried as she besought her mother not to permit me to do so. The next crowd rapidly vanished as I approached, reappearing around corners and at the doors as I stopped to speak to one or two who had remained. Thinking a song might encourage attention I stood in the street and sang. It being noon, the sun was too hot to stand there and talk long so, as they would not allow me to sit in the shade, I passed on with cheeks aflame and heart heavy, yet trusting that some one whose heart the Holy Spirit had prepared would be found; but everywhere I met with the same reception. It is never easy to be scoffed at and scorned, it is a hundred-fold harder when we realize that they are in blind ignorance refusing to hear not us, but the message which alone can bring them everlasting life.

Beside those who openly reject and those who are merely friendly there are those whose hearts, we believe are stirred. But then the message is so new, so foreign to all the teachings and practises of their religion! Moreover many only hear once. One woman said, "We have heard your story before and we like it, but you so seldom come—you will not even come again in two or three months—and so we just go in worshipping our gods."

Aside from not having heard before they many times do not understand the words we must use. Hence their minds are full of questions and when we teach them they ask—"Which god do you worship?" "What is Sin?" "What does salvation mean?" "Did you ever see God?" Oh what a privilege it is to tell them that Jesus has come to abide in our hearts by the Holy Spirit and that He will abide in them if they will but let Him.
A QUICK TRIP IN LIGHT MARCHING ORDER.

BY W. MOYSER.

We were asked by our Executive Committee, to visit a county-seat, some thirty miles from here, for the purpose of securing a building site, to enable us as a mission to enlarge our borders and to plant a new station in another county, where a good deal of touring has been done by our missionaries from time to time. We decided to combine a preaching tour with a business one. We could have made the journey in three days if we had driven straight through, but we preferred to zigzag to several large towns and market places for preaching services. We took two native preachers and a new missionary from another missionary society, who is studying the language here with us in Akola. We started out in our gospel wagon in light marching order: no tents, beds, chairs or tables, etc., but a roll of bedding each and prepared provisions to last us a number of days. At meal times we camped on the roadside or wherever good shade trees could be found; and slept at night with the heavens alone for a canopy.

We visited a number of large towns and market places, holding preaching services out in the main street or in the well filled bazaars. We held a score of services, sold over five hundred gospel portions and distributed about six hundred tracts, supplied to us by the Scripture Gift Mission, London, England. While out at the county-seat, I heard that a Jatra (Hindu pilgrimage) was to be held in an old Marathi fort about fourteen miles distant. I had taken my bicycle (in order to lighten the load on the gospel wagon), so I decided to visit the Jatra. Most of the roads were too rough for a wagon on account of being near the Satpura range of mountains. The last three miles had to be covered on foot, for in some places the road seemed to be only goat paths up the mountain side.

An arriving at the fort, I found that I was the only person present beside the four Government caretakers and their families. The Jatra really began the next day. The fort is built on precipitous craggy peaks of the mountains. It is several miles in circumference with high walls most of the way around. Inside the walls there are twenty-three tanks or small lakes of good water. The entrance is through a beautifully carved gateway on which there are verses from the Koran inscribed in Persian Urdu. Inside I found a small Mohamedan mosque in splendid condition, and also a heap of crude stones called the "Dog god." I learned that the people who had been bitten by a mad dog and had recovered would come here to
pay vows or make an offering to the “Dog god.” Some pilgrims come from a distance of over a hundred miles, bringing their offerings of grain, sugar and incense. On the way to the shrine they had to walk so that their shadow fell on no one, for if it did, the person on whom it fell would become insane. After the offering had been made to the god, and a present given to the priests, they were not to look back until the first village, at the foot of the mountain, three miles distant, had been reached or else their pilgrimage would be ineffective. As I came down I found people arriving from all directions.

On our way home, we found, in another small village, a jatra of from twelve to fifteen thousand people gathered to worship the “god of lust.” We found this god buried about twenty feet deep in the bank of a river, by the floods, whence each year it has to be dug out. The name of this god is Mahadev Perid, and it is believed by the people that it comes spontaneously into the river bank. It is about four feet in diameter and made of heavy stone, a genuine Phallic god. This jatra was composed of three kinds of people “Houshee,” “Moushee” and “Gowshee,” which means some came for pleasure, some for worship and some for crime. Amongst these we sold over two hundred gospel portions, besides preaching to the people.

