Love—uncaused, loving me!
From far Eternity,
In sovereign mystery
Of Thine Election!
Low in subjection
Worship I Thee!

Blood—poured out full for me!
On dark Golgotha's tree,
In awful mystery
Of Thy Salvation!
Faith's adoration
Bring I to Thee!

Grace—lavished still on me!
All worthless though I be,
In daily mystery
Of Thy heart's kindness
Through all my blindness!—
Praise be to Thee!

Heaven—opened wide for me!
For all Eternity!—
Love's last, long mystery!
O consummation
Of God's redemption,
Wait I for thee!

—W. R. Newell.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"My glory . . . to another." Isa. xiii: 8.
He who worships an idol makes himself guilty
IDOLATRY. of a sin which is punishable by death, and the evil
results of this sin of fathers are visited upon the
children to the third and fourth generation. Thus speaks the
word of our God.
This word of the Creator, however, has become unpopular in Christian lands, for Christian people have taken it upon themselves to believe otherwise. The argument is that heathen know no better than to worship idols and that it is unjust to punish a person for doing what he does not know is wrong. Therefore God will not punish them, and the Bible statement to the contrary must be incorrect.

Anyway, we do not like to contemplate such a thing, so let us believe the more comfortable theory—it must be a mistake; the heathen are not lost. A friend, looking over a company of Hindus; recently said to us “I cannot believe that these people are lost,” and so the effort was made to prove from the Scriptures that such is not the case.

Because of this unwillingness to believe what God says on the matter, Christian people have become quite indifferent to idolatry, and are willing to travel long distances to look at an idol merely as an object of curiosity, to admire its ugliness, to marvel that such a thing is actually worshipped, and if possible to take one home as a souvenir.

But there are a number of things concerning idolatry which must be borne in mind. The first is that God is both just and true, and we must consider His verdict, whether we understand it or not, as the final word on the subject. No law of God is without a logical and good reason, though the reason may not appear to thoughtless observers.

The command not to make or worship idols is as clear as can be expressed in words, and the result is stated as plainly—"Idolaters . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." (Rev. xxi. 8). I might not like to believe that the Government would be so cruel as to imprison a man who steals, but my believing it or not would make no difference in the course of the law, nor in its justice. If we cannot understand we may seek for an explanation, but “let God be true and every man a liar.” We do not tell children to keep away from the fire merely because it is our whim, but because
whether they realise it or not fire will burn; and idolatry dooms as certainly.

Idolatry is insincere, and no sincere heart can 

IDOLATRY long remain therein. This alone is sufficient to 

INSINCERE. explain its deadliness. Idolatrous nations are not 
simply those which are unfortunately located, far 
from light, but are the "nations which forget God." There 
may be, of course, individual exceptions in such nations, for "in 
every nation he that feareth Him (God) and worketh righteous-
ness is acceptable to Him." (Acts x. 35). Such an one was 

Cornelius, and God made special provision for him to hear 
words whereby he should be saved. Job was such an one, and 
though He lived in a heathen land long before the revelation 

of God as we have it he knew God and had revealed to him 
truth concerning the Resurrection and a Redeemer Who would 
come to the earth. But these men were not idolaters, though 
they lived in idolatrous nations.

Modern teaching concerning Hinduism seeks to trace in that 
religion the progress of the human mind groaping its way out of 
larkness toward God, and finding in Christ the fulfillment of its 
idesires. Not so, however, is the source of idolatry depicted in 

he Word of God, which says:—

"They are without excuse: because that, when they knew 

God, they glorified Him not as God ... but became vain in their 
imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened ... . They 
ecame fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptable God 
ato an image made like to corruptible man, to birds, and four-

boted beasts, and creeping things ... . And even as they did 
ot like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over 

da reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient 
... who knowing the judgment of God, that they which 

ommit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, 

ut have pleasure in them that do them." (Rom. i. 20—32).

Although those who worship idols probably do not know 

uir origin as shown in these verses, it is a strange fact that 
ey know instinctively that neither the idol nor that which it 

ands for is the true God. There is a saying current among the
Marathi people of our part of India.

"If the string of the above—God breaks
The lower gods wail,"

which means that they believe that there is one, supreme God upon whom everything, even their imaginary lesser deities depends. During the past touring season we have noticed particularly that in every place the people readily admitted that the God who created them and who deserves their worship is not the deity represented by their idols, but is one, invisible, Spirit in heaven. The excuse which they invariably offer for idolatry is "It is a custom handed down to us by our fathers and so we cannot cease to observe it." Thus "the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children."

But our point is that knowing that there is one God, our Creator, who is not represented by the idols, no sincere heart can continue to give glory to idols without sinning against the light of conscience and reason sufficiently to condemn himself.

Again, we should remember that the above
TREASON. being true idolatry is not a misfortune but treason
The Israelites knew full well that the golden calf which they themselves had made was not the God who had wrought miracles in Egypt, brought them out, and led them by the pillar of fire and smoke. Yet they ascribed that work to their golden image. The Hindu knows as well that his idols do not even represent the true God, yet he is in abject bondage to them. Thus he sins against light—not, of course, the light which an American or European has,—but against definite light. If "the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone," it is wilful blindness. "When they knew God they glorified Him not as God," but wilfully give His glory to another. This is a breach of allegiance to the Sovereign of Heaven. In these solemn days any act of sedition in India is treated rigorously. To countenance it would be ruinous. Is treason against God any less solemn or less dangerous?
We missionaries are not in India, to show how heathen religions reveal a craving for God, which idea the rejection of the gospel proves untrue. The explanation of treason is not sufficient. We are here to deal with people who are in rebellion against God, and to beseech them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to Him. They can be saved from idolatry but it is not possible for them to be saved in it.

