"Oh for a passionate passion for souls!
Oh for a pity that yearns!
Oh for a love that loves unto death!
Oh for a fire that burns!
Oh for a prayer-power that prevails,
That pours itself out for the lost,
Victorious prayer in the Conqueror's name,
Oh for a Pentecost!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."
James vi. 16.

CONVINCED VS. CONVICTED.

We venture to quote again a sentence by Dr. Mott, which we published last month:—

"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."

Every missionary knows this to be abundantly true. One meets them everywhere. In almost any town where are native government officials, usually one of them at least will prove to be a graduate of some Christian school. Recently a kindness shown us by a minor government servant at our station opened the way for conversation, in which he informed us that he had taken prizes in Bible study in a Christian college. When we
pressed upon him the claims of Christ he grew uneasy and abashed, and was soon silenced, showing that he knew what he should do, but was unwilling. Some time before that we had met the official next above him—the district excise officer—who is also a graduate of a Christian college, and a man of some culture. Both are still Hindus, and both in the employ of government for the “regulation” (!) of the liquor traffic. We could also mention several others of our acquaintance who are in similar condition. Year by year it becomes easier for them to offer excuses for their position, and year by year their contact with Godless foreigners and the hardening influences of their business make it less and less likely that they will ever step out for Christ. Probably they will go on as they already have for years, convinced, and uncomfortable, but unyielding, to finally bring upon themselves the greater condemnation of those who have greater light.

Herein lies the problem that faces us in India to-day. What is to be done about these “intellectually convinced?”

The great need is conviction. The standard Dictionary differentiates between the words thus:

“One is convinced of a doctrine or duty, convicted of a sin or crime. One is convinced by argument or evidence addressed to the intellect.”

The hue and cry of the day is for education. No mission is considered complete without its college. The hope, of course, being that through this instrumentality many from the educated classes will be influenced for Christianity. So argument and evidence have been heaped upon the intellect, and the result—converted but not convicted. Indeed, if we hold light ideas of sin, of what are persons to be convicted? Much the same condition prevails in village work. In nearly every place where the gospel is preached are some who welcome the message and give up idolatry, but who always dodge the main issue and refuse to follow Christ openly. What can be the reason except that though convinced they still lack conviction of sin?
One is reminded of the old-fashioned idea of "conviction," as a pungent something that grips one like a vise and makes him miserable past description; a sort of mental nausea which makes him willing to die if he could thereby rid himself of his wretched condition. It inspires the genuine cry "O, wretched man that I am," and calls for speedy deliverance or a quick and merciful death. When the realization of how he has outraged a holy God breaks upon a human soul, be he Indian or Anglo-Saxon or Stoic, he cannot avoid mental anguish. Those of us to whom conviction of sin came in this old fashioned way thank God to-day for the same.

True it is that an emotional experience is not a necessary concomitant of salvation. All men have already been convicted by the Scripture, which proves them guilty before God irrespective of their feeling in the matter. Our great problem then, is now to awaken them to the consciousness of guilt. This task is beyond the power of man's methods, for it is the mission of the Holy Spirit. Man may convince, but God, the Judge, must convict, and the Holy Spirit must make the soul conscious of its guilt.

Is our responsibility at an end, then, when we have convinced man's intellect? Should we, while so many convinced ones remain unconverted congratulate ourselves on the "spread of Christian thought"? Nay, The fact is not a cause for self-congratulation but for alarm. We do not hesitate to say that the real lack is the lack of prevailing prayer. We are faced in India to-day by two tremendous possibilities—two alternatives. Either these thousands of convinced ones will be swept into the kingdom, now, in this generation, or they will go to a doom the more terrible because knowing their Lord's will they do it not. If the latter is the case, the result of missionary effort, so far as they are concerned, will be to have increased their responsibility, making more awful their condemnation. To them the gospel is fast becoming a "savour of death unto death."

For this, of course, they are individually responsible. But we also are responsible in such measure as there is possibility in
prayer to bring about conviction in the hearts of men. Surely we need not try to prove here that conviction does come through prayer. It is a matter of common knowledge to all who believe in prayer.

Dear friends, you need no longer pray for India as a whole to be opened to the gospel. It is open. And while you pray for "more labourers" remember that there is to-day a desperate need which seems even greater than that of more workers—the need of a visitation of conviction upon the intellectually convinced. Only the earnest prayers of God's people—"the unearthing of the comparatively buried talent of communion with the power of God"—will avail. It is easier to give money to missions than to be an intercessor. It is easier to do almost anything else than to pray the prayer that will avail; the prayer that will make the difference between the salvation and condemnation of these thousands in India, Will you be one to intercede?

SOLVING FINANCIAL PROBLEMS THROUGH PRAYER.

The recent solution, through prayer, of the financial difficulties of two great missionary organizations—the Church Missionary Society and the China Inland Mission—demonstrates, no less than the Student Volunteer Convention, the wisdom of drawing on the boundless resources of God, instead of trusting in the devices of man.