The last Sunday we were out, we had a day of rest and quiet. While walking around, meditating, I heard a drum being beaten, and soon saw a procession of people march from the town to the centre of the deserted market-place. A crowd quickly gathered, and I strolled over to see what was going on. I saw a man arranging a row of stones, on which he placed some red pigments. These represented gods. Before them, he placed small lamps made of dough and filled with sweet oil. He lighted them and offered up a large basket of bread before them. He then broke a coconuts and distributed it to the by-standers, invoking the name of his god Narayan as he did so. Then he sprinkled the feet of the cows standing in the bazaar, put the red pigment upon their foreheads and gave the basket of bread to these cows. There was also a silver anklet placed before the god. On enquiring what this worship was for, I was told that it was for the healing of a sick girl. Merit had been acquired by feeding the cows (a cow is as sacred as one’s mother in India.) The silver anklet would be put on the girl’s ankle and would be known as “Narayan’s fetter.”

I watched it all through and then asked to be allowed to speak a few words. It was a splendid chance to tell them of a living Saviour, who hears and answers prayer; One so different
from those lifeless stones, with a heart of love and pity for all mankind; One who really could save and heal the sick. They listened very well indeed.

We returned home after ten days, looking somewhat like gipsies. We were sunburned and in need of clean clothing, but we were happy. We had, as I said before, preached a score of times, sold over 500 gospels and distributed 600 tracts. Pray much that God's own word, both preached and sold, may not return unto Him void, but that it may spring up in some hearts unto eternal life.

I am glad to say that the young missionary who was with us endured the heat, dust and discomforts nobly, and that he did his very best to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ. He preached, usually, twice a day, and sometimes three times. Pray for us that we may be made fishers of men amongst this people, where God has placed us.

A STAR.

BY FRANCES BANNISTER.

TARABAI, or a star, as her name denotes, was only a little unpretentious woman. Of a shrinking retiring nature she was little known and her true worth was only appreciated by her intimate friends. Although deprived of educational advantages in childhood, on account of constitutional weakness, she early developed an aptitude for the needle, excelling in lace and drawn-thread work. She was married at the age of sixteen and her real life of self-surrender began in the home of her husband. Surrounded by her new relatives she lived in the midst of a large and varying family, the mother-in-law and many other relatives all living in the same small house. Here was ample opportunity for quarrels and discontent, but for the ten years she was destined to live in their midst her life of peace was without a ripple, while others similarly placed have quarreled and brought sorrow and trouble to all about them. No words of murmur or complaint marred the serenity of her beautiful life. Ever ready to assist her husband, an evangelist, in all his work, even when it meant self-denial, their home was thrown open to the needy and help denied to none.

Four little lives came to brighten their home, and here once more the self-sacrificing spirit of the mother was clearly apparent. In her devotion she literally sacrificed her life for her children. Three months before her death she contracted the deadly disease—consumption—so fatal to the people of this country. Yet in
her sufferings she was so uncomplaining that the true nature of the disease was not recognized until too late to cope with it. With death staring her in the face the first real shadow came into her life, “my children, my babe, how can I leave them?” This cloud seemed to overcast her spirits for a time when lo! like a sun-beam the glory shone in dispelling the cloud, and again the self-surrendered spirit triumphed. Committing them into a loving Father’s care she breathed her last without a sigh. Surely her end was peace. Just before the last she bade all a loving good-bye and with beaming face told them God was calling her home. All fear had been removed and she went forth joyfully to meet her Lord and Saviour.

The expression of peace remained on her face and bore to the Mohammedans and Hindus who gathered round a testimony of the Saviour who alone can give true rest and peace. The esteem and love her self-surrendered life had called forth were seen in the display of flowers that surrounded her and by the large number of people who lovingly followed her to her last resting place.