The strangest feature of idolatry is the hold it obtains on its victims. We have personally seen the case of a village where practically all of the inhabitants admitted the wrong of idolatry, but feared to forsake it lest some calamity befall them. It is this strange fear which indicates that there stands behind the system a force stronger than mere custom or superstition. This explains the rather strange command concerning images “Thou shalt not bow down... nor serve them. Every missionary can testify that the heathen serves his idol. The believer, like the Thessalonian converts, “turns from idols to serve the living and true God. “No man can serve two masters.” Hence it is impossible for those who are idolaters to serve God, or to work the works of God, which is to “believe on Him whom He hath sent.” Idolatry, then is the means by which Satan binds men’s hearts and makes it impossible for them to receive eternal life, and by which he takes to himself the glory, worship and service which man should give to his Creator. Idolatry is the ritual of Satan. It will be the crowning sin of the dark Tribulation days because satanic power will then be at its strongest. It seems to be the last stage of departure from God, the crowning attempt to rob Him of His glory. And it is because of this that every believer should be the sworn foe of the system whenever and however it asserts itself.

Every form prostrated before an image represents glory taken from God. In fact, every image before which mankind bows, from the crucifix in the Roman Church to the rough, painted stone by the roadside, stands for the violation of God’s command, the violation of conscience, treason against the King and allegiance to Satan.
“I am Jehovah, that is My name; and my glory will I not give to another, neither My praise unto graven images.”

**OUR CHAIRMAN’S PAGE.**

**An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller**

In the fifth chapter of his second letter to the Church at Corinth the Apostle Paul brings out very clearly the meaning of the great word reconciliation and also the method by which it is accomplished. In the eighteenth verse he says, “All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by the death of His Son.” In the nineteenth verse he says, “God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself,” and in the twentieth verse he says, “We beseech you in Christ’s stead be ye reconciled unto God,” and in the twenty-first verse that astounding and mysterious word “Him who knew no sin He made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.”

In the first is a personal testimony, a matter of experience. The Apostle knew that though he had once been an enemy to God, and a persecutor of His people he had been “reconciled to God by the death of His Son,” as he says again in Rom. v. 10, and not only reconciled, but so completely won over that Christ could trust him and had counted him faithful putting him into the ministry (I Tim. i. 12), sending him forth as a field marshal to the conquest of the Gentile nations. It was not God reconciled to Paul by the death of His Son, but Paul not only conquered and surrendered to God, but wholly reconciled and loyal and passionately devoted. The cross of Christ had done its work in him. God cannot be reconciled to man—to his self-will and self-indulgence and impurity. The cross of Christ has not done its work in us until we are reconciled to God, to His will, which is our sanctification, to His standard of holiness, and to His plan for our lives. He cannot make us His ambassadors until we are thus reconciled to Him.

There is too much preaching and teaching in these days
which implies or gives the impression that somehow the death of 
Christ, if it is not practically denied as an atonement for sin, 
has reconciled God to man's lower standard of holiness, and that 
He is now satisfied with what He could not be satisfied with 
under the law, whereas the Apostle tells us that "the law of the 
Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of 
sin and death," and enables us so to walk "that the righteous-
ness of the law (required by the law) should be fulfilled in us, 
who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." 
Rom. viii. 2-4. This is Paul's testimony, not merely his 
theology.

In the second, quotation above (verse 19) the Apostle tells 
us that in Christ God was seeking to reconcile the whole world, 
all men, to Himself, just as he had actually reconciled Paul, 
and our mission as ambassadors of Christ is to beseech and 
entreat men to be reconciled to God; so to preach Christ 
Crucified that the vision of Christ on the cross for their sins, 
put in their place that they might be put into His place in the 
bosom of the Father, may reconcile them to God and His will 
and way of saving men.

The awful days of war are stirring up a spirit of prayer 
and Christians and non-Christians, Hindus, Mohamedans, 
Parsees, and Buddhists all are being exhorted to pray. Christians 
on both sides in Europe and England and the Colonies are pray-
ing and it is a good time to consider anew what prayer is. 
Prayer is not a process or a means of appropriating infinite 
power to carry out our plans or defeating the plans of our 
enemies. True prayer implies absolute surrender and beyond 
that absolute reconciliation to God and His will and His plans 
for us, and for the world. As in our own personal lives there 
must be humiliation and sincere confession of sin, and just as 
sincere a forsaking of it, before we can have confidence toward 
God, so nations have need of humiliation and confession of 
national sins. And while a nation cannot act as a whole yet 
it is a time for God's people in all nominally Christian nations 
to confess the sins of their own nations both to God, and to 
their fellow-citizens, and to their enemies. It is easy to publish
the sins of our enemies whether personal or national while we
are very slow to speak of our own. But people who have be-
come alienated are not reconciled again by one party confessing
fault but, if there is fault on both sides, confession must be
mutual. It seems to us a time to humble ourselves and
confess each his own sins and the sins of his own people, and to
ask God to interpose in some very definite and marked way to
bring this horrible waste of human life, this awful wreck of
homes, and this destruction of property to an end. If we are
to appeal to God to come forth and show Himself and to work
by the awful forces of nature to decide what army corps and
dreadnoughts have tried in vain to decide, we need to be sure
that we are reconciled to God, and are prepared to accept His
settlement of this awful war.

