“Arise, go . . . . and preach . . . the preaching that I bid thee.” Jonah iii. 2.

It is worthy of notice that a large number of the articles from the pens of our missionaries this month request prayer in connection with the touring season. This is by far the most enjoyable season of the year for missionaries, in every sense.

Of physical comforts there are not a few. The sunshine is welcome again after the rains. The village roads, which are composed during the rains of mire that seems to be without bottom, gradually dry out and the sun-hardened ruts wear down again until it is possible to drive a cart over them. Clothing and shoes that during the long rainy season could not be kept from mildew, are taken out and aired and dried. The insects, venomous and otherwise, that sought shelter in the bungalow, betake themselves elsewhere, and so their annoyance is reduced by more than half. The nights become cool enough to make sleep a pleasure, and when in early mornings the thermometer drops to 35°, the thin-blooded missionary shivers deliciously and imagines that he is experiencing real "cold weather" again. The sun seems to have forgotten for a while his evident purpose of shrivelling up on the spot every vestige of life that exposes itself to his rays, and seems more like a friend than a foe. So, for the time, life in a tent becomes safe again, and with a pith hat and ordinary precautions one may go about his work without fear.

There are, however, enough inconveniences about camp
life to make it doubtful if its physical joys would tempt anyone much, unless there were some deeper motive, for touring is not the care-free camp life of a vacation, but a steady diet of camp life amongst Indian smells and smoke and dirt, with physical, mental and spiritual hard work daily. It is the opportunity of preaching the gospel where Christ is not named that draws the missionary, and it is with this joy set before him that at the close of the rains tents are overhauled and mended, carts and wagons repaired, bullocks purchased (if possible), and folding tables, campstools, portable cupboards and provisions purchased or made or mended, and heart preparation sought. Thus he prepares to "arise" and "go."

It should not be hard for those at home who wish to do so to realise the part they may have in the missionary's touring. Possibly he has no cart to repair or no tent to overhaul. If not it is probable either that his work will not be all it might otherwise be, or else that he will ruin his health beyond repair. It is poor economy for a missionary to try to do both the work of a preacher and of the horses which he does not possess. Either the missionary or the work will suffer for it. Even the reluctant Jonah had a means of transportation supplied him, and surely the modern missionary should have no less. There are missionaries among us who are without the needed touring equipment, of which the important items are a tent, bullocks (or horses) and a cart or waggon, and we should like to have our friends pray about it.

We need your prayers above all that we may be at our best spiritually. There will be little success in the battle unless a Moses on some mountain remains throughout the fight with hands uplifted, with perhaps an Aaron and a Hur also to help hold them up. Battlefields afford less time and quietness for prayer than might be desired. We depend on you.

Though the gospel when properly preached always blesses the preacher, it is probably true that one is more likely to become:
“stale” in the foreign field than at home. The heathen do not require great variety, the message must be much the same time after time, and the objections and questions offered have long since become tiresome and threadbare and offer little variety. Thus the missionary is likely to get into the habit of saying certain things when he preaches and this may lead to the habit of not preparing his mind and heart afresh for each message. The people are so scattered over the country in small hamlets and towns, in each of which he must proclaim again the gospel message, that it is no wonder if by this oft repetition he should lose his unction after a while.

It is not sufficient for the missionary as he starts out with the object of reaching a certain corner of his huge parish, to rely on the fact that he was commissioned ten years ago to take the gospel to the heathen of Berar or Gujarat. Unless he goes with a fresh commission to “go,” and a fresh grasp of the message that God bids him “preach,” he will be perfunctory, and find his audience unmoved and anxious for him to depart. Do we not often venture, fellow workers, to enter a village to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to those who know Him not, with a meagerness of preparation that we would consider utterly inadequate for the delivery of an address in English? Is it a lighter thing to stand in Christ’s stead beseeching Hindus to be reconciled to God than to deliver an address at a missionary conference on methods of work? Judging from personal experience we would be led to believe that missionaries too often preach in a bazaar or a village the preaching that it is their custom to preach instead of seeking to know from the Lord what is the preaching that He would bid them preach in that particular place.

Surely we need to enter this season of opportunity with more than the assurance that we adhere properly to the fundamental and orthodox principles of the gospel. We need to know also that the Holy Spirit is personally conducting our trip, and that on each separate occasion we are simply His mouthpieces—to preach the preaching that He bids us.
Those who care cannot read the descriptions of blessings received in Gujarat under the ministry of Mr. McPherson, without having their hearts stirred with joy. Similar reports are also reaching us from the Marathi side and we hope to be able later to publish accounts of the meetings in Berar and Khandesh.

It is now eight years since the revival of 1906, which reached most of our important stations. Since that time many of the missionaries have not ceased to pray for another and greater visitation, whereby our entire native Church will be powerfully revived, and a baptism of the Holy Spirit be granted to them add to us all, such as we have never yet known. Indications seem to be that when the movement toward God amongst the villagers of our area comes, it will come through such a revival beginning in the native Church. May we not hope that the work begun in these meetings will go on and will prove to be the first droppings of the rain prayed for these many years? And let us pray also that nothing may be permitted to dispel the spiritual influences now at work in those stations, and that all hindrances to a true and general revival may be overcome by the power of God.

What if unkindness on my part,
Should leave an impress on some heart,
That time will scarce erase;
Its bitterness the heart should feel;
The wound thus made refuse to heal;
When shall I this efface?

What if some kindness on my part
Should leave an impress on some heart
That time will n'er erase
What if its sweetness should inspire
To holier aim. Let me not tire
To give to kindness place.

H. V. Andrews.
"GO——PREACH!"

By Josephine Turnbull.