She now shines as the stars, and that forever and ever. How blest her condition, and how happy we who watched her life that one more jewel for His crown has been gathered out of sin-cursed India! How much it cost of the Saviour’s dying love to rescue this one soul from a never ending death, and how much of missionary zeal and labour! Yet not too much, and there are yet others who will be saved and come out of the darkness and superstitions of heathenism to sing the praises of Him who has redeemed them and washed them in His own blood. Blessed privilege to labour on in this great harvest field for the jewels that shall shine bye-and-bye in His glory, and for the flowers that shall yet bloom to all Eternity in the Heavenly gardens of our Lord!

A Brahman woman received a leaflet entitled “The witness of a Brahman.” She read it, and gave it to her husband. Having read it he said, “Many have gone to Christianity, even from our caste. The word Christian is sounding everywhere. Christian officials are multiplying. The Government itself is a Christian government. Even our temples are entered and our goods are photographed. Hereafter a Brahman can only live by his education.” The wife told the Bible women that her husband told her to do things like the Christian, and that his food also was like that of a Christian.—*The Indian Bookman,*
DEAR Children who read the *India Alliance*:—How would you like to have one new “Auntie” in India? As for me, I shall be quite pleased to have ever so many new nephews and nieces in America, only, we will need to become acquainted, don’t you think so?

I must first explain why I speak of myself as a new auntie to all the little readers of the *India Alliance*. When I arrived in Khamgaon about three weeks ago I was rather surprised, and, I must confess, a little amused, to hear the native Christians greet me in this strange way: “Salaam, Auntie, Salaam Auntie!”

So you see if the native Christians of India call me “Auntie” as they do all the women missionaries, I surely can count on you to be willing to accept me as a new auntie, even if you have never seen me, so I say “salaam” to you all and want you to know that I love dearly all children, big and small, boys and girls, brown and white, it makes no difference; because you know children are the same the world over. When I was a little girl, a long, long time ago, I was so glad to be a child, because I knew the Lord Jesus loved little children in a very special way when He was on this earth, so I was quite sorry to grow up; of course after a while, I knew that the Lord Jesus loved me just the same, even after I was grown up, so I was happy again.

I will have to tell you something more about this new auntie of yours. She is not at all satisfied with merely loving the children, she wants them to love her too, so this letter is meant to ask you to somehow or other find and keep a little corner of your hearts for Auntie Rollier, and to tell you that she will be so happy and grateful if you will ask the Lord Jesus to bless her and help her to be a real good missionary and learn the new language very quickly.

If any of my new nephews and nieces in America wish to write to me, so that we may become better acquainted I shall try to write them a card once in a while.

Your new Auntie,
JEANNE L. ROLLIER.

P.S. My name is pronounced as if it were written Rolya.

“Child marriage. We have in two words touched the heart of India’s sore. Think of 6,000,000 wives under fourteen years of age.”
DISTRICT WORK AT MEHMADABAD.
LOUIS F. TURNBULL.

MEHMADABAD is the most southern station of the Alliance mission in Gujarat,—situated three hundred miles directly north of Bombay. The taluka (county) in which we carry on our work bears the same name as the station and comprises seventy villages.

When we were first stationed at Mehmadabad in the year 1903 fully a hundred orphan boys and girls were being supported in their own villages as there was not accommodation for them in the orphanages. Some of these children had one parent living but all were very poor. Before his death in 1901 Mr. Woodward had succeeded in arranging for the education of these children in the government, village schools. When we came to the station Miss Hansen had this work very much on her heart and it was a great privilege to continue it during our first term of service here.

The children came in regularly every Saturday for their small weekly allowance. They received bible teaching in the afternoon and remained over for the Sunday services returning to their homes in the evening. In this way they were looked after for several years until they became old enough to support themselves.

Three years ago we were re-appointed to the Mehmadabad work. It has been very interesting to note that many of the children mentioned, who accepted Christ as their Saviour a few years ago, are now young men with families of their own. They still maintain their faith in Christ although at times some of them have yielded to temptation and pressure from heathen relatives, thus falling into sin. But we praise God that He follows the erring ones by His Spirit and has recently wrought repentance in the hearts of several. There is a striking difference between the most careless of these young people and the heathen men of their own age.