JOTTINGS FROM TOURING EXPERIENCES.

By Blanche Hamilton.

As we went forth on our usual touring campaign, we were full of
joy for by faith we could see some "handfuls of
purpose" ere they were reaped. We were not disappointed.
At our first camping place the Word daily preached brought
forth fruit. Strange to say, a few who professed to follow Christ
were saved the first time. The Holy Spirit must have revealed
to them their condition.

At the next camp, we had some hard fighting. For a time
nothing seemed to move and there were great odds against us.
Finally we realized that we might as well move on if existing
conditions remained unchanged, however we decided to muster
all the forces to the prayer battle and ask God to make the walls
fall. His wireless telegraphy never fails. The battle was heavy
but the victory was proportionately great. The whole
atmosphere so changed from that time on that it was possible for
a few captive souls to get to Jesus for deliverance.

The first who were much on our hearts were a man and his
wife, both professing Christians since the great famine fifteen
years ago. They had backslidden but as they never showed
many signs of life, they had very little to lose. All through the
intervening years, we have grieved over them. One day the
burden of prayer came upon us all in their behalf. We knew it
was useless to say much and also that they stood in the way of others being saved. We kept on praying and God began to work. One night conviction came and they could not sleep. They spent the whole night weeping and talking over their career. It was a thorough renovating time, heart idols and literal idols came to light and were discarded. One little one, a preventive against disease, which had found a secluded niche in the wall of their home, went out too and with it superstition was abolished. What a time of rejoicing we all had over them! This paved the way for other souls and one morning while the writer was holding a meeting among the women, Mr. Hamilton was also preaching to a crowd of men in the same village. Without knowing it we each gave the same message. A man gave his heart to the Lord in the men's service and at the same time his wife did also in my meeting, neither knowing what the other had done. When we gave the invitation and asked if there was someone who had experienced enough of the world and Satan and wanted Jesus instead, the Spirit of God was manifestly working and this woman said very emphatically and tearfully that she was tired of the world. Both were very clear cases of conversion and we rejoiced because of their bright testimonies and faithfulness in attending meetings even after we moved miles away. Another woman came out and influenced her husband to turn also. This is not usually the case in our work, it is usually the reverse, the men come first. Two other families were brought in, they need our prayers. Satan came as an angel of light here to darken the minds of others but our hearts were rent at times. Raw heathen and even bestial savages would be preferable to asthetic, cultured, empty formal religionists!

The camping place was in a low, damp place, consequently some of us developed symptoms of pneumonia but victory came so we were enabled to finish the work yet not without suffering. Khandali village will ever remain to memory as one of the brightest oases in the life of prayer. Surely we pray too tamely for what we ought to give our lives to obtain.

SOLD.

By Sarah Coxe.

She was one of the brightest little girls in our school, a regular little imp in the compound, but so bright and so loving. Her parents live in a nearby village. A few years ago when the child was only a year and a half old she was married. The feast was made and the price paid, $100.00 cash,
Rather a bargain you say? The father considered it so, for it
gave him a good start in life. One hundred dollars is a large
sum in India. But this time it was the price of two souls. The
father sold his child, body and soul and he sold himself too, for
he had light, but he preferred the darkness. The child is now
only seven years old. We had her in our school for a time and
always believed God would overrule and free the child, for the
mother is a Christian.

One day, shortly before Christmas, the father came and
demanded the child. He said the husband wanted to see her.
I did my best to keep her, pleading and reasoning but all to
no purpose. He wanted the child and promised to bring her
back in a few days. I called the little girl and told her she was
to go home for a few days. She began to cry, for she did not
want to go.

Three months went by. Constantly I enquired for her.
A few days ago a matron came to my room and said, "Sister,
come and see Pain, her father has brought her back but she will
not come near or even speak to me." "Nonsense," I said for the
child had been always fond of her matron. I went out and said,
"Pain, have you come back? Come to me, say salaam," but she
would not come near me. The light and fun had gone from the
face, the dance had gone from the feet, the child was changed.
The father is a bad man. It seems as if he is possessed
by evil. This day, I noticed that the child had the same look
on her face as the father. Who knows what happened while
she was in the village? Who knows what the husband did or
said, and besides, the child attended a nasty heathen festival
while away.

I said to the father, "Have you brought her back to stay?"
He replied "ask her."

"Pain, will you stay, will you play with the little girls,
will you come back to school?"

"I will not stay, I will never come back," she said. I tried
again, but again the answer was "I will not stay, I want to go
home." Not once did she look me in the face; not once did she
come near me; now she is gone. Will you pray?

INCIDENTS IN A MONTH'S WORK.
By Lillian M. Prichard.

SOME years ago I had in my possession a picture contrasting
the home and foreign fields. At one side of the picture
throngs of well fed, wise-looking men with manuscript-
ladened pockets were clamouring to preach their trial sermons
in a city pulpit before a committee of four men comfortably seated in a front pew in the church; while on the other side a thin, lone missionary was hastening with Bible in outstretched hand to the millions of India, who are on their knees pleading for the gospel. However, when one gets here and finds little pleading for the gospel he is tempted to think that the heathen are perfectly satisfied with their own numerous gods and religions.