It was Khrisna's birthday. The people were going to spend the whole of the day in celebrating their favourite god's advent into the world. The first performance was the bathing in the river, for purification from all defilement, and thither went the crowds from Mehmadabad. A few days before we had heard about this great day and of the crowds that would assemble at the river early in the morning, so we made up our minds to go and seize the opportunity of preaching Jesus to all the high-caste people who would undoubtedly be present.

As we approached the river that bright, sunny morning the scene that meet our eyes was a gay and lively one. All the colours of the rainbow, with their various delicate tints, were in evidence in the beautiful sardies (shawl-like dress) the women were putting on after having bathed in the quiet waters of the little river. And such a display of costly jewels on arms, ankles, necks, fingers, noses and ears! Surely all the treasure boxes had been opened that day in honour of the great god, Khrisna. And such a chattering, laughing and shouting to one another! It was noisier than a church social. Groups of Brahmin priests were squatted here and there, each with a sheet spread in front of him to receive any and all the offerings the people would give. On some of the sheets we noticed a few coins of the least value and small, very small, piles of the different grains, which the greedy religious teachers were carefully guarding while they eagerly looked at each passer-by in hopes of receiving more to add to their store.

As we drew near the scene of action, quite a number of people noticed us and their haughty, scowling looks were anything but inviting; however, we had come as ambassadors of the living Christ and we felt we must lift Him up before that crowd of deluded worshippers of the vile Khrisna. We began to sing a hymn and a small group, filled with curiosity, gathered about us to hear what "these babblers" would say. We lost no time in coming to the point, and we plainly showed them that salvation is of grace and not of works, that Christ is the only Saviour and that all need Him. After listening for a very few minutes, one by one slipped out of the group to join in the general chatter and bathing that was going on.

Never had we seen men and women so intent on bathing and so determined that every member of their family should have a part in the wholesale washing. Even the small children just able to toddle were taken into the river by their parents, given a
little rubbing, and brought out to be arrayed in purple, scarlet, green or pink velvet and silk, and to be crowned with the gayest caps that the oriental mind could imagine. All the while there was a constant promenade up and down the river bank, jewels and gay apparel were being admired, and we venture to say that not one half-dozen persons in the crowd were thinking seriously as to whether or no their sins were washed away by the river bath they had just taken on Khrisna's birthday morning. And yet, some of the gayest of that assembly had no doubt broken every commandment of the decalogue more than once.

As one crowd of listeners would melt away from in front of us and no one seemed to be paying any attention, except a few who stood at a distance to laugh and make fun of the message and the messengers, we would sing again and another curious group would stand for a little while to listen. In the natural it certainly looked foolish for us to stand there and try to preach, but as the Apostle Paul has written, it has "pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." And did not Christ Himself tell us to go and preach? He did not say, "go where they invite you, go where you are wanted," but, "go into all the world."

It isn't a nice feeling to know you are not wanted, is it? What a rude awakening many a young missionary has had as he has come to this country, thinking the "dear, benighted heathen" were just longing for teachers to show them the way of salvation, to find they wanted none of him or his teaching! It is hard to bear—very hard. But if missionary zeal and effort is founded only on glowing accounts of success it won't last long. Ah no! It must be founded on conviction that God has sent one and that He is back of the word preached.

On this particular morning by the river side, we noticed one woman who intently listened as we proclaimed God's love for sinners, manifested through Jesus Christ. She hung about the edge of each successive crowd of listeners, and we rejoiced to see the tears in her eyes and the serious, intelligent look on her face, because, we believe the good seed fell on that good ground.

As we began to move away, several mothers frantically snatched their children out of our way lest we touch them, and we heard several screaming to their offspring, "Don't touch them, don't touch, you'll be defiled!" We tried to have conversation with a number; we tried to sell gospels at one-half cent each, but all manifested the same superior, self-satisfied spirit and looked and said, "We don't want you, we don't want your books, we are quite satisfied with our own religion."
On the edge of the crowd we stopped to speak pleasantly with one old high-caste fellow, who wouldn't have touched us for the world but who seemed inclined to be a bit friendly. He had had a nice bath, his skin was clean and shining, and our hearts yearned that he might know an inner cleansing as well. So we informed him that our books told of a way whereby the heart could be made clean, wouldn't he like to read one? "Woman," said he, "one religion is enough, what would I do with a second one? Yours for you and mine for me." And in that short speech he voiced the opinion of thousands who have absolutely no sense of their need of anything better than they have. They have so many gods to worship, so many holy days to keep, so many purifying baths to take, so many religious teachers to heed and feed, in short, they have so much they can do, that they feel quite sure that their deeds of merit will avail in the after life, and that they have no need of a Saviour. And yet, we continue to hold Him up everywhere and before all who will listen, because we fully believe that He is the only way of salvation and that He will draw men unto Himself. Our part is to preach, pray and believe. May we be faithful to the end.

SPECIAL MEETINGS IN GUJARAT. AHMEDABAD.

We had been praying for some time that God would send a revival to our Ahmedabad Church, such as would quicken us all, cause the back-sliders to return, and save the unsaved. In a most unexpected way the prayer was answered. Early in September we heard that our stations were to be visited by Rev. J. McPherson, whose services God had been honouring in many places. Anticipating a short vacation before our annual convention we asked that our station have an early visit. The request being granted, Mr. McPherson’s campaign for God in Gujarat, began at Ahmedabad in “The Church in the House.”

From the very beginning we realised that Mr. McPherson was a man sent by God with a message. The Lord had been preparing hearts, in answer to prayer, therefore, generally speaking, the message fell into good soil, and being watered from heaven, sprung up and brought forth real results quickly. There are several outstanding cases that give us real joy.