Here in India the great majority of the people are quite illiterate. They are very superstitious and are afraid to displease their priests for fear some curse will follow them. The reader can readily understand that when middle-aged men and women in this country become Christians they are still apt to cling to some of their old customs if unable to read and study the Bible for themselves. This is especially so if they only hear an occasional message from the Word when the native catechist visits their village.

We keenly feel the great importance of getting hold of all
the children possible. They are easily influenced in childhood and are eager for education.

Within the past two years we have opened six day-schools for low-caste children in large villages and find this work very encouraging. The schools are conducted by earnest Christian teachers who have a real interest in their pupils. Many of the children are bright and promising and have a desire to progress in their studies. They are taught the bible regularly and soon learn to memorize many verses and hymns. In one school opened only six months ago there are twenty three boys in attendance; several of them can repeat as many as thirty verses of Scripture from memory besides other portions such as the ten commandments and the Lord's Prayer. It is surprising how quickly they realise the evil of idolatry and many heathen rites and ceremonies. Already many of the children in these schools refuse to worship idols. Usually their parents do not force them to follow the heathen customs as they know the folly of it all but have not sufficient courage or concern for spiritual things to accept the Truth for themselves.

There are about one hundred and twenty five children enrolled in these schools. We hope the number will soon increase as the people in several other villages are anxious to have their children educated. But we are unable to open any new schools at present owing to the need of money for the support of the teachers. Possibly some friend in the homeland may desire to support a teacher in one of these villages? The teachers also conduct Sunday school regularly and hold services for the adults in the villages.

The christians are scattered in many different villages throughout the taluka and a number of them live ten or twelve miles from the mission station so it isn't possible for them all to come to the church here every Sunday. This makes it necessary to have out-stations. The twelve native catechists and teachers in this taluka are living and working in nearly as many different villages. Each catechist has a circuit of villages he endeavours to visit regularly as he realises the necessity of ministering to the spiritual needs of the little flock who recognize him as their "under shepherd," at the same time he preaches the Word to as many of the heathen people as are willing to listen. The missionaries visit the catechists and teachers, as well as the people in other villages, as often as time and strength will permit.

The native Christians look forward with real joy to the special meetings held from time to time at the mission station. Many of them have trials because they endeavour to live true to
Christ in the heathen villages where they have their homes. So it is an inspiration and encouragement to them when they all meet together here at Mehmadabad for one or two days. If the reader could have been with us last Sunday, March 8th he would have realised that more people than usual were coming in from the villages to attend the meetings.

About ten a.m. one of the Christian teachers living six miles distant arrived with a dozen of the boys he teaches in the village of Sadra. They came marching in two by two, headed by their master who had considerable pride in thus displaying his scholars. Their faces expressed happy expectancy and they viewed with interest ten more boys who came marching in similar order from the village of Nainpur which is situated a few miles west of Mehmadabad.

These boys are taught by the worker who was severely beaten recently by the muki (head-man) of the village. The boys naturally think that Gala, their teacher, loves them or he wouldn't be willing to remain,—in this they are not mistaken.

These two groups of school-children had only been on the compound a few minutes when thirty-five more boys from the schools in the towns of Mehmadabad and Wautwali appeared on the scene. So before the Sunday school commenced nearly sixty children had arrived to learn more about Jesus.

Besides these children many more were absent in distant villages as their teachers knew they would be over-tired by coming to the station. The reader would doubtless enjoy a visit to such a Sunday school as the children enter heartily into the service. Although their voices heard together are not very musical they assuredly make a joyful noise and vie with one another in seeing who can sing the loudest and repeat the golden text the fastest.

After the Sunday school had been dismissed several candidates from different villages publicly confessed their Saviour by receiving baptism. A number of the christians accompanied the candidates and the missionaries to the riverside about half a mile distant. After a short message from the Word followed by prayer the converts were baptised in the river. While those on the shore sang,—“O happy day that fixed my choice.” We were conscious of the Lord's presence and approval and believe there was joy in heaven over the little group of believers who had followed their Lord's command.

