"He is coming, He is coming,  
Can you read the signs afar?  
Do you hear the tread of nations  
As they march to join in war?  
Do you hear the gospel herald  
Calling loud in every land?  
O ye nations, turn, repent ye,  
For His coming is at hand!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"But I fear, lest by any means . . . . . . your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. ii. cor. xi. 3.

The Saviour of this world came, lived and taught in the simplest possible manner. He chose simple-hearted men as His representatives. He laid down as an essential to salvation that men "become as little children." He sought to impress upon His followers that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and He publickly thanked God that He has hidden some things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.

Paul was a highly educated and talented man, but he too became simple-minded. His conversion was simple. "Who art thou, Lord?" and "What wilt Thou have me to do?" His preaching, even in Corinth, that seat of philosophy, "was not with enticing words of man's wisdom," and his "rejoicing" was that "in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." And he yearns over his converts lest they "be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ."

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The twentieth century is not an age of simplicity but of the most complex civilization the world has yet seen. Humanity
generally worships brains whether they are in the pulpit or the laboratory or the school-room. Even here in far India one is judged by the quality and number of degrees he can display after his name and by the size of his salary. In Christian work the temptation is to replace simplicity and holy unction by machinery and business methods. Therefore prayer has quite largely given way to the study of new methods of efficiency. Surely there is need among Christian people for a return to simplicity in our lives; and manners, in our message, in our faith, and in obedience. Can we not have both humble simplicity and twentieth century efficiency? If not let us not give up the simplicity that is in Christ.

A child of God has recently suggested a line of thought for prayer, that seems appropriate for our time. These are days when in Europe, vast fortunes are being swept away. Many persons, who a year ago felt themselves secure in their wealth are to-day penniless. The same is also increasingly so in America and other countries. If one is to lose a vast fortune, how much better that while he has the opportunity to do so he give it to some work that will glorify God and hasten the return of the King. Why should not the Church pray that monied men who are Christians will be led to see this and be made willing to devote their wealth to the Lord's work before some unforeseen force sweeps it ruthlessly from their grasp and forever ends their opportunity of doing good thereby?

We recently had the privilege of spending three days at Dhond, attending the convention there at the Boy's Christian Home, under the care of Mr. Norton. We were glad indeed to meet Mr. Norton who was the first missionary to settle in these parts. He was led to open a work at Ellichpur, Berar, in 1873 we believe, to which Miss Frow—afterwards Mrs. Jennie Fuller, came out from America. Later developments led to the opening, by Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, of the work in North Berar, now known
as the Marathi branch of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. The Dhond Conference was called especially for the consideration of the imminent coming of our Lord, and a seeking of the fullness of the Holy Spirit. We greatly enjoyed the spirit of unity and fellowship, and the refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer."

Hab. ii. 1. A call to prayer in view of the present war has been issued by the secretaries of a body of men who stand at the head of the foreign missionary enterprise of to-day, a part of which is as follows:—

"No one dreamt that within a year an appalling catastrophe would divert the energies of the Christian nations from the great constructive tasks awaiting them in the non-Christian world into fratricidal strife, and would deal a seemingly fatal blow to the aims and hopes of the Edinburgh Conference. But not even this terrible tragedy can defeat the purpose of God. He can make the wrath of man to praise Him. It may be that the Christian nations were not in His sight spiritually capable of the tasks to which they were called, and that they need the purifying discipline of suffering before they can become fit instruments for carrying out His plans. The great call that comes to us is to continue to believe in God. His thoughts are not our thoughts, but they are higher than ours. In our human shortsightedness we had interpreted the experiences of the Edinburgh Conference and the years which have followed as a preparation for something altogether different."

It is much to be regretted that some of the leaders in missionary effort should have to acknowledge that present conditions have taken them by surprise. The children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. An American newspaper says concerning military preparations in Europe, "quiet as all such movements were no one was deceived. Everyone knew that the war would come. There was merely a question as to the date," and an Indian paper assures
us that "for the past twenty years this war has been a certainty."

To admit that this situation is "unexpected" to the Church either means that God's Word has left us in darkness as to the actual character of our age and the times just ahead, or that we have not read aright the things that have been revealed. No devout heart could thus charge God foolishly," and the admission of the alternative should shame us. Diplomats have seen this war coming. Students of prophecy have seen it coming and said so. The Bible speaks in no uncertain words about our age. It is to be characterised by international conflicts, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, and a cooling of the love of many (Matt. xxiv. 4-14); and it is to close with "perilous times" of apostacy in the Church (II Tim. iii. 1; II Thess. ii. 3). Many persons do [not like to admit that these things can be true, since they do not coincide with the world's opinion of its own progress. Those who have thus turned away from the Word of God as the only true Interpreter of our times, and have chosen what they consider a "more optimistic" view, namely that the Church will finally convert the world and that "world sentiment" and the "opinion of the people" will do away with the folly and wickedness of war and will change the mercenary purposes of the nations and the wicked ambitions of men and usher in an era of justice and peace—those who have chosen to accept this view are now, naturally, nonplussed and discouraged. As they see their theories and conclusions miscarry their "hearts fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." We grieve that this should have to be but we venture to say that few who believe in pre-millennial truth have been surprised or nonplussed because of present conditions.

The "great call that comes to us" is not only to "continue to believe in God," but also to believe what He says about our times, and renouncing the false hopes that man has invented, "to wait for His Son from heaven."