One young man who is a member of the Church, but whose life did not measure up to the standard, came under strong
conviction, and yielding to the influence of the Spirit, confessed, with tears, his backslidden condition. This occurred in the Sunday afternoon service, at the close of which he went home and told others what he had done. The result was that two others, former orphanage boys, who had been trying to elude all Christian influence, came with him to the evening meeting, confessed their sins, accepted Christ as their Saviour and went home rejoicing.

Perhaps the most striking case of conversion was that of a young man who grew up in our Dholka orphanage, went through several revivals un moved, with stood much personal dealing, both inside and outside the orphanage, but finally yielded to the Lord in the Sunday afternoon service, and is now "a new creation in Christ Jesus." One of our finest native preachers had been praying for this young man for about seven years. No wonder the praying preacher sat by and wept tears of joy as Jetha yielded to the Lord.

On Sunday evening eight were buried with Christ in baptism, and three the following Sunday. This series of five days' meetings, closed on Sunday evening with a quiet but joyous testimony meeting, in which many partook, testifying to blessing received. A preacher from a neighbouring station, praising the Lord for a new touch, said "My work was dry," using the Gugarati adjective we use when speaking of dry bread (bread without butter) "but I am going back in blessing and with new courage in the work."

To sum it all up, we praise the Lord for blessing received in our own hearts, for the quickening our native preachers received, for the new life that has come to the Church and for the conversion of sinners.

LOTTIE ANDREWS.

DHALKA.

AFTER the series of meetings in Ahmedabad, Mr. McPherson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fuller came to Dholka and held services from Wednesday to Monday inclusive, in which all three had a part. Truly there were battles fought out in prayer, but there were also spoils from the battles. The results would be difficult to tabulate here; we can only tell of some things we saw.

A deep, solid work of the Spirit was done and there was not, as so often is the case, a reaction afterward, but rather a continuation. Even after the meetings closed, we were conscious that the Lord was still working. Confessions were still made and hearts were earnestly seeking God. One Sunday afternoon
after the convention had closed the meeting continued until late
at night and some forgot to eat their evening meal. The gong
sounded but many were weeping and confessing in prayer and gave
no heed to it but remained on their knees. It was pitiful and
yet amusing to hear some of the confessions of the wee ones. One
had been given his share of onions to peel and instead of doing
it, he threw a part of them away to lighten his task. Many of them
sobbed so that as they confessed it was impossible to catch
what they were saying.

The workers from this and surrounding districts, and also
some of the village Christians, were present and received their
share of the blessing. All seemed to be really quickened and
with glowing faces went back to their different fields. With a
bounding note of joy we recount what God did for the women,
the wives of the workers and teachers. Seldom have we had
conventions which meant so much to them. We glanced
down a long row of women one day and rejoiced inwardly to see that
there was not one who was not being touched by the message.
When God began to work they came and asked for separate
meetings so they would feel more free to open their hearts in
prayer and testimony and confession. After the meetings were
over they wanted a farewell service so they could tell what
God had done for them during the few days of waiting on Him.
One confessed that she was a professing Christian before but
without a change of heart. She broke down and gave her heart to
God. Others who had grown cold, had their love fanned into
flame and one after another spoke of blessing received until our hearts
were so full of joy, we were obliged to give vent to it and there
was a great spirit of victory and of praise. Since then the
women's meetings which seemed such uphill work before are like
a well oiled machine. Little differences have been sweetly
settled and there is no friction. Hearts estranged have been
welded together by bands of love and the whole atmosphere
seems to have been effected by the Word preached.

May I add that we ourselves received great inspiration and
benefit also. Especially did our joy know no bounds when one
day two of our dear boys received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.
We were highly favoured in having the privilege of not only
attending the week at Dholka but following that, a week at
Kaira also as Mr. Hamilton interpreted for Mr. McPherson. The
time was all too short but we trust that the work begun may go
steadily on without interruption till Jesus comes.

Blanche Hamilton.
EARLY in September we were rejoiced to hear that Mr. McPherson, of the American Society of Friends, accompanied by Mr. Fuller, was coming to visit our Gujarati work, and to hold special services in Ahmedabad, Dholka and Kaira, where most of the native workers and Christians from other stations and outstations might assemble. Having heard that Mr. McPherson was made a great blessing to our mission in China last year, we began at once to pray for prepared hearts to receive the new blessing the Lord wanted to give us. As time went on, we heard that the Holy Spirit was working in the Ahmedabad meetings, hard hearts were melting and yielding to the Lord, and many were being blessed. Then, as Mr. Fuller and Mr. McPherson went on to Dholka, the good reports continued to come, and those of us who expected to attend the meetings held in Kaira kept on praying in greater faith and expectancy that God would surely meet us and the native Christians in that place.

The workers and Christians from Matar and Mehmadabad districts and those around Kaira were able to join in these meetings held in the Girls' Orphanage. Some who had received blessing at Dholka, but who desired even more, walked over and back, twenty miles each way, to attend. Also on Sunday many Christian farmers from neighbouring villages attended, so that on Sunday morning there must have been about four hundred present. The missionary ladies of that place made the best of arrangements for accommodating the crowd that came, and we are glad to say we heard no murmuring from anyone, and that is a good deal to say about a Gujarati crowd.

The meetings began Wednesday afternoon, September 23rd, and continued through Monday, September 28th, with two services a day. The weather was oppressively hot at the time, but hearts were refreshed and encouraged by the Lord Himself who was truly in our midst.

