HIS LAMP AM I.

His lamp am I,
   To shine where He shall say;
And lamps are not for sunny rooms,
   Nor for the light of day.
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame and wrong and crime have birth,
Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray;
Or where the light of faith, grows dim
And souls are groping after Him.
And as sometimes a flame we find,
   Clear-shining through the night,
So bright we do not see the lamp,
   But only see the light,
So may I shine—His life the flame—
That men may glorify His name.

Annie Johnston Flint.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Lo I am with you." Matt. 28: 20.

How many weary, lonely and disappointed hearts have come to this text for inspiration! It has been a tonic and energizer in the earliest struggles of many a young Christian, and in the last hard fight of many a veteran saint. And we are sure that our Lord intended that it should be so, for an earnest heart asking bread is never given a stone because he happens to use some one else's promise as his plea. Yet, to be exact, this verse is one comforting promise of the Word, which by its context is shown to be meant especially for missionaries. It was given to the apostles in direct connection with the command to go and "disciple" all nations; and it was to be for their successors also in that work, "even to the end of the age." We might infer that the promise is conditioned also upon the going.

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No word of God is given without a reason, and if this promise was made particularly for the missionary it is because
the missionary more than anyone else needs the assurance of the constant presence and companionship of Christ.

In the first place, he has had to give up with his former environments all those forces, such as church fellowship, and contact with splendid characters, which have inspired and helped him; and has come to a place where the tendrils of his spiritual life cannot cling parasite-like to those helpful influences. But now he must learn to lean only on the Lord and at the same time to bear the weight of a multitude of spiritual (and financial) parasites which constantly sap his life. And if he fails—what of them?

Again, the missionary represents the true God in the face of what seem to be overwhelming odds, else he would not be a missionary. He may be the only servant of Christ in a district with a population running into the hundreds of thousands. Or there may be a few gathered out—a dozen, or fifty, or an hundred—but they too seem so few in comparison. Imagine his feelings as he pitches his tent at a great fair where he sees a large part of his parish together at once. He lifts his voice in the midst of the throng to warn of the penalty for sin and point them to the Saviour. But his feeble voice does not carry far amid the shouting and tumult. A few of those nearest him stop for a moment, but ascertaining that he is only a preacher and not an auctioneer they hurry on to their buying and selling, their frivolity, idolatry and sin. If any seed falls into good ground it does not produce a harvest that day, but is covered up out of sight to await the quickening of the rain from heaven.

Perhaps in the evening, tired in body and mind from the day's preaching, sickened in soul by the open sin, and oppressed with the sight of God's glory given to another, he will walk out away from the tumult to breathe pure air again and to be quiet with God. Then looking back upon the seething crowd and the temples overflowing with worshippers, and thinking of the multitude "in the lap of the wicked one," he feels lonely and is tempted to discouragement. It seems almost useless to stand alone for God against these great forces which seem to entirely ignore his feeble efforts. He thinks of the thousands of years
during which the heathen system has stood and evolved. And their majority is so overwhelming: he feels as though he were trying to hold back Niagara. It is then that he needs as no other person can need the assuring promise of Christ—“Lo I am with you.”

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But Christ gave this promise as sufficient for the need of those who engage in the task of discipling the nations. And it is sufficient. This is the constant miracle of the presence of Christ. It more than makes up for all the loneliness and isolation. What but His presence could make men willing to hazard their lives for the gospel? What else could make them wait years for the first convert, yea, willing to spend their lives without ever seeing results, if that would please their Master.

The success of missionaries depends on the presence of the Christ to whom all power is given in heaven and in earth; their joy depends upon the consciousness of His presence. Do you pray vaguely “Lord bless the missionaries,” with little idea what blessing you desire for them? Might it not be well to make the definite prayer for each missionary of your acquaintance by name, “Make him conscious just now that Christ is with him.”

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**A FEW FACTS REGARDING INDIA.**

*(corrected from last month.)*

315,156,396 population.
217,586,892 Hindoos.
60,000,000 Outcasts.
66,647,299 Mohammedans.
294,875,811 Illiterates.
3,876,203 Christians.
26,421,262 widows.
17,703 widows under five years old.
94,270 widows under ten years old.
109,094 lepers.
330,000,000 gods.
185 languages and dialects.
"GO ye into all the world and preach the gospel." When a missionary, in obedience to Christ's command, takes up his work in India he soon discovers that he has not commenced work among a non-religious people, but among a very religious people. Indeed, extreme religiousness is characteristic of the Hindus. Their conduct is guided entirely by their religious ideas. The poor and the low caste are partially supported by the almsgiving for merit, of these religious Hindus, for they rely on their good works for salvation.

They have their holy books or Vedas, which, the orthodox Hindu theologians say, were not the work of a human writer, but that of God. They think them to be so self convincing as to require no proof. These books, which are written in lyric poetry, are held in high esteem by the Hindus who are ignorant of their real character. They are not spiritual. Nothing in them points to God as a Father. They contain no satisfactory revelation of a way of salvation. Nothing is said about labour of love or acts of charity towards widows and orphans. But they exhort to pray to the gods and to depend upon them for blessing. They teach the people to praise the gods for what they are and for what they have done. To-day, while some are vainly endeavouring to carry out their instructions, others are repudiating these gods to whom they are exhorted to pray, from whom they should expect blessing and whom they should praise.

Years of faithful preaching and distribution of gospel portions are bringing about a conspicuous change in the attitude of the people. There is more friendliness, less antagonism and better attention given to the message of the missionary and his native helpers.

An old woman told us recently, that many of her neighbours had abolished idols from their homes since hearing the gospel, or "Christian religion" as she termed it, preached in the bazaar in Jalgaon.

The three women who attend our sewing class regularly have utterly renounced idols. They have ceased sacrificing goats and observing certain other rites and are under constant Christian instruction.

There must be a reaping time in due season, providing we do not yield to discouragement and slacken in our prayer life, and weaken in faith. God is working and will yet bring to pass that for which we have long prayed.
STANDING at midnight on the curb of a big well at the outskirts of Khamgaon, is a beautiful Hindu girl of fourteen or fifteen years. In obedience to the law of a kind Providence, most of the people of the big town are wrapped in slumber. Many have laboured through the long day under the tropical March sun and their rest is well earned; others have toiled in the gins and they, too, deserve the sleep which now restores their tired bodies for the work of the coming day. But for this girl there is no sleep. The distant sound of the busy cotton mills falls on her ears—for it is the height of the season and the gins go night and day—but she is oblivious to the friendly rumble of the spindles and the steady puff of the engines. Besides this there is hardly another sound except the occasional bark of a dog in the town or the mournful cries of jackals among the hills to the north of her. The latter sound is more in keeping with the feelings of her mind. And—yes, there is one other sound. It is the beating of her troubled, frightened heart, as once more she contemplates the awful thing that has filled her thoughts ever since the last quarrel with her mother-in-law, a few hours before. She is only a girl but she has a mother-in-law, and a husband. Against the strong protests of her yet child-heart, she has been compelled to leave her own father and mother and serve as the drudge of all work for the mother of her husband. The quarrel of the evening just gone is not the first one and she knows it will not be the last one, unless—Quarrels have been very frequent and her heart is sore and full of self-pity as she reviews the past. Looking ahead she can see only drudgery and beatings and injustice, and she wants to get away from it all. Hinduism has taught her that she must pass through many re-births and live many earthly lives in various forms until her soul at last becomes good enough to be absorbed into nirvana and is subject no more either to pain or pleasure. And since this is so, why not cut this life short and wait for the next one? Perhaps it will be better. Wicked spirits suggest this and other like thoughts and she, in her lack of knowledge, believes the reasoning to be fact. Another Spirit says, "No: it would be wrong. The great God who created you has the sole right to say when your life is to end. Do not do this awful thing you have thought of."

But again the memory of her wrongs returns. She looks down into the blackness beneath her and her heart quickens its
beating once more. "How can I? It is so dark and so terrible!—But I have been wronged and abused. I can not, I will not, stand it longer. I will have revenge and will bring shame and trouble to them by throwing myself into this well."

And then her guardian angel, because he may not violate the will of a rational creature, turns weeping—away. The evil spirits crowd closer and whisper more words of discouragement and self-pity, and with a last, low cry—unheard by any who could help—the maid leaps forward into the darkness. Her head strikes the edge of a wooden platform built into the side of the well opposite her, and about eight feet below the curb, and she sinks into the dark water beneath it, unconscious. And then her spirit passes out into the long, long night of a Christless eternity.

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Just across the wide government road from the well where this tragedy took place, is a wire fence enclosing the yards and buildings of the Khamgaon orphanage for girls. "Berachah (blessing) Orphanage" it was named years ago, and a blessing it has been, to scores and hundreds of India's daughters left without the care of parents, in the famines of former years, and from other causes in more recent years. Here the gospel of God's love has been preached and lived by those in charge and the young souls taught there have learned that they must, indeed, be born again but born from above and of the Spirit.

One of the girls brought up in the shelter of this orphanage home lies dying in a hospital ward in the city of Poona, many miles from Khamgaon. The kind missionaries had ministered to her carefully through many months, for her health had been frail for a long time, but as the stages of her illness became more acute they brought her here under the care of doctors and trained nurses in the hope that her life might yet be prolonged. However, her work is now almost done and the end of her earthly journey is near.

The big hospital around her holds many other sick and suffering ones and the nurse by her side is used to seeing people pass through pain and the throes of death. But somehow this case is different. There is pain and weakness but there is patience, and peace of an unusual type, and it makes the nurse wonder. But in the few days the sufferer lies there, before the last messenger comes to call her spirit home, the nurse learns the reason for it,—Christ has come into the sufferer's life. Death is near now but the peace remains unbroken. "I'm not afraid," she is saying, "I am not afraid, because Jesus has forgiven and
taken away all my sins, and I shall go to be with Him." Soon after that her gentle spirit departed to dwell in the light with Christ forever.

That was the testimony of the dying Christian girl as passed on with broken voice by the nurse when the missionaries made inquiries later on. And back in the Khamgaon orphanage the testimony had been the same in life as it now was in death.

Of late years she had been a teacher of the girls younger than herself and out of the modest pay she received, amounting to less than three dollars per month, she had kept herself clothed and fed and had given back to the Lord His tenth and other gifts besides. After her death a gold coin—an English pound, sterling, was handed to the writer by one of the missionaries of the orphanage. It was this girl's parting offering, “to be used,” she had said, “in the work of translating the Scriptures for India's people”—her people. And we believe the gift was sterling in His eyes for love of Whom she gave it.

The Sabbath morning after the dark tragedy of the well, dawned as bright as do all March days in India. And though to others it was just one more day, there was a hallowedness about it—and there always is to Sabbaths, even in India—to those who thought of Him whose resurrection it commemorated. The chapel bell by the orphanage sounded out its invitation to worship of the living God and its rebuke and protest against idolatry and sin, and the little band of Christians and the orphan girls gathered for the morning service.

But on this same bright morning the body of the girl who had taken the leap into the awful darkness, floated on the water of the well and was discovered. Since her disappearance her relatives had searched for her in vain. And because such things are not uncommon in this land they had conjectured that such a fate might have befallen her, and had accordingly informed the police of the town that she had disappeared. The missionaries were told of the discovery on their way to the chapel for the morning service. And because of the nearness of it, it seemed as if the shadow of it would cast its gloom over all the day. The night of sin and death was fighting against the glad light of resurrection and life. But “the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehended it not.” And that afternoon the difference between the light and the darkness was brought home to hearts once more. Outside, only a few rods from the chapel, the friends and caste people of the dead Hindu girl prepared her body for the burning-ground. There were no words of comfort—no
ray of hope pierced the blackness. All was dark despair and cruel, cruel fate. Inside the chapel—for it was the first Sunday after the news came from Poona about the home-going of the Christian girl in the hospital—inside, one of the lady missionaries told with tear-dimmed eyes but with comforted heart of the final triumph of the missing one of their number. And there was hope, and rays of the glory to come shed their beams into the darkness of the present. For Christians “sorrow not as do others which have no hope,” because in “a little while” their sorrow shall be turned into joy.

And now, dear reader, if your feelings have been harrowed by what we have said about the Hindu girl, remember that such sad and awful deaths are all too common in India. Then think of the infinite difference between these two deaths and remember that that difference is made by knowing the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. And the point of the whole matter is this, that you and I may do the work and send the message that will make the difference to some who have yet to pass through the hour and article of death.

OUR AMRAOTI PREACHING BAND.

BY W. FLETCHER.

Each Lord's day brings its allotted work in the Mission Station. Soon after our early morning repast (6 or 6-30 o'clock), we make our way to the little Mission Church. The little Hindu children have been gathered in and we have our Sunday School—a very motley crowd of all sizes and ages. It is difficult to get the children to attend regularly. Their fathers and mothers have no concern about their own or their children's souls. Sometimes we get about sixty of them to promise to come again, but only half of them may turn up the next Sunday. We need your help, Readers, in this work among the young.

Our first afternoon meeting is held in the Church from 3-30 to 5-0 o'clock. Some twenty-five to thirty-five Christians attend and as a rule a few Hindoos. Last week while we were holding special services some rich bankers and their clerks attended. They stayed right through the meeting and came again last Sunday. They seemed very thoughtful and came from a distant village. We "sow beside all waters for we know not which will prosper this or that."

After this our "Preaching Band" starts out for the great crowded bazaar, the weekly market. We are six in number. When we look at the many thousands of people in this great market, we feel very weak and frail, especially when some
richly dressed, "twice born" sons of India look upon us with the scorn and contempt that no one can display like a Brahmin.

But we lift up our heads and our hearts and voices in the name of Him who has given us our great commission. As one member of our band, a stone mason, says with a shining face and a ring in his voice, "My dear friends we are all God's commissioners with a great commission to you from Him. It is the Gospel of His salvation, eternal life to as many as believe on His name." I can almost hear him now telling his heathen countrymen how Jesus saved him from a life of idolatry, drink and shame. His message always goes home.

Another of our band is a carpenter, who works for a shilling or one-and-two-pence a day, and supports a wife and three children. His message is always textual for he is a man who knows his Bible. This is what is needed, messages from the good old Book, for they are sharp and cut deep. Our native preacher is not tempted to preach Shakespeare or Browning instead of God's Word, he is tempted though, to run off into the chaos of Hinduism in an effort to discredit its gods; but this brother sticks to the plain truth.

We have a seventh man, but he is young and has not spoken yet. Beside these we have other men of experience, who give good sound messages to the great passing crowd.

A few Sundays ago, while preaching to one of these bazaar crowds, a man with a great load on his back stopped to listen. He listened attentively while I told of the mystery that was hid for ages—"Christ in you the hope of glory." That Jesus would live in us, work in us and be our all for time and eternity, and though friends, loved ones and all things around us perish and pass away, leaving us with nothing, still Jesus the Saviour remains ours for all eternity. A light over spread the old man's hungry face and he cried out "Ah, that is what we want, Sahib. "Then he turned and was lost in the crowd. God had spoken to that soul, I am sure.

Who will take our little band of preachers on his heart to pray for us and for these lost millions among whom we labour? "He wondered that there was no intercessor."

Use me, God, in thy great harvest field
Which stretcheth far and wide, like a wide sea,—
The gatherers are so few, I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss.
O, find a place for me!

Christina Rossetti.
NOTES FROM AKOLA.
BY W. AND MARY MOYSER.

We in Akola want to praise the Lord for a man who is asking for baptism. We also ask your prayers for a man who ought to ask for baptism. He comes to Sunday-School and church regularly; he tithes his income for the Lord; he knows the truth and has forsaken the worship of his former Hindoo gods, and now only worships Jesus Christ. He has two wives. Through very peculiar circumstances one of them became a Christian. She had an only son who was sick unto death. She heard of the Christian's God who heard and answered prayer and she told the Lord that if he would heal her son she would make a Christian of him. The boy was healed but the husband would not let him become a Christian, so the wife said "well if you will not pay my vow, I myself must become a Christian," and so she was instructed and I baptized her nearly a dozen years ago. She is a good Christian woman and a good worker among her own people. She is friendly with her husband but she does not live with him. He says he is a Christian but his other wife and his six children, I am afraid, keep him back. He is afraid to break caste. Sometimes his children by the non-Christian wife come to our meetings. Pray mightily for him that he may have courage to break away from the things that hinder and that he may step out and be publicly baptized.

We also want you to pray for a young man who was converted and baptized more than a dozen years ago. He was a Mohomedan. His father is a Mohomedan reader and to please him the young man has turned back to Mohamedanism. I do not believe he is happy. He comes to Church every Sunday, but he will not give us any chance for private, personal talks.

We are glad to say that all the boys in our orphanage are well. We want you to be fellow-helper in this work and find us some more patrons, also some friends who could give us some scholarships varying from $12.00 to $20.00 per year for the children of some of our very poor native Christians.

We praise God for the good rains that we have had so far; and for the prospects of good crops in our field and orchard.

We also rejoice because of the good spirit that we have in our meetings and amongst our people as a whole. Our people are beginning to take more interest in the work than they have done for a number of years. Over a dozen young people go out every Sunday into the neighboring towns and villages to preach and teach their own people. Pray that we may see more and more of this spontaneous, voluntary work among our
NOTES FROM AKOLA

people here in Akola, for "the fields are white already to harvest and the laborers are few." Pray for these men for sometimes they are not very kindly received. Sometimes they have to see the Scriptures torn up in their faces, but thank God, this is not done as often as it used to be. (This is an offence punishable by the law if we wish to take the cases to court.)

We have been to the hills but once since we came back from furlough nearly five years ago, and that time we were sent to repair our bungalow at Chickalda and put the grounds in some kind of order. So last Spring our Executive Committee kindly granted us three months vacation. Mrs. Moyser stayed until the 21st of May and I stayed until June 2nd, when I left for Poona, where we intended to spend our vacation (not three months though). I had been there just six days, when we received a telegram from Akola reading "Brother Rogers dangerously ill. Pray." After a season of prayer we felt that we should say goodbye to our vacation and go home at once. We left that same evening for Akola via. Bombay. On reaching Bombay, we found that Brother Rogers' two daughters, who are teachers in Bombay, had left for Akola, so we did a little shopping and started up country the next day. Brother Rogers lives with us. He had been away for his Summer vacation and had been home only about three days, when he had a touch of the sun. On arriving home, we found our dear brother very weak, but, thank God, prayer had been heard. The enemy had been resisted and turned back. Brother Rogers had been near the border land, "BUT GOD" touched his weak body and now though not yet strong he is around again and we trust that he may soon be himself again. Truly, "Our God is a very present help in time of need."

INEFFECTIVENESS.

"WHEN, from any cause, we are separated from the Lord whom we have vowed to serve, our speech lacks a mysterious impressiveness. We are wordy, we are not weighty. We are eloquent, but we do not persuade. We are reasonable, but we do not convince. We preach much, but we accomplish little. We teach, but we do not woo. We make a show of power, but we do not move. Then men come and go; they may be interested or amused, but they do not bow in penitent surrender at the feet of the Lord."—J. H. JOWETT, M.A.
I am glad to write and tell you something more about your little brown friends in India. Those of you who read the India Alliance from month to month have heard much about them, I know. But I want to tell you especially about the children in Kaira, where I have spent most of my seven months in India. Surely they are dear to the heart of Jesus. You know He does not look at the outward appearance that is the brown skin—He looks at the heart. And because Jesus died for the whole world, He loves the brown, yellow, and black, just as much as He does those of us who are white.

There are many girls and some small boys here in the orphanage. I shall not soon forget the first time I went to Sunday school in India. All the children were quite curious to see the new missionary. And you know how we all like to look nice and have a stranger think well of us, well these children are no exception. That Sunday they were at their best. After the opening service each class went, in a very orderly way, to its accustomed place. Two classes were in the Sunday School-room; another went to Miss Wells’-room; some sat outside in different places in the compound, and the one about which I am going to tell you came and sat on the bungalow verandah.

This is a class of about thirty-five little tots. Their teacher is a native girl who also teaches in the day-school. Miss Conger and I went with them. I wish you could hear them quote Scripture verses. One after another arose in turn and said a verse. Of course I did not understand one word they were saying, but my heart was full of praise and thanksgiving to God for what I saw. They looked so bright and happy and it was touching to see them get down on their little faces to pray. In this land people do not sit on chairs as they do in our country. They sit in rows on the floor and when they pray, they simply get on their knees and put the forehead in their hands on the floor.

At the close of the lesson what do you suppose they did? The missionaries had taught them some English hymns and for my benefit, they stood up and sang very sweetly.—

“Oh yes yes, Oh yes, yes,
Jesus died for sinners just like me.
You ask me how I know it?
John 3. 16 will show it,
This blessed whosoever,
It just means me.”
I shall tell you something that happened in this same class some weeks later. The children were all seated on the floor as usual. I with their teacher sat on the floor facing them. A clever little boy, about four years old, of whom I am very fond and who also likes me, sat on the front row just opposite us. Once when I looked at him he kissed his small hand and blew the kiss to me. The teacher said "Doud, come here and sit by me." He walked up and sat between the two of us. The teacher went on talking and he slid over closer and closer to me. The next thing, he was up on my lap with his fat arms around my neck. When the bell rang for us to return to the big room, he gave me a kiss and ran away with the others.

These dear little ones who have been taught about Jesus and see the love of Jesus in the lives of the missionaries, are very different from those who live in heathen villages.

Pray that if Jesus tarries these little Kaira children may grow up to be men and women after God's own heart and be used of Him to tell others about Him.

M. M. TAYLOR.

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A CONTRAST.

GOD.
So Loved the World
That He Gave

HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON.
That whosoever believeth on Him
Should not perish
but have
Eternal Life.

AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS.
So Love the World
That they gave last year,
On the average of eighty cents each,
And one in 2,000 of their number as a missionary,
That the unevangelised World
should not perish but have
Eternal Life.

—Missionary Review.
ONE of the difficulties (by no means the least) that confronts the missionary is that of the climate. One missionary on arriving on the field (he must have come from a foggy country) went into raptures over the beautiful sunshine, but it was not long before he realised with an aching head that the sun is an enemy in India to be guarded against. Many have had to suffer from bad heads for years because they got a touch of the sun at one time, and some have had to leave the field. There is a directness in the sun's rays here not met with in some countries where the temperature is greater.

There are not many who come to this land that forget their first introduction to fever. A young man who had been out about two months and who studied hard at the language, and took little exercise, began to feel off colour, could not lift himself up above things; everything wore a black aspect, he felt he must be out of touch spiritually, reading his Bible made his head ache, prayer was a difficulty. He rigidly examined himself, he wondered if he were in the right place; difficulties in the work, things he could not understand, loomed large; actions of others he could not reconcile, and he almost felt he must leave the place and go elsewhere. These thoughts running through his mind made him tremble, and he shook and shook till he longed to bury himself in bed and rest; after the shaking his temperature rose, and he felt hot and restless, and his head ached as though it would burst. He wondered if he had the dreaded plague and if he would die; he tried to sleep, and in his sleep he tried to solve all sorts of impossible problems. The solution of a difficult matter would be almost to hand when he would miss it; or lying awake he would decline Marathi verbs or nouns or adjectives with remarkable clearness. By and by he would break out into a profuse perspiration and feel better. However, a little simple treatment soon put him right, and afterward he wondered how he could have thought such things. This is the experience of many coming out to the field; fever is the commonest ailment anyone can have here. It sometimes gets into the system and necessitates a change of climate.

Living and working amongst people who are careless in habit, amongst whom small pox, plague, cholera, ophthalmia and many other trying diseases are rife, the missionary is greatly exposed. Whatever disease is raging, his place is there in the midst of it trying to save precious lives, comforting and consoling the grief stricken in their darkness and sorrow; endeavouring to persuade the people to take measures to stamp out the
epidemic. In such work the servant of God may be called upon to lay down his life. Considering the great risks involved in this work, the number who fall is very few, so wonderfully does God protect His servants.

It is a well-known fact that the Indian climate develops any constitutional weakness that one thinks little of at home. Some after being out awhile have become deaf, others had their eyesight affected, and had to wear glasses, and some have been invalided home broken down in health.

The newcomer arrives with rosy cheeks and healthy body, but after a few years, in most cases the roses are gone, the cheeks sunken, the body thin, and the skin has a sort of dried up, shrivelled, leathery look. The climate affects the nerves, and the missionary finds that what did not trouble him in the least at home, becomes at times a burden. Misunderstandings and difficulties between workers arise because they are nervous; words and actions said or done unintentionally put the nerves at a tension, and things are often said and done when at a nervous tension that in after years are a cause of sorrow to both. A difference of opinion may arise from so simple a thing as the arrangement of a room, and may cause a breach with sad results.

The strain of speaking in a foreign language, and anxiety to be understood, of dealing with those who disturb meetings, of fierce opposition to some part of the work, (such as endeavouring to rescue someone), or of school work; difficulties regarding properties, disappointments regarding promising christians, the resignation of a worker, the anxiety regarding a sick one and many other similar conditions, all tend to put one at a nervous tension that even a grasshopper may be a burden.

It is just here where one realises more than at home that in Him Who bears the burden, meets the trial, there is rest of soul and rest of mind just so far as everything is put into His hand to deal with as He sees fit, and as one understands His mind and will, and is willing to co-operate in their fulfilment. Conditions on the field are so different from those at home, that it is safe to say they can only be grasped by a personal knowledge of the field.

India abounds with insect life, the very dust teems with it, the air is full of it, the water is alive with it. One of the duties impressed upon us when we arrived on the field was to take our bedsteads out in the sun once a week, and saturate the cracks with kerosene; we found the reason when we happened to neglect this little duty, and paid the penalty with a restless night. Care has to be exercised or one may find his boots, or leather goods destroyed by white ants. One missionary returning from his holi-
day at the Rest Home found that these destructive creatures had eaten into some of his books. In one place where we lived, ants had possession of the verandah, and no amount of douching with hot water or kerosene would keep them down. They had burrowed deep down and were so numerous that the death of a few dozens made little difference; the furniture, pictures etc. had to be constantly examined. Large black ants and small ones wage war on food of all kinds, and the cupboards and safes have to be stood in tins of water, otherwise the housekeeper will find hundreds and thousands of ants marching off in perfect order with the food. In some bungalows moths and silverfish abound, and woe betide the one who neglects to pack away good clothes in calico bags, for he will soon find to his chagrin that his best suit is spoiled. Mice make nests in the clothes and cupboards very quickly, and they with the cockroaches have no mercy upon the best things. Snakes sometimes hang out of the roof to catch rats and sparrows, centipedes drop from the ceiling, and scorpions are often met with running about the house. These are all minor matters, yet they all add their quota to the difficulties met with in residing in the tropics.

To some the financial difficulty is by no means a small one. The missionary looks round on all sides and sees what he could do if he had the means; how his work is hindered and dwarfed, and the openings that need to be accepted or they may close. He looks on this market town, and that town where he sees opportunities of reaching a vast number who have scarcely heard the Gospel, and he sighs as he turns away; he could do it if he were able. He needs men and means. The fields are white unto the harvest, but the labourers are few. He feels his greatest need in the development of his faith in God, that he may by faith and prayer co-operate with Him Who hath promised to supply all his needs through Christ Jesus.—J. J. Bailey in "White Already to Harvest."

A Hindu trader in a market in North India once asked a Christian convert: "What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?" The convert answered, "I don't put anything on." "Yes you do. All you Christians do; I've seen it in Ahmedabad and Surat, and I've seen it in Bombay." The convert laughed, and his happy face shone the more as he said: "Yes, I'll tell you the medicine; it is happiness of heart."—C. M. S. Gleaner.
FROM PACHORA.
BY OSWALD DINHAM.

My heart was touched this morning as we sat talking with an old man. He told us that his strength was growing less, and his sight becoming dim, and that God was long delaying to take him; that he was just waiting and longing to go. His words opened the way for us to point out to him that God's delay in taking him is but another very vivid token of God's mercy toward him; that God was giving him time to see the error of his present way and to turn to Him. He called all of his caste people in that place to witness that he had not worshipped idols for many years, and he seemed to display a certain (or uncertain) amount of faith, but feared to confess it publicly and to break caste by baptism.

Dear ones, there are hundreds in this condition; will you not pray for them that they may be loosed from their chains?

We have a young couple in Chalisgaon who have taken their stand for Jesus, and have been under instruction for some time. They expect to follow the Lord, in baptism very shortly. Would the friends kindly remember this young couple at the throne of grace; and also pray for others who seem to be very near the kingdom?

BUYING A HOUSE.
BY F. H. BACK.

Some days ago a Christian from the village of Wasana reported to us that a Patidar was willing to sell us a house in that place. The house is in a small hamlet adjoining a large village. The people who are coolies are soon to vacate the place and move to a village nearer their fields. We thought it a rare opportunity, and after examining the house and having a short talk with the owner, we agreed to purchase it for 60 rupees ( $20 ) and gave him a rupee as earnest money.

He was happy over the sale, which was to be completed at the Kacheri (government office) next day. He turned up that same evening but finding it too late to transact any business he promised to be back the next day, as arranged. The next day, however, he failed to appear. We sent to inquire the reason and were informed that he could not now complete the sale because his caste people objected to our purchase of the house.

Going once more a few days later in person I persuaded the man to come to the Kacheri. There we made out the deed and
left it in the Registrar’s office. The purchase money was paid in full and all seemed satisfactory. But when the poor fellow reached home and the caste people heard of the completed transaction they began immediately a quarrel, and were about to put him out of the caste. Two Christian men, who went to arrange for moving into our new house, were met by the former owner who with much weeping begged them to free him from his awful predicament.

When it seemed that the poor Patidar would commit suicide because of the exceeding bitterness of his persecution I decided to sell the property back to him. He returned from this new transaction overjoyed by the fact that matters were now settled and he could remain in his caste.

This little incident is nothing unusual with us, but it shows something of the awful bondage of caste and of the bitter prejudice and hatred which the caste people have for Christians.

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MAHOMEDANS IN INDIA.

According to the Census it is claimed that there were just under 67 million Mahomedans in 1911, an increase of 6.7 per cent. as compared with only 5 per cent. in the case of the Hindus. There is, we are told, a small but continuous accession of converts from Hinduism and other religions, but the main reason is that Mahomedans are more prolific. Their social customs have fewer marriage restrictions, early marriage is uncommon and widows re-marry freely. The proportion which Mahomedans now bear to the total population of India is 213 per 1,000 against 197 in 1881. It is in Northern and North-Western India that the bulk are found, as these parts felt most directly the Pathan and Moghal invasions, but the strain of foreign blood now is growing less and less. Of the 12 millions enumerated in the Punjab 10 millions showed by their caste-entry that they came from Hindu stock. Those who have not studied history may wonder why Bengal should contain 24 millions of Mahomedans or 36 per cent. of the total. They are mostly in eastern and northern districts of the Presidency, and their presence is accounted for in the Census Report in the following terms:—"In this tract there was a vigorous and highly successful propaganda in the days of the Pathan kings of Bengal. The inhabitants had never been fully Hinduised, and at the time of the first Mahomedan invasions most of them probably professed a debased form of Buddhism. They were spurned
by the high class Hindus as unclean, and so listened readily to
the preaching of the Mullahs, who proclaimed the doctrine that
all men are equal in the sight of Allah, backed as it often was
by a varying amount of compulsion.” There seems little doubt
that Mahomedans wherever they are found in India will increase
in number. Their birth-rate is high, and though the mortality
among infants is excessive this evil will be gradually remedied
as the gospel of sanitation spreads.—Times of India.

A VISIT TO THE TEMPLE OF PARVATI,
BY W. MOYSER.

ALTHOUGH our visit to Poona was very brief, we found time
to visit several interesting places. One was the Empress
Gardens, which cover a good many acres of ground and are
filled with magnificent trees, lovely climbers, wonderful orchids,
feneries and beautiful flowers and plants of all descriptions.
Here we saw a number of trees filled with flying foxes—hundreds
and hundreds of them, hanging with their heads down. They
are really not foxes but a very large species of bat. They were
certainly a sight to see.

We also visited Sunderbai Powar’s Zenana Training
School; and we found in the city of Poona, several families of
our old Akola boys, who had married and gone away in search
of work. We dined with two of these families and were glad to
find that they are doing well and are living clean Christian lives
and are highly respected by their Mohammedan employers upon
whom we called. So they go from us and yet they are one with
us. They call us “Father and Mother” as they were many years
under our supervision. Pray for them that their light may be a
bright one among the heathen around them, and for others who
like them get far away from their home base, that they may be
kept in personal touch with Christ.

We went to see the temple of Parvati, which is famous all
through Western India. It is situated about a mile from the
city of Poona, upon a small hill rising 26r feet above the sur-
rounding country, and is reached by exactly one hundred steps.
These steps are about 10 feet wide and some of them are from
6 to 12 feet long, so that the Peshwas (the Marathi kings), who
had a small house and worshipped there, could ascend on their
elephants.
The origin of these temples dates back several hundred years. In the ages past, a sacrificing brahmin priest named Dishet, lived and died on this hill. At his death his wife Parvati performed suttee, there, that is, she burned herself with her the corpse of her husband. In a small village about a quarter of a mile from this place, there was a head-man, Nowlozi Taweri, whose mother was diseased in both her breasts. The story goes, that one night she had a vision, in which a beautiful, angelic woman came to her and told her that she lived in the cactus on the hill and if she would clear away the cactus and worship her every day, she would heal her. So she cleared away the cactus and worshipped her every day and the account says she was healed. The head-man's family thus began to worship Parvati.

Some years afterward a Peshwa king, hearing of the healing of the headman's mother and seeing the daily worship, called Nowlozi Taweri and promised that if Parvati would heal his sore feet, he would build her a fine temple on the top of the hill.

The temple was built of hewn stone and surmounted by four copper domes covered over with pure gold, the weight of this gold being 431\(\frac{1}{2}\) ounces. In the temple there is a large goddess of lust, occupying the most prominent place. Behind this is a large idol of Shiv, made from pure silver, the weight of which is 2,693\(\frac{9}{10}\) ounces. In another corner there is an idol of Ganputi, the elephant-headed god of wisdom, worshipped by nearly all the young students of Hinduism. It is made of pure gold and weighs 274\(\frac{7}{10}\) ounces. There is also an image of Parvati weighing 514\(\frac{8}{9}\) ounces of pure gold. On the very top of the mountain we found an idol named Katic Swami. The two women of our party were not allowed to go near it for Katic Swami will not accept worship from women.

Through our visit to Parvati we were impressed with two things. One, that the heathen want and believe in a god who can heal bodily diseases. I have seen this manifested in many different ways—and then, they are willing to sacrifice for their dumb idols. Should we who know the truth of a loving, living Lord Jesus Christ, not know more fully in our lives, His power to heal? And shall we who have received so much blessing from our loving Father, not bring our tithes of silver and of gold into His store house? Perhaps some dear one is to-day suffering and in need, because we and you have not brought our silver and gold and precious things and laid them at the Master's feet. If we do, He will open the windows of heaven and pour us out a blessing, so great that we shall not have room to receive it.
THE TRIALS OF A CHRISTIAN IN INDIA.

BY REV. H. HALIWELL.

INDIA is not only a land where for more than a century there has been sowing—often amid much tribulation and sorrow—but it is also a land of magnificent harvests. The latest census revealed unprecedented advance, even in some of the most unexpected quarters and in regions always regarded hitherto as very "stony ground."

It is worth while to take a tiny bundle of sheaves, unbind, and glance at them one by one, in order that we may know from the examination what may be the nature of the harvest as a whole.

Three Valluyan lads in the Tamil country had learned to read in the mission village night school, and there for the first time they came under the spell of the wonderful life of Jesus Christ. The more they learned, the more they were determined to accept Him as their Lord. The first time the missionary met them was at a Thanksgiving service. They had walked six miles, carrying their offerings, to join in the service of praise. After the service they came and said that they wished to be baptized.

"Are you prepared for persecution?" they were asked.

"Yes, our people will drive us out and we shall lose our employment. We know all that, but we are determined to become Christians. Did Christ sacrifice nothing for us?"

After a period of testing, it was decided to baptize them and partly to avoid a tumult in their village, the service was held at Tamil, as an encouragement to the young Christians there. The lads did not quite approve of this, and the young spokesman said, "Sir, can we not be baptized in the midst of our people? Our confession must be public, and we are not ashamed."

This request showed a truer Christian courage than we had thought possible among outcasts, but there were many reasons for adhering to the first decision, and the lads were baptized as arranged.

The fact became known in their own village that they had joined the "pariah religion." It was reported and believed that water in which cows' skin had been soaked, was poured over them, and then they and some pariahs had drunk the remaining fluid from the same vessel. This was regarded as the foulest pollution. For several days they were subjected to foul abuse; but when it was found that they still remained firm in their faith, the angry relatives began to devise severe measures. They were made to eat their food on the road side, like beggars, water was refused them, their rightful portion of the harvest was withheld; village policemen were instructed to beat them, and in a hundred ways their lives were made miserable. But:
the more they suffered the firmer grew their faith.

Finally their obstinacy so roused the anger of the whole village that a special council of the elders was called to decide what should be done. The youngest of the converts is only 17, so that, though he is permitted by law to choose his own religion, he is not permitted to choose his own guardian. His case was, therefore, easily dealt with. His father is the village priest, and he was ordered to keep his son confined and forbid him to have any intercourse with the Christians. This was done, and the boy has not been seen since. His last message was, "Do not fear. I shall never draw back."

Concerning the others, it was decided that no one must allow either of the converts to enter his house, no one must speak to them, or give them food or drink. Any one found doing either of these would be fined 15 rupees ($5.00). The young men were then called and the head-man told them the decision, and warned them that this was only the beginning of what they would suffer unless they left the pariah religion. To this they replied immediately, "Tho you drive us from our houses and take away our work, we will never deny Christ, who died to save us." On hearing this confession, the mother of one of the young men tore her garment in two, and, shrieking with rage, she rushed through the village, calling down curses on the Christians.

The village officers next took the matter up. Their power is almost unlimited, and any one is a bold man who would defy them and strike out a line for himself. One of the lads, who held a position as village canalman, was dismissed. The only effect has been to make him more unwavering in his faith. The other holds a subordinate hereditary office, and to dismiss him would require the sanction of government and very clear proof of bad character. But when all the superiors are Hindu, and the accused person is a poor outcast Christian, it is not generally a difficult thing to carry the case through. The village headman, therefore, wrote to the Brahman magistrate, accusing the new convert of three heinous offences. He said he was incorrigibly lazy, incessantly drunk, and, worst of all, a Christian. After hearing all the witnesses had to say, the magistrate decided:

1. It was absurd that a servant against whom no charge had been previously made should suddenly become lazy and drunken.

2. If we had been so before, the village officers were at fault in not reporting the matter earlier.

3. No further trivial charges of this sort should be brought before him.
4. The religion of any man is no concern of Government.
Listen to the evidence of an eye witness of these young men's trials.

"These young men, seeing all they are called to suffer, are filled with courage and joy—they give their reasons for their faith with meekness to all who come to see them. When I see the heavenly change in these young men, my mind is cooled with the breath of God." Already others, seeing them in the time of trial, have altered their opinion, and have begun to attend worship and plead on behalf of them with the others.

This kind of thing is happening in the year of grace, 1913. As the blood of the early martyrs was the seed of the Church, so, assuredly, the trials and sufferings of young heroes like these, 1900 years after, are the nurseries of the Church of Christ in India.—The Missionary Review of the World.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAYER.

AKOLA.—Pray for the two men mentioned in Akola notes.
—For the Christian people in Akola, that they may be what God wants them to be.

AMRAOTI.—Pray for our Christian Community. Some received blessing during ten days of special meetings. Others are living on a low plane of Christian experience.
CHANDUR.—Pray for several inquirers in Chandur.

CHALISGAON.—Pray for the old man and the young couple who are mentioned in Chalisgaon notes this month.

DHALKA.—Pray that we may be able to buy houses in the villages for our workers.

ITEMS.

Most of the missionaries who were able to get away for the summer are now back in their stations, refreshed and thankful.

Mrs. Hamilton writes that after her article “Somebody Prayed” was sent in last month, the home mail brought the explanation of their blessed meeting in Wasna, as described in that article. A lady in America who knew nothing of that service was awakened in the middle of the night to pray for a meeting. Upon comparing notes, it proved to be at the exact time of the Wasna meeting. Mrs. Hamilton says, “No wonder God blessed us.”

The Convention for Indian Christians under the auspices of the Mid India Missionary Association will meet in Jubbulpore, October 17th—22nd. Mr. Fuller will represent our Mission. Some of the other speakers expected are Rev. John Foreman, Rev. John Qualander, Rev. Pengwern Jones, and Mr. Crowe. Remember these meetings in prayer.

We are asked to say that money for the work can be safely sent direct to the field, either to Mr. Fuller at headquarters or to the Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Duckworth, or to the missionary in the station for which the money is intended. All of these addresses may be found either on the inside or outside of the back cover of the India Alliance.

The safest way and most convenient for all concerned is to send money by foreign money orders, which can be obtained at any home post office and made payable at any post office in India. The Post Office also makes the payment in Indian currency, thereby saving the necessity of sending to Bombay for exchange.
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The Alliance is unsectarian and its special object is the evangelization of neglected fields: it seeks to unite Christians of all evangelical denominations in its work.

The teaching of the Alliance is often spoken of as the Four-Fold Gospel, which means the Gospel of good tidings of Jesus Christ as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer and Coming King.

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Every missionary is committed to a life of faith in God for his personal support; and the Home Board is only pledged to send to the various fields what they receive. No debt is to be incurred.

Donations for the general fund, or for special purposes, or for the personal use of any missionary can be sent to: the Treasurer in New York; or to Rev. M. B. Fuller, Alliance Mission, Ketwadi Mina Road, Girgaon, Bombay, or direct to the person for whom it is intended; or to the Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. L. I. Duckworth, Viramgam, Gujarat. Unless otherwise designated, donations will be put in the general fund.

Special day of prayer, last Friday of each month.

The India Alliance.

This is intended as a monthly message from the Alliance Missionaries to the friends of their work. It will also deal with the general questions of mission work by original or selected articles, and will seek to deepen the interest and stimulate the prayers of all who may read it, by showing the encouragements as well as difficulties of the work.

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