"God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hearts upraise
Their burdens feebly, since they must,
In days of slowly fretting care
Then most we need the power of prayer."
---Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

No one who counts his life dear to himself will be very useful in the Lord's work. The Christian worker needs "a mind at leisure from itself." And it is still true that "Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." We have no warrant for believing that the day of suffering and even of martyrdom is altogether past for the messenger of the cross. And everyone who dedicates his life to the service of God in the foreign field must face that fact.

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Yet, we must put no premium on unnecessary risk of life or health. A life thrown away when no object is gained thereby or no principle involved simply robs the ranks of one worker, who can ill be spared when labourers are so few. A missionary who has already passed his period of initiation and who knows the language and understands the people is, other things being
equal, able to accomplish more in a given length of time than the new arrival who will take his place if he drops out. Therefore though his life should not be counted dear to himself, it is dear to the work of the Lord. If through unnecessary carelessness in exposing himself to the sun or to disease, or through lack of proper precautions of health he makes it necessary to leave the field with broken health,—or dies,—the work is hindered. Paul says "so that I might finish my course with joy." Is it to God's glory to leave our course half finished? And since our lives are dedicated to Christ and belong to Him, have we any right to be unnecessarily careless of what no longer belongs to us?

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A missionary who has spent more years on his field than our mission is old recently remarked to us "I think the annual vacation of Indian missionaries, to the hills should not be optional but should be made compulsory." The same might also well be said of furloughs. The time was when in some missionary circles it was considered a lack of faith to go away to the hills during the hot season. Some said "Trust the Lord and stay through the heat." If duty calls one to stay by some work that cannot well be left, or if he is led to relieve some tired one who needs a rest more than he, then this advice is good. In such a case the safest place in the world is where God calls, irrespective of conditions. But if the object in staying be merely to show his faith in the place where he thinks others fail, he may thus be making a mistake that will mean unnecessary loss to the work.

We seriously question whether God ever intends that His servants should break down. Neither is it economy to pass the breaking point. Surely many a worker who is laid aside, had he ceased work for a while some time earlier and thus avoided the utter break of nerves and health, could after that rest have been back in his place, fresh and able to cope with the assigned task—able to "finish his course with joy." The pity of it is that the scarcity of workers and the shortage of funds sometimes seem to make such breaks necessary. But is this real economy of either money or strength or men?
May has now reached us with its blistering heat and scorching winds like the blast from a furnace. Every vestige of green grass has long since disappeared, burned dry and then devoured to the roots by flocks of lean cattle. The bare earth opens gaping cracks to heaven as though pleading for rain, and all life takes whatever refuge can be found from the terrible heat.

All missionaries who can are heeding Christ's gracious call, "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while," Few go who would not rather stay at their stations and at their work if it were wise. And the financial question is a considerable item, the added, expense of life in a hill station meaning, the sacrifice of some other things, and sometimes perplexity. But when God calls He supplies.

We trust that this hot season may be a time of real refreshing and recuperation both in spirit and body for those who are able to get away from the heat. And for those who must stay in the orphanages and institutions, which cannot be left entirely alone, we pray that they may have strength as their day.

The address by John R. Mott, part of which we publish this month describes such marvellous opportunities among students throughout the world to-day that we cannot afford to miss reading any part of it. Pages 250—252 of the address, which describe the student meetings held in India, may be of special interest to our readers. The prejudiced parents of the inquiring lad; the students hissing the name of Christ; the weary days of "siege work" in which so little is seen to encourage; and the multitude of "intellectually convinced," who agree with all that we say but do not step out—all these are so familiar and so real to us on the field.

Thank God for the open doors and hungry hearts in every land. Thank Him also for men who are willing, with such an opportunity, to preach the living Christ, and who know that "if He is but lifted up he will draw all men whether they are educated or illiterate;" men who have something better than doubts and criticisms of the Bible to give to the eager students of the East, and who hold forth to their hungry hearts bread and not a stone.
AN UNPRECEDENTED WORLD SITUATION.
BY JOHN R. MOTT, LL. D.

Report of an address at the recent Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City, Missouri.

RECENT visits to many of the principal battle-fields of the Christian Church have impressed me with the strong conviction that the forces of pure Christianity are facing an absolutely unprecedented world-situation in the non-Christian world.

It is unprecedented in point of opportunity, for there has been nothing like it in the annals of the Christian religion. There have been times when the opportunity in some one part of the world was as wonderful as now; but there never has been a time when in Far East, in Near East, in Southern Asia, in all parts of Africa, in the East Indian Island world, in many parts of Latin America, as well as Latin Europe, and Greek Europe, doors were simultaneously as wide open as they are before the forces of the Christian religion to-day.

It is unprecedented also in point of danger. This is due to the shrinkage of the world, through the greatly improved means of communication which has caused the nations and races to act and react upon each other with startling directness and power and virulence. The world has become a dangerous place in which to live and nothing save the expansion of Christianity in its purest form can make the world a safe home for man. It is not a matter of external arrangements. We must enter into and change the motive life, the ambitions, the spirit of men, and only Christianity has shown itself able to do this wonder work.

The situation is unprecedented also in point of urgency. This is true because so many nations are now in a plastic condition, and must soon become set like plaster. Shall they set in Christian moulds or in anti-Christian moulds? Christianity alone can answer that question.

More urgent than ever is the situation because of the rising tides of nationalism and of racial patriotism sweeping over the continents of the non-Christian world. Everywhere I have gone, I have become conscious of the thrill of a new life—nations coming to their own, peoples being re-born. These national and racial aspirations, if taken advantage of by Christianity, will bring unexampled victories; if not, these nations and races will become opponents and will greatly retard Christianity's peaceful ministry to the world.