Mr. McPherson's messages were fresh and searching, and as the people eagerly listened we could see that the Holy Spirit was using the Word to pierce their hearts, and they were thinking deeply. At the beginning of the meetings we felt an opposing spiritual force against us, and there was much fervent prayer that God would break through all hindrances, beat back the powers of Satan and do His work in the hearts of all. Prayer prevailed, and the atmosphere seemed cleared after one morning's service when the Christians began to arise and go to various ones to settle up old quarrels and misunderstandings. The Kaira girls had been having prayer meetings for days in prepa-
ration for this time and it was comforting to see how they entered into the spirit of the services and how ready they were to ask forgiveness for stubbornness, disobedience, bad talking, etc. Some serious sins were confessed also, and one highly esteemed worker was so wrought upon that he had to confess wrong doing that had happened some time before, and the confession of which he knew would mean resigning for a time from the position he held in the mission. But God gave grace.

Mr. Fuller's messages met a need in many hearts. Especially were the native workers encouraged, warned and spiritually fed by the way he opened God's Word to them. Many of them have known him well for many years, and some of them mentioned how much they enjoyed having him with them, with his spirit of victory and blessing, after so long a time.

It would be difficult to tabulate all the results of those services, but we are sure the Holy Spirit did a deep and lasting work in many. The constant victorious life, through the enthroning of Christ in the heart by the Holy Spirit, was presented in various ways, and we believe our native preachers and others saw as never before the absolute necessity of steady faith and surrender in any life that is to be victorious. The favourite chorus of the time seemed to be, "Victory for me, through the blood of Christ my Saviour," and as it was sung again and again in faith, the Holy Spirit did enable many to open their hearts to Him and to say in confidence, "victory for me." The native of India is not different from other people in wanting to see and feel before he believes that God is actually with him, and hence we praise God that the necessity and value of faith was so set forth by the speakers and so grasped by the listeners. The spontaneous testimonies of the dear people toward the close of the series of services were touching and cheering. Besides the men who witnessed, many a timid woman arose and with tears told of God's dealings with her and of her faith and determination to go on with Him.

The actual meetings have closed, but God is still blessing in the Kaira Orphanage as the girls continue earnest and faithful in their work and in the prayer services they conduct every night, while the different native workers and Christians, away in various villages, surrounded by every deadening, depressing influence, are praising God for His new grip on their spirits and their new grip of faith on Him.

(Note.—We have received two reports of the Kaira meetings, and so have combined them, using paragraphs from each.—Ed.)
“MORE SIDELIGHTS.”

By Lydia I. Duckworth.

“Mamma, why is Austria hungry?” were the inquiring words which fell on our ears one day as we sat discussing the war. Our little girl had heard the words “Austria-Hungary” so often in the conversation that it was a matter of real concern to her to know the why and wherefore of this hunger. And it does not take one long to find out in these acute and history-forming days how very closely war and hunger, and sorrow and pain are related. I was calling on some friends, one evening in the latter part of July and the gentleman of the house, in the course of the conversation, said, “Mr.—of the mill had a telegram to-day that Austria had declared war on Servia and that the price of cotton has fallen.” Here were the two facts of war and of consequent loss to trade, or in plain words “hunger,” announced in one breath and before the newspapers even had announced it. We could scarcely believe it, and if truth were told did not want to believe it, for all of us who have watched international affairs in Europe for the last few years and the development of “balance of power,” called Alliance and Entente (the one a written contract and the other a moral obligation, but both equally binding when a nation considers a “word of honour” in its full light) had misgivings as to what lengths this declaration of war of one country upon another might lead in the gradual development of things. Sure enough, next day the papers were ablaze with it. Coming home from Ahmedabad, next evening we found the station placarded with “War fever in Europe,” “Conflagration expected,” etc. And now we all know how step by step and yet so swiftly the whole great war cloud developed and burst, and practically all Europe was at war.

Of course, living in a country like India, under the British flag, brings us into the war zone to a greater or less degree. And soon, we found ourselves visited by the police, our nationality investigated and any firearms and ammunition listed. The next thing that most especially affected us, was that whereas we had been getting ten pounds of sugar for a rupee, we could only get six. And even now, despite the fact that the Government immediately took things in hand and prevented the unscrupulous marwadis and merchants, who are always ready to jump at a chance of raising prices, from taking advantage of this time, sugar is still so expensive that our Indian evangelists and workers have stopped their morning cup of tea because they cannot afford the sugar. The Indian people do not care for tea without plenty of
sugar in it. Sometimes I find myself wondering which it is they are drinking, sugar or tea?

Soon potatoes began to go up and for a few days they were $2.50 per bushel. But, thanks to the prompt action of Government and also to the English firms of long standing, the prices of many of the necessities of life have not been raised, and thus much suffering and discontent has been averted among the poor people. They would have realized only too well what war "hunger" means.

But these poor people are so credulous and in the early days of Indian history there were so many wars and conquests and invasions and evacuations, the monuments of which still remain, that the very name of war strikes terror to their hearts. Much of their religious literature also is filled with wars and their very gods were always at war for one cause or another. I am speaking now of the uneducated masses, which form so much a part of the teeming population of India.

My husband went one day to a company of poor mendicants, who were encamped in the fields, busily making baskets. When he sat down and began to talk to them, they cried out, "O sahib, what are we going to do? The Germans have emptied Bombay, and they have emptied Ahmedabad and now they are going to come and take us all. What are we going to do?" One can readily see how in such times as these, a missionary's ministry can be two-fold, i.e., to win men's souls and prepare them for the eternal kingdom, and also to quiet their fears and so assist in the earthly kingdom, the government to which we all owe so much in this land.