Allow us to briefly introduce these converts. First comes little Samuel Mulji the son of Christian parents living on the mission compound. We were rather dubious about the wisdom of allowing him to be baptised as he is only ten years old but
he was so eager that it was decided to let him take this step if he proved to be clear regarding his conversion. We believe the Lord still says,—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." When questioned Samuel testified,—"I know that I am saved and that Jesus has forgiven all my sins. I love the Lord. When I am tempted to sin something inside tells me not to do so." He is a bright boy and has many portions of Scripture already stored away in his mind.

The next convert is Arjan Hera a young man about twenty years of age. He also lives here and has shown by testimony and conduct that he is a sincere follower of Christ. As a young boy he was restless and wayward. His aunt who is a bible-woman here prayed much for him and dealt with him faithfully about his salvation. It was a great joy to her to witness his open confession of the Lord. Arjan was married a few weeks ago to Devali, a good Christian girl from the Kaira orphanage who is a great help to him in every way. Unlike many married couples among the natives they really love each other so we trust their lives may be both happy and useful.

After Arjan comes Madhav Herka another young man who lives in Aklacha. He has been led into the Truth through the ministry of the native evangelist there. Madhav's relatives are all Hindus so resent the step he has taken.

The fourth candidate to receive baptism was Bhula Karla, a young man from Rudairn, who has known the way of salvation from childhood as he was educated in one of the schools mentioned in the first part of this article. But it is only recently that he has entered into spiritual blessing. The whole family, consisting of his aged mother, two brothers a sister and himself, are all Christians. Recently when a service was held in Rudairn the high caste people stated that the family lived as consistent Christians. A few weeks ago Bhula’s young wife died after giving birth to her firstborn a little son. The baby only lived a few hours. The father has been brought closer to the Lord we believe through his trial.

Jevis Trekum who received baptism after Bhula was the only woman among the candidates last Sunday. In this land the village women as a rule are very slow to become Christians. They are exceedingly superstitious and cling to their heathen customs apparently having little interest in anything spiritual. In a conversation with Mrs. Turnbull at the bungalow before her baptism Jevi showed that she had grasped the truth that there is no salvation apart from Christ. She was clear in seeing the necessity of full separation from the world and sin.
Following Jevi came Shoma, a young man from Margeya—Wasua, who learned to love the Lord a year ago when Miss Hansen gave several message in his village. One of the catechists lives in his village and has helped him very much in his spiritual life.

The seventh convert Asha Vera, also a young man educated when a boy by the mission, lives in Mehmadabad. He is a capable and earnest Christian. His poor old mother did all in her power to hinder him from becoming a disciple of Christ but he has remained firm as he is convinced that it is only through Christ he has hope of eternal life.

We bespeak your prayers for these seven converts and the other eighteen candidates living in heathen villages where they are subject to many temptations. We trust some friends in the homeland may be led to pray definitely for these young Christians by name as that will mean much to them spiritually.

By the time we returned from the river most of the village Christians had assembled, so the flat native bell, which looks like an iron plate, was rung vigorously as it hung suspended from a branch of one of the trees. About one hundred and sixty people soon gathered together in the commodious, brick church on the compound. They were almost all Christians except the school children and entered heartily into the singing of several hymns before the preaching service was opened. After the message the Christians who felt they were eligible partook of the Lord’s Supper with the missionaries.

We always take occasion at such a time to warn our Indian Christians of the danger of partaking of the Lord’s Supper unworthily and at this time we noted that several did not take the bread and wine as it was passed. We were much pleased as were our Indian brethren and sisters to have Rev. and Mrs. K. D. Garrison of Chandur, Berar, present at this service. We were glad for them to have a little glimpse of the Mehmadabad work.

At the close of the meeting the matter of the selection of the two men to serve as evangelists for the newly organized Missionary society of the native church, was brought before the congregation. We most heartily welcome this forward movement among the Indian Christians and trust that this spirit will grow amongst them.

In Burmah, where Judson laboured for seven years before winning his first convert, last year there were no fewer than 7,000 baptisms.
CONCERNING OUR ORPHANAGES.