During the past five years the Church Missionary Society has been accumulating a debt which last year amounted to $370,000. Dismayed by the vast proportions it was assuming, a conference was held at Swanwick, England, to carefully investigate the matter and decide what to do. Not only the officers and leaders of the Society were invited, but all who had the interests of it's work at heart. At the conference more time was devoted to prayer than to plans and methods. Note the result. Before the end of the year the entire debt had been wiped out and nearly $100,000 had been added to the permanent income of the Society! Instead of retrenchment all along the line that had seemed the only way out, great enlargement has now become possible.

At the close of 1912, the China Inland Mission found itself in sore financial straits. The income had been the smallest in sixteen years, and only by shaving salaries and postponing
furloughs was heavy debt avoided. But true to it's practise of asking God, not man, for funds, the China Inland Mission betook itself to prayer. Ere long a gift of $50,000 from a living giver and a legacy of $250,000 from the estate of Mr. William Borden came to their relief, and enabled them to enter upon the advance movements that had been planned.

In "China's New Day," Doctor Isaac Taylor Headland tells of seeing an old blind woman sitting on the bare ground in the cornfield on a cold winter day, feeling about her if by chance she might find a few weeds or cornstalks to light a fire under her brick bed and cook her morsel of bread, oblivious of the fact that just beneath her was a great undeveloped coal-mine!

What a picture this is of missionary organizations, great and small, laborously gathering odds and ends of money, when by drawing on the boundless resources of God they might have enough and to spare.


WHAT WE SAW IN GUJARAT II—MATAR,
K. D. G.

The seasons in Gujarat being later than in Berar, it was still cool enough for some of the friends to be on tour. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were in camp, and we were glad to be able to see some district work. A drive of eight miles from Mehadabad brought us to their camp. The greater part of the way was over a splendid Government road. Enormous banyan trees formed an arch over the road, affording protection from the sun, which gets hot very early. Innumerable longtailed, blackfaced monkeys lined the roadside, the old patriarchs sitting with the solemn-faced, abstracted gage into space with which they pretend to ignore the approach of human beings; and numerous small ones, replicas of the large ones in every thing but dignity, swung from their mothers' tails or played tag about the trees. These monkeys are considered sacred, but are a great pest, destroying crops and doing much damage to tile roofs.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton gave us a warm welcome. Our quarters while there were in the “prayer tent,” a small tent which they pitch at the edge of the camp, where one can always find quietness for prayer or Bible study, and where inquirers may be dealt with. A splendid idea, that prayer tent.

That evening Mr. Hamilton and I drove out by moonlight to a village where he had a meeting in the dherd (low caste) quarter. Again the people listened intelligently and with evident conviction of the truth of the message. The Gujarati
districts being smaller and the number of available native workers greater, it has been possible to more nearly evangelize certain sections of them than in places where the conditions are different. Remembering how long it took us to yield to God, even while we lived in a Christian land hearing the gospel week by week, why should we expect a heathen man to be any more speedy to repent than we were? Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have spent many years of faithful work among these villages, and now in many places the gospel is no longer something new and novel but has become familiar. Therefore the preaching can in many places take the form of urging upon souls what they already understand to be their duty. The harvest is beginning in Matar taluka (county) and we all thank God.

A characteristic of the village people in Gujarat is that they seem much freer than the Marathi people. It is quite usual to see the low caste women listening to the gospel message along with the men, a condition which is most rare among the more conservative Marathis. Doubtless this freedom too is a result of growing familiarity with the gospel. Here everyone seemed cordial and glad to see the missionaries, whom they regard as their friends, and whom they affectionately call “Mama,” and “Papa.” The little boys along the roadside greet one “Peace be to you, Papa,” with evident good will. The Gujarati roads being level and for the most part sandy, the missionaries usually use a horse and light gig to get about among the villages, instead of the heavier tonga and bullocks which the Berar roads require.

Saturday morning we were off again to a small village where were two candidates for baptism. They with a few others gave very careful attention for half-an-hour as the earnest exhortation was given. Then we were off to another village. Here we saw two Christian families, staunch converts of the first famine days, who have stood for many years amid persecution. They are now farmers of independent means, and live right among the other village people who respect them. We were glad to see this for instead of fostering the spirit of Christian people being a caste to themselves it brings the Christian testimony constantly before the Hindu neighbours, and will bear fruit. The son in one family was baptised while we were there. He was doubtless already recorded as a “Christian” in the census returns, as are many others who simply are born into the “Christian caste,” but he now took the step which meant to him a distinct crisis in his spiritual life. He attends our mission primary school in another village, and is the pride of his father and mother, whose faces were beaming at the time of his baptism.
Our great day in Matar was Sunday. Early in the morning the Christian people began to come to the camp. It was the first real "camp meeting" we have seen in India. They came from some thirteen villages, greeting each other joyfully as they arrived. By ten o'clock 101 persons were present. They sat in rows right on the ground under a large tree, and the singing was most inspiring. We had the privilege of speaking briefly, and then Mr. Hamilton preached. At the end of the service we noticed that the collection given by these poor villagers contained more silver than copper. They are building a church for themselves near the camp, having raised about 200 rupees ($67) among themselves, and are doing most of the work. In another corner of the county also they have raised 65 rupees, and another smaller church building is now begun.