We start out on a certain morning, my Bible-woman and I, intending to visit a high-caste quarter. I had been there before but was inefficient in the language and not properly able to converse with them. But now some months have passed and we have been looking forward for some time to this visit. It is now a few weeks after the rainy season and everywhere is hot and steamy. The narrow alleys are full of water on which a green scum has collected, and we inhale as little as possible of the foul, germ-ladened air.

On our way we pass numerous idols and temples. One is a very famous Jain temple in which are over fifty idols studded with precious stones. They are enclosed behind brazen, barred doors which shine like gold. Globe trotters come thousands of miles to gaze at the exquisite carvings and mosaics of this temple. Those who wish to enter it must remove their shoes as leather would defile the sacred structure. The Jains are strictly vegetarians. The priests wear a cloth over their mouths lest they inhale a stray insect and thus become guilty of destroying life. A little further on, standing upright beneath a green tree, may be seen a dirty little clay god. I have often wondered how long a street urchin at home would allow such a thing to go unmolested, but here in India it is perfectly safe although hundreds of bad boys play around it daily. Still farther on, almost in the middle of the street, is an excavation in the ground over which is built a dome-like roof. Down in this hole sits a priest daubed with red and yellow paint. By his side is a little paint-bedaubed idol and bits of cocoanut and fruit. Occasionally a man will step out from the ever moving throng and prostrate himself several times, throwing in a small coin, and pass on.

Finally we reach our destination, but for some reason are not received cordially. The women keep on with their grinding and other work without raising their heads. When we ask if we may read for them and talk with them for a while, one answers "Why should we listen to your Bible? We have our own religious books to read if we want to read." After a vain
endeavour to persuade them to listen we return home heartsick
with the thought that the gospel is rejected.

But God does not allow us to be discouraged above what
we are able to bear, for right in the midst of these dark shadows
of our experience He flashes rays of light to urge us on to
gather out His chosen ones. The next day we go in another
direction. As we enter this quarter the people greet us on
every side, asking why we have stayed away so long. One
woman brings out a wooden stool, a few inches in height. In
a short time several dozen people gather around. When we ask
if we may read and talk with them awhile they say, "Yes, yes,
just as long as you wish." So we sing and read a portion of
the Word and pray with them. But there is a little secret here.
In this quarter, the Lord has enabled us to open a night-school
which has been successfully carried on for a year. The children
are well drilled in the Scriptures as well as in other subjects.
In this way the Lord has given us the hearts of the people.
Until the present time the school has been held on a small
verandah. But we have been enabled now to rent a little room
for the purpose.

At the close of the meeting, to which I have referred, a
woman came to us and urged us to come to her home. We
follow her, penetrating into the maze of small huts, but are sur-
prised to suddenly find ourselves in front of a two-storied stone
building, the rooms of which open into a small court yard.
The first room, we are told, is the woman's home. We are sur-
prised to find her husband a very intelligent man, and more so,
to find that he has a perfect knowledge of the plan of salvation.
In the course of conversation he tells us that before he
came to Ahmedabad he had a friend who had a Bible and he and this
friend used to read it every night. Some time later he came
to our bungalow and bought a Testament for himself which
he reads every day, the last time we were there, they said that
they believed as we do and fully expect to come out on the
Lord's side.

One more incident—last night I started out for a stroll on
the dry river bed. Passing the city gate I found a woman,
whom by her attire I knew to be a Parsee, and by her attitude,
that she was worshipping the setting sun. As I approached
she stopped and spoke to me. After a while she asked me to go
back with her to her home. I had been asking the Lord to give
me an entrance into these homes so I retraced my steps and went
with her. The Parsees are the Jews of India. In fact, some of
them claim to be Jews. Any way they have Jewish
features and like the Jews of other countries, they possess much of the wealth of the land. On the way to her home, she pointed out several large bungalows as her property. These bungalows are outwardly, in many instances, almost palatial, but as a rule the inside is all disorder. This woman’s was no exception to the rule. She insisted on my seeing the whole house. When we came to the kitchen, she informed me that the fire is never allowed to go out on the hearth from one year’s end to the other. Should it go out some dreadful thing, such as war, would happen. I thought if this were true, that in consideration of this almost world-wide war there must be many unfaithful Parsees.

Is it true, as suggested by the picture referred to above, that the heathen of India are pleading for the true light? Yes. But while their hands are not literally outstretched, and we are not always received with welcome, and are many times repulsed, yet, from the rich Parsee who worships the sun, down to the lowest caste person who worships the dirty clay god by the road side we see that through their vain endeavour, they desire to get peace. So we keep on working and praying, looking forward to the time when the last one will be gathered out from among the nations; that He, whose right it is may reign.

DIVINE HEALING.

The Bishop of Assam.

Of those among you who have been anointed, not a few have experienced recovery or very marked improvement; seventy-three were anointed, one of whom was dying and did die; of the remaining seventy-two I have had word of nine having fully recovered, and of one more who recovered but has had a relapse, and of 16 who show considerable improvement. Of those reported as recovered three cases were considered hopeless or almost so by doctors. Among those reported better, are several who appear to be quite well, but the nature of their complaint makes a much longer period of observation necessary. I am sure you will feel that we should praise God for the confirmation He has already given of His faithfulness to His promises, and for these glorious answers to our prayers, and should in face of this take courage to persevere in faith.