"Be ye also patient; establish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."
ONE OF ST. PAUL'S SUCCESSORS.

By A. I. Garrison.

We had the privilege lately of meeting a descendant of Saint Paul the Apostle, not, of course, of his lineage in a natural and physical sense, but in the same sense in which true Christians are said to be children of Abraham by faith. Perhaps his skin is darker than was that of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, for it has been burned a dark, olive brown by the tropical Indian sun; and his hair and flowing beard are probably whiter than Paul's, for he must be now nearly eighty years of age, while the Apostle is conceded to have been less than seventy when he was martyred.

The striking resemblances that we noted were that both bore the name Paul, both had suffered the loss of all things for Christ's sake, and both were zealous to preach the gospel in the "regions beyond," and especially to their own "kinsmen according to the flesh." Moreover, Paul the Apostle was the son of proud Pharisee parents, while Paul Sadulla was born in a rich and aristocratic Mohammedan family, and received from them the Mohammedan name Vilayat Hosein.

His father being a learned moulvi, or religious teacher of the tenets of Mohammedanism, was quite popular and influential among his co-religionists. He ingratiated himself with the British-Indian Government also by assisting in the protection of the Europeans at Naini Tal, and supplying them with food during the terrible mutiny of 1857. Paul was thoroughly educated in Persian, Arabic, and Urdu, and succeeded his father to the title and influence of moulvi. He looked upon Christianity as a false religion. He believed in Christ as a great prophet, but his religion forbade him to acknowledge Him as the only begotten Son of God.

It was during a visit to the Panjab that Paul first received a favourable impression of Christianity. He found himself one day among a throng of Mohammedans listening to a stirring gospel message by Vilayat Ali, a recently converted Mohammedan. The appeal was earnest and convincing, and cut the followers of Islam to the heart. They interrupted him, tried to argue with him, shouted aloud to disconcert him, and finally rushing upon him, beat him, tied his hands and dragged him away. Paul noted that in all this maltreatment Vilayat Ali did not become angry nor retaliate, but prayed God to forgive his persecutors. In his heart of hearts the young moulvi was convinced from that day that there is a power in Christianity of which he personally knew nothing.
In connection with his marriage, a beautiful girl of a very respectable Mohammedan family was chosen for him. Her name was Mumtiazbi Maktuna. God was working out His own divine ends, unknown to Paul, through this alliance. Since Mumtiazbi was to marry a moulvi, her relatives desired that she be educated. There being in the city in which she lived no school for girls but the mission school, she was sent there to study. The hearts of the missionary ladies in charge were burdened for her conversion, and with this in view they taught her to read and understand the Word of God in her own language. Her mind thus slowly became receptive and she finally believed on Christ in her heart as her Saviour, yet she dared not take the step of confessing Him openly, as her relatives were bitter against Christianity, and she knew her betrothed to be a Mohammedan moulvi.

In the year 1870, in the great Mohammedan city of Hyderabad situated in the Deccan, Moulvi Vilayat Hosein, (later Paul) and Mumtiazbi were married according to the rites of their religion. He was employed in the courts in that city at a splendid salary of two hundred rupees a month, and was held in high esteem by the large Mohammedan population there.

He soon found that there were Christian missionaries in Hyderabad, and his hunger to know more about the religion that had made Vilayat Ali so bold and forgiving increased until he finally made an opportunity to see and talk with them. Thenceforward he regularly visited the mission bungalow, presented his difficulties and had them explained, and read God's Word until finally he was firmly convinced.

Several years passed in this way and little ones came to brighten his home. He never spoke to Mumtiazbi about Christianity until one day he felt he must tell her what was meaning so much to him, even at the risk of losing her and the children. What was his astonishment upon speaking to her on the subject, to find that she was not only fully informed but also heartily in sympathy with him. They agreed to seek the Lord together.

With the new joy that came to him in finding that his companion was one with him, came also persecution. The Mohammedan relatives and neighbours noticed that the visits to the mission house and chapel were altogether too frequent and the suspicion that the moulvi favoured, and perhaps accepted the hated Christian religion led to his persecution. But this state of affairs, instead of discouraging them, drove the worthy couple to seek to be baptized and to be fully identified with God's people.

The missionaries hesitated to baptize the family openly as
they knew it would draw down the wrath of the Mohammedans not only upon the two new converts, but upon the mission as well. However in 1879 Bishop Thoburn of the M. E. Church visited Hyderabad and secretly baptized the Mouvi and his wife, giving him the Christian name, Paul.

His baptism not having been public, all went on as usual for some time, excepting that such persecution as he had passed through prior to baptism continued. This kind of a life did not satisfy him, however, and he felt that he should do some definite work for the Lord. This desire finally developed into the decision to write a book against Mohammedanism, proving to others what he had already proved for himself. He set at his task vigorously, working at the court during the day and at night labouring on his manuscripts. His object was to prove that the Bible is divine, while the Koran is an ingenious plagiarism, at least two thirds of which is stolen from the Bible. As Paul’s production was intended especially for the highly educated Mohammedans it was written in Arabic, with the constant and very able assistance of his help-meet. It took him years to finish the work as it was the result of a careful and exhaustive study of the Bible as well as the Koran.