At about noon the meeting adjourned to the river where we rejoiced to see twelve persons follow the Lord in baptism, each publicly affirming his faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour. This was no mass movement, but hand picked fruit from five different villages. Two of the women baptised told us, upon inquiry, that they had been Christians for fifteen years but were only now baptised. A man standing by explained that the "sahib had been improving them for fifteen years." And that almost expresses it. They have heard the gospel preached since the first famine days, but not until now have their lives given proof that they were following Christ. The probability is that all of those who were baptised that day will remain true, for they had been carefully sifted and tested.

It was not until some days later that we visited the Matar Mission Bungalow. It is a cosy little place a few miles from Kaira, and situated right out in the open country, as conveniently possible for the work among the 90 villages of Matar county. This station being quite rural offers no incentive for people to flock to the mission house to obtain work or support or some favour. The converts are entirely independent of the mission in temporal things, living in their own villages. In this one regard this impressed us as the healthiest plant we have seen.

Last year's report for Matar shows an organized church assembly of 95 members. There were five native workers with four outstations, three day schools with 32 students and two Sunday Schools with 30 enrolled. Of the twenty candidates for baptism these twelve have been baptised. There were also 50 children of Christian parents, who will doubtless all be baptised some day.

One thing which we noticed with delight was that at the Sunday service out in the jungle, the two front rows were com-
posed of the heathen boys from the three day schools. They knew the Christian hymns, and all showed a spirit of reverence during prayer which surprised us. I think I have never seen children better behaved in service, either in a Christian or heathen land. Imagine if you can the result that all this is going to have upon those bright eyed boys. Hindus, and from Hindu homes, they mingle with the Christians and bow reverently in prayer to the Christians' God. They watched with interest the baptismal service, and since they feel themselves to be one in heart with the company they acted as though they too felt the thrill of joy at Christ's triumph in the service. Indeed, one of the boys cried bitterly because he could not be baptised too. He said he believed that Jesus saved him, why then must he be denied baptism? But as he is only a boy and his father is not yet willing for him to be baptised it was necessary to let him wait a few years.

There surely is going to be a glorious harvest soon in Matar if we are true in prayer for these people. In fact, it has already begun. Let us pray that Satan may not hinder those others who are ready or almost ready to take the step.

We must not close this article without expressing ourselves as to the blessing which we received through the life of prayer which Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton live. It was a privilege and a benediction to be with them.

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THE LIGHTENING OF A GREAT DARKNESS.

BY C. RUTHERFORD.

Recently while on an itinerating tour we went into a tobacco field where women were at work. Taking advantage of their friendliness we sat down amongst the plants, and one of them commenced a conversation of interest.

"Last year," she said, "my boy had a very bad case of small-pox, and I did not expect him to recover. My neighbour suggested that if I poured water over certain idols my child would recover. Another suggested that I go and make a vow to a certain idol. I did not act upon their advice, but prayed to Jesus Christ. I worshipped Him, and asked Him to heal my child."

"How did you know about Jesus Christ and His power to heal the sick"? we asked. The reply was a surprise. "You were both at my house three times last year, and you told me that He could heal the sick. So I tried Him and
He did heal my boy. Here he is, look at him."

At another time as we entered a small courtyard in a little village in our district, our attention was drawn to an old woman, seated on the ground sewing some covering for her body at night. Her long, hoary locks hung loosely about her shoulders, and her face was drawn and wrinkled. She bade us be seated beside her, and we found ourselves talking to one who had seen ten decades—five generations; one whose long life had been spent in darkness, and in whom was no light, no peace and no hope of eternal life. Our hearts were saddened at the thought of her years spent in darkness and sin. In her desire for peace and salvation she was about to undertake a journey of three weeks on foot to Pandrapur, hoping thereby to gain salvation before she died.

We advised her not to go, thus opening a talk which brought light into the dense darkness of her soul. Her needle dropped from her long, bony fingers, and her small, shrewd eyes followed the speaker as he told her and those sitting about her of the love of Jesus, and of His sacrificial death upon the cross; and how salvation is not obtained by long pilgrimages but can be obtained by acceptance as a free gift from Jesus Christ. Slowly and clearly was the gospel story told to this hungry soul. Suddenly the light began to dawn upon her, and with surprising intelligence she grasped the fact that salvation comes only through Christ, and that He is a Person, who loved even her and cared for her.