Mr. Duckworth asked the "puggie" (watchman) one evening what he thought about the war and he said, "O, sahib, what can I think? I hear they are going to take us all away to Europe to carry water to the soldiers who are fighting!"

The planet Venus has been very brilliant these days and has even been visible in the afternoon about five o'clock. This has given a new subject for speculation, and the other day in Bombay, one could see everywhere groups of men standing and observing and discussing the sight. Some realized that it was a star, others thought it was a kite, while still others thought it must be an aircraft, no doubt a zeppelin, for we heard that in one place they had even ventured to mention the number of Germans it must contain!

For some time Mr. Duckworth was not well and it was thought best for him to go to Bombay for a change, which he did. We are glad to sound a note of praise to the Lord that he is greatly improved. When he returned, our workers informed him
that the people in town had been discussing his departure quite openly and had concluded that he must be a German and that the Government had captured him and sent him away and confiscated his firearms! Now that he is back and able to go about and mingle among them and preach the gospel and even take out his gun for an occasional hunt, they are probably disillusioned. We have instructed our workers how to answer the people and have shown them in how many ways we can serve the country at this time, and we believe the Lord will bless them as they give out the Word and also endeavour to help those that have the rule over us. We also took up a special offering for the relief of suffering caused by the war and they all responded well.

We have an interesting night school composed of boys who work in the mills during the day. These boys come to the Sunday-school whenever they have a Sunday off, and seem open to the gospel. Their teacher is much interested in their souls' condition and probably that is one reason why the boys themselves are interested. Perhaps I should explain about their Sunday holidays. The British Government under Queen Victoria pledged itself by a treaty to be neutral in regard to religious belief. Thus religious freedom is allowed for all, and no coercion is exercised to make Mohammedans or Hindus conform to Christian customs. However, all government offices are closed on Sundays but most of the mills are owned by wealthy Indians, and of course most of the employees also are either Hindus or Mohammedans. Government recognizes that it has been found that God's law of one rest day in seven is necessary for man's physical welfare, and since there are so many Mohammedans and Hindu religious holidays, as well as the Christian's Sunday, it has become law that four holidays must be given every month. Therefore, if there are other special holidays during the month the mills work on Sunday but, if not, then Sunday is the holiday given. Therefore those Christians who work in the mills very often have to work on Sunday and when they do not, our Sunday congregation is much enlarged. Pray for these men who have sometimes to work on Sunday that God will make it up to them and that their light may shine brightly for Him among their fellow labourers.

Please pray that as we start out we tour this cold season, the Holy Spirit may have prepared the hearts of the people even by the strain of war, for the message of comfort and peace we long to give them. It is a very significant fact, and the people themselves recognize it, that in time of trouble, of famine or scarcity their hearts are softer and more inclined toward religious things, but when the harvest is good and other things are equal,
they forget God. This year, the harvest is good, plague is not in evidence, but perhaps the war is what God will use as a softener and melter of hearts. We are looking for His coming and the subsequent reign of peace and joy and we know that even now, “His throne is established in the heavens and his kingdom ruleth over all.”

CHALISGAON NOTES.

By O. Dinham.

We are steadily pressing the battle in Chalisgaon. The walls are thick and high, but God is going to bring some of them down, and some of these captives are to be set free. A few high-caste people come to the bungalow from time to time and sometimes to the meetings. So far as one can see they have very little use for the gospel, but their coming makes it possible for them to hear, and the Word of God declares that “faith cometh by hearing.” The common people generally hear us gladly, and in addition to the Sunday-School we have started a little day school for their children. I trust this effort may be owned and blessed of God; it certainly does open the way to the children’s hearts, and sometimes to the hearts of their parents. From 18 to 28 attend this school, and some of the children are making fairly good progress. Prayers and help in connection with this school will be very acceptable.

By the time this reaches our home friends we will (D. V.) be out in the district preaching Jesus to a people sitting in darkness and in the grip of Satan. This will be our first touring season in Chalisgaon taluka (county) so we would specially request that our dear friends remember us in prayer as we move about from place to place.

We have just been disappointed in one whom we thought was interested in the gospel and a very hopeful inquirer, but has proved unstable and untrue, and has left us without saying “salaam.” He had been with us a month, and we began to hope that he would be the third one to step out for Christ since our arrival. But he has gone and we are left to follow him with our prayers. God is able to stop him and save him.

Please pray for the young couple who were lately baptised, that they may continue true to God, as they have been called to their home-village on business, and will undoubtedly encounter severe temptations.
NOTES FROM MALKAPUR.
S. H. Aurenheimer.

MALKAPUR county covered until recently 790 square miles and had 340 towns and villages, with a population of over 173,000 but it was too large for the government officials to look after well and since last April a portion of this county was added to that of Khamgaon, to the east of us. It now has 287 towns and villages and over 150,000 people. This, even, gives us more work than we can do, as at present we have but one native preacher to assist us in the work.

From the time we came here in February, up to the hot season, we spent most of our time in the villages and towns and in the city of Malkapur. The roads were passable and we were able to visit a number of towns, some of them several times. We found the people very friendly and they received us and listened to our messages with interest.

At present, it is the rainy season and we have had an abundance of rain, which has made the country roads impassable and so we have not been able to go to the villages very often. We have therefore given our time, when the weather permitted, to evangelizing the town of Malkapur, where we have 14,000 people. We have preached in all quarters of the town and to all classes of people, Hindoos and Mohammedans, rich and poor, high caste, and low caste and out caste. There is a small daily market where we preach once or twice a week to good audiences. There is also our weekly market to which come not only Malkapur people but people from all the neighbouring towns and villages, as well as many from long distances. This has been one of our favourite places for preaching and selling gospel portions, no doubt, many have heard the gospel here, who otherwise might never have heard it and many have carried the printed Word with them to their homes, where we trust they will read the gospel.