M. B. FULLER.

We wish to ask all our friends to pray much for our orphanages in Gujarat. There has been a great pressure financially owing to the continual increase of the cost of living which is going on all over India and in fact in many parts of the world. Before the great famine of 1900-01, $15 per year was considered ample for the average support of orphans under sixteen years of age, and this amount was fixed upon after the famine hoping that normal prices would return; but there have been several years of scant crops and some of semi-famine and prices have gradually increased until it requires fully $20 on the average to support an orphan. A good many of our kind friends have given $15 per year without asking that an orphan be assigned them and this has gone into the Orphanage Fund and has helped to keep things going. But we feel that friends ought to know the truth and not to be allowed to suppose that $15 per year is still sufficient. We hope that many patrons will increase the amount given yearly and that others will give what they can to the general Orphan Fund. We still have about three hundred orphans and we need a revival of interest in that part of the work, and hope that the local leaders of home branches will not flag in their efforts to enlist the interest of the children and older people as well in the orphanage work.

OUR CAMP AT LEHE.

SUSIE EICHER.

On Saturday, January the 10th, a number of missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Cox and Miss Beardslee of Malkapur, Archdeacon and Mrs. Phair of Winnipeg Canada, Chris. Eicher and family and some of the students of the Bible training school in Bodwad, with a number of our Indian preachers, pitched our tents and set up our waggons under the shady trees, about a mile from where one of the great Hindu religious festivals was about to be held. Two days later we were joined by Mr. Hagberg of Bhusaval and together we formed a joyful little encampment of Christians close to one of the strong holds of the enemy. We felt like Gideon's little band, but remembered that we had Gideon's God and were not going a warring at our own charges. All day Sunday the people kept on pouring into the place where the yatra or festival was to be held and as we saw them streaming along the roads our hearts went out with a great
yearning for them, that they might know Jesus and find true rest and peace in Him. We remained in camp on Sunday and waited on God for the preparation of His Spirit for the work to be begun on the morrow. Four of our number were sorely tested physically but feeling sure that it was an attempt of Satan to hinder the Lord’s work, we claimed victory and deliverance in the name of Jesus and He made it real. Praise His Name! On Monday morning early we all started for the place where the people were assembling by tens of thousands and as we went we saw hosts of others wending their way in the same direction.

The yatra was originally a place of pilgrimage in the name of Hinduism, and certain barbarous rites were performed for women who were willing to pay the necessary penalties. By virtue of these, childless women were supposed to gain the coveted privilege of motherhood. These barbarous rites have gradually become less and less cruel and this year the memory of them seemed to be perpetuated only in a kind of play. Some of their heathenish practices and ceremonies still prevailed, however, and sin was as awful and the darkness of men's hearts no less dark for having left off practising a few of these rites. There lay a poor man in a heap of thorn branches, the thorns measuring from one to two inches in length and cruelly sharp. He was a leper—some of his fingers consumed by the disease—and yet willing to bear the suffering hour after hour as his almost naked body lay in that pile of thorns in the blazing sun, hoping that by doing this he would in some way be set free from the condemnation of sin. Passersby dropped their copper coins into the brass vessel placed beside him to receive them, they too hoping in this way to receive merit that will help to blot out their sins when the time of reckoning comes. But when we ask them if they are really helped by this they frankly answer "Not at all." So on they go blindly groping in the dark.

Passing by one of their temples we saw a little girl—a child wife of eight or nine years standing in the midst of a company of people. Her clothing had all been removed and she was arrayed from head to foot in bunches of green nimb leaves strung around her waist and neck, and from the top of her head so that was visible was a little face. Her mother-in-law stood beside her and walked around the idol and the temple as she—the child wife—was taken around to perform ceremonies in fulfilment of a vow made by the mother-in-law.

In the midst of the terrible darkness how our hearts rejoiced to have an opportunity of pointing the multitudes to Jesus, the only Saviour of mankind, the only One who can and does give victory over sin. We divided into little companies of two or three and
went out into the immense crowd to witness for Jesus and sell Scripture portions. Because of the Bible Society it is possible to sell these portions—gospels or other books of the Bible for half a cent each. The reason for making any charge for them is that the people prize them more if they pay even a trifle for them. Mrs. Phair who had been in India only about two months took with her one of the students from Bodwad who could interpret for her as she showed the people the way of Salvation and assist her in selling gospels. Even our nine year old son Elmore shared the joy of scattering the light of Life for he took his part in selling gospels and portions of Scripture. In some places we had large crowds who would forget their idolatry and amusements for a while and listen eagerly to hear the story of Salvation. In other places some who had come to the yatra in hopes of being helped by their idols and were sick at heart because of disappointment, would eagerly turn to hear the story of Him who never disappoints a hungry, trusting heart. The joy of breaking the bread of Life to the smaller companies, was no less than when we had large crowds of hearers.