Clasping her hands to her bosom she exclaimed in the presence of the people—some of her own household—"O Jesus, great King! Give me Thy salvation. Thou didst die for me! I am a sinner, Have mercy on me! Give me Thy salvation; give me Thy peace. O, Great King, Jesus, save me, give me a clean heart and take me to Thyself! Jesus! Jesus! Oh, I am saved! I receive Thy salvation now! No Pandrapur for me now! I am saved! O Jesus, Great King, Thou art my Saviour!"

Taking up the corner of her saree (dress) she tied a knot, saying as she tied it. "Jesus, this is Thy knot. When I see this I shall remember it is Jesus' knot, and shall not forget Him." It was her way of taking Jesus as her Saviour. This was the most touching and quaintest way we had seen anyone accept Christ.

Before we left she took the knot once more and gave it a most vigorous tug lest it loosen. Surely Jesus met this poor soul's heart-need of peace. We left her very, very happy and declaring that she was saved, her sins forgiven, and that when she died she would go to heaven.

A woman who had been listening throughout stood up then,
and began preaching to the aged woman saying, "Jesus is the only Saviour. He saves from sin. Put your sins on Him, He will bear them away. There is no other remedy for sin." We turned in astonishment and asked how she knew these things, for we had not noticed her before. She replied, "Have you not just told us." She had been a silent listener to our message, and had comprehended, and we believe she had received it in her own feeble way.

Oh, may the Holy Spirit do a thorough work in these hearts and lead them out to know Him more and more. We are now out of touch with these people, as the work in the district is finished for another year. Pray that He may complete His own work.

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CAMPING ON THE DEVILS' DANCING GROUND.
BY W. FLETCHER.

We had difficulty in finding a good camping ground anywhere near Badnera, as there were no nice shade trees available. At last I settled on the "dancing ground of the devils," but not without much opposition from our native cook and many fearful looks from our native workers who did not quite like such a situation as this. We also had visitors from the old town of Badnera who told us that we were very foolish to camp in such a dreadful place, and that we would be sure to come to harm there, for all around were the ancient and modern burying places of the people, and spirits and devils were said to come out right where we were camped under these lovely tamarind trees.

We did have many visitors; first monkeys in abundance, and then nightly visits from dogs, rats, jackals, a wolf or two and two large hyenas which made some noise outside our tents. But as for further trouble of any kind, we had none, but had a really blessed time in God's work. We give God praise for the way the people bought gospels in many of the villages. The people of Badnera also bought freely, a great many women getting them for their children.

There is a little village in this vicinity named Chandur, the people of which are supposed to be hard, but we rejoiced to find them quite the opposite. I think that almost all of the men and boys and a number of women were present at our gospel meeting. When at its close we offered to sell them the Word of God, whose entrance into the heart giveth life, the patil (head man) said, "I will take a copy," and soon young and old were possess-
ed of a portion of Scripture. But what gave us the most joy of all was to see old, old men bring their one pice (one-half cent) and purchase the grand old Story of the Cross, which we told them would bring to them and theirs liberty and eternal life through Jesus' name. Even the School master bought a copy for each of his seven scholars. I should reckon that nearly every family in that village must have one or more gospels in their home. There is great cause for praise and rejoicing when we can leave behind us with the people the “Word of Life,” which has changed whole nations, and which must eventually change this people. “My Word shall not return unto Me void.” Pray with us that these benighted heathen may soon find “the Light of Life.”

Having spent a very happy time while camped at Badnera on the “Devils’ dancing ground,” we left it to pass on to Bhatkuli camp. Here we met face to face with sorrow and death. For over two weeks we watched the poor people of all castes bury and burn their dead within a hundred yards of our tent. The shadow of death seemed over all. A whole family of five was wiped out in one day. Cholera was the cause, and it came from a yatra or religious fair held at Rehnmochin, where tens of thousands had met only ten days before to worship a stone god and to bathe in the sacred river in hope of washing away their sins. For over two miles the river, whose waters were running low, was densely crowded with multitudes of pilgrims from far and near. The water was used by them to wash their grain and their bullocks, and the clothing of hundred daily, beside the daily bath. It was also polluted in other ways until it became a filthy stream of death, for all had to drink this water.

We dealt faithfully with the people of thist own, and they in turn seemed to give heed and bought many gospels; but one evening to my great sorrow I found that the whole town had gone out after the goddess of blood and death. Having offered a buffalo bull to her and sprinkled its blood on the stone and on the people, and eaten its flesh, they expected to plague of cholera to cease. Many poor animals were slain throughout the district, but in vain. We told them of the Blood that could cleanse from all sin and a God who could hear their cry, but on they went to their vain feast. “How long, Oh Lord!”