During the rainy season we have often wished that we had a small hall or meeting room in Malkapur, where we could have gone and invited people to come. Quite often as we were preaching in the market or on the street, rain came up suddenly and stopped our work. If we had had a hall, we could have invited the people in. Such a hall would also serve as a place for a Sunday-School and services. At present all our regular services are held in our mission house, but as we are located a mile from the town, we do not get as many people as we might if we had a place in town. A suitable room could probably be rented for $1.50 a month.

A few weeks ago we visited a town six or seven miles from home, where probably no one had preached for sometime. As
we entered the town we found a group of men sitting in a large open square. We sang a few gospel hymns, which drew the people until they numbered at least a hundred. It was a Hindu feast day, so most of the people were at home and at leisure. After we had spoken to them for a little while, a man in the audience spoke up loudly, “Oh yes, what we have heard elsewhere, has come to our town also.” He and quite a few others had just returned from the great Pandharpur pilgrimage, where they had come in contact with missionaries and had heard the gospel story. They told us that thirty-five of their town’s people had been to Pandharpur and had there worshipped the helpless god Vithoba.

We often have people come to our home, which gives us a chance to do individual work. One morning a Bramhin came and we had a long conversation with him. He is a Government official here. He comes from North India, where the zenana system prevails and so he also observes this cruel system, whereby his wife must be content to live within the walls of their home, seldom if ever to be allowed to go out. If she should go out, she must be veiled so that no one can see her face. When we spoke of the liberty that the gospel brings to women in India in comparison to the cruelties meted out to them by Hindoos and Mohammedans, he agreed and said that he did not like these customs, but what could he do? He said there were some who were breaking away from the old customs, but he could not, as it would mean that they would be forsaken by their relatives, friends and caste people. We told him the power of Jesus would enable him to break away and if he did so, for the gospel’s sake, it would bring peace and rest and God would take care of them.

The same day another educated man called. He also is a high caste man, belonging to the warrior caste and he too is an observer of the zenana system. His wife and mother are deprived of all liberty. This young man told us that he hates the system but he dare not break away from it. We trust however the time will come when he will accept Christ and know the liberty that is in Christ Jesus. He invited Mrs. Aurenheimer to visit his wife and mother. His wife is only sixteen years old, having been married about four years. When Mrs. Aurenheimer went she had a good time at their home, for about twenty other women gathered and that afforded a good chance to give them the gospel. When leaving, a hearty invitation was given to come soon again. Pray for these two men who have not the courage to break away, as they know it would.
mean persecution and probably the loss of all things dear to them.

Last week we had our first Christian funeral here in Malkapur. The bright little son of our worker was taken to be with Jesus. Quite a few outsiders were present at the service at the grave. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung in Marathi and we trust that this and the message went home to hearts. No doubt they saw the difference between a heathen and a Christian funeral; the one so hopeless and the other so full of the blessed hope of seeing our loved ones again.

By the time the friends in the homeland read these lines, our cold season, which is also our touring season, will be here. Will each one unite with us in prayer that as we reach the many villages in our district, His Word may have free course and that the seed sown may speedily spring up and bear fruit. We also solicit an interest in your prayers in behalf of the work here and in the surrounding villages.

NOTES FROM AKOLA.

By Wm. Moyser.

We here in India, are made to feel the effects of the war in more ways than one. Such small wares as glass, paper, matches, lamps, enamel ware, etc., come mostly from Austria and Germany. Since the war broke out their importation has ceased and prices of these goods and many others have risen twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. The price of food stuffs has also risen. Many mission societies are now feeling the financial pressure and are having to dismiss their workers. Before me now are applications from two young men who have been dismissed from their mission because of lack of funds.

The last Sunday in August, we explained to our people, the events leading up to the war and tried to show the benefits which they enjoy because of English rule and justice. We also recounted briefly the history of the colonies of other countries in contrast to the happy and just rule of the British Government and drew their attention to the need of standing true and loyal to the Government at this trying time, not only in lip service but in self-denying deeds that would show their loyalty in a practical way.

The Government is making pleas for comforts for those who are suffering in the war. We personally do not believe in Christians taking part in war, but we wanted our people to understand the privilege of shewing the Government their loyalty and
NOTES FROM AKOLA

We asked them for something from each member of each family, even to the babies in arms, and they responded right nobly. In two weeks their gifts were all in. One family brought 18 yards of cloth for bandages and 2 towels; another, 10 pillow-cases, 4 towels, 7 handkerchiefs, and 4 sheets; and yet another family brought 4 sheets, 2 towels, 6 pillow-cases, 5 yards of cloth for bandages; and so it went on until we had 69 sheets, 91 pillow-cases, 96 towels, 9 napkins, 204 handkerchiefs, 7 slings, 385 regulation bandages, 44 yards of gauze, 30 books and 5 magazines,—a grand total of 940 pieces. They were all new. Our Christian women gathered at the bungalow, and the pillow-cases were made, the sheets hemmed, the towels knotted, everything was washed, ironed and neatly folded. The goods were packed in a large tin lined box and our Church Panch (Board of Elders) took the box over to the Deputy Commissioner. In this way we expressed our loyalty to the Government and our sympathy for the wounded. The Deputy Commissioner said that he was very thankful for the kind gifts, that they were much appreciated and that he would forward the goods to the front at once. He also said that he would rather have many small gifts like these from every one, than large lump sums of money.