When completed the book was read and translated before a special mission committee and eventually accepted. When it came from the press it created a stir in high Mohammedan circles, and before long the Paul Sadulla whose name was printed in the book as its author was recognized as former mouvi Vila-yat Hosein. Thereupon began a terrible persecution upon Paul and his family by the whole Mohammedan community, especially his wife’s relatives. One evening while Paul was away at a meeting a party of Mohammedans at the instigation of Mumtiazbi’s own brother concealing weapons under their clothing, crept to the Christian home, suddenly burst open the door, and stalked in. They expected to find Paul at home as it was a court holiday. But they found only Mumtiazbi and the children. They had come prepared for dastardly work, but when they found the wife sitting reading that very anti-Islam book which had so roused their hatred, their rage knew no bounds. They seized the defenceless woman and literally cut her body to pieces. To hide their crime they enclosed the remains in a box, and after destroying the furniture and setting the house on fire, escaped with the eight children. The box containing the corpse was shipped to a bogus address.

When Paul came home from the meeting and found his wife and children gone, and all his possessions destroyed, he was dazed and grief-stricken. As he saw signs that convinced him
that the Mohammedans had killed his wife, a deep spirit of
revenge took possession of him and he determined to borrow a
gun and kill those whom he knew had robbed him of all that was
dear to him on earth. But God would not let Paul be tempted
above that he was able. The Holy Spirit reminded him that a
Christian should always pray before taking any action. He fell
on his knees and told God all his anguish. As he prayed he
became calmer. He was reminded that his suffering was for
Christ’s sake. He remembered too the agony of Christ and His
great love for his persecutors. He remembered Vilayat Ali, and
God gave him the same kind of a divine love he had seen in
that Panjabi saint. He arose from his knees with a vow that in
“revenge” for his great misfortune he would spend the rest of
his days in the service of Jesus Christ, striving specially in great
love to lead Mohammedans to Christ.

By the time he had finished praying a crowd had gathered,
the authorities had arrived on the scene and finding signs of a
murder, and being told that Paul Sadulla had murdered his wife
they arrested him and led him away as a murderer. In the
Mogul’s Mohammedan courts his testimony was rejected and he
himself was cast into prison. His outlook was very dark
indeed just then, but he prayed and when the Christians learned of his
state, “prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto
God for him.” When finally given a hearing he was able by the
aid of witnesses who had been present with him at the meeting
on the evening of the murder, to prove an alibi. He was there-
fore freed and escaped in disguise from the Mohammedans who
sought to take his life. It seems that though the mutilated
body of Mumtiazbi was discovered by the police, and though the
murderers stole from her body and boxes Rs. 3,500 worth of
jewelry, and were later seized, they were liberated without
punishment after a mock trial.

Fearing to remain in India after this attempt on his life, he
made his way to Constantinople where he was again privileged
to suffer for Christ. One day while he was witnessing for his
Saviour the Turks becoming incensed at him knocked him to the
ground and kicking him with contempt finally left him. The
more he was persecuted, the deeper became his love for Jesus and
for his Mohammedan persecutors.

Returning to India, Paul travelled from place to place and
mission to mission, sometimes teaching in mission schools, some-
times working for several months or years as a native preacher.
Later he felt the call to a larger ministry and began travelling
as an evangelist, urging the native Church to a Spirit-filled life.
Yet he never forgets his vow to seek to win the Moslem, and he
everywhere finds opportunity to speak with them and mightily convince them that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.

His children who had been taken from him at the murder of his wife, were eventually restored to him. In connection with them God proved that He would let no one suffer for His sake without an abundant reward even in this life. On account of his losses he was urged to appeal to the Viceroy of India which he did in 1898, with the result that the Government undertook the liberal education of his four sons, sending them to England for that purpose. Having completed their studies they now hold high civil and medical positions in Constantinople and elsewhere. Such an outcome would have been highly improbable apart from the circumstances which grew out of Paul's suffering for Christ. Some of his children are still Mohammedan. Shall we not pray with him, that God will speedily save them all.

"IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON."

By Cora Hansen.

HE that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The heat is now over, and we are in the midst of the rainy season. The ground, that a few weeks ago was parched and dry, and where not a single blade of green grass was to be seen, is now covered with growing grain and beautiful green grass. The cactus hedges in the fields and on the road sides are covered with a luxuriant vine, and even the trunks of the trees along the roads are draped with it. All nature looks beautiful and seems to be praising its Creator. One is reminded of the familiar lines from Bishop Heber's hymn.

"In vain with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone."

The rain is very plentiful this year and there is prospect of a rich harvest.

Our hearts long and go out in prayer to God, that as He has sent the rain from heaven, to water the earth and has made it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater so may He also send the spiritual rain on the hearts of the people, that they, too, may bring forth fruit unto repentance, and turn from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven.
We are greatly hindered in our work of preaching the gospel to the people in the villages this time of the year. There are many villages we cannot reach at all, on account of bad roads and rivers that must be crossed, and then the people are very busy, especially the women, who have the work at home to do beside working along with the men all day in the fields. If one stops in a village over night, one is awakened at three or half past three o'clock in the morning by the sound of the grinding stones. The women get up at that time and grind all the flour for the day before the rest of the family rise. Then, there is the morning meal to be cooked, bread to be made for the noon meal in the field. If they have cows or buffaloes these also have to be attended to and milked by the women. All this work must be done before nine o'clock in the morning, when all leave for the day's work in the fields. At that time one sees large crowds of people, men, women and children, on every road leading from the village, to the different fields.