Now I wish to speak first to those who have been healed, or have had physical blessing. Give thanks and praise to God, and use this manifest sign of His power as a testimony to lead
others to Christ. "He that offereth Me praise, honoureth Me." You remember that I taught you to seek in this deliverance Christ's glory, rather than your own relief. Shew forth His glory. Dedicate the new life and strength to Him. The more fully you use it for Him, the more He will replenish and restore it.

Remember, the life and power he is giving is part of His Own Glorious Resurrection Life—it is spiritual, though it works through your Mind and Body. In order that it be maintained you must "abide in Him;" you must live the highest, truest, holiest life you can "in Him." Relapses are more common among those healed by faith in Christ, than among those healed through nature's remedies, because in the former case their healing and vitality depend upon the closeness of their life to the Eternal Life of God; a little carelessness, admitted sin, disobedience—may cause the blessing to cease. But it can be won again by repentance, amendment, prayer, and faith. "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee."

Secondly, to those who have not yet experienced the blessing of healing. Pray on, trust on, and rejoice always. Try and find out, in quiet prayer and meditation, whether there is any hindrance on your side to the inflowing of God's Power. The Lord will not take away an illness, as a rule, if there is any lesson which that illness is teaching us, which we have not yet fully learnt. Search your own hearts, and consciences, and lives.

And, lastly, to all I would say—We have encroached, in the Mighty Name of Jesus, upon the strongholds of Satan. We have laid siege to his fortresses and dungeons, where He has bound men and women, and afflicted them in soul and oppressed them in body. Do not be surprised that he resists with power, that he puts forth his strength in opposition, that he raises up hostility, criticism, doubt, and strives to retain his prisoners. Let the Church of God purify herself for the battle. What if those who might be healed are being held back by our lack of prayer, our lack of faith, may be our foolish criticisms and spoken or unspoken doubts! What if the whole "Body of Christ" is so sick and feeble that it is doubly hard for individual "members" to lay hold by faith of the life-giving power of Christ!

We are also bound, all of us, whether hale or sick, to study and follow the laws—God's laws—of health. In the questions of diet, sleep, exercise, recreation—we must plan and resolve and act wisely and prudently. We cannot expect God's blessing
f we defy His laws. I would strongly recommend a careful study of Dr. Schofield's book—"How to Keep Fit," and a faithful carrying out of his wise precepts.

It is a sacred duty that we owe to God and to our fellow men to sacredly guard the laws of health, which are at once simple and delightful. "I pray God that your whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He who is calling you, who also will do it."—Selected.

“FASTER.”

By E. R. Carner.

We have planned for so many villages for the coming day and retire with the thought in our minds that we must be up early. Half awake and half asleep, something is aying to us, "It is ten minutes to four." Have we looked at our watch or are we dreaming it is so? A minute or two later we are able to rouse ourselves and we know we have not looked at our watch, but have we been dreaming? Pulling the watch from under our pillow we find it is, then, just ten minutes to four, and there our day begins.

Our first village is Hingan-Dadgaon and it is at least five miles from the tent, but our bullocks have us there with the sun ust over the horizon, and we are telling the good tidings to a litte company of men. The village is small but it has its proportionate number of intelligent listeners and some very intelligent questions are asked after we have been there a while. How we long to make those men who are looking into our faces know that this message is for them. With as simple and clear language as we can command we tell them the message and then, with the thought that it may be their last opportunity, we move on to the next village which is Hingan-Etsapur. There we have a larger audience and again questions are asked. The European war is a topic which they turn to with interest and we are glad that we can make it an occasion for something even more important and can tell them with real conviction on our part that it is one of the things that heralds the consumma- tion of the times of the gentiles and will hasten the coming of the Lord Jesus. This may grip their hearts and help pierce the dead darkness which envelopes them.

But while we have been preaching, and answering questions, the sun has been climbing higher in the heavens and we must be off again or the day will not be long enough in which to finish
our round. The next village is Dadgaon and is very conspicuous from the fact that it has an unusually large idol temple. In fact, eight or nine white spires rise above the walls of this village, and when we asked a man of the place what god was worshipped there his answer was, "All gods." And when I told him I was very sorry to see such a temple built for gods, he was surprised, disgusted and indignant, not comprehending that I meant that the expenditure and effort should have been made for God, who is one. Here it was harder to speak, for in addition to the fact that both I and the catechist with me were getting somewhat tired we had to fight against a certain prevailing spirit of pride and self-sufficiency, which showed only too plainly that the big white temple in the town did not bring the people nearer to God but on the contrary took them farther from Him.

Now we are on the road again and a full mile farther on we reach the village of Roti. This is a very small village and has little to recommend it if we look at the number and appearance of its buildings. But here we meet an exceptionally fine company of men and they listen with interest and intelligence. One of them has a face which shows him to be a man of character and he reminds us of a dear friend of former years, in America, a friend who has now gone to be with the Lord. Oh, if we could count this man and his companions among those who believe Christ for salvation instead of trying to earn it or steal it or merit it.