Another thing which we were glad to see was that the attendance at the yatra was smaller than formerly although even now the crowds were immense. One could walk on and on and yet as far as the eye could see there were great crowds of people, carts and bullocks. Still we can see that the idolatrous part of the affair is more and more losing its hold on the masses.

When the principal days of the yatra were ended, we turned our attention to the numerous villages and towns in the surrounding district and have had many blessed times giving out the gospel. In many places the Spirit of God has been present in a very marked way and His power has gripped their hearts, but as yet, so far as we can count, it has been only seed-sowing. But we know that the harvest will come and that it is as sure as the fact that the seed has been sown.

The following is copied from a jotting written while we were there in camp. "In the nearby village the people are so hungry for the word that it seems as if some would sit all day long and listen. We have gone to them forenoons, afternoons and evenings during the last two days and they seem to become more and more eager to hear. How we wish that we might be free to continue with these dear people until a break comes and some of them really step out for God. Oh, that some of the dear ones in the homeland might have a look at the crowds who surround us daily and who beg us to come again and again. It would surely stir their hearts. This morning we were unable to promise the people that we would come in the afternoon so they
sent a deputation of boys, girls, and a man to bring us from our camp to town and they would not leave until they were assured that we would come soon. This time it was the purdah women who called us—the women who live within the walls of their own houses and whose world consists of their little court yard and the mud houses that open to it. We were directed to the place and on entering were given a cot to sit on, then the women and children of the neighbourhood crowded in, and for such an assembly of altogether untaught women and children, about seventy-five in number, they were well behaved and orderly while we told them the story of Salvation through Jesus. Between our visits to the villages the boys would come and crowd around Miss Beardslee—the children's friend—and beg her to teach them Bible verses and when they learned them, their reward was a bright coloured Sunday School card, sent from America by some of the thoughtful boys or girls there. If they did unusually well they were given a Bible story in Marathi with a coloured picture of Jesus. John three sixteen and ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved’ were the favourite texts and they learned them so well that they will probably stay with them and may some day be the seed thought that will lead them to Jesus. During the yatra it was very interesting and encouraging to see the little fellows who had in distant towns learned verses from Miss Beardslee. As soon as they saw her, they would go and repeat their verses to her to show that they had not forgotten what had been learned.

Brother, Sister, does not the Lord want you to come and help break the Bread of Life to these and hundreds of thousands of others who are just as needy? If he does not say ‘Go’ then listen for His voice speaking to you about the other ways in which you may help them. Send—and above all Pray.

“'I asked for strength; for with the noontide heat
I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,
Went forward with ripe sheaves I could not bear,
Then came the Master with his blood-stained feet,
And lifted me with sympathetic care.
Then on his arm I leaned till all was done;
And I stood with the rest at set of sun,
My task complete.”

Sunday School Times.
SOME time ago one of our missionaries went on a short tour to a part of his district which being difficult of access is seldom reached. One week was spent preaching in about three villages daily, only once in each village. In one place an old man seemed interested and bought two gospels. The trip was without incident, except that the party was somewhat depressed at being driven out of one village and forbidden to preach.

A year later this missionary went back over the same route. In that certain village the people volunteered the information that an old man had bought two books the previous year, and "read them all the time." The old man was asked for, but they said that he had died a month or so before. He said that he believed the story told in the gospels, and determined if the "sahib" ever came back that he would be baptised.

We have no doubt that that old man was saved. If only that one, plucked as a brand from the burning, unnumbered among our baptisms and unknown in the Christian community of India—if only that one was saved as a result of that year's work, who shall say that it did not pay? Perhaps many such will meet the missionaries in glory, and we shall rejoice to find that the harvest is not so small as it sometimes seems.