What a motley crowd they are! One may see women with their babies tied in a cloth which is fastened across their foreheads and hangs down the back, while a larger child may be astride the mother’s hip. Children of all sizes walk with their parents, wearing all kinds of apparel, and a great many with no apparel at all, except what nature has given them. Some have vessels of drinking water. Others have baskets on their heads besides the bread for the day tied up in a dirty rag. About six o'clock in the evening they again return to the village. Those who work for others earn about eight cents and one and a-half pounds of grain a day. In order to meet the people we must be in the villages early so as to have our meetings before they leave.

The town of Mehmadabad is built near the river, and one morning, a short time ago, Mrs. Turnbull, Sababai the Biblewoman, and I went to the river side, hoping to find some people to talk to. We spoke among ourselves of Paul and Silas at Philippi, how that on the Sabbath they went out of the city to the river side, where prayer was wont to be made, and sat down and spoke to the women which resorted thither. A longing came into our hearts that the Lord might open the heart of some one to attend to the blessed story of the gospel, as He opened the heart of Lydia to “attend unto the things that were spoken of Paul.” On this particular morning only a few people were at the river side and all were very much occupied with their own affairs and seemed to have no time nor desire to listen to the story of the cross, that is so dear to our hearts. Some were bathing in the river to wash away their sins and to worship one or more of the 339,000,000 Indian gods and goddesses; others
were washing their clothes, while still others were scouring their copper and brass vessels, making them shine like gold in the sunshine.

Near the edge of the water we saw two small piles of newly burnt ashes and we knew that some dead bodies had been burnt there that morning. The high caste Hindoos do not bury, but burn their dead, and as they consider the rivers holy, they like to burn their dead on their banks. By the nearest pile stood a young man with a spade in his hand, we asked him who had died. He said “My father, and I have come to cast the burnt bones and ashes into the river.” After doing this he scraped the rest of the ashes, along with some sand, into a small heap, on the top of which he put an earthen vessel of water, that the departed spirit might have water to drink, so our Bible-woman said. How different from the death of a Christian!

A little further on was another little pile which we found was the burnt body of a small child. A few women just then came up from the river where they had been bathing. We tried to talk with them but they had no heart to listen. Soon they formed into a circle and began to beat their breasts silently, mourning for the dead child. A few men were sitting on the sand a little distance away. We went over and sat down near them and began to sing a hymn hoping that others would come and we might have a chance to tell them about the true Saviour. But before we had finished singing, all the men were gone and we were left alone. They also had gone into the river to bathe.

Returning home that morning our hearts were sad, and we felt we could enter into the feelings of our blessed Lord, when He wept over Jerusalem and said “How often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, but ye would not.” “Let us not be weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”

“It is one of the paradoxes of the kingdom, that the more strength one puts into any spiritual duty the more one seems to have left for the next.”

—Selected.

A missionary is one sent to win men to Jesus Christ, so that the best preparation for missionary work is the winning of men. . . . This is proved by the command of Christ, the teachings of Christ, the example of Christ, and the history of the Church.—Eddy,
SHANKAR lives in a tiny village near Khamgaon. Several years ago he made the acquaintance of the missionaries who visited his village and held Sabbath-school there. Shankar was a S. S. scholar—a dirty naked, ignorant little boy. Saddest of all, his mother was a temple-woman—sold to the stone god. Perhaps she loved her boy, but she did not know Jesus, so she taught him to bow down to idols of wood and stone. Poor Shankar was doomed by such training to become wicked. But God had other plans for his life.

One day according to his usual custom he runs after the missionaries begging. Begging is a very honorable occupation in India. The trade is begun as soon as the child can toddle. Beggars are usually the first representatives of India, the newcomer meets. So Shankar is not troubled by any scruples of shame or modesty, as with his hands, he slaps his well-filled little stomach, with the intent of drawing coppers from the missionary's bag. But alas! no coppers appear, and Shankar is beginning to lag behind in the chase, when the missionary says something, and Shankar renews hope, redoubles his pace and hears, "Shankar, would you like to go to school?" 'Oh, yes!' answers Shankar, somewhat disappointed, and believing in his heart, which is closely connected with his stomach, that such good fortune as "going to school," will never overtake him.

The missionary goes home but not to forget very soon the boys and girls of her S. S. class. They seem to her so much raw material going to waste that might be used. She thinks and prays a good deal, and finally builds a small school-house of mud. A Christian school-master is put in charge of the school, and soon all the children are enrolled as scholars.

Shankar is one of the scholars of course, and he proves a very apt student. The daily text-book is the Bible, and besides, reading, writing and arithmetic, many Scripture portions and stories are tucked away in these crude young minds. If you were to come to school some day, you would be inclined to believe that Joseph, Moses, The Prodigal Son, etc. had lived, suffered and died in India, for the Indian School-boy draws somewhat on his imagination to supply details, and any story he tells has a decided Oriental flavour.

What effect the teaching of the gospel has made on one
small mind at least, is not known till one day during a big heathen festival, Shankar refuses to bow down and worship the idol. At first the village laughs. When pressed for reasons, he repeats the first and second commandments. He says, "I will never worship idols again." Again the village laughs, wags its head wisely, and says, "He will get over this." But he doesn't, for at the next big heathen festival Shankar takes the same stand again.