It is now past noon and we drive our tired bullocks down the long slope of the bank of the Purna river and unhitch them and give them water and fodder. There we, also, eat our noon-day meal and then take a short rest under the shade of a tree. In less than an hour we are on the road again for we must preach in one more village before we can begin our journey home. On reaching this village, the name of which is Bhota, we walk through its streets and then find ourselves inside an idol temple. A strange place to preach the gospel, yet how appropriate after all! Sitting before us is a devout looking old man, bared to the waist, his shoulders each marked with a big daub of yellow paint and his forehead marked with even brighter tints. He is slowly reading from the Hindoo Shastras. Another man present volunteers the impressive (?) information that the temple contains (though we cannot see it from where we are) an image of the bloody goodness, Vitoba. I ask him if it fell from heaven and his answer is, "No, it was shipped from Pandarpur by parcel"—over the G. I. P. railway. "And," he added, "why
not? It is only so long,” measuring the distance of a foot or a foot and a half between his outstretched hands. “Can it speak, or see, or hear, or run from me?” I asked, good humouredly, for I was trying to get to a point even if I took an unusual road there. “No,” said the man, seeing what I was aiming at, “it is only stone and was made by men’s hands.” The old man stopped his reading, and, as carefully as if handling an infant, wrapped the shastras in three or four plies of red cloth, laid them slowly in their place, back of a dividing wall, and then came and sat down in front of us. Twenty school boys and their master, a young Brahmin, were also in the room, which seemed to serve a number of purposes. And there, in the idol temple, as tenderly and as faithfully as we knew how we told once more the wonderful story of the love of God? The old man listened and nodded assent to all we said. His face showed that he was a kind hearted man: and apparently was a seeker for the Truth. Oh that he may apprehend what he heard to-day and find the joy and rest that Jesus came to give! He followed us to another part of the town and there listened again while the catechist spoke to another company.

We are now thoroughly tired and must get back to our tent. It is about half past five when we reach it and with the evening meal over and other duties done and with this hurried sketch written it is nearly eleven o’clock. And what has been our purpose in writing this diary of a day? To let you know how much we can do in a day? No, indeed. We have very few days as long as this has been, but we wanted you to go with us so that, perchance, you might see a little of what we have seen. We could double the length of this record by telling you more about different individuals we met, but even that is not our purpose. We went you to know that beyond these five villages are another five and then another and another and so on and on and on. And in them all are the souls that Jesus died to save. We can see these people oh, so seldom, and there are so many that we cannot see at all for lack of being able to divide ourselves into many persons. To-day, again we looked across the river that flows along the northern boundary of our district at village after village where no one is preaching this year. A few days ago we visited towns where they told us that no missionary had ever come before with the story of Christ. And the age is ending rapidly and the time is oh, so short! Listen, once more, to the cry made by a dying Hindoo woman, “Can’t you send us the gospel faster?”
The rescue home in Khamgaon was started over a year ago, for homeless women and babies. Women tired of their lives of sin, had often come to the orphanage for help and pleaded to be given a trial to do better; but we were helpless. We could not take them into the orphanage, for the sake of our orphanage girls whom we had sheltered from contact with sin, lest they be contaminated. And furthermore, orphanage funds were not available for fallen women; so when such women came, we sent them or took them away to some institution that could receive them. But one day word came from such an institution saying “We are crowded to the walls; we cannot accommodate any more” still the women kept coming. There was no home of rescue in the whole of Berar or Khandesh and there was no place to which we could send them. We could not take them in, and how could we send them from us, back into a life of sin from which they were crying for release!

Then came an appeal from one of our stations, “We have a nice looking young woman here, who came begging for something to eat. She has been deserted and left to wander in the streets. She wants the protection of a home. “Can you not do something for her?” A few days later a Hindu man walked from a village forty miles away, bringing a poor unfortunate woman to the missionaries to see if they could do something for her. She sat at our feet, bruised, beaten and forsaken, looking up into our faces for help. How could we turn her away! Here was the crying need at our door. There was much prayer and waiting upon the Lord about it. God spoke, and Miss Bushfield had it laid upon her heart to take these poor out castes of the out castes, shelter them somewhere, care for them, love them and win them for Jesus.

When this decision was made, in quick succession came monies that could be appropriated for rescue work. This seemed to clearly show that it was the Lord’s will to establish a home of rescue, and at the Annual Convention, the mission, seeing the need, unanimously agreed to open such a home in charge of Miss Bushfield, who took the stand of faith of being responsible for the financing of the work. It was a serious undertaking, but it was in the will of God and “He faileth not.”

About two miles from Khamgaon is a piece of land belonging to the orphanage. There is a long, mud floored room built on it, as a retreat for the orphanage girls in times of plague and cholera—epidemics that so often used to break out in the town.
near the orphanage. For several years past it had not been used, so it was decided that this place, "Bethany," would be suitable for a rescue home.

There Miss Bushfield went and made her home with the homeless. She has lived in that one room with all the women and babies, for women have come from all directions and babies have been brought. Often the strain on the worker because of financial pressure, the inconvenience of living day and night in the low-roofed, poorly ventilated room, with so many women and crying babies, was during the hot Indian months, almost beyond endurance, and it is marvellous in our eyes that our sister has been physically able to bear it. But God sustained our sister, who has served with joy and without a murmur. We are glad to say that in a few days one of the rooms of the tiny three-roomed cottage which is being built for Miss Bushfield, will be finished sufficiently for her to move into, away from the continual confusion of grinding mills, and their accompanying "grinding songs," the chatter of the women, and the clammering of a score of babies for their food.