Lately while working along through the jungle Mr. Duckworth saw a company of some forty persons met to burn a corpse. They sat in a circle at some distance from the pyre, and seemed interested in something. Investigation showed that one of them was reading a Gujarati gospel to the company. Thus the gospel is making a hearing for itself.

THE PULL OF PRAYER.

"Yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."—Luke 11: 8.

In a foreign land one of God's children, sorely pressed by the enemy and much in need of financial relief, turned to the Source from whence he had so often received help, and prayed that God would send what he so much needed. He prayed for a very definite number of dollars, for the need was definite. This was the assurance he received: "But my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4: 19.) And he went on his way trusting in that promise.
In the home land, a dear child of God, rejoicing in Christ, and spending much of her time in communion with her precious Lord, felt strongly the pull of prayer. "What is it, Lord?" she asked. Then God spoke to her of His child in a foreign land and reminded her of a sum of money she would not need, and she who loved Jesus needed but just a gentle reminder from her Lord. So she sent this message to that waiting, trusting one: "I realize the pull of prayer and so send you this sum to be used for what you are most earnestly praying for." It was exactly the sum asked for. How this cheered the hearts of those who realized afresh God was "keeping watch above His own," and He had those who realized the "pull of prayer," and were quick to respond.—Selected.

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**PRAISE.**

**AMRAOTI.**—Praise God for His goodness to our little son through a month of hard sickness with convulsions.

**MATAR.**—For twelve persons baptised here on March 8th.

**MEHMEDABAD.**—For seven baptisms this month.

**MALKAPUR.**—For Mrs. Auernheimer's restoration to health.

For good times in the villages about Malkapur. The people listen well, and some are interested.

**VIRAMGAM.**—For blessing in the touring work this year.

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**PRAYER.**

**LONAVLA.**—Prayer is asked for Mrs. Erickson and Miss McAuley. Both should go on furlough, but are too weak to undertake the voyage. In past years both of these workers have been marvelously healed and have spent many useful years in India. Pray that God may touch their bodies again now and strengthen them.

**MALKAPUR.**—For some who are being dealt with by the Holy Spirit, that they may decide for Christ and be willing to acknowledge Him openly.
SHANTIPUR.—Much trouble and opposition has risen among the high caste people of the village of Jetalpur because the effort was made to get low caste children into the Government school there. Pray that the wrath of man may be made to praise God.

ITEMS.

We rejoice over the nineteen persons who were baptised in Gujarat during the past month.

Miss Wells, who was in charge of the Kaira orphanage has gone on furlough, and friends who send money direct to Kaira are therefore requested to make cheques payable to Miss Sarah Coxe. Otherwise the checks may have to be returned to America before they can be cashed.

Also, please do not forget to give your address clearly, when writing to those in charge of the institutions. A number of letters are now lying in the office at Kaira unanswered, because the address of the sender is not known.

The Business Manager asks us to state that he has a few bound copies of the India Alliance for 1912—1913, which may be had for Re. 1 per copy if ordered soon.

Mr. Auernheimer writes:—"At a village last week, after preaching we offered the Gospels for sale as usual. The people replied, 'No Sahiab, we will not buy them; we will not even take them free; we do not want them in our village, for if we read them we know that we will become Christians.' So we were unable to sell any gospels in that village."

Mrs. Moodie and Miss Lothian with Ina and Mabel sailed on Mar. 20th by the s.s. Graz for Scotland via Venice.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

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

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

CHANDUR
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. Auebnheimer

MURTIZAPUR
Mr. L. Cutler

KHANDESH

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

BODWAD (P. O. Nargons.)
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

DHOLKA
Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Schoonmaek
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 (Posa District)
Mrs. V. Erickson & Miss E. C

PANCHGANI (Satara 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

Mrs. I. Moodie

Miss M. Woodworth

BOMBAY:

PRINTED BY M. C. JOSEPH AT THE "BOMBAY GUARDIAN" MISSION PRESS, BOMBAY
AND PUBLISHED BY REV. A. DUCKWORTH AT VIRAMGAM, GUJARAT.