The next evidence of the influence of Gospel teaching over Shankar, is that he feels ashamed of going through life with only a scanty rag for covering. "Where there's a will, there's a way." Shankar finds the way to get some respectable clothing, and rises at once a hundred per cent. in his own and the village's estimation. He begins to pray, repeating morning and evening, the prayer, our Lord taught His disciples, and another prayer. These, the school-master teaches him. He, in turn teaches his mother. Then he comes to the mission-house, and asks for a book which will teach him to pray. Then he begins to pray, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

At this juncture begging becomes obnoxious, and is very soon dropped. To-day Shankar is a daily attendant at the Khamgaon government school. We often meet him on his way to or from school, books in hand, clean, bright, neatly-clothed and happy-looking. He comes to service on the Sabbath, in the mission-church the only Christian house of worship in Khamgaon, and sits listening soberly and respectfully to the sermon, joining in the hymns of worship and humbly kneeling with the other Christians in prayer. He has just the same temptations as most boys for he is a real boy, full of fun and mischief. But he loves the Lord Jesus and has enough grace to confess Him before his companions who are all idol-worshippers and all of whose customs, occupations and pleasures pull the wrong way. Pray for Shankar that he may fight the good fight till Jesus comes.

In Ceylon a woman bought a farthing copy of St. Matthew in Sinhalese and gave it to her husband to read; he met the colporteur a month afterwards and said: "Your book is powerful to soothe the hot temper; after reading it I am now a new man. I do not beat my wife now."—Bible in the World.

"The claim of missions is higher than the home church, higher than patriotism or anything else—the claim of missions is the claim of Heaven."
"SITERAM, hitch up the ponies; we shall go to Khedi this morning." The harness is soon on and the two faithful ponies are standing at the door. It is a fresh, beautiful morning, and the exhilarating air tends to make one in good spirits and eager for work. The ponies speed along with more than usual spirit. They too seem to enjoy their early morning run along the well made Government road.

"What is that lying near the roadside," asks the driver. One of the men alights to investigate and slowly and cautiously approaching, discovers it to be a snake, seven feet long, stretched out to enjoy the beautiful sunshine. The man throws a stone to ascertain whether the reptile is living or dead and finds it to be very much alive, for suspecting danger it bestirs itself and wriggles to a place of safety in a thick hedge. Being unarmed we have to pass on, leaving the deadly enemy of mankind to escape. This monster is somebody's god, and doubtless has its worshippers who treat it more kindly than we do.

We pursue our way and soon are at Khedi, a very small village within two miles of our home. The ponies are unhitched and tied to stakes. As we enter the village, we observe that the people have concentrated in one place. "We shall not be able to preach here this morning, for the people are worshipping," we remarked as we approached the group of people, and true enough we could not be heard for the din and noise of native music. An aged man apparently a person of authority in the village, raised his hand, signalling to the musicians to cease. Then turning to us said, "You will get no one to listen to you to-day. Go! If you wish to come to-morrow, we will listen to you." And he signed to the musicians, who recommenced their noise to drown our voices. With heavy hearts we turned away.

In a quiet corner of the village a few women were standing talking together, and we ventured to speak to them of things pertaining to the Kingdom. Some gladly consented to listen, while others offered numerous excuses. Suddenly we were rudely interrupted by an angry man, who sent every woman to her home, leaving us standing, not insulted, but disappointed. "Oh Lord make these people receive us and willing to listen to Thy Word!" was the cry from our hearts.

The ponies were hitched and we left the villagers busy slaughtering a goat for sacrifice to their particular god. It was a day set apart for worship and debauchery. Months previously we had gone to this same village. Although we were permitted
to speak we were interrupted by being asked the most obscene questions, which made us close our books and leave with blushing faces. "Whosoever shall not receive you not hear you, when you depart thence shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment than for that city."

Khedi is only an isolated village that has rejected us. All the surrounding villages are open and friendly to us. Thus we go forth in the mornings to scatter seed. Some falls on stony ground and some on good ground, and we set our faces like a flint, determined to follow the vision, at any cost, even though it be the laying down of our lives for the gospel.

HE Hindu knows practically nothing of faith, and worships nothing he cannot see. He is a worshipper indeed, but he desires something tangible to worship. This fact the missionary knows only too well. Nearly every year when touring, after preaching salvation through faith in Christ's atoning work, the question is asked, "Have you seen God?" We answer in the negative and tell the people we worship Him by faith. "Ah," is the quick reply. "We worship nothing we cannot see. Our gods are visible to us when we worship. Show us your God and we will worship Him."

Some time ago the writer was conversing with an educated Brahmin about salvation from sin. Knowing the Word of God to be "quick and powerful, and a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," I applied the Sword of the Spirit to make the message plain. He listened carefully to the passages from God's Word, but after I had finished he looked intently at me and said "We do not want your Bible, we have read that, we want your life." To all appearances this man was morally good and upright. I had been in his company almost daily for three months, and knew him. But with all his seemingly faultless demeanour he was a Hindu. He had evidently been watching the lives of some he knew had taken the name of Christ and their conduct had not appealed to him. He thought he could see no more in them than in a respectable Hindu. That man's answer has staid with me for two years. The Scriptures declare that without Christ India's hosts are lost. In spite of
their pilgrimages, bodily torture, asceticism and continual worship they are on the way to eternal doom. Many have read the Bible and are looking to see its contents in the lives of men. They want to see something tangible concerning God—in short, "Living epistles."