The Lord has put His seal upon the work in meeting pressing financial needs and in giving spiritual blessing in the home. Some of the worst characters have been humbled and brought into touch with God. Some have been saved, others received the Holy Spirit, and some of these have been trusted to go out to serve in Christian homes.

Let those at home, who are interested in this work, take a share in it by prayer, and help as God may direct you.

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**A RADIANT WAY.**

Gordon.

At Thy dear feet once pierced for me
With cruel nails upon the tree,
I lay my life for use by Thee;
Henceforth to know no anxious care,
With cheerful heart my load to bear,
My sole resort believing prayer.

Before Thee let Thy servant stand,
With waiting feet, with willing hand,
And listen still for Thy command;
So shall my life be one sweet day,
Lit up by Heaven's cloudless ray,—
A walk to Heaven, a radiant way.
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Anna Little.

A Picnic at the Cow Village.

WHAT school boy or girl does not enjoy a picnic? I have never yet met one who did not. Yesterday, six girls and a missionary left the orphanage for a seven-mile tramp to the Cow village. What for? Why for a picnic! To spend the day out of school in the open air, to cook Indian style under a tree and eat one's food there in the open air—what more could be desired? And besides all this, there was a tiny tent to rest in if one wished, for the picnic-ground was the camp of Miss Wyeth and her helpers who are trying to get some of the people in the Cow village, and other surrounding villages, to leave off idol-worship and follow Jesus.

After a long tramp the white of the tents is seen gleaming in the distance. Soon a well is reached and we sit beside it under the shade of the trees, while the girls eat, and drink cool, sweet water from the well. Presently we see Miss Wyeth coming through the fields. Our visit is quite a surprise to her. After the girls finish their meal we all go into the field and gather a pretty seed of which curtains are made. We all gather seed till noon, then we make our way to the tents to eat and rest awhile before commencing work again for this excursion is one of business and pleasure combined.

During the afternoon we are on the way again, the girls to gather more seeds, and we missionaries with the faithful Bible-woman, to the two villages whose houses and temples lie within ten minutes walk, or rather across two fields. First we try the Little Cow Village, but there are three weddings in progress which absorb the time and attention of the whole village, so we turn sorrowfully away and walk down the crooked country road to the Big Cow Village. Here only a few men are to be seen. No women! Just as we begin to think our visit in vain, a woman beckons to us, and we turn thankfully toward her humble dwelling while she vigorously sweeps her yard clean, and throws down a ragged, and none too clean, piece of canvas for us to sit on. As we sit down we see women and children coming. Soon a big crowd has gathered. We sing hymns and talk to our audience about Jesus. One prominent lady of the town is very noisy and seems unable to keep still for two consecutive minutes. Her tongue seems irrepressible, and we are almost discouraged, when the woman who had invited us, says suddenly, "This Name has been on my lips night and day, since I heard it two years ago at Patonde." "What is the Name you
“heard?” We ask. She answers, Jesus! “Do you pray to Him?” We ask. “Oh no! I cannot pray.” “Then what do you say to Him?” “Oh, I say, Jesus, Only Thou art!” And as we listen to her simple words we feel constrained to admit that truly this is prayer though she knows it not. Who but the Spirit of God Himself had taught her, and when she rose from time to time to suspend a torn cloth from her verandah roof to protect us from the glare of the afternoon sun, we acknowledged thanks to Him Who had in so short a time, given her a delicacy and thoughtfulness seldom found amongst the village women.

After some time spent in this humble home, the slanting rays of the sun warned us that some of us had a journey of seven miles between us and home, so we leave reluctantly. When we reach the camp a difficulty, not new in India, presents itself. The man who had faithfully promised to drive us home, goes back on his word. He says there is a death in his family, and he must stay at home that night to worship the corpse. Meanwhile it is getting darker, and we prevail on the Christian catechist to drive us home. As we go through the fields, six happy girls meet us carrying bags of seeds. Soon we are off bumpety-bump over the rough roads. After two miles of bumping behind the bullocks, we reach a village where for twelve cents a man offers to drive us home the rest of the way, and the catechist very gratefully yields his seat behind the bullocks to the new driver and trudges home to the camp where his family is staying with Miss Wyeth.

About dark we reach home and though all are tired and hungry if you would ask, “Shall we go again to-morrow?” not one but would say “Oh yes let’s go again.” Or as Pleasant said “We had to work but it was fun to me. I like this day very much. Let’s go again on Saturday.”

JACKSON REMEMBERED.

The following incident of Stonewall Jackson will speak for itself:

“Just after the second battle at Bull’s Run, the telegraph lines were down and the people in the South were in a feverish anxiety to get the news. At length a letter arrived at the postoffice in Lexington, the home of Stonewall Jackson, addressed to his old pastor. It was in the General’s handwriting, and all were impatient to have it read so that they might know how the battle had gone. But when the seal was broken only this was found: ‘Dear Pastor:—I remember that this is the day of the collection for foreign missions. Please find enclosed my cheque.—T. J. Jackson.’"
DOES IT HURT?