The situation is more urgent than ever because of the rapid spread of the corrupt influences of so-called Western civilization.
The blush of shame has come to my cheeks as I have seen how these influences from North America and the British Isles and Germany, not to mention other countries, are eating like gangrene into the less highly organized peoples of the world.

Again, the situation is more urgent than ever because of the spread of the cancerous and leprous growths of the non-Christian civilizations that are eating with great deadliness into the very vitals of Christendom. If I were not a Christian, I would believe profoundly in Christian foreign missions, because at this time, when the world has at last found itself in its unity, no one in any part of the world can longer be indifferent as to what is taking place in other parts of the world.

The situation is also more urgent than ever because of the process of syncretism, spreading not only in the non-Christian nations, but even in our Western nations, as the result of this impact.

Triumphs of Christianity.

But, thank God, we are facing the most urgent situation the Church has ever faced because of the recent unparalleled triumphs of Christianity. Wherever I have gone, I have found a rising spiritual tide. The Christward movement among the peoples of the world is increasing not only in volume but, in many parts of the world, also in momentum. Let me give you a glimpse of some of the remarkable things I have seen with my own eyes that reveal these Christward world tendencies and movements.

Russian Contrasts.

On my first visit to Russia, about fourteen years ago, I found it impossible to gain access to the educated classes of that great empire. At that time if I had been found in a street-car with five Russian students, we would all have been subjected to arrest. Our meetings then were necessarily held in secret between midnight and four in the morning. Had I to do it over again, I would not hold even these meetings—not because of the risks I ran so much as because of the risks entailed upon the others. That year I gave only one public address in Russia, and at that meeting the spies were present on all sides and I knew it. It took me some time to decide upon a subject that would be safe for the occasion, but at last I determined upon “Secret Prayer.” Had I spoken upon anything that even suggested union with others, joining hands in friendly relations, combinations, association, propaganda, it would have ended all efforts then and there.

Now note the contrast: on my recent visit to Russia, the largest halls obtainable in the great university cities were not
able to hold the multitudes of the agnostic students. Practically all of the students are without religion, but they are the most religious students that I have met. They have a thirst to find God and to learn His truth and to experience its power. Every word of my addresses had to be spoken through interpreters—as a matter of fact, two had to take turns each night. The women students were always present with the men, and the police would not allow them to stand in the aisles, but there is a large area in the front of the stage at the Russian theatres where they were allowed to stand night after night. I shall never forget the sea of Russian faces reaching from where I stood up into the galleries, almost every one of them bearing its mark of tragedy. I say tragedy advisedly, for more Russian students commit suicide each year than in all other nations put together. I believe that it is true that the vast majority of the students of Russia have at least contemplated suicide.

On my recent visit to Russia these students not only came in great multitudes and listened with an intensity that fairly draws out one's soul, but they thronged me on every occasion, even on the street-cars. Even when there was no interpreter present, they would follow me about the streets, and would come to my hotel at hours when it had been announced that I could not receive people. They seemed to think that from me as the messenger of the Christian students of America and other countries they would find something to quench their thirst, to know the truth that sets men free.

Baron Nicolai and I left little bands of investigators of pure Christianity in all of the places we visited. In one university centre I said to the audience of students, "All who would like to follow this Christ as I have been setting Him forth come to such a hall to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock." The test was difficult, but over seven hundred students responded. I tried faithfully to put with simplicity the facts concerning Christ as the sufficient Saviour, and then I had that crushing experience of being obliged to leave those seven hundred student inquirers without any religious organization and without teachers. I had to leave these would-be investigators as sheep among wild and ravenous beasts. Such a necessity cuts off life more than any other experience.

In still more recent years, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, Miss Rouse and Baron Nicolai have had similar experiences in Russia. As a result we now have not only Bible circles in all of these Russian universities, but we have Christian student unions as well. Last May at Princeton we received into the World's Student Christian Federation the Christian Student Movement of Russia. This is
made largely of those who are still loyal to the Russian Orthodox Church. Five years ago I would have said that it was unbelievable that I should live to see the day when there would be a Christian Student Movement in Russia, holding its summer conferences, publishing its pamphlets, with four Russian secretaries and four American secretaries giving up their whole time to the leadership of these forces. All this is with the knowledge and often with the approval of the highest authorities of the government, for the statutes have been granted in several cases.

President Roosevelt sent me a letter to read to the students of Russia, and in it he made this striking statement: "No land, more than Russia, holds the fate of the coming years." I did not understand it then, but I understand it now, and I agree with him absolutely. There are one hundred and fifty millions of these people who have shown a capacity for vicarious suffering, for endurance of hardship, that has not had its parallel in any other nation. That nation is located in the belt of power, and blends in itself the strongest strains of the three strongest religions—Christianity, Judaism, and Muhammadanism. If we press our present advantage on wise lines among the tens of millions who are non-Christians in Russia and among the agnostics in the educated and ruling classes, that great nation may join us in the conquest of Asia and Africa.

**Turkey—Eighteen Years Ago and Now.**

In 1895, when I first visited Constantinople, I asked about getting access to the Muhammadan students. The missionaries said, "It is absurd for you to raise that question, for it would be dangerous—in fact, illegal—to attempt to hold assemblies of the so-called students in Turkey." When I went on shipboard to leave Constantinople, we heard the crackle of rifles shooting down the Armenians in the streets, and I was told on good authority that during the weeks I was there hundreds, if not thousands, of men had stones placed on their necks and were sunk in the Bosphorus. Why? Because they had the courage to think out loud.

A little over two years ago I went to Constantinople again. Think of the changes! I went to attend a conference of the World's Student Christian Federation in the political capital of the Muhammadan world. Representatives of Christian students came together from twenty-five nations. For five days we met in conference men from over fifty branches of Protestant Christianity, and in addition Coptic Christians, Eastern Greeks, Roman Catholics, and Russian Orthodox Christians. We did not apo-
logize for our religious positions. Constructively we set forth the meaning of Christianity and its world programme. Not only that, but each night in five or six different centres in Stamboul and Pera, the largest sections of Constantinople, and in the largest halls we could secure, in one place in German, in two places in French, in one place in English, in one place in Armenian, apologetic lectures were given by professors from America, Great Britain, and Germany. Here evangelistic appeals were also made by witnesses from all parts of the world. These halls were thronged not only with Armenians and Greeks and Christians and Jews, but with Muslims in increasing numbers.

When I was about to leave Constantinople to go into the Balkan States, a deputation waited upon me and said, “You are making a mistake not to visit Stamboul University, the largest Muhammadan university, with its eight thousand students.” I replied that if they could arrange a meeting before my train left I would go. They secured the largest hall available, and when I went down there I had a struggle to make my way to the platform with my interpreter. Every seat was taken, as were all the spaces around the wall. Many men in the audience wore green turbans, which my interpreter told me were a sign that the wearers were Muhammadan theological students. I expected difficulty, but with divine strength I set forth Christ as the only divine Saviour, and I never had a more respectful hearing.

In some respects Muhammadans put us to shame. They do not apologize for their religion, and the last thing they want us to do is to apologize for ours. Even a little girl of about six years old, in Cairo, who was asked if she were a Muhammadan, replied as quick as a flash, “Yes; thank God, I am a Muhammadan!” They never apologize, and that night in Constantinople these Muslims not only gave me respectful hearing but they even gave sympathetic attention. An hour passed, and as I held up Christ as the only Saviour, the attention was most wrapt. Finally, at nearly midnight, when I was obliged to leave, it took me nearly forty-five minutes to reach the door as men stopped me to ask most searching questions with the eager desire that characterizes a drowning man when he grasps the plank thrown to him for his rescue. They have urged us to send other lecturers and speakers, and we have been doing so year by year.

Now, it is true that there has been a reaction, but the fact remains that in nearly all parts of Turkey you are to-day free to travel, to hold conventions and great assemblies, to circulate papers and pamphlets by the thousands, and to do searching
evangelistic work. It is no doubt a good thing that we have some difficulties in Turkey. We need some opposition that will test and sift men's motives. Church history proves that Christianity advances best in the face of difficulties and it is going to advance in Turkey. That field is open; it is accessible, and it is responsive.

Changes in North Africa.

On my first visit to North Africa, I tried to find access to the Muhammadan students in Cairo, but it was impossible. But a little over two years ago when I returned and raised the same question, the government officials said, "You may hold meetings for them, but we would not advise it. It will but fan the flames of fanaticism." Some of the more conservative missionaries were amazed at our plan proposed, to secure the largest theatre in Egypt for our meetings. There was a play each night, so that we could not secure the use of the theatre for the evenings when students were free, and were obliged to content ourselves with the very unfavourable hour at the close of the afternoon. The first afternoon I went down with some misgivings, but every bit of space in the house was taken. After the first day the police and some of the British soldiers were called upon to keep order among the hundreds outside who could not gain admittance. Afternoon after afternoon I sought to set forth positively the truth as it is found in pure Christianity, without equivocation, but without making any attack upon Muhammadanism or even speaking against agnosticism. Attention was fixed upon the living Christ. On the last afternoon, when the time came to give up the theatre because of the play, I had not finished, and I saw there was very intense attention. The audience was largely composed of Muhammadan students, and unbelievers from the government colleges. I put to them a proposition like this: "Those of you who would like to believe in the deity of Jesus Christ, if you could do so with intellectual honesty, meet me at the hall of the American mission" (about half a mile away). To my amazement, when I arrived there, I found this hall filled with about six hundred students who had come in response to this invitation. We experienced one of those times when one stands face to face with the living Christ, an experience which in itself is an evidence of the living Christ. Christ not only was; He is, as much as any one living. I know this. I may have doubts on some questions, but I have had too many experiences of the power that worketh in Him, that raised Him from the dead, to have any mental reservations on this point.
Wonderful Transformation in India.

On my first visit to India, in 1895 and 1896, I spent about four months chiefly among the educated classes, and it was a great joy on leaving to be convinced that a few scattered Hindu and Muhammadan students had been led to become investigators of Christianity. Few, if any of them, had confessed Christ when I left, although I am glad to say that some were subsequently baptized. It sent a thrill of deep joy through me recently when, in one of Continuation Committee Conferences, one of the leading debaters arose and said that in one of those meetings he had come into a reasonable and vital faith in Christ. Now he is a propagator of Christianity.

Another Muhammadan student came the last day I was in the Punjab, and said, "My reason is convinced that I ought to become a Christian, and something in my heart tells me I will not have peace or purity or power until I become a Christian." I asked him why he did not become a Christian, and he replied:

"I am an only son. My father is a prominent Government official and a man of wealth. He tells me that if I become a Christian, he will disinherit me. The only time I mentioned it to my mother, she beat her head against the stone doorstep until the blood came, for she felt it would be such a disgrace if her son should become a Christian."

I had to be honest, to tell the man that there might be times when, for the sake of the truth, it becomes necessary for a man to leave father, and mother, and brothers; and to leave houses and lands; but I also pointed out the attendant promise of what blessing will come into the man's life who makes that sacrifice. That proud Muhammadan student bowed his knee for the first time to Christ; but he was right in his fears. He was cast off, and was obliged to flee to another part of India for safety. Later he was permitted to return to Lahore, and the change in his life had been so great that it influenced some of his fellow medical students to become inquirers into Christianity.

These were merely beginnings. Last year Mr. Eddy and I found a wide-open door as we went to the five university centres of Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, Lahore, and Calcutta. In every place the largest hall we could obtain was filled with students. Here were audiences of crowded ranks of Hindus, Muhammadans, Buddhists, Parsees, Jains, and followers of other non-Christian religions. Little bands of Christians were scattered among them. Every meeting was a conflict so great that each night after the siege we went away completely exhausted. In Madras it seemed at one
time as though everything was going to go against us in the great pavilion. Until a few months ago we did not know why it did not go against us. Everything had been so tempestuous, and it seemed as though all would be lost. If the name of Christ was used, it was hissed. Then all at once there came a hush over the assembly, then a deepened attention, and then a wonderful responsiveness. A few months ago, at Lake Mohonk, we learned from Mr. Isaacs what had taken place. We had seen several leave the pavilion, but supposed that it was because of their antagonism. Last summer we learned that they were Christians, who went out to give themselves to prayer. As they fell on their faces in supplication we saw the tempest stilled by Christ, as He stilled the tempest of the waves in olden days.

To-day in India we can not only gain an extended hearing for the gospel with the educated classes, but there is a response, and, in my judgment there will be an increasing response to the gospel message. It means more to be able to point even to a few baptisms of Hindus or Muslims in India than it would if a thousand agnostics in our great universities in America should come out into a reasonable faith in Christ.

Just one year ago we were at Serampore, holding a conference with students from seventy colleges from all parts of the empire. One evening at about dusk, Bishop Azariah, who had recently been consecrated the first Asiatic bishop of the Anglican communion, led down into the water of the Hugli River two Hindu students for baptism at the very spot where, one hundred years before, Carey baptized his first low-caste convert. These two students were the first fruits of the meetings conducted by Mr. Eddy and myself. All over India to-day there are not scores, not hundreds, but thousands of the educated classes who are intellectually convinced, and whose hearts are deeply moved, but who need that additional impulse which will come when the Church of the West recovers her comparatively buried talent of communion with the power of God.

I was pained, in India, to hear the president of a Christian college rise to say that he did not expect conversions in this generation from among their students, and I could hardly trust my ears when he added that the governing board at home agreed with him that they were not to expect conversions in this generation. As soon as I could get on my feet, I said, "That is not the spirit that will win conversions in the next generation." It reminded me of the young preacher who came to Spurgeon to ask why he did not have converts in his ministry. Spurgeon said, "You do not expect converts after every sermon, do you?" The young preacher replied, "Oh, no, of course I do not expect them after
AN UNPRECEDENTED WORLD SITUATION

"Yes," replied Spurgeon, "I thought so; that is just the reason why you do not get them after any sermon."

The time has come in the Indian Empire to intensify our siege work. I thank God for those who have that type of heroism that is willing to live, and, if need be, to die in doing siege work. They are as much to be envied as the men who see the walls fall. Those Japanese who did the mining and the countermining before Port Arthur as truly helped to bring in the wonderful victory as those who swept over the crest of the hill. I admire the spirit of those who are not seeking easy fields where they can count the converts in large statistics; but who will go to difficult fields where they will intensify siege work that the walls may crumble. Crumble they will; yes, they are crumbling. I would be glad to spend a life in front of these walls, even if I could never look over them.

I never go into Ceylon without wonder at that little island which sent out its hundreds and thousands of Buddhist missionaries, storming the whole of the vast Asiatic coast, in a wonderful propaganda which has resulted in making more Buddhists than there are followers of any other religion. Ceylon and Burma are to this day the great citadels of Buddhism in its most aggressive form.

When we were in Colombo the largest hall was crowded with students night after night. Some twenty baptisms have already resulted from the inquirers enlisted during those meetings. In Rangoon, Burma, I could hardly believe my eyes as I witnessed the marvellous response we met among Buddhist students. It reminded me of the thrill that must have come to Judson in the years of his siege work when he won his first convert. Everything I saw there and elsewhere has been made possible by the work of men like Judson and other unnamed missionaries. You cannot have reaping unless there has been seed-sowing and weeding and watering and nurturing, unless the sun has been shining with light and warmth from Christ-like lives. Then you may put in your sickle with great confidence. Missionaries make these things possible.

(To be concluded.)

"Time has brought forth two giants, Opportunity and Responsibility. Our risk is not so much that we shall not see the signs of the time, as that we shall not feel their force and read their lesson."—Dr. Pierson.
COME boys and girls, gather about your “Uncle’s” knee and in imagination visit with me a market in India. And if when you have read what I want to tell you, you are tempted to say, “But what has that to do with being a missionary?” just turn back and read again, between the lines, and see if you can not find the call to help with all your might to get the gospel into the market herein described and into the homes for miles and miles around that market, and all the markets of India.

First, let me tell you that bazaar or market day is the big day of the week to boys and girls who are permitted to attend it and to grown-ups, too, in India. And if men and women here were to tell you of the days of childhood that stand out clearly in memory as something marked and special, one of the things they would tell you about would be their first visit to a big market town. It meant as much to them, and more, than it did to you to visit for the first time a fair or a menagerie or a holiday celebration.

Just that we may make it a little more real, let us suppose that we are Hindoos and that we live twenty miles from a big bazaar in a dusty little village on the plains of Berar. We want to go to the market. We have wanted to go for many a day because our playmates who have been more fortunate than we have told us with wonderful enthusiasm what they saw and our desire is whetted to the keenest of edges. Well, at last father says we may go. We are up bright and early so as to be ready when the bullock cart is hitched and father calls us. The cart is springless and jerky and the roads are rough and dusty and the sun is blazing hot long before the twenty miles are behind us but, never mind—anticipation of good things to come has nerved people big and little to do harder things than this.

The bullocks jerk us along at a lively rate and if they do show any signs of laziness father twits their tails and gives a sharp word of command and off they go, faster than ever. Many a grain field is passed and we see farmers working and we wonder how anyone can be content to stay at home and work in the fields on market day—forgetting that some must always stay at home and work while others go for holidays, and that we have often stayed while others went. But all nature seems to be taking a holiday to-day and joins in the gladness of our own young
hearts. At first we notice everything, and if we were not Hindoo children we would ask questions without number. But since we are Hindoo children we just keep still and look. One by one the miles of dusty road drop behind us and by and by the big smoke stacks of the cotton gins can be seen and we know that we are nearing the town where the market is held. It is about noon and there are now many other carts before us and behind us and with every converging road the number increases.

Now we are actually in the town and the streets are alive with people, men and women and boys and girls. What a variety of colour! Turbans red, white, yellow, purple, green and other colours; and many coats of many colours, and dresses with wonderful borders. Boys wearing bright velvet caps with stars of silver and flowers of gold; other boys with only a few folds of a worn and faded remnant of what was once a turban; still others with no turban and not much else for clothing.

Father skillfully guides our good bullocks through the maze of carts and people to a place in the market where he can unhitch them, and then gives them some fodder which has served us as springs for the cart in our journey. This they eat and then lie down for rest. Meanwhile we have continued to look around and after a lunch which we are too excited to eat well, we start with father to see our first bazaar.

There are long rows of booths or tents and under them are the various kinds of shopkeepers. There are the cloth-merchants who are ready to supply us with any or all of the colours we have been admiring on the crowds of people. Then there are the ones who sell bangles and they vie with the cloth-merchants in the number and brightness of the colours they can produce in glass wristlets or armlets. Great piles of wheat and rice and jwari and golden gram are spread in the open light and their colour is not to be despised in counting up the lights and shadows of this great market place. Then the green of the vegetable quarter takes our eye and coming closer our mouths water at the sight of oranges and onions, bananas and beans, carrots and cabbages, melons and mangoes, potatoes and pomegranates, etc., etc., etc. In dry and thirsty India anything green or juicy is attractive and finds a ready market. And then there are the candy or sweet-meat booths and Oh, what attractions are there! If we were not Hindoos we would have to be told the names of the kinds of sweets but we are Hindoos just now, so we know that even if we cannot tell all the names of the good things they are made of good cane sugar and milk and cream, and that is enough. The yellow galabies look fine enough for kings to surfeit on and the cubes of burpha are almost too much to resist. No candy here
painted with shellac to fool the public with a fraudulent chocolate; no arsenic mixtures for the sake of variety and appearance. Of course there are myriads of flies, and the dust flies, too, and gets on the bazaar sweets but it can all be seen. It is not hidden and the sweets are not counterfeit. But enough of that.

There is the medicine man hawking drugs that will cure all ills that ever attack the human body—the quack here cries his wares and sells them to the credulous crowds and is in no danger of being arrested and locked up. Happily most of his medicines are harmless and are hardly more than a little added colour in this great colour loving crowd.

But what is this big ring of people looking at? Pressing our way up we manage to look within and there we see a snake charmer going through many mysterious motions, all of which are of course necessary to charm either the big cobra on the ground before him or the crowd that makes the big wheel around him, of which he is himself the hub. At another place we find a man with a tame bear with which he wrestles and always manages to break hold, just when the climax would be reached and either he or the bear would fall and end the interest which draws the coppers from the people's cash belts.

We can take time merely to mention the notion displays, which correspond in India to the five and ten cent stores in America and where anything from knives that will cut all things soft and locks that will almost pick themselves and toys and gay caps and mirrors and scent bottles and nails and needles and—and—ad infinitum can be had for a few pieces of copper. We look and feast upon the variety until we have a feeling almost like we would have if we had bought the things we want.

Now we come to the copper and brass vessels, shining in the bright sun and adding their not-to-be-despised share to the sum total of colour. There are vessels in which to cook and vessels from which to eat and drink; vessels useful and vessels only ornamental, but all pretty to our India taught eyes.

Here are baskets filled with betel leaves and there are piles of areca nuts; and then the spice booths with dozens of wonderful little cloth bages, containing anything and everything that is bity or astringent.

In our rounds through the crowd we find many varieties of the everywhere present beggar. Here on the ground is a man lying on his back, with his unprotected face to the glaring afternoon sun, beating his breast vehemently while he cries with desperate earnestness to the heedless crowds that pass him by, "Give, give; give to the poor; give, give; give to the poor." An-
other man whose mind is gone and whose little brute-like eyes peer from the depths of his unkempt head, carries a needless burden of old rags and tin cans and other miscellaneous articles through the merciless heat and holds out a begging bowl to all who will look his way. Still another man with his almost nude body daubed with ashes poses before the people as a holy man and claims sustenance at their hands. But his face belies his profession and does not deceive the wise. And then there are the blind and the lepers, sitting or crawling or being led and piteously asking for their small and hard-earned share of alms, from the heartless multitude. And the aggregate effect of all this is a dash of dark on our bright coloured picture. In strange inconsistency with all this, we see three or four sleek cows complacently meandering up and down the improvised streets of the market place and now and again helping themselves to a big mouthful of grain or potatoes or some other choice bit, passing on when protested against, to try, and generally succeed, at other stalls.

Off to the side, so as not to be too offensive to the vegetarian caste people, are the butchers and fishmongers. Boys and girls from the West would say, “No wonder they are kept off at the side!”

From one scene to another we pass and see the sights and hear the sounds of this great market place. The thousands of voices heard in driving bargains, and crying wares, and scolding in angry protest, and laughing at some light gossip, get into our ears and on our minds and we can hear them always, whenever we want to, after that first visit, by just closing our eyes and—remembering. There are many things that might be mentioned still, besides what we have noticed, but it is time to go now. We climb into the cart and the faithful bullocks begin the journey homeward and we are off to the quiet country and away from the big bazaar. Some other time, perhaps, we may tell of other phases of this scene. Until then let us say, Salaam.

KAPPA.

INTEREST IN MISSIONS.

“I cannot get interested in missions,” exclaimed a petulant young lady. “No, dear,” said her aunt, you can hardly expect to. It is just like getting interest in a bank; you have to put in a little something first. And the more you put in—time, or money, or prayer—the more the interest grows. But something you must put in, or you will never have any interest. Try it and see.”

—The Bible in the World.
INTERESTED ONES AT DHOLKA.

BY J. N. CULVER.

After our return from the hills the necessary preparations for touring were speedily made, and in a few days we had the precious privilege again of preaching among the heathen in the district the "Unsearchable riches of Christ." One of the first signs of the Lord's working was in a meeting we were conducting among the Chamars (tanner caste) in a village about eight miles from here. There were about a hundred people present and they seemed touched, and at the close of the meeting nine or ten men raised their hands, thus expressing their desire to be saved. We had hoped to return to this village in a few days but were hindered.

In another village while holding a meeting among the high caste people, a Bhagat (true worshipper) jumped up and said he was ready to be saved. At first we thought that he was merely making fun, but he proved to be in earnest. There were about fifty present and at his confession of his need of a Saviour they began to jeer. But he did not waver, and they soon ceased jeering and dispersed. As they were leaving a very intelligent looking man came and stood by the side of this Bhagat and listened while we explained more fully salvation through the Blood of Christ. He treated us kindly and later brought us some nice food. We knew by his attitude toward us that he also was touched. As we left the village we learned that he was the headman of the place.

Rejoicing over the way God was blessing us, we hoped to return to this village also soon to encourage those who were interested, but Satan hindered in an unexpected way, stopping the work in the distant villages for days. One morning the young man who cared for our horse, after hitching up, carelessly let the lines drop down under the horse's hind feet. This frightened the animal so that he jumped suddenly, tearing the bridle from the young man's hand, and threw him down breaking his collar bone. He then ran away, tore himself loose from the cart and dashed through a barbed wire fence cutting himself in twenty-six places and tearing the harness to pieces. Fortunately no damage was done to the cart. After catching the horse and putting him in the stable I began to mend the harness, which took me over a day and a-half.

I was afraid to hitch the horse to the cart immediately lest he run away again, so hitched him to a drag. This time, hearing the drag behind him he snapped the bit and ran away dashing through the barbed wire again and tearing the harness to
INTERESTED ONES AT DHOLKA

Pieces the second time. These unfortunate accidents made it impossible for us to visit the more distant villages where the people were interested.

Then we turned our attention to the near villages and especially to the 15,000 people here in Dholka right at our doors. We have been holding special meetings in the public market place and much interest has been manifested. Some times we have a crowd of two hundred people listening to the gospel. A young Brahmin twenty-two years of age is now very much interested and often comes out to see me and to receive more light from the Word of God. One day he sat with me for over three hours while I explained God’s wonderful plan of redemption, and before he left we knelt and had prayer together. The last time I met him he told me that he prays morning and night and often reads the Bible to his friends when he has opportunity. He has not openly confessed Christ, but when he does he will be met with a dreadful storm of persecution, and it will take the power of God to keep him from going back. Do pray earnestly for him that he will come out boldly for Christ and be a bright light in this dark place.

Besides the above mentioned ones there are others in this district who are very near the kingdom. This is written with the earnest desire that the readers of the India Alliance will make the subjects of this article the objects of their fervent prayers daily until God has accomplished that which He has begun in this district.

THE MISSIONARY CALL.

It is notorious that some men have deluded themselves into a belief that they had a call to foreign service because no church at home would have them. The man who fails in England, America, or Germany, is a thousand times a greater failure on the Mission-field. If he cannot sow and reap in his own country, he cannot in China, Africa, India, or New Guinea. Then, a man may be an orientalist, according to notions which prevail, say, at Oxford, to give him the hall-mark of respectable scholarship; but what is he at the end of it? If a man knows thirteen languages, but is unable to speak a single sentence of common-sense in any of the thirteen, then his place is not in the Mission-field but in a Museum, where he can spell out epigraphs or read inscriptions on ancient coins.—William Robinson, in “Temple Shrine and Lotus Pool.”
AKOLA SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY W. MOYSER.

RECENTLY our Sunday-school Superintendent gave his quarterly report and our hearts rejoiced as we heard the report for six outside Sunday-schools. These are all held in different towns and villages about Akola and are led by volunteer Christian workers. The report told of some difficulties such as persecution by high caste men, opposition by some of the headmen of the villages, the punishment of the boys who attend our classes by the public school masters (heathen of course), and the indifference of parents. But in spite of this there was in it a tone of praise. During the past three months in these Sunday-schools a total of 2,655 persons have heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, and many of the young people have committed quite a number of Scripture verses to memory.

We were also told of what a great help old Sunday-school picture cards and picture postcards had been in getting the children to learn verses. We have given all of our old cards away. If any of our readers at home will donate us a bundle of such picture cards for the work, they will be greatly appreciated. We can use thousands of them. They may be sent either directly to the Superintendent or to me and I shall see that he gets them.

The Sunday-school Superintendent's address is:
Mr. Kanwadi Swami, M. E.,
Mission Workshop,
Akola, Berar, India.

AN EXPLANATION TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

HE Business Manager has had some inquiries from persons who have given subscriptions for the India Alliance to missionaries at home on furlough but have not received the paper for some time and consequently fear that their money has gone astray or that their subscription has not been duly registered.

We would ask all such friends to kindly consider that if the subscription is mailed immediately it will take one month to reach here, but if, as is often the case, the missionary to whom it has been given waits until he or she has several subscriptions in hand before forwarding the names, in order to save postage, etc., it may be six weeks before the subscription reaches our office. Then sometimes subscriptions arrive just after the paper has been published, which necessitates another month's delay, as the India Alliance is published monthly; or perhaps even six weeks.
delay, as the mailing list must be sent to the printer for monthl
alterations a number of days before the date of publication fc
the printer always has several irons in the fire, and things mov
more slowly in India than America. The India Alliance is no
rich enough to have a printing press of its own, and print an
publish at will, but has to abide the convenience of the printe
who is several hundred miles from either Business Manager c
Editor. Then after all this it takes another month for the pape
to reach America.

Therefore please make allowance for unavoidable delay, an
do not be surprised or disappointed if even four months shoul:
elapse after sending in your subscription and before receiving th
paper. We regret all delay and seek to avoid it. However, if suc
time elapses we do not count it on your subscription. Carefu
examination of the wrapper of the paper will show that w
count the subscription as beginning with the first numbe
actually sent out.

In such things as this friends in the homeland have at
opportunity of exercising some of the patience that we have to
exercise at all times in this land where things move slowly.

POLITE FORM IN INDIAN CORRESPONDENCE.

In a Marathi educational book in common use we recently
found the correct form for a married woman to use in
writing a letter to her husband. The full form is doubt-
less seldom used, but it is given as the standard and ideal. Pu
into English as near literally as possible it reads as follows:—
"To my very dear and possessed-of-all-the-most-excellent-
virtues Husband, (his name and address); from your devoted
servant, the half-share-holder of your merit and the happy
enjoyer of the state of wifehood, (her name and address.)"
"I am at my Lord's feet! Reverential solutation! I beg
to inform you that we, here, have reached the present day
(date) in happiness. Remembering your feet I am in peace.
Your letter of the (date) arrived, and seeing it I was pleased."
The husband's formula for answering is more direct in
the use of adjectives. He merely addresses her as—
"My diamond adorned woman, who hast the excellent and
blessed fortune of possessing a living husband."
And at the close he says. "Thou hast my blessing."
WHAT WE SAW IN GUJARAT.

BY K. D. G.

HAVING had a long-distance acquaintance with the Alliance work in Gujarat for some years, we had never really seen it for ourselves until recently. If I try to describe what we will it be for the benefit of those who like ourselves are interested in the work but have never seen it.

A railway journey of almost two whole days and a night took us from Chandur to Mehmedabad, the southernmost point our work in Gujarat. After 450 miles in third class compartments on slow trains and in hot weather the sight of Mr. Turnbull at the station to meet us was a welcome one. Most of the Gujarati Missionaries have this hard trip every year at our annual convention time.

The mission house at Mehmedabad is only about five hundred yards from the railway station. Shade trees planted plentifully round the bungalow, which stands in the center, give the compound an air of rest and quietness. To the left is a small bungalow, built during famine days to provide work for the starving people. It is occupied now by Miss Hansen. Over to the right is the Church, a large roomy building, which was begun during the famine by Mr. Woodward, and was designed to accommodate an audience which at that time numbered about five hundred. Mr. Woodward died after laying the foundation, and the building was completed by his successors. The interest of many ceased with the ceasing of the famine, but many of those converted at that time have stood true, and still meet here for worship.

All of the buildings in the compound are kept spick and span. By mixing a certain quality of black loam with the whitewash a nice grey color is obtained, which trimmed with white makes a clean, tasteful and cheap covering.

We were glad to see Mrs. Turnbull up and about after her serious illness, though she still tottered a bit as she walked. The time spent in their tasteful and well regulated home was much appreciated.

The next morning Mr. Turnbull drove us out about three miles to a village where a new primary school has recently been opened for low caste children. We stopped in the village to visit the government school. The masters were very kind. There were a few girls sprinkled among the boys, many of whom seemed bright and many quite otherwise. These were the "caste children," and the low caste—or literally outcastes—were not allowed to enter the doors, though the Government makes no restriction as to who shall attend. We were unable to see any-
thing about these children that would make even an Indian consider them superior to the lower caste. Some were unkempt and dirty, and some almost naked, but all rejoiced in a superiority by birth which no amount of dirt or inferiority in character can annul.

We found the mission school seated on the veranda of the teachers' one-room house. Twenty-one scholars of all kinds and assortments, ragged and well dressed, large and small greeted us as we arrived. Seeing the sahiabs the ever present Indian crowd gathered. This time it was composed of the heathen parents who seemed quite proud of their children's ability to recite verses from the Christian Scriptures. Mr. Turnbull told us that before this school was started there was no much interest among these people. There seems to be a good deal now. This school was opened only six weeks before our visit but the children had made a good start in their secular studies. They sang a couple of Christian hymns, making up in vigour what they lacked in ability to keep the tune, the parents also trying to join in. The scholars in turn repeated all the golden texts of the International Sunday School lessons since January 1st giving chapter and verse; and one wee tot who could pretty well hide himself—all but eyes and ears—behind his slate, stood up and repeated all of the ten commandments. There did not seem room in his entire body to store away so much information, and we were reminded of a juggler whom we once saw in a bazaar, bringing yard upon yard of colored string from an apparently empty mouth, much to the delight of the spectators.

In such a village school everything depends on the character of the teacher. He lives amongst the people, has Sunday School with the boys and girls every Sunday morning and a service with their parents on Sunday evening. He comes to be looked upon as their friend and adviser and arbiter in their disputes. To break down prejudice and win results in the long run we doubt whether anything is ahead of the primary village schools, provided local conditions make their use feasible, and a godly man can be procured as teacher.

Returning from the village school we stopped at "Hebron," the new Christian farm colony. Ten good sized rooms are under construction and are to be occupied by five Christian families, each of which will have a living room, a small cook room, and another room where bullocks and animals may be kept during the rainy months. The plan is to provide each family, which must be of unquestioned integrity, a home, with about three acres of land, and to advance money to purchase a pair of bullocks and the necessary farm implements. They are to pay the taxes on the
land and to pay back the money loaned as soon as possible. Of course the expense of founding this colony has been borne by interested parties quite apart from mission funds. We met four of the families which are going to settle there. The men are middle aged and steady—converted, not "born christians." They were converted in the days of Mr. Woodward’s ministry at Mehmedabad and have stood true in spite of much persecution.

That night we went with Mr. Turnbull and a catechist to the low-caste quarter of Mehmedabad city, near where another primary school is conducted. Some twenty school boys and fifty or more men gathered under a pavilion which they have built for their evening gatherings. Hymns were sung vociferously—lined off by the catechist and school teacher and yelled after them without tune by the company. Mr. Turnbull and the catechist both spoke and the people listened not only well and politely but intelligently and with evident conviction. There is a candidate for baptism in that place. The work at Mehmedabad is carried on largely among these down-trodden low-caste people, as they are the ones who hear gladly and respond.

Mr. Turnbull now has nine catechists working in that district, of whom seven are in out-stations. Besides these there are three primary village school teachers, and another one supported by the Kaira Missionaries. Miss Hansen also has a Bible woman, making a total of fourteen native Christian workers. These have a field of 68 villages with a population of 75,000 souls.

There is an organized church at Mehmedabad with about 115 on the roll last year. The five day-schools have 64 children enrolled, and six Sunday-schools have 115 scholars in attendance. There has been an increase in some of these figures since they were recorded last year. There were seven baptisms in Mehmedabad last year, and six more recently, and there are twelve or more enquirers giving promise of soon being ready for baptism. The primary schools work is only two years old now, and the results cannot be tabulated, but they are yet to be heard from.

(To be continued.)

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

AKOLA. For God’s gracious provision for our hot weather vacation.

For exceptionally well attended and good meetings at the church and bungalow and outside.

For a number of people in the surrounding villages who are attending meetings and learning scripture verses.
PRAYER AND PRAISE

AHMEDABAD. For baptism of seven men last month.
BOMBAY. For souls saved in the union tent meetings led by Mr. Fuller and others.

PRAYER.

AHMEDABAD. For provision for the building of a much needed outstation.
For a spiritual stir up among the Christian people here.
For a number of inquirers who for various reasons are halting.
CHANDUR. For two enquirers who wish to be baptised but keep putting off the step.
CHALISGAON. For an interested couple who are asking for baptism.
For the people of the 134 villager of this county.
MEHMEDABAD. For a young village christian who has become violently insane, so that it was necessary to send him to the Government asylum in Ahmedabad.
PACHORA. For water in the well being dug on the mission compound.

ITEMS.

Miss K. Williams has been appointed to take charge of the Lanouli home until the October Convention. Miss Rollier has also been stationed there for language study.

The building site belonging to the Alliance Mission in Buldana has been sold, along with our bungalow there to the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene Mission. Hereby the Alliance has given up a fruitful field, which we have occupied for many years. But it was felt that since the other mission had located there permanently we had better withdraw and strengthen our work nearer the centre, and if possible press into regions near our central stations still unoccupied by any workers.

Mr. Cox is deepening the well at Pachora in hopes of finding water before the rains set in and stop the work. All water is at present being carried from a great distance.

The following persons have been granted furlough—Miss Compton, Mrs. Erickson, Miss Case, Miss McAuley, Mr. and Mrs. Culver. Sailing dates have not been announced, but all will sail as soon as the journey can be undertaken and arranged for.

Later. Some of the friends are to sail via. the Pacific on May 6th.
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

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

AMRAoti
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

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. Auernheimer

MURTIZAPUR
Mr. L. Cutler

KHANDESH

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

BODWAD (P. O. Naragam)
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. 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 (Poona District.)
Mrs. V. Erickson & Miss E. Cj
Miss K. P. Williams

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. Ramsay

Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Miss E. Wells

Mrs. J. Moodie
Miss M. Woolworth

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