India is not an easy field. Henry Martin once said, "If ever I see a Hindu converted to Jesus Christ, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than I have ever seen." He knew the devilish system of this land that binds India's people so strongly that liberation seems impossible. We believe that all things are possible with God, but let us not forget what they say, "We do not want your Bible, we want your life." Turning to the Scriptures we find that God always had such epistles. Daniel the mighty prophet, was a man with the one purpose, to please God. According to his steadfast resolution, his continual prayer and faithfulness, he became such an epistle. Princes of the earth watched to find a flaw in him, but their confession was, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." By the power of God through him, kings and princes were saved and God's glory revealed to the nations.

Our precious Lord gives us a wonderful portrait of God's truth by His own life. He lived in the will of His Father. People watched Him and learned of Him, and after He died it was said of Him, "Jesus of Nazareth who was a prophet in deed and in word before God and all people." The apostles, after that the Holy Ghost came upon them, became mighty forces for God. Thousands seeing Jesus in them marvelled and cried, "What shall we do?" And Paul most gladly gloried in infirmities that the power of Christ might tabernacle upon him. He rejoiced greatly to be carried about in the train of Christ's triumph, to be exhibited as a captive to the will of God. Yes, he declared, "The life I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God." He could say, "Christ liveth in me; " "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." These have been living epistles but have passed on to be with Him. God is looking for such lives to-day. True, times have changed, but God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. His Word also shall never pass away. Are you willing to be made such an epistle?

We think of 312,000,000 people in India who know not Christ. Districts with 350 towns and villages where thousands of people live and not one soul out of these ever came out boldly for Christ! This vast multitude worship, but desire something tangible. The only visible thing God has left for them to see is the lives of those who have fled to Him for refuge. Are we
living Bible epistles for Christ? How this question searches the writers heart! No one feels it more keenly than he.

Jesus said, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” “Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” These statements from the Son of God are because His one purpose for us is to be witnesses—living epistles to lead men and women to God. A Christian fully endued with the power of the Holy Ghost cannot be barren and unfruitful. Souls are his reward. Through the apostles’ preaching heathen were turned from their idols to serve the true and living God. When WE are “Living epistles, read and known of all men,” some of India’s sons will turn from idols to God.

Dear reader, will you pray that every missionary and Christian worker may receive a mighty baptism in the Holy Ghost that shall adorn them with all His graces combined with His gifts, that they may in deed and in truth be “Living epistles, read and known of all men?” Then who can tell but that God will give you a fresh anointing and a twofold blessing for His service.

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SPIRITUAL MOBILISATION.

The word mobilise has become very familiar to us of late. It means, literally, to move; and is applied especially to the movement and concentration of troops in readiness for active service. The word is very suggestive of the duty of the hour in relation to the interests of Christ’s kingdom and the spiritual warfare in which the subject of kingdom are engaged. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. One of the mightiest of these weapons is prayer, and especially united prayer. There is a loud call for all sections of the Christian Church to unite thus. “The war” is the all-engrossing subject of the hour. Everything else seems to be put on one side. Opposing parties in the political world, who have been engaged in what appeared an irreconcilable quarrel, are seen now joining hands and forces under the pressure of this dominant question. The reason of all this is that the well-being of the nation in this supreme hour of need and of crisis makes all other things sink into the background. And we can carry that thought up to a higher point, in pressing the need for united prayer that out of the convulsions and upheavals of this dark hour God will bring about the fulfilment of His great purposes of love and mercy.
Surely the present is a time to make men pause, and think of God and eternal realities. He is making His voice to be heard in the storm. He is recalling men from the wild chase after wealth and fame and pleasure, to thoughts of "a better and more enduring substance." We all know how apt we are to forget God in the bright days of prosperity. We need the ancient warning: "When thou hast eaten and art full, then beware lest thou forget the Lord, thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." Kipling's familiar verses come to our minds in this connection, in which he turns the warning into a prayer—

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose mighty hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine;  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The trumpet and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
A humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

And how true it is that God often sends trouble into our lives to keep us from forgetting, to compel us to remember and reflect. "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God" (Psalm lv. 19). Because their path is smooth and all their ventures succeed, the fear of God passes out of their lives. They need a change, a change of weather, from sunshine and blue skies to clouds and storms, in order to bring them to their senses and to their knees before God.

The seriousness of the situation in which we now find ourselves arises not only from the thought of the loss of blood and treasure directly involved. These are the most prominent items in the cost of war. But besides these there is the widespread dislocation of commerce the enormous advance in prices, the inconvenience and loss caused by the interruption of traffic. Are not these things a loud call for reflection and prayer? Do they not furnish a chance for the things of God to be brought out of the background into the foreground? The present crisis brings to the mind the condition of the commercial and social world in America in 1857-8. Those were years of great spiritual awakening in America, but they were years of commercial disaster, and the latter was the means of bringing in the former. As a historian of the period remarks:—"In the day of adversity
men consider. When the hand of God is suddenly laid upon city and country; the sources of prosperity dried up; fortunes taking to themselves wings; houses, venerable for years, integrity, and success, tumbling into ruins; and names never tarnished by suspicion becoming less than nothing in general bankruptcy; it is natural to believe that men will look away from themselves and say, 'Verily there is a God.' Yes, it will indeed be a wholesome and a blessed thing if the dark and cloudy day brings with it the realisation of the cloud of the Divine presence. When God comes near to us in this way, He calls for humiliation and confession of sins, both personal, social, and national, What a black catalogue as we think of them! Forgetfulness of God, the dishonouring of His holy name, the desecration of His holy day, the neglect and even the denial and repudiation of His holy Word, the breach of His commandments, the resistance of His will, the failure to maintain His honour and extend His kingdom. How terrible it would be if the call to repent of these things were disregarded—men closing their ears and refusing to listen to the heavenly voice. "In that day"—Isaiah's day; is it to be the same in this day?—"did the Lord God of hosts call to weeping and to mourning, and behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine: let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die." God forbid that the Divine discipline should thus be wasted and the call thus disregarded. Let us pray and let us hope that the issue of the present crisis may be very different. We can indeed mingle praise with prayer as we remember the "things that are of good report" in the national temper and sentiment at the present time. It may be fairly claimed for England that she has not gone into this war for self-aggrandisement, or in any spirit of boast and brag, but rather at the high call of duty, to fulfil—and at a fearful cost—her treaty obligations, and render help to those in need of help. All the same, let us cry earnestly to God that we may use the present distress as a time for us to set our house in order, to supply the things that are lacking, and put far from us the things that are displeasing in God's sight. He can "turn the curse into a blessing," The stormy wind fulfils His will, as much as the gentle zephyr. These dark days may be days of salvation to multitudes. The lives lost in the war may be far out-numbered by the souls saved through the war—souls that call upon God in the day of trouble who would never have called upon Him in any other day.

Rev. R. J. Ward,
in the South of India Observer.
HERE A LITTLE, AND THERE A LITTLE.

By Olive Fletcher.

"SURELY the wrath of man shall praise Thee," comes so often to our minds these days. Out of this terrible conflict of war we believe that God is going to get glory to His name. We are seeing a little of it here in Amraoti. Our cook has been very much stirred up about the war, and we have been telling him, that perhaps Jesus may soon come, and how it behoves us to be ready. Where he lives are a few wayward children of the Lord. Their love has grown cold, and they have let sin enter their homes and hearts. Last night our cook told us, that for over a week now he has called all these people and some outside Hindus together, to have singing, prayer, and the reading of God's Word. Many of these Christians grumble at having to meet every night, but he gives them no peace till they come to the meeting. However imperfect may be the worship, yet we are glad for these little meetings, and they are praying especially about the war. Also every Sunday afternoon he goes home, and gathers these same people together and takes them to church. Otherwise they would spend the day in sleeping or doing their weekly shopping. He takes his three little girls with him.

Just a word regarding this man. He has worked for several years in our mission here at Amraoti as a cook, and he is well grounded in the truth, and loves to sing our Christian hymns. I have found him a very faithful and willing servant. He makes no open profession, but tells that at heart he is a Christian, and I believe as far as he knows how, he is trying to serve Jesus. His father is a real Hindu, and at one time beat him for teaching his little girls our hymns. I have tried to get him to take his wife to church, but she is a shy little woman, and that is asking too much of her for the present. We are praying that both of them may openly step out for Jesus; also that the old father who is very old now may turn with them to the Lord, and find mercy. Will someone please take the burden of these souls, and pray them through?

You are responsible up to the full measure of ability and opportunity.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields."—
CASTE.

A young engineer in charge of the building of a bridge was passing along a road when he caught sight of an Indian lying apparently in mortal illness in the sun, by the wayside. He saw some passers-by and begged them to carry the man to some place where he might be cared for. Not one of them would touch him. It was better to let a human being perish uncared for than run the risk of breaking caste, and the English engineer had to carry the poor man without any help from his own Indian fellow-countrymen to the nearest hospital. In Cornwallis Street, Calcutta, a man had fallen down in a faint or fit; hundreds of people must have passed by him in that crowded street, but no one attempted to help him, but one medical student, who to his honour stayed with the man for two hours vainly imploring the passers-by for assistance in lifting the man into a cab that he might convey him to a hospital. Not until an English priest came up could any help be obtained, and then the English priest and the Indian medical student took the man to the hospital: the man's own fellow-countrymen (with this one exception) absolutely refused to touch him for fear of breaking caste.

A system which can so separate man from man that the natural sense of compassion becomes extinct, is an outrage on human nature. By way of contrast let us go not to a Christian country, where any man taken ill in the streets would at once find scores of helping hands and compassionate hearts,—but to the depths of the dark continent of Africa. The famous traveller Mungo Park was once lost in an African forest, and being overcome with fever became delirious and unconscious. When he came to himself he found himself in a native hut with two negresses at his side crooning over him as he lay in his weakness, "Let us pity the poor white man: he has no mother to make his bed, no wife to grind his corn." For fourteen days these two African women had nursed and cared for a stranger of another race and colour, simply out of human compassion, but then with all its savagery and degradation and darkness there is no system of false caste in Africa.