THERE are seven ways of giving, somebody has said. The first is the careless way, giving something to everything that comes along, giving to get rid of the nuisance of the appeal. The second way is the impulsive way of giving, giving when you feel like it, when your emotions are stirred. Then there is the lazy way of giving. Get somebody to get up a fair, or festival, or an ice-cream social, or a broom-drill. That is the lazy way of giving, and it is the most expensive in the end. Then there is the selfish way of giving, giving for your organ, for your Sunday School, for your preacher, for something that you are to receive from it. There are churches in this land that spend more in a single year on frescoes than in a hundred years for missions. Then there is the systematic way, setting aside a certain per cent of our means, and I am glad to say that this is growing among intelligent Christians. Then there is what we might call the fair way of giving, giving as much for the Lord as we use upon ourselves. And, finally, there is the heroic way, the self-sacrificing way, giving more than you can, giving until it hurts, and then giving until it does not hurt.—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

NOTES OF PRAISE.

JALGAON.—For blessing in the work and for a decided change in this great wicked city. We are received everywhere. Remembering that some years back the Schelanders were mobbed here, we feel this change is of the Lord and is a sign of God's working.

MEHMADABAD.—For nine converts, who have accepted Christ recently and expect to receive baptism later in the year after they have been more fully taught in the Word.

KHAMGAON.—Mr. Carner sends a note of praise for answered prayer for bullocks for touring.

KAIRA.—We were glad to welcome Mr. McPherson again after an absence of four months. We praised God for the work done the first time he was in our midst, but the result of the last meeting is even greater. We had three days of special meetings during which time some girls were converted, and some who had grown cold got a new touch of life. There was much confession of sin. One tiny girl came to me and said, "I have been so cross at you inside my heart. It doesn't show outside, but it looks so big inside. Please forgive me."
—One evening I was out walking with two of our girls. The one who is one of our best Christian girls, a matron said "Oh Sister I was so far back! I got into the habit of getting cross at everything. Everything, little or big made me cross. Now that is all gone and the Lord is blessing me." And so once again the Lord has cleansed us and we are happy in Him.

SHANTIPUR.—Praise for one of our Christian children a little girl of about 9 months old whom I believe had black measles and was very sick for about 19 days. The Christian people who live here and I prayed for her healing and we also prayed definitely that the other children in all might not contract the disease as I knew how very contagious measles are. Praise the Lord He has heard prayer the little girl is now quite well again for over two weeks, and none of the other children on the compound have taken the disease. We praise the Lord for deliverance for the child as she suffered so much, and that none of the other children have contracted the measles.

BHUSAWAL.—Praise God for new open doors among the parents of our school children. For the readiness shown in allowing an entrance into their homes, and the willingness to listen to the Gospel story.

—Praise for the recovery and restoration of Mr. Garrison from a sharp attack of fever.

MURTIZAPUR.—Praise God for thirty adult baptisms in Daryapur taluka as a result of this year’s touring.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

MEHMADABAD.—For a former native Christian. He trusted Christ as his Saviour ten years ago and had real joy in believing, but under great pressure from his heathen relatives, he eventually went back into his old ways. He is now under deep conviction but is hindered from taking a definite step of faith again, largely owing to the opposition of his heathen wife.

BHUSAWAL.—That the work of revival both in the English and the native churches may continue, and that those who have taken a definite stand for Christ, and those who have recently received the Holy Spirit may go on in the Lord; that the enemy may not harm the weak of the flock.

CHANDUR.—For several who have heard the Word this touring season, who are now counting the cost of forsaking all to follow Jesus, and for one new born Christian that he may be caused to stand fast in these days following his confession of faith in Christ.
ITEMS.

A party is booked to sail for furlough on March 20th, including Mr. and Mrs. Schelander and children, Mr. and Mrs. Dinham and family, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cox. This will leave us very short-handed on the Marathi field. Misses Wyeth and Williams have been appointed to take the work in Chalisgaon for the present, which will throw extra strain on the workers in Khamgaon where Miss Wyeth has been labouring in the past.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are now happily settled at Dholka and have taken over the charge of the Orphanage. Mr. Hamilton will continue the general supervision of the Matar district where he has laboured so long and successfully.

Mr. Back, who has now been released from the Dholka Orphanage work, will have charge of the large Dholka district. He is at present enjoying an encouraging touring season among the people of all castes in many different villages.

Miss Hansen expects to make her home at the mission house in Matar district after June 1st as she has been appointed to engage in evangelistic work there. She will be greatly missed from the Mehmadabad work where she has the love and confidence of the whole church.

The Christmas thank-offering of the Akola Native church amounted to Rupees 133 ($44.33) besides four hens and other things available to those who are poor in this world's goods. Coming as it did so soon after the offering for comforts for wounded soldiers, this represents a very gratifying offering, which we are sure the Lord accepts and appreciates.

A convention for the native Christians of our Gujarati mission was held at Mehmmedabad, Feb. 18–21 inclusive. About four hundred native Christians and most of the Gujarati missionaries were present. Mr. McPherson was the principal speaker, and the Convention proved to be a spiritual blessing in a marked way.
## List of Alliance Missionaries

### Berar

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<td><strong>Mr. J. P. Rogers</strong></td>
<td><strong>Mr. &amp; Mrs. H.V. Andrews</strong></td>
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### Khandesh

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<td><strong>Mrs. F. M. Bannister</strong></td>
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### Bombay

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