At last the disease spread close up to us and the people rushed our well. So we were forced to break camp. Leaving Bhatkuli at 9 p.m. we reached home next morning at 2:30. In His keeping we were preserved from the dread disease, Praise His Name!
When Miss Patten and I were on tour last winter, many little boys used to come to visit us at our tent door. I say little boys, because little girls are not supposed to be away from their mother's homes unless their parents or older brothers and sisters are with them.

They were mostly school children, and just as soon as lessons were finished in the morning and evening, we would see them coming across the field to our place. They were always very jolly, full of fun, like all other children were ready for a story. They would seat themselves around us in a semi-circle and we would ask them questions about their lessons, their teachers and their homes and in this way let them know that we were interested in them.

Now what kind of stories do you think we used to tell them? Fairy tales, No; a fairy tale is very charming, but we told them much more interesting stories about Jesus and how He loves them, and how He died for them that their hearts could be made clean and white. They could not understand these stories very well at first, because they had never heard any like them before; therefore they asked many questions which we tried to answer.

These children are taught from babyhood to worship trees, stones, snakes, cows and thousands of other things which our loving heavenly Father created, and also images which they make with their own hands. This is very wrong and sinful because God made all things for us to use and enjoy and He wants us to worship and serve Him. He bade us not to make any images or worship any other god than Himself.

These people disobey God's commandment and even pick up a common, ugly stone, smear a little red paint on it and fall down and worship it. They even bring offerings to it of rice, wheat and flowers; they pray to it and call it God.

One day while talking to them we picked up a little stone at our feet, and set it on the table. Then we asked them if we would put some red paint on it, if that would change it, if it would speak or see us, or if it could hear us if we spoke to it and told it our troubles. They said, "No." Then we asked them why they called it a god, when it had no power. They seemed to begin to understand and they said, "No, it is only a stone yet." And we thumped it off the table with our thumb and finger to show it's helplessness.
A few days afterwards we saw one of those little fellows, telling a big man, that he ought not to worship stones because they were nothing and he picked one up and threw it down saying, “A stone is a stone.”

We thanked Jesus that one little boy had received a lesson about idolatry that he had not forgotten. When you say your prayers at night, please pray for this little boy that he will not only forsake idols but will accept Jesus as his Saviour.

E. M. W.

MANOOLABAI.

BY ADDIE H. GARRISON.

OTHERS who have known Manoolabai from the early days would be able to write more about her life. We are told that before she had rheumatism, she was a bright, active little woman, who was ready and willing to do anything she was asked to do. We only knew her as she was the last months of her life, a tiny rheumatic body, who sometimes appeared in church or paid her respects at the bungalow and had a little chat. She often told us how God saved her and her family from starvation by bringing them to the missionaries in Chandur, and then later saved their souls. As I write, I can almost hear her quavery voice again, with it’s rising inflection as she used to address me, “Aun-tie.”

She came to Chandur in the famine of 1893 with her family of four. One was then a baby in arms. They were given food and clothing, taught the gospel, and were given a place on the mission premises in which to live as long as they kept the rule of doing no buying on Sunday. The Sunday bazaar was too strong a temptation: they failed and had to leave the mission compound.

As Mrs. Simmons was walking on the verandah the next evening, in the stillness, she heard voices singing a Christian hymn that had been sung in the gospel services for the famine people and going to investigate in the direction of the voices, Mrs. Simmons found Manoolabai and her little family camped under a big nimb tree. They were seated around a fire singing the hymn.

“Great is our obligation to Thee, Oh Christ.”

The singing of that hymn seemed to be an indication that the seed of the gospel had not fallen on altogether stony ground. The little family were brought back and given another trial.

Through those hard first days she held her family together, economizing and working hard for her children. Never a grain
of food was wasted in her hands. Later they all became Christians. The children are now grown up and have children of their own and the five have now became twenty-seven. The two daughters are Bible-women. One especially is quite spiritual and has been a blessing to many. The older son and the then baby boy' have had their ups and downs, but through it all there are marks of grace in their lives and we believe they both know Jesus as their personal Saviour.

One day, about three months ago now, she was not able to rise and seemed ill. We went to visit her and saw that the end was not far off. We prayed that she might be delivered from pain and God answered. The swelling went out of the poor thin hands and she was able to move them as she had not been able to do for months, but she only lived a few days after that. She told us, she wanted to live until her other daughter could come. She wanted to say good-bye to them all, and she did. One day I asked her if she was glad to go. "Oh yes Auntie," she answered readily. Sometimes her spirit grew impatient in it's longing to be off and and would say "Auntie, tell Jesus to come quickly, quickly." She was perfectly conscious to the last, but often she seemed enchanted with what our eyes could not see for she would say "Don't you see them?" "They are coming for me," and then she would pray "Come, Lord, and take this poor old woman to Thyself. She doesn't want to stay any longer."

One morning she realized that, with her children all around her, the earth ties were too strong to let her spirit free, so she sent each one to do some little duty and while they were gone, she quietly slipped away.