We have fastened upon only one fruit of the caste system in India, but it is one which is typical of its general effects. Its watchword is division: not a proper division of labour, but division of man from man: its fruit is the poorest and meanest of all kinds of pride. To say that union is strength is to repeat a well-worn truism, to say that in India the caste system is weakness is to point out the secret of her never having become a nation.—Epiphany.
WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

THE New York Tribune preaches a lay sermon on the subject of Christianity and war, pointing out that a Christianity which would restrain men from engaging in mutual efforts for slaughter has never had a real chance:

"The sudden flaming forth of the war madness in Europe will again raise the question, often discust before, why it is that great nations which acknowledge their allegiance to the Christian religion appear to be absolutely uninfluence by its teachings. War is contrary to the fundamental ideals of Christianity, which was first proclaimed as a religion of peace and good will among men and whose teachings look to the ultimate gathering together of all mankind in one great human brotherhood ruled by love. Yet the leading Christian nations of the world are preparing to fly at each other's throats just as their remote ancestors, the cave men, might have done. Is not this fact, it may be asked, a serious indictment of Christianity?

"The answer is that the indictment lies not so much against Christianity as against those who profess to accept its teachings and don't even pretend to live up to those teachings in their daily lives. Not only in the matter of war, but in hundreds of other matters, people are every day doing things forbidden by the religious creed they profess; and this fact proves not that their creed is bad or futile, but that average humanity has not yet reached the point where it can obey Christian teachings. As a matter of fact, Christianity has never yet had a fair trial in the world. Its noblest idealisms have always had to be more or less diluted in order to make them acceptable to humanity in the rough.

"Nevertheless, it would imply a very shadow judgment to assert that Christianity has had no influence, even in the case of war. Who shall say that a majority of civilized men and women in the world to-day are not opposed to war? They have no way of expressing themselves; they do not sit in the seats of the mighty. But they are quietly registering their judgment against war as a crime against humanity. And some day, when there shall be ushered in the era of 'sweeter manners, purer laws,' foretold by the poet, the verdict of these plain people will be respected and obeyed by those who will then rule the destinies of the world."—Literary Digest.

"Missions are not a failure in heathen lands, but are a sad failure in the hearts of many professing Christians at home."

—Selected.
PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

JOHN R. Mott, the world-wide traveller and noted student of mission fields, says:

"When I made my first journey around the world I went home and wrote a book in which I laid great stress upon the need of an increase in the number of foreign missionaries. When I returned from my second tour I laid stress upon the need of a great army of native workers, sons and daughters of the soil. When I came back from my third extended journey to the East I was led to see that I had taken a very superficial view. What we need is, not so much an increase in the number of missionaries, not so much a vast army of native workers; what we need is the discovery of the hiding of God's power, and the secret of the releasing of that power. We need more workers through whom God shall have his opportunity. Here and there He is accomplishing through one worker what many workers could not accomplish where the hiding of his power is not discovered.

"Since then I have found the same thing exemplified all over the home field. God has his ways, and they are not always our ways. One of the most striking passages in the Old Testament is the one representing God's eye searching up and down the world trying to find a man whose heart is right toward him, that he might show his power through that man. The discovery of that secret is a great thing needed all over the world today in our Christian enterprises, the discovery of the secret which enables God to find the object of quest, that he may realize his-consuming desire, and show himself strong."—Living Water.

WHAT ARE MISSIONARIES LIKE?

"YOU know what folks used to think of whenever you mentioned a foreign missionary. At once they mentally pictured a lank, black-garbed, ethereal-faced gentleman, standing on a mound with the Scriptures in one hand and his other hand raised aloft. Below him huddled the heathen on their knees, with their faces in the earth, and above him a very beautiful feminine angel sat on the edge of a white cloud and dropped flowers down around his haloed brow.

This old conception is not much like the modern and real conception. Now we know—at least those of us who ever look inside a missionary journal—that the missionary in foreign lands has to be of such mettle that he can serve as the adviser of governments, the friend of statesman, business manager, preacher, educator, writer, organiser and executive, all rolled into one."—Womans' Missionary Friend.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

There has been a fear in the minds of friends at home about sending money to India on account of the war. We are glad to say that the mails are coming regularly, and there is no better way of sending money than by Foreign money orders. These come at full par values, while checks on American banks are discounted somewhat, but are much better than a few weeks ago. Greenbacks are almost at par value again, but should be sent in registered letters; but money orders are best. The receipt should be sent to the payee. Drafts on London are always good for larger amounts.

Many a girl thinks she would like to go to Africa or the Fiji Islands, and die a Christian martyr; but she is not willing to wash the dishes for a tired mother, or play the rub-a-dub-dub on the washboard without getting into a temper.

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PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Miss Rollier sends a word of praise for healing from fever and for help experienced in her Marathi examination.

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PRAYER.

Pray for the convention which, as announced, will begin on October 23rd.
Pray for the missionaries who are planning to begin touring soon after convention, that nothing may be permitted to hinder them.

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ITEMS.

We are glad for the news that Mrs. Cutler has arrived safely from furlough on September 17th, with Isaac. Faith has been left in school in England.
Mr. and Mrs. Schoonmaker and children and Miss Mary Compton sailed for furlough on August 25th. We trust they may have a safe voyage in spite of present complications at sea. Mr. Back is in charge of the work in Dholka now.
Mr. Fuller and Rev. Mr. McPherson are holding special meetings in a number of the stations that month. We expect to have Mr. McPherson with us at the convention.
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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