We are now busy getting our houses and compound ready for the coming Annual Convention, which begins on Friday, October 23rd.

I am glad to say that we are still having good meetings both in the church and outside. We want you to pray much for the coming touring season, that it may be a time of blessing both in preaching and in selling the Word. We need your prayers and practical help at this time, that the effects of the war may not hinder God's work. Pray also that our people may be fully alive to all their privileges at this time in regard to redeeming the time for the days are few and evil.

NOTES FROM DHOLKA.
S. P. Hamilton.

These days find us in the boy's orphanage at Dholka, Mr. Back who is in charge, having gone to Tithal for a short rest. We left this place six years ago and since that time the number of boys has decreased more than half. Some of those who were here at that time have grown up and become preachers of the gospel or gone out to earn their livelihood. Some of the little chaps have grown so much that we scarcely knew them. A few new boys have come for shelter since we were here. We
have been glad to see a real stir among them during and since the meetings held by Mr. McPherson and Mr. Fuller. Many of them have been under deep conviction and confessed things that were wrong in their lives and have made restitution where it was called for. We feel there is a much better chance for the boys to get a proper training now than when there were so many. At one time there were over five hundred. The missionary is able to come into touch with them now in a way that was not possible when there were so many. And after all, this is what counts in such work.

The younger ones still have their little differences and disputes and, of course, when there is any trouble they make a bee-line, for what we might term the juvenile court, the missionaries office to enter a complaint. Yesterday a little six-year-old came and complained that another boy about his size had struck him with a piece of a broken tile which he brought and laid before me. The accused was called and pleaded guilty. After hearing the case I asked the accused what he thought should be done and he very quickly suggested that I pardon him. I consented providing he was willing to ask the other boy’s pardon and at once he put his little hands together and knelt at the feet of the offended one and asked pardon in real Eastern style. The two little “Ayrian browns” went out feeling that the matter was amicably settled.

WAR NEWS FROM THE REAR.

S. P. Hamilton.

THE present war in Europe, at the outset, caused no little amount of consternation among the low-caste people. It was reported by some that the younger men would be drafted and sent to Europe to fight. We were told one day that two cart loads of hand-cuffs had arrived at the county-seat and the inference was that men would be manacled and sent to the war. It was pathetic and yet amusing to hear the stories afloat and the expressions of fear, and we were able to allay the fears of more than one troubled heart.

In one village the men heard that they would surely be caught. They became so frightened that one night ten or twelve of them crowded into a small house and had the door locked on the outside. They all but suffocated and finally became so nervous that they had the door opened and all fled to the jungle and passed the night there.
In another village the low caste people heard that the police officers were coming to take some of them away for military training with a view to sending them to Europe, and in order to escape they decided to spend the night in the jungle. One of their number had a hacking cough which they feared might lead to their discovery and one and all kept exhorting him to suppress it. It would surely be an amusing spectacle to see men of that calibre going to war. India has many of the Spartan type among her sons but they are not to be found among the lower castes. These have been so trampled on for centuries that they have little or no courage left.

The Sign.

A Hindu fakir, with matted hair and ash-besmeared body, was sitting under a tree in deep meditation. His eyes fell on the leaves of a torn book which some one had tossed away. It was part of the New Testament. He smoothed out the crumpled pages and read words which brought strange thoughts to his soul—they seemed to take him by the hand and lead him straight to the Father. Then he set out to seek for someone who obeyed the book. He found an Englishman who confessed that he obeyed it. The fakir, delighted, noticed that the Englishman wore a black band on his arm, and concluded that this was a distinctive sign of a Christian. So he put a black band on his own arm, and when people asked, who he was, he pointed to the band and told them. Some time later the fakir wandered for the first time into a church and listened to a Christian preacher. At the close he announced that he, too, was a follower of this way, and pointed to the band as a proof. They explained that it was an English sign of the death of some loved one. The fakir mused for a moment; then he answered: "But I read in the book that my Loved One has died, so I shall wear it in memory of Him." Before long, however, he grasped the gospel of the Resurrection, and when he realized that his Loved One was alive for evermore, great joy filled his heart. He took off the band from his arm, and the light of the resurrection shone in his face—and that became his sign. Bible in the World.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have been staying at Dholka for a while to relieve Mr. Back for a time of rest at Tital.
DEAR Nephews and Nieces of the India Alliance:—

Your "Auntie Rollier" has not sent any message to you since the one you read in the April number. Do you not think that it is high time she should let you know something of her doings?

Well, she has been very busy for one thing. When she first wrote to you she had only been in the Marathi Mission Field about three weeks, so she was then learning her new alphabet and feeling like a six year old child again, spelling out words small and big and having a pretty hard time remembering the name and special sound of each letter and the meaning of so many new words. Of course there was nothing else for her to do but to buckle down to work and that she did very gladly, of course, but I will tell you a secret; (by the way, I know that all my American nephews and nieces love to be told secrets) She did not start her lessons without doing something first of all. —Can you guess what it was? I imagine I can see some of you look as if you knew the secret without being told, so I will only have to tell those of you who did not guess. Your auntie prayed, that God would help her pronounce those difficult words and make her remember their sounds and their meaning, so of course He did.

He helped her day by day to work hard and then after a month spent in Khamgaon, she came to Poona because there are very good Marathi teachers in this large city. God did wonderfully help her day by day and so she attempted to take her first examination in Marathi in July last and is very thankful to tell you all that she succeeded well enough to be able to study now for her second year's examination. I know you will thank and praise God with me for His goodness and that you will continue to pray much that I might be enabled to learn and to use that new language speedily. We all believe that the Lord Jesus is coming very very soon indeed, and so the time is short and our hearts long to tell the beautiful old story of God's love and salvation to those who have had no chance as yet to hear of it.