At sunset the discarded garment of her spirit was carried up on the hill, outside the town and lovingly laid away near the little mound that marks the resting-place of little Sarah Elizabeth Ramsay.

Manoolabai is greatly missed, she was the nurse of the community, and sore fingers were brought to "Grandma" to tie up. Now she is gone and her children miss her, but to her it is great gain.

According to Hindu sacred books the Atonement for killing a Sudra outcaste man it is the same as for killing the following animals:

"Having killed a cat, an ichneumon, a blue jay, a frog, a dog, an iguana, an owl, or a crow, he shall perform the penance for the murder of a Sudra."

Code of Manu.
AN UNPRECEDENTED WORLD SITUATION.
BY JOHN R. MOTT, LL. D.

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

(Continued from last month.)

KOREA’S AWAKENING.

I did not visit Korea on my first journey around the world, because there were then no students, but on my third journey to Asia I shall never forget the scenes, one winter afternoon, in Independence Hall, outside of Seoul. This year I returned, and although I was advised that it was not a desirable time for special evangelistic meetings, particularly for the student class and the more official class, on account of the conspiracy trials, still we could not pass by that field which the year before had had sixty thousand additions to the Christian Church. We could not promise to spend a week in Seoul, and although it was a cold winter, and it was a critical time, a tent was erected holding three thousand. This was not only filled, but the people stood outside as well. The last of these meetings continued for three hours, and after we had literally driven away everyone except those who had signed cards to indicate that they would accept Christ as their Saviour or would become investigators, I was still surrounded by three hundred stalwart, loving Koreans. We have taken too much for granted. We have assumed that because of the recent Christian triumphs in Korea we might occupy ourselves elsewhere, but that would be an enormous blunder. For that very reason we ought to show ourselves all the more friendly. We ought to join hands with the Christians of all nations, including the Christians of Japan, to make that, the first non-Christian people of the modern age, become genuinely and completely Christian. I came away from Korea believing that if Christianity were to die out in America and in Canada and England, it exists with such vitality in Korea that it would ultimately spread again to our shores and re-establish itself.

OPEN-MINDEDNESS IN JAPAN.

Japan has always impressed me as the most brilliant nation of the world, one that has achieved greater progress in one generation than any other country has achieved in two, if not in three, generations. The outstanding characteristic of the Japanese which is largely responsible for her wonderful progress is, I believe, her open-mindedness. Some people have assumed that the
wonderful achievements of the Japanese have turned their heads. I have been in Japan four times and find no evidence of that. On the contrary, the Japanese impress me as more solemnized now than ever as a result of their great and added responsibilities. They are feverishly in earnest to learn anything they can from other nations. The Japanese are open-minded and are seeking to make anything they find contributory to the growing power of their nationality.

This means much. Eight years ago the wonderful cable message came from Japan to the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville: "Japan is leading the Orient—but whither?" With aptness that message can still be quoted. It is a wonderful moment in Japan. Our recent conferences there, in connection with the Continuation Committee, were attended by the leading missionaries of the various Protestant denominations in this country. We also had present the leading Japanese workers. In response to the question: Are the educated classes in Japan as accessible now as they ever were, even in the late eighties? every missionary and every Japanese agreed that they were. All but two in the two conferences agreed the illiterate masses were even more accessible than ever before. Without doubt there has come another of those wonderful days of God's visitation. He is visiting Japan now.

Each night we had at our meetings as many as two hundred Japanese students, chiefly Government students, decide to become Christian inquirers. If we are to judge results by difficulties overcome, possibly the most wonderful experience of this last journey was our last night spent in Japan. After a very full day, beginning at about six-thirty in the morning with many meetings and conferences with missionaries and Japanese, we went down at night in front of the Imperial University, with its five thousand graduate students. It has about five hundred professors, nearly all of whom have received one or more degrees from European or American universities. It is the great intellectual lighthouse for the whole Eastern world. We had secured the great auditorium of the Canadian Presbyterian Church. As I went down there, somewhat exhausted, I said, "It is time, O Lord, for Thee to work." Every seat on the floor and in the gallery was taken, and the standing space at the back was completely filled. With four addresses, each one through an interpreter, the meeting lasted nearly four hours. At the close, three hundred and seventy of these men, including two professors and some of the doctors of philosophy, had signed cards indicating three things:

(1) I will make a conscientious study of the four gospels; and that I may do this to the best advantage, I will meet for one
hour each week with others who are making the same investigation.

(2) I will pray daily to the holy God for wisdom to find the truth, and for courage to follow it after I have discovered it.

(3) When my reason and conscience permit me to do so, I will take Christ as my Saviour and Lord.

Those last moments with those three hundred and seventy bowed in prayer together constitute another of those evidences that Christ lives and that He is able to speak through languages or the lack of languages. He is able to break through intellectual pride; and through racial prejudices and misunderstandings. Christ will take care of Himself. If He is but lifted up, He will draw all men, whether they are educated men, or are illiterate men, whether they are in the Far East or in the Near East. I was recently cheered by word from Japan that of those who became inquirers in different parts of Japan many have already been baptized.

OVERTURNINGS IN CHINA.

In 1896, when I first went to China, I became interested in the literati, the scholars of that great land of scholars. A missionary with whom I was speaking, said, “We will never live to see the day when the literati will be really accessible.” When I returned, I spoke of the Chinese literati as the Gibraltar of the student world, for they seemed to occupy an absolutely impregnable position.

Five years later, I spent one day with the presidents of seventeen missionary colleges during which most of the time was given to discussing the question of reaching the literati. We concluded that it might be possible to reach one here and there, at the end of the examinations, and that in time we might win a few, but we could not hope for large numbers and still less for organized work among them.

Again, five years later still, the walls of Jericho were beginning to crumble. In some places I could look through, and here and there I could reach my hand through and feel somebody clasp it. The ancient literati were beginning to give way to the modern literati, and in three places I was able to meet with them.

A year ago, when I reached Canton, I found to my alarm that they had hired the largest theatre in China, a building that holds thirty-five hundred people. On the night of the first meeting, as we neared the theatre, I saw crowds in the streets, and asked, “Why do they not open the doors?” Some one came to tell us that the doors had been open for an hour and that every seat was
taken. Tickets had been distributed to the Government students, Government officials, and to the educated classes. On the platform were about fifty of the leading educated Chinese of Canton, many of them young men who had studied in Tokio and in American universities. The first night the chair was taken by a Chief Justice, a man who was not a Christian. The next night the chairman was a man high in Government position but not a Christian. The following night the Commissioner of Education, a Christian, took the chair. Each night two or three addresses were given through an interpreter. There were always large crowds, though not as large as the first night, and by the time the series was over, over seven hundred had signed cards with the three promises. Those seven hundred led one hundred more of their fellow students to become inquirers, the blind leading the blind. Already one hundred and forty-five have been baptized or are probationers for baptism.

Those were full days in Canton. We had Continuation Committee conferences by day and then for variety we had these campaigns with the students at night. A delegation of Chinese came to me and said, “Why must we be baptized if we become Christians? Will you not hold a meeting to answer that question?” Every hour was taken, but it occurred to me that they might bring their delegation to a place near where I was to attend a dinner and that I might be excused from one of the courses in order to tell them why they should be baptized. They brought a delegation of twenty-five and I tried to explain the matter in such a way that they would be able to tell others. The truth took hold of them and I made bold to ask, “How many of you are ready to take this step?” In response about seventeen stood up. The Chinese are logical. Convince them of the way they ought to go and they go! Napoleon said of China, There sleeps a giant. Let him sleep. When China is moved, she will move the world.”

From Canton I went north to the province of Confucius, that “sage of ten thousand generations,” as the Chinese say. He has been a wonderful teacher and I am not altogether sorry that there is something of a reaction in favour of his teachings. The Chinese were going too fast in their tendency to throw aside all the teachings of Confusius. I said to the students, “Hold on to everything that your reason and your conscience teaches you to be true;” but I always added, “Do not let that keep you from accepting truth which Christ alone made known to men.”

**Scenes in Manchuria.**

I had not planned to go to Manchuria, but the Scotch and Irish and Danish missionaries expressed their conviction that I was
making a mistake not to visit Mukden. I told them that if they would put more days in the calendar I would plan to make a short visit. I also suggested that they might persuade the Japanese Government to put on a special engine and car so that I need not travel on Sunday. I would be able to give a week-end. Finally, however, by cutting my visit short in Korea we arranged for the visit to Manchuria. The Governor heard that I was coming, and said, "Our hall is not large enough." They telegraphed me about this. I have friends in America and Canada and England who have said, "If at any time money will widen your opportunity, use money." I therefore told them to build a pavilion, but the Governor would not permit it and took the money from his own pocket to build the large pavilion. He also called upon the Government colleges, students and professors, to march to the meetings. Not only was the place filled with five thousand, but many had to be turned away.

There we had one of those experiences that fasten themselves upon our consciousness. On the last day six or seven hundred signed the threefold resolutions as inquirers. On the platform by my side during these lectures was the Commissioner of Education, not a Christian. When I had sent the crowd away and had only these six or seven hundred inquirers there, His Excellency arose and said, "I want to say something." I sat down by my interpreter and said, "Tell me quickly what he says." The Commissioner said, "Young men, I have heard all of these lectures to which you have listened, and I have been particularly interested in these promises which you have made. I call upon you now, every one, to keep these promises. If this gentleman ever comes back to Manchuria, let it not be said that any one of you have gone back on these resolutions."

Mr. Sherwood Eddy could tell of even more remarkable experiences in Peking, Nanking Hongkong, and Fuchow, where in the last days of his campaign five thousand were in daily attendance to hear these messages, and nearly two thousand came to be inquirers.

In Peking, the president of the Chinese University said, "Mr. Mott, I have heard about your methods and I would like to know your message." Then for over forty minutes he questioned me as to the vital points of the Christian message. Then he said, "Mr. Mott, you must change your plans. I want you to stay in China and visit not only the great cities, but all of the smaller cities wherever you can find young men and school boys to tell them about this message, for, while Confucius teaches us the truth, you have been giving us a message which tells about the power to follow the truth." That is the Chinese mind again, laying hold
-of the essentials.

**Acceptance of the Opportunities.**

Are not these facts sufficient to convince anyone that we are living in a wonderful age? Old things have passed away; all things have become new. These nations are wide open to us. They are accessible. Their fields are ripe. They are ready for the sickle. The time has come to reap, and, in the name of God, ask yourself whether it may not be the will of God that you should dedicate your life to the missionary cause. . . . I know North America, and my soul tingles with the possibilities here; but I would be dishonest if I said that there are greater opportunities here than in the Orient. There is a tremendous field for missionaries, evangelists, and others with the evangelistic spirit, to become doctors, teachers, editors, authors, apologists, statesmen, apostles.

One other word. We also need provision for such an enlargement of the Volunteer Movement as will make it possible to put more recruiting officers into the field. We must have them. One thousand four hundred and eighty volunteers have sailed in the past four years. Two thousand should sail in the next four years. Four hundred colleges have been visited in a year. We ought to be visiting a thousand. If we are to do this, we must have a budget of sixty thousand dollars a year for the next four years. It is a privilege to associate our sacrifices with Christ for the enlargement of His work.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

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**Akola Notes.**

**By WM. MOYSER.**

One of our Christian men had been backslidden in heart for some months. Some time ago he became dangerously ill, and was nigh unto death. We heard that he had been taken to the civil hospital for an operation, and wife and I went over to the hospital to see him. After a nice talk together, a reason of prayer and confession and a promise of right living in the future, the Lord graciously restored him to health and strength.

A few weeks ago he stood up in the Sunday meeting and gave a bright, clear testimony of the Lord's dealing with him, wishing to give a thank offering to the Lord he sold one of his few goats and gave the proceeds in the offering last Sunday. He had also planned to have a feast of rejoicing with some of his friends because of his healing. But instead of this he came and asked permission to invite all the small boys of the orphanage to dinner at his house. I asked if this was a vow he had made
when he was sick. (Many curious things are vowed when even Christians want something from God). He said “No,” so I allowed the boys to go. They dressed in their Sunday best, and went and had a good time. It was quite a change for the little fellows to be invited to some home to dinner.

Some time ago our Sunday-school superintendent brought one of his heathen classes to our Sunday-school in the church. He not only teaches Sunday-school on Sunday, but also has a class of young men and boys who come every night for instruction in reading and writing. These classes too are conducted by volunteer workers. About thirty of these young people marched into the church and filled the front seats. After the Sunday-school was over our superintendent introduced them and gave us a brief history of their evening classes. Then they stood up and sang a Christian hymn in a Christian church, and repeated all of the golden-texts for the past month. I suppose this was the first time they had ever been in a Christian church building, or attended a regular service. Let us pray that it may not be the last time. Pray also that the lessons which these young men are learning may be the means of bringing them to a saving knowledge of Christ.

_________________________

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

AKOLA.—Praise for the continued presence of the Lord in our meetings.

For the healing of several of our people who have been sick.

For the large number of scripture portions sold during the past six months—over 2,000.

BHUSAWAL.—

for the initial step in effecting an organization in the Alliance Chapel for the English-speaking population at Bhusawal. The new membership roll contains the names of eleven adults, all of whom we believe are truly regenerated, one of the number having been recently converted.

KHAMGAON.—Praise for grace in time of need and for the consciousness that we are in God’s school and have a good Teacher.

GENERAL.—Praise that the sailing parties were enabled to get off so well.
PRAYER.

AKOLA.—Pray that God's Word which has been distributed shall not return unto Him void.

BHUSAWAL.—Prayer is asked for two Roman Catholics, two Hindus and one Mohammedan who desire to become Christians.

KHAMGAON.—Pray for a revival among our Christian people.

GENERAL.—Pray for the relief of financial pressure in some branches of the work.

ITEMS

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Culver, Mrs. Erickson and Miss Case with Victor Erickson, and Miss McAuley sailed on May 6th for America via the Pacific.

Word from Mr. and Mrs. P. Eicher says that they have arrived in San Francisco safely after a pleasant voyage.

Since last report there have been eleven baptisms in the Kaira Orphanage.

Mr. Eicher and Mr. Auernheimer recently held a service at Herrenkhed, when they dedicated the new outstation of the Bodwad district, and baptised twelve persons, most of whom were boys from the Training School.

We heartily congratulate Miss Conger on passing her first examination in Gujarati.

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