I wish to tell you of a lovely surprise I had about six weeks ago, I received two sweet little letters from two of my new nieces living in Omaha and whom I had never seen. They told me about themselves and about their lessons and that they are praying every day for their Auntie Rollier. I tell you that made me feel very happy for I want to become acquainted with
you dear boys and girls. I trust and pray that there may not be one of you left behind when the Lord comes again to bring all those who are His very own into the beautiful mansions He has been preparing for us in heaven.

When you write to me I should like to know ever so much if you are quite sure that Jesus has washed all your sins in His blood. If the Lord tarries yet a while and gives me strength and time I hope to send illustrated post-cards once in a while to those who write to me and so we shall become a little acquainted all around, you with me and I with you.

With much love from,
Your AUNTIE ROLLIER.

Note.—For the present Miss Rollier may be addressed c/o Mr. Fuller, Girgaon, Bombay, and her letters will be forwarded.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

AHMEDABAD.—Praise for the Lord’s working during Mr. McPherson’s meetings.
—For eleven who were baptised last month after the meetings.
—For a number who have united with the Church.

BHUSAWAL.—Praise God for some definite and clear-cut conversions during the special meetings. Nearly thirty people professed to have been saved or sanctified during the English services. We have really a new Church.

DHOLKA.—Praise for the quickening and blessing among the orphanage boys and workers and village Christians during the special meetings there.
—For the continuation of the blessings after the close of the special meetings. Two weeks afterward nine of them confessed their sins, and eight of these witnesses that the Lord had forgiven and given them peace.

SANAND.—Praise God for restoring Onesimus, the son of one of our workers. He was taken with very severe convulsions. While he was in the second convulsion the doctor was called but could do nothing to profit him. While in the fourth convulsion prayer was again made, and the Lord healed him.

GENERAL.—Praise that since war began there has thus far been no loss of monies sent to the field, much suffering thus being avoided.
PRAYER.

AHMEDABAD.—The need for a chapel still exists. Pray.

DHOLKA.—Pray that all believers quickened in the special meetings may go on to know the Lord better.

—That the orphanage boys who came out for Christ may go on to know the Lord in the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

—That some Hindus who are convinced of the truth and disgusted with their own religion, may become convicted and turn to the Lord.

—For the touring which is soon to begin, that we shall go forth in the fullness of the Holy Spirit.

SANAND.—Pray for three high-caste persons who have confessed Christ and have asked for baptism, that they may not be hindered from taking the step.

—For one in Sabarmati who is asking for baptism.

SHANIPUR.—Pray for our Christian colony that the farmers may not be taken up too much with the cares of this life.

—For the non-Christian children in the Sunday Schools.

—For a night school and for the young men who are there learning about Christ, that they may be regenerated. Three of them wish to be baptised.

—For two school teachers that they may be filled with the Spirit.

VIRAMGAM.—Pray for an old man who professes faith in Christ, and who keeps Sunday, that he may become willing to make an open confession and be baptised.

GENERAL.—Pray for the touring parties that go out from almost every station. Pray that the work may not be hindered by lack of proper equipment, or inability to provide bullocks; that all may be protected from disease or sickness due to poor drinking water, and from all harm from all sources; and that every missionary and native worker may have a special anointing by the Holy Spirit for this work.

Pray that the European war may make no unnecessary shortages in mission funds; that all retrenchment may be avoided and all needs of missionaries and native workers supplied.

ITEMS.

As this issue goes to press the missionaries are gathering at Akola for the annual Convention, which will, we trust, be a time of unusual refreshing and blessing.
C & M Mission Stations in India
- Stations
- Proposed Stations

Map showing stations in Gujarat, Khandesh, Berar, and Hyderabad.
## List of Alliance Missionaries

### BERAR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Akola</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. Wm. Moyser&lt;br&gt;Mr. J. P. Rogers</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amraoti</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. W. Fletcher</td>
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<td>Chandur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. K. D. Garrison</td>
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<tr>
<td>Khambgaon</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. E. R. Carner&lt;br&gt;Miss E. Krater&lt;br&gt;Miss H. Bushfield&lt;br&gt;Miss A. Little&lt;br&gt;Miss Wyeth&lt;br&gt;Miss M. Patten.</td>
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<td>Malkapur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. J. Cutler</td>
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### GUJARAT

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<tr>
<td>Ahmedabad</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. H. V. Andrews&lt;br&gt;Miss Lillian Pritchard</td>
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<td>Dholka</td>
<td>Mr. F. H. Back</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kaira</td>
<td>Miss Coke&lt;br&gt;Miss Peter&lt;br&gt;Miss B. Conger&lt;br&gt;Miss E. Prichard&lt;br&gt;Miss M. Taylor</td>
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<td>Matar</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. P. Hamilton</td>
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<td>Mehmadabad</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. F. Turnbull&lt;br&gt;Miss Cora Hansen</td>
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<td>Sanand</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. D. McKee</td>
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<td>Shantipur</td>
<td>Miss Jessie Fraser</td>
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<td>Viramgam</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. A. Duckworth</td>
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<td>Lonavla</td>
<td>Miss K. P. Williams&lt;br&gt;Miss J. S. Rollier</td>
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<tr>
<td>Panchgan</td>
<td>Miss H. Beardslee</td>
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<td>Bombay</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. M. B. Fuller</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss L. Fuller</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. P. Hagberg</td>
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<td>Mrs. I. Moodie</td>
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<td>Mr. W. M. Turnbull</td>
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<td>Miss M. Compton</td>
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### BOMBAY: