THE COSTLINESS OF PRAYER.

‘The exercise of prayer is costly’:
It costs the sacrifice of time,
That God may manifest His wonders
In ev’ry country, ev’ry clime.

‘The exercise of prayer is costly’:
It costs the sacrifice of gold,
That God may use the offering given
And send a blessing manifold.

‘The exercise of prayer is costly’:
It costs the sacrifice of self,
Costly indeed and far exceeding
The sacrifice of time or wealth.

—Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

“For now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord.” 1 Thess. iii. 8.

We cannot help being struck by the repeated mention in war telegrams of “counter attacks.” A reverse only becomes a defeat when the counter attacks have failed: and likewise a victory is not a victory until counter attacks have been met and repulsed. This same principle is of utmost importance in Christian warfare, and perhaps especially so on the foreign field. We may put it down as a rule that our enemy will contest every advantage we gain. This has almost come to be a matter of course to those who have opposed him long and are not ignorant of his devices.
They know that every victory means a corresponding test in that very field. If access is gained at last to a village that has for years repulsed every approach, there is almost certain before long, to be a disappointment in that very place; if a person is hopefully converted it will only be a question of time until there must be a fight to hold him steady; if there is a break in any locality so that a real impression seems to have been made on the enemy, there will come a lapse or the grave danger and seeming probability of one. If an encouraging incident is described to interested friends at home, or even a word of praise given, there will be the inevitable counter attack.

So generally true is this that some workers are reluctant to write of their work or of new converts or of hopeful enquirers. Believing that advertising success lays them open to needless attacks of the enemy they prefer to remain silent. We have seldom seen it fail that persons or conditions of which we publish encouraging news in this paper are afterward subjected to most malignant attacks. Sometimes too there is failure and consequent heart-breaking sorrow to the missionary. It is the success of such a counter attack, defeat in apparent victory, that wears on the physical and nervous strength and crushes the spirit of the worker in the foreign field.

What must we do then? Should we cease to publish any record of success lest it be turned to defeat? We think not. If God gives victory, if we carry a position for which we have long prayed, we owe it to interested friends and patrons of the work to let it be known to the glory of God. We do not well in the day of good tidings to hold our peace. And yet it does not seem fair that because he informs his friends of blessing a missionary should be subjected to additional trials, unless his friends give special help.

We would suggest that as you read the different articles in this paper, you lift your heart in prayer both for the writer of each article and for the person or work described therein. By this simple spirit of prayerful reading you may do more than anyone can ever know to render permanent the victories won.

And if you are a friend of the work, and are willing to take
some time and trouble to be helpful to the work, we would suggest that you make a prayer inventory, not merely of the more pressing "requests for prayer" which we arrange in each number for the convenience of our prayer helpers, but of the interesting cases or persons mentioned, and pray for them particularly with the counter attack in mind.

At the risk of using a simile which must beSpiritual trite now to those who think of spiritual things in Artillery. connection with the war, we would mention the use of artillery in the present war. Never has there been anything like it since the earth first drank human blood. Human ingenuity has reached possibilities in warfare at long distance which seem unbelievable. We are assured that it is the possession of superior guns and ammunition that will make the difference between victory and defeat. So the chief concern of the warring nations just now is less to numerically increase their armies than to produce war materials in sufficient quantities to equip to the greatest advantage the men already enlisted.

The function of artillery is to deal with the enemy at long range in order to assist and to spare the men who must make the attack at close quarters. The guns are placed away back, often-times behind a hill or forest and out of sight. Their efficiency depends upon the correctness of the aim and the power of the shells. We have heard few derogatory remarks concerning the bravery of men, friend or foe, in this war, but when shells fail to explode the enemy laughs.

The analogy suggests itself. In the fight for the deliverance of subjugated heathen souls someone must encounter the enemy at close range, and he must be "supported" by others at long range, else his efforts will be useless. The training, equipping, sending, and supporting of missionaries is necessary, but is not sufficient. If they must attack a strong and almost impregnable intrenched foe, must storm the position (perhaps lay siege to it), and must bear the brunt of surprise and counter attacks without the aid of artillery the victories will be dearly bought and few. If the artillerymen at home who should through prayer be
opening the way for the attack and "supporting" the attacking party on the flanks, should be too busy drilling and discussing the relative value of the colours of their various uniforms to do any shooting, or if the shooting is wild or the shells which hit fail to explode, what result can be expected?

The final result of this battle too will depend on the aim and faithfulness of the artillerymen and the effectiveness of the shells. We have sought to indicate above something that would help as to the aim. It remains that your prayers should be such that they will take effect. "For now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord."

OUR CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

We are well into April and the hot season has come on rapidly in the last few days. Already Akola and Amraoti have registered $103^\circ$ and the prospect is that the heat will gradually increase for another ten degrees and perhaps twelve or even fifteen. I have known the thermometer to register $114^\circ$ in Kansas for a few hours of one day, but as the sun went down the temperature lowered rapidly and in a day or two it was forgotten. But the temperature in the plains of mid-India has formed pretty regular habits and when it gets above $100^\circ$ early in April we have to expect it to increase till about the 10th of June when all look forward to the coming of the monsoons (the rains) which continue for about four months.

God has provided many delightful places in the mountains of India, (usually spoken of as the "Hills") from 3,000 to 8,000 feet above sea level, where "Hill Stations" have been opened and improved, and scores of bungalows and in some instances perhaps two hundred or even more have been built by Government for the use of officials, or by missions for their missionaries, or by private individuals for their own use. Not only Europeans, but Parsees, Hindoos and Mohamedans have built for themselves or to rent to others. All classes have learned the
advantage of escaping for a few weeks from the fierce heat of the plains.

There are missionaries still living who can remember when there were few if any Hill Stations and they had to do all they could to temper the heat with *punkahs*, (swinging fans) and *tatties*, (light grass frames put over the doors and kept dripping with water so that the hot winds rushing through would become cold and damp by the rapid evaporation and so keep down the temperature).

After spending many years in the heated plains of Central China, and burying his first wife and several children (if we remember correctly) dear Hudson Taylor visited a Hill Station in Central China where many missionaries escape from the heat now-a-days, and wept as he thought of the precious lives that might have been spared had such a shelter been provided for them. And perhaps missionaries in India have wept, too, for sorrow that these places were not provided in time to save some precious lives and also for joy that they are now provided. And many are willing to practice self-denial in many directions throughout the year for the sake of getting away for a few weeks, and especially getting their children away from the heated plains where the winds blow hot until almost morning and begin again by nine o'clock and the few hours of partial relief are the hours in which work must be done.

We hope that friends of our missionaries at home will remember this need, for even travelling third class at one half cent per mile costs something and sometimes even this small amount, or the lack of it, hinders them from getting away. Then when the rains came on instead of being rested and refreshed to begin the work of a new year they are exhausted and for weeks unfit for work. It is poor economy to use so much vitality just to enduring the heat. Some in orphanages must stay but these can divide the hot season, some going for five weeks in the earlier part and the others going the latter part. But even five weeks where they can sleep at night and enjoy the days mean much for the year, and in general five or six weeks in the limit.
UNTIL THE DAY STAR ARISE IN YOUR HEARTS.

By A. Johnson.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.” 2 Pet. 1:19.

We are in a dark place in the World’s history at the present time; and very likely approaching the darkest place in all human existence, even exceeding the darkness of the days of Noah. But unto those who will take heed thereunto, there is a light that shineth in this dark place. It is the sure word of prophecy.

Many Christians look upon prophecy as something that has nothing to do whatever with either character or conduct; as something that can be interpreted to mean anything you choose; as something to be accepted or rejected without any consequence. And even among Christians who profess to believe prophecy as it is written, how very few make any serious effort of teaching it. The great majority of them never even allude to the subject. In recent travels through Christian lands, the writer had a good opportunity of observing the attitude of pastors and churches towards the doctrine of the Lord’s return. From Sweden and Norway to the Pacific coast a predominant silence on the subject was noted in orthodox evangelical churches of the different denominations. On the other hand, noted preachers of the Millennial Dawn persuasion, were met with in nearly all places, who not only made prophecy, specially the Lord’s coming, a prominent subject in their preaching, but scattered broadcast literature on that and other subjects. While orthodox churches do not accept the interpretation these preachers give to prophecies and other Bible doctrines, yet they allow them to take the lead in publishing their views on the Lord’s coming, while they themselves keep silent.

The doctrine of the Lord Christ’s premillennial return to the earth is the most prominent subject in the holy Scripture. God has always insisted on having it published, even though He has had to use a Balaam to proclaim it at times. “I shall see Him but not now: I shall behold Him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel,—and Israel shall do valiantly.” Nu. 24:17—18. What wonderful language out of the mouth of that perverse prophet, after he had the vision of the angel of the Lord with a drawn sword, and had been saved alive by the ass which had the vision before him.

Again, at the Lord’s first advent God had to use strangers
UNTIL THE DAY STAR ARISE IN YOUR HEARTS

...to herald His arrival, while those to whom He had intrusted the sure word of prophecy were ignorant of His coming. Why? They were too much taken up with their own affairs to give any time or thought to prophecy.

At the present time when the adversary is rounding up his forces for the final conflict, there is nothing that he dreads as much as the plain teaching of prophecy, and especially the coming of the Lord Jesus. He knows very well that those who have been fortified within the bulwarks of the sure word of prophecy will not easily be entrapped in the modern delusions which he is spreading throughout the world, and especially through Christian lands. While those who are giving no heed to prophecy, pastors as well as laymen, fall easy victims to these enticing modernisms.

Moreover, prophecy, and the teaching of the Lord's coming are not merely food for the intellect; they are spiritual food of the most vital importance to character and conduct. Dr. C. I. Scofield (in addresses on prophecy) Says: "There are three things, which in the long run, more than any other, affect character and conduct, viz: Association, knowledge, and Expectation." Could there possibly be any purer or nobler association than to be taken into the confidence of God regarding His purposes for the future? Can there be any higher knowledge than God's wonderful plans in the redemption of man and the universe? Can there possibly be any more inspiring or ennobling expectation than the blessed hope of His coming, to change us into His own image, when we mortals shall put on immortality?

It is not enough that the day star arise in our intellects, it must arise in our hearts. In other words, it is an heart experience second to none vouchsafed to believers. Essential to a full salvation, Heb. 9:29. "We are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope. But if we hope for that we see not then do we with patience wait for it." Rom. 8:24, 25. Essential as an anchor to the soul, Heb. 6:19, especially in these days when so many are making shipwreck of their faith. Essential as an incitement to pure living, 1 Jno. 3:3.

Furthermore, this experience is one of the sure evidences of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Before Pentecost none of the apostles had manifested anything more than curiosity towards this great truth. After Pentecost it was the crowning theme of all their preaching and writing. The great goal unto which all other teaching leads.

How about ourselves as Alliance Missionaries here in India? We are certainly in a dark place. Are we giving heed to the
UNTIL THE DAY STAR ARISE IN YOUR HEARTS

word of prophecy? Has the day star risen in our hearts? Are we faithful to this part of the four fold gospel? We certainly had a blessed convention last November. Was there anything missing in it? There was to one. Not a day set apart for this crowning theme of the Gospel. It was the writer's good fortune, on the Pacific coast, at last, to pasture with a flesh whose faithful Shepherd made it his business, once each Lord's day, to feed his flock to the full on this glorious theme, and what a feast of fat things it was! It reminded one of the 23rd Psalm. "Green pastures, still waters, paths of righteousness," with other good things added. Not much fear of that flock leaving their pasture for modern enticements, nor of that faithful shepherd loosing his crown of glory!

Can you blame one, coming from a feast like that, for noticing the absence of this theme in an Alliance convention?

The Lord revive our hearts towards this precious truth! May we all give earnest heed unto it, until the day star arise in our hearts.

A RITUAL CRIME.

A CASE of ritual murder is reported from the Azamgarh district. In connection with some enquiry the thanadar visited the burial ground. He found there four men standing by the side of a newly filled-in grave. He put one or two searching questions when a sound came from the ground directly under his feet. He had the presence of mind to capture the three or four grave diggers when another cry was heard. The thanadar then ordered the grave to be opened and there came to view a month old baby girl alive. The thanadar did his best for it but it died. Enquiries elicited the following story:—The girl, it seems, had one tooth when she was born and this fact, added to the disgust with which Indian parents greet the birth of a daughter, prepared their minds for other events. Three days after her birth some pigs of the village were found dead and in the village this was attributed to the presence of the baby with the tooth. The next day a calf died. The day after a house in the village was burnt down and a Brahman was called in to exercise the spirit of bad luck. The soothsayer confirmed the theory that the baby with the tooth was possessed of a rakshasha but volunteered to expel it on the usual terms of liberal hospitality for himself and his party. That night the baby's father fell ill. He jumped to the con-
CLUSION that the rakshasha in his daughter was too strong for the Brahman's mantras so he determined to get rid of the baby. To kill her would be murder, but it occurred to him that if he had her buried alive he would be guiltless of blood and so the tragedy was enacted.—Times of India.

"JUST WAITING."

By E. R. Garner.

LIVING in the Orphanage compound at Khamgaon is an octogenarian named Tukeram. He is not a poet, as this illustrious Indian name might imply, and he would not be classed among the wise ones of earth. He is just a simple minded old man and he has been a familiar figure for years to all who go in and out at the Orphanage. The missionaries who have charge of that institution have dealt kindly with him and sometimes it has cost them something to do so. Occasionally it has seemed that he was one of those doubtful "means of grace" that are almost sure to be in greater or less numbers wherever there is a Christian institution. Sometimes the reward for such service is given in this life and sometimes faith has to wait till the veil of eternity is lifted before beholding why a loving Father sent such persons to be waited on for long years. We may be sure the reward will come eventually and be as sweet as the trial was bitter. However, in this case, it is becoming apparent already that those who loved and cared for old Tukeram have not done so in vain.

His health has been frail for years but a few months ago he had a bad fall which injured him quite seriously and not having much vitality to draw upon he does not recover. In the first days after the accident he wept long and bitterly and would not be comforted. But later on we noticed a remarkable change. He became very quiet and at times even blithesome. One day not long ago I stepped into the tiny room where he lies on a cot, and asked him how he was.

"I am all right," he said, cheerfully.

"And how are you here?" I inquired, putting my hand upon my heart that he might understand that I meant, "How is it with your soul?"

Then his face lighted up and broke into a smile that covered it all over and made one forget its wrinkles, and raising his thin arms and clasping his hands devoutly he said, "I'm just waiting for my Lord to take me out of this pain into bliss. When I first
got hurt I wept much." (It is not possible to reproduce the peculiar emphasis he put on the word "much," but if you had been on the Orphanage premises during the first days after his accident you would know that this statement of his was exceedingly accurate). Proceeding with beaming face he said, "When I was crying and asking why I had to suffer all this pain, the Lord said to me, 'Can you not bear this much pain for me after all that I bore for you?' And did He not bear the wounds in His hands and feet and side for me? And the thorns on His brow? (All this was accompanied with appropriate gestures) I am very happy now. He gives me all I need and what can I ask for?"

Nearly all Hindus like a shaven face and I knew old Tukeram's weakness on this line and observing that because of his not being able to go to a barber he had several weeks' growth of white beard I offered him a little money and asked him if he would not like to send and get a man to come and shave him. He surprised me by saying, "No, I do not need to be shaved now. I'm only lying here and it doesn't matter. Jesus has made me clean all over (Here he rubbed his arms up and down with apparent satisfaction) and I have all I want. Besides, if I want a shave one of these men nearby will do it for me." For years he has called Jesus "my Guru" (teacher). You need to live in India to get the significance of that word guru. He does not understand theology, but he has made Jesus his Guru and he seems to be at the heart of things. After all, is not that the goal that it is worth all to reach?

We expect to see Tukeram among the ransomed throng that surrounds the throne of the King, praising Him with perfect praise and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

DHOLKA TOURING NOTES.

By F. H. Back.

The touring work was begun under difficulties for I was in charge of the orphanage at Dholka, which needed at least part of my time and the village work needed it all, consequently neither was done as well as I wanted it.

At our first camping place, we had good meetings and found many who were interested in the gospel. At the village near which we camped, two men became enquirers. One of them a bava (village priest) was deeply convicted and wanted to become a follower of Christ, but feared his people. He does not seem to be able to separate himself from them and to trust
the Lord to supply him some means of support, for he would be cut off at once, from his people he is an old man and not strong enough to earn his living by hard labour. Please pray for this man.

The second man, a young Brahmin of the highest caste was teaching school in the village. He came to us nearly every day and became more and more interested. He has secretly accepted Christ and I hope that he will publicly confess Him before long, the young man gave up his school, and is now in a Government office in Ahmedabad. He writes me encouraging letters and seems determined to go on with the Lord. I trust that you will pray for this man also.

We left our first camp to go in to Dholka in order that we might give the boys as pleasant a time as we could at Christmas. This took about five days, and then we left for our second camp. Here we found hard hearts and much indifference to the gospel message.

The enemy was against us to hinder. One morning, the village to which we were going, was across a river, and while trying to cross, the bullocks turned around two or three times and at last when the driver made an extra effort to get the tonga out of the sand, the tonga-pole broke, and the writer had to be carried out to the river bank by a couple of men, and walk back to the camp with wet feet. We walked one day to a village and in the evening our tonga was ready again, and we were able to complete the tour of the villages at this camp. Other mission work called us away and took some of our time from this camp and the next. Our third camp was attended with about the same interest as we had at the second.

At the fourth camp we found some people who were more interested and who seemed anxious for something they are not getting in Hinduism. Oh, if we were only nearer these villages, we might follow up some of the work begun here, but we are not. We leave it and trust that we may be able to put a worker in this part of the district and that God will hold His hand upon the work.

Not all of the King's Business is done in livery; some is done in overalls, some in jumpers, and some in gingham aprons. The King's business includes humble errands and lowly messages. It is as important in its details as in its comprehensive plans. It is co-extensive with the King's realm. The man you meet on the highway, the woman you catch sight of thru pantry window, the child panting thru haste of the King's dispatch is engaged in the King's business.—Sel.
SNAPSHOTS AT AN INDIAN RAILWAY STATION.

By W. Mallis.

To me an Indian Railway Station is a most fascinating place. The constant change, and the mixture of peoples of different customs and languages, the brightly-coloured dresses of the people, and even the gaudy jewellery have a beauty all their own in this land of sunshine.

The Knight of the Water Tank.

One very important personage on an Indian Railway Station is the Brahmin waterman. He stands beside his barrel of water, with a tin pot in his hand, with which he dips up the water, pouring it into the vessel presented by the thirsty traveller, or should the traveller possess no vessel he forms a scoop by placing his hands together in such a way that the water runs into his mouth. Into this channel the "Knight of the Water Pot" pours the water, taking care all the time not to touch the person of this low caste traveller. The tin pot is quite a sacred thing, and no one but a Brahmin dare touch it; and no one, however thirsty, ever dreams of touching the water in the barrel. Should this "Knight of the Water Barrel," who, by the way, was a very talkative individual, be engaged (usually in talking!) somewhere else, the thirsty crowd stands meekly waiting, and when he does condescend to attend to them they call him by the name for god.

The Opening of the Gate.

The third-class waiting room is the official title for the place, but to describe it in ordinary language, and to give an idea of what it really is, one would need to call it a shed, shut off from the main platform by a strong fence, in which are several locked gates. Hours before the train is due to start this place is taken possession of by crowds of travellers, who, finding they have some time to wait for the opening of the gate, squat on the flag stone floor, tuck their mouths full of betel leaf, and begin to chew and spit, and as the bulkiness of this mouthful decreases they begin to talk, which an Indian dearly loves to do. This gives place to drowsiness as the heat of the day increases, and soon the third-class waiting room becomes the third-class sleeping room. As it gets nearer train time the crowd increases, the sleepers wake up, and soon there is not more than standing room. Inside this enclosure there are fruit, sweetmeat, aerated water, and trinket stalls, all of which are well patronized.

Now comes the moment for which they have waited. The ticket inspector approaches the locked gate, and all is movement.
and preparation. The bundles are tied up, and tickets are got in readiness. Mothers lay hold of little children, all of them all the time shouting directions to each other. The gate is opened only sufficiently to allow one passenger to pass at a time. Meanwhile the crowd behind is pushing and laughing, and evidently all of them, with few exceptions, enjoying the situation. The exceptions are quite evident. There is the man with a strained, worried look, who seems quite sure that the train will start before he gets his ticket checked. He is evidently burdened by the thought, and is cross and irritable, shouting to his wife and children lest he lose them in the crowd. Then there is the tear-stained face of some young person, who looks wistfully back through the crowd to catch a glimpse of the face of some relative being left for a few days. But on the whole they are a happy holiday crowd, and one wonders where the writer's eyes were who wrote that India was "a land without smiles"!

As one stands by the gate, you notice a particularly dirty man, with matted hair, overgrown nails, ash-smeared face, and ragged garments pass through. You are told he is a holy man, so holiness and dirt are closely associated in the Indian mind!

The variety of dress is also a study. You have the Westernized Indian, who passes through the gate, dressed in coat and trousers, collar and cuffs, with boots and stockings instead of sandals, and carrying his British-made trunk. Pressing hard after him is the almost naked coolie, whose only clothing and luggage is the loin-cloth he wears. Then you have the half-westernized traveller, who puts his shirt on outside, much as we do a coat, and to increase his discomfort has adopted a pair of ladies' stockings, and is shod with canvas shoes. As we watch the crowd press through the open gate we see faces that tell us of another influence at work in this land that has so long been in the grip of heathenism. Christ is writing His image on the hearts of those people, and it is seen in their faces. They are called Christians.

Martin Luther wrote to Chancellor Bench: "I have recently witnessed two miracles. First: As I stood at my window, I saw the stars and the sky and that vast and glorious firmament in which the Lord placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master supports this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall. Second: I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive the ground on which they reposed nor cords by which they were suspended; yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly and fled away."
LOVE suffers long, it suffers all the weakness of Christians and wickedness of non-Christians as long as God pleases, and has the most amiable sweetness to one who injures though knowingly and intentionally; and it shows a mild, tender, long-suffering spirit in look, voice and action.

Love envieth not, has no unpleasant sensation in view of the success of others or those with whom it disagrees.

Love vaunteth not, does not act rashly, violently or in a headstrong manner nor pass rash or severe judgment; does not directly nor by inference hold forth its own gifts, works or graces for self-appreciation or gratification. When contradicted love bears it with weakness not using many words to evade, excuse or explain self but is slow to speak or accuse and is easily convinced of faults and quick to ask pardon.

Love is not puffed up, never exalted because of ability, success or position and does not feel hurt if unnoticed.

Love seeks not her own but the interests of others though not appreciated or returned.

Love is not provoked under pressure or hurry; not impatient at the ignorance, slowness or stubbornness of others and not sarcastic, sensitive or distant to those of other views.

Love thinks no evil, is not suspicious or critical regarding the motives, character, example or conduct of others. Suspicion and criticism cannot dwell with love. Some have a strain on every atom of their beings and only God can judge rightly.

Love rejoices not in evil, feels no satisfaction in detecting, hearing or speaking of faults of others who oppose. It is as affected by the misfortunes of an enemy as a friend.

Love rejoices in the truth, not issues. It rejoices in works of others' ranks as well as its own.

Love bears all things, puts up with injuries and impositions and says as Stephen, "lay not this to their charge."

Love believes all, is more liable to be imposed upon than to protect self. It puts the best construction on everything.

Love hopes all things. The eye of love sees a silver side to the darkest clouds of hatred, violence and opposition, in fact lives in such an atmosphere; it takes things for better than they really are, hopes the sins, faults and failures of others are not so bad after all; it leans to mercy more than to censure and condemnation.

Love endures all with unwearied patience, anything God permits or men or devils inflict; endures reproach, slander,
misunderstanding, opposition, contempt, ridicule, affliction or poverty without murmuring, complaining or repining.

Love is full of compassion and sheds tears with those who have wounds to bind instead of looking on at a distance with critical eye.

It is not surprising that love so operating without cessation should have power. Powerful in truth and beauty, it is equal to all difficulties and the possessor of it has power with men in some measure as Christ had when on earth! All influence exerted in Christian service repels rather than attracts if not emanating from this love. Where this is lacking, one is busy developing plans of action, appeals and arguments to win men but to the one filled with love, his life is his strategy and argument. What then is the “sweetness of love?” It is love filling, enlarging and overflowing the life, pushing on as a tidal wave and deluging all with its currents, love filling the tongue, selecting the fittest words, sweetening the voice or holding it in precious silence. Love studiously seeks to conceal itself and exhibit Jesus. When our Lord on the last night gave the new commandment to love just as He loved, He did so in connection with the promise of the coming baptism of the Spirit. The full birth of the Spirit of love within us in our rightful heritage.

“For others' sake to make life sweet,
Though thorns may pierce your weary feet,
For others' sake to walk each day
As if joy helped you all the way
While in the heart may be a grave
That makes it hard to be so brave,
Herein, I think is love.”

CONTRIBUTED.

Pass it on, yes, pass it on,
Needs are great, the world is wide,
Pounds are lent thee not to hide
In thy napkin's greedy fold;
Thou shalt not the treasure hold
Which from thy good Lord was drawn,
Pass it on, then, pass it on.
Hiding gold is robbery;
Hoarding it, idolatry;
Using it for others weal
Seals thee with the Master's seal;
What from heaven was freely drawn
Pass it on, yes, pass it on.

—Selected.
SUMPATRAO

By Charlotte Rutherford.

SUMPATRAO has in his day been a man of some importance and influence in his town. He was looked upon by his townspeople and caste men with honour and respect, because of his position as patil. And it was no mean position he held. He had doubtless, filled a long term of office well, and commendably, but old age has crept on and the agility of youth has left him; making retirement from Government service necessary.

The last stage of life was entered with no ray of light at even-tide, to cheer him; no future brightened with hopes of an incorruptible crown laid up for him in the heavenlies. All was dark, dark! Darkened through years of sin, and idolatry hopelessness was engraved upon his deeply wrinkled face. He is a helpless cripple, the power of his lower limbs has gone entirely, and he creeps out to sit in the sunshine, in his accustomed place. He sat alone, yes, alone for he knew naught of Him who loves him, and gave Himself for him. Thus we found him, alone and in darkness. How could we pass this aged cripple by without telling him of the love of Jesus?

We stopped, and soon found him to be a man of no small intelligence. If the power of his limbs were gone his eyesight was perfect and his brain clear and active. A most interesting hour was spent with him. He accepted gladly the Gospels offered him, which, became his daily companions. "He does nothing else but read those books," says one of the women of the house. "Ah, they are good," says he.

Surely God revealed Himself to this dark soul. The light broke and joy, and peace soon took the place of unrest, and remorse. That hard face became wreathed with smiles, the hopelessness gave place to hope of eternal life. The look of peace, endorsed his testimony that God for Christ's sake had forgiven him.

The time to move our camp drew near, and we must leave this new born soul, trusting the Holy Spirit to continue His mighty working. Ten visits had been made to his home, each visit meant a most delightful Bible lesson with him and others who gathered to listen.

"I am so grateful for all you have done for me. Had you not come, I never would have heard about Jesus, and I would not have the peace in my heart, that I have to-day. I am so glad you came again soon."
One month passed and we returned to see our old friend. He sat in his accustomed place, and greeted us with bleaming face. In his hand was the Word of God. "I spend my whole time reading this," he says, "and the light just comes to me as I read. I am so happy. I was only saying yesterday to my people that I wondered when the missionaries would return. I was dreaming about them last night."

This town is five and a half miles from Jalgaon, and we drive out each month to visit him, and others. Three days ago we were there, and were greeted with the usual smile of pleasure.

"Well, Sumpat Patel, how are you to-day? Have you any unrest in your heart?" "No, I have no unrest, I have cast all that on Jesus. I am full of joy, and peace. Jesus is mine." Our hearts were as glad as his, and full of thankfulness to God, for bringing that dark soul from darkness into light.

He endeavours to lead his aged wife to Jesus. He entreats her to accept Jesus as her Saviour; but has not succeeded so far. May she too find Jesus, and both go hand in hand into the New Jerusalem.

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**HOW THEY WERE FOUND.**

NOT long ago, James, one of our Christian men in Chandur lost three goats. For days he searched for them but in vain.

In his distress he went to the Lord in prayer and told the Lord if He would send the goats back one of them would be given to Him as a thankoffering. That was the early morning of the eleventh day after they had disappeared. At ten o'clock what did they see to their delight but the three goats at their door. They never knew where they came from but they knew God had answered prayer. James brought the goat to the mission compound and while it was there unfortunately a village dog came into the compound and all but killed the goat; but we anointed the wounds with oil and prayed for the Lord’s little goat and it grew better and was later sold for $2.16, which sum was put into the Easter offering.

Only about five out of each 100 people in India can read or write. Of 39,000,000 children of school age, 28,000,000 are growing up without schooling.

*The Call of the World.*
SHANTIPUR NOTES.

By Jessie Fraser.

The people listened well to the gospel message this year and there were some enquirers. We are sowing the seed by faith, and believe that some glad day we shall see a mighty harvest of precious souls. I have recently opened a school in the low caste quarter of a new village where we have never had a Christian worker or teacher. As the village is some distance from here the people have not often had the chance to hear the things of God. I recently visited the school. About fifteen children were present, and about the same number of large boys attend at night. Please pray for these children that they may give their hearts to Jesus; and that the teacher may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

I also expect to open two Bible classes soon in two near villages where for over four years preaching has been carried on. Pray for these classes which will be taught by two of our catechists, that from them may come some useful workers for the Lord. I desire also to open a new Sunday-school in a large village where we already have a worker. I find that the work among the children is very hopeful. I have some large boys that attended such a school seven years ago. Please join me in prayer for this precious work among the children and young people.

THE PRINT OF THE NAILS.

There is a strange legend of old St. Martin, writes J. R. Miller in an American paper. He sat one day in his sacred studies, when there came a knock at the door. "Enter," said the monk.

The door opened and there appeared a stranger of lordly look, in princely attire. "Who art thou?" asked St. Martin.

"I am Christ," was the answer.

The confident bearing and the commanding tone of the visitor would have overawed a less wise man. But the monk simply gave his visitor one deep, searching glance and then quietly asked: "Where is the print of the nails?" He had noticed that this one indubitable mark of Christ's person was wanting. There were no nail-scars upon those jeweled hands. And the kingly mien and the brilliant dress of the pretender were not
enough to prove his claim while the print of the nails was wanting.

Confused by the searching test-question and the base deception exposed, the prince of evil—for he it was—quickly fled from the sacred cell.

This is only a legend, but it suggests the one infallible test that should be applied to all truth and to all life. There is much in these days that claims to be Christ’s. There are those who would have us lay aside the old faiths, and accept new beliefs and new interpretations. How shall we know whether or not to receive them? The only true test is that with which St. Martin exposed the false pretensions of his visitor: “Where is the print of the nails?” Nothing is truly Christ which does not bear this mark upon it. A gospel without a wounded, dying Christ is not a gospel. The atonement lies at the heart of Christianity. The cross is the luminous center, from which streams all the light and joy, peace and hope. That which does not bear the marks of the Lord Jesus cannot be of Him.—Selected.

SHE GAVE HER ALL.

One Sabbath morning during the India famine of 1901, a handful of Christians in a village near Ahmednagar were going to celebrate the communion at sunrise. As I approached the town on my wheel, about dawn, a man, who had been watching me coming, walked slowly to the middle of the road and motioned with his uplifted hands, the palms turned toward me, to stop. As I greeted him with the “Peace to you. How is everything” his face revealed the convert baptized a few months before. It was a sad face to-day.

“What has happened, Baba.” (Baba to an adult is a familiar ‘Sir.’) “Our little boy died last night. His mother said, come to the house before you go to the meeting. You can return at once. I’ll show you the way; it’s not far.” And before I knew it he had bowed down, touched my feet and raised his hands to his forehead, combining a salutation and a petition.

The man and his wife had been baptized amid the jeers and taunts of many friends and more foes. It had been a great day for the kingdom when they confessed Jesus of Asia as their Saviour and Lord. Want and woe were widespread in the land. Ostracism followed their change of faith and multiplied troubles.
The only child, ill fed, grew sick. The parents became frantic. No medicines were available. Every hour of the day was precious for earning a few scanty mouthfuls of food. Care and nourishment would have saved the boy.

We came to the house. As we entered, the brusque, but brave husband, no longer a father, said to his wife:— "Don't weep now. What can we do for him. Look, the Sahib has come." In a dark corner of the only room, near the few rough ragged bits of blanket, where the babe had been lying, sat the sobbing, childless woman. Her whole frame shook with grief too great to control.

The bare body of their boy lay in her lap. Anon she would lift him to her heart, and then would bend over and press her lips and hand upon the cool, lifeless face, with all the yearning of a soul robbed of its one desire. "Why can't he come back to me, my king? What will I hold in these arms now; whom will my eyes watch now?"

I read from the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel the immortal words: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me. There are mansions to live in. I will come for you all; where I am ye shall be." A word of prayer for faith in an ever-living, always-near God; for courage and strength to endure to the end; then the funeral procession formed.

The childless father carried the body on his arms. The bereft mother followed with bent shoulders and streaming eyes. I was the third mourner. "Don't disturb the rest of the people," the father had said, "we'll do all ourselves." There was no procession, no hearse, no cemetery. We dug a grave by the side of a low hill. The mother parted from her boy's body, and we laid it away on the hard stones and in the dirt. To prevent the clods and rough rocks from falling upon the child I threw my coat down for the winding sheet.

We filled in the grave, left a mound for memory, and gathered about the table to celebrate the sacrifice of Him whose body was crushed for the salvation of the world. The mother crouched near the rude table to get all the comfort she could.

After telling the people where we had been, I read from the seventh chapter of Revelation. "They shall hunger no more. God shall wipe away every tear;" and from the twenty-first chapter: "God Himself shall be with them. Death shall be no more, neither mourning, nor pain. He that overcometh shall inherit these things." The mourning father rose and interrupted.
"O God, do not let go of us! To the end make us faithful. Make us ready for that time."

The service was over. Nothing besides the morsel of bread received at the table passed the lips of most of those famine-wasted participants all that Sabbath day. The contribution plate passed among the people and came back to the table. Then the mourning mother, silent by herself, hitherto, stood up and said, "Please forgive me, I will say but a few words; our boy we were going to give to God today, and ask that he be baptized. Now God has taken him. Only this is left."

She thrust her hand into the bundle of rags which clung to her, who knows how, and drew out a pair of brass bangles, mere penny trinkets, which she had slipped off the thin wrists of her babe before we laid him in the grave, adding in a trembling voice. "These were his, my boy's; now we give them to the Lord. There they are." And she crouched down to her crying and comfort again by the table.

She could have exchanged the bangles for a mouthful of food in the bazaar—but she gave her all to her Lord. They and their all belonged to the Lord. Some call these poorer classes of converts "rice Christians."

Most of them cannot be bought with rice or price. They have been purchased by Christ. They do without food and friends; they wear rags and leave their roof for His sake. How many in America, opulent and overrunning with God's gifts, give for the cause of Christ's Kingdom and go hungry?—The Rev. H. G. Bissell, in "Sabbath Reading."

YOUR CHOICE FOR TWENTY DOLLARS.

It is stated that the cost of a single sharpnel shell is twenty dollars. Each shell, if accurately placed, will destroy or maim a score or more of lives. The cost of a mission scholarship in certain countries is twenty dollars. Each scholarship, if accurately placed, will provide food, clothing shelter, education, and loving care for a boy or girl, for one year. We are making both shells and scholarships in this country. Which is the better investment?—Woman's Missionary Friend.
I AM sure the readers of this page will be glad to know something about a Sunday-school which the "little missionaries" attend out here in dark India. First of all I must tell you who these "little missionaries" are. They are the boys and girls whose mamas and papas spend their lives in telling the Hindoo people about Jesus. These children cannot live on the plains because it is so hot, so they leave their homes and go away to a cooler climate where they can attend school. They have a nice home to live in and are well cared for but they miss their papas and mamas very much. However, these little folks are very brave and try to help their parents by being good and doing their best in their studies.

But now you are waiting to hear about the Sunday-school, aren't you? Every Sunday morning the children meet together with some of their playmates in the biggest room of the bungalow. In order to make it as much like a Sunday-school at home as is possible under the circumstances, they place their chairs in rows, sit up very straight, and sing as loudly as they can. When they give their offering they march and sing "Hear the Pennies Dropping" just as you do in your Sunday-school. Would you like to know what they are doing with this offering? They are giving it toward the support of a little brown baby which lives in a rescue home. They try very hard to earn this money and are praying most earnestly that Jesus will protect this little life and keep it from sin. Will you pray for this baby, too, and ask Jesus to help these boys and girls to earn all the money that is needed for it. If Jesus tarry this little one may be a missionary, too, some day.

These children have many opportunities of shining for Jesus because they live in a land which is very dark and has great need for the love of Jesus to shine into it. Will you help them to shine by asking Jesus to keep them true to Himself. They all send you loving greetings from India.

H. B.

"Every step in the progress of Missions is directly traceable to prayer."—A. T. Pierson.
SPECIAL APPEAL FOR INDIAN WORKERS.

We want again to call the attention of all our friends to the urgent need of funds for the support of our Indian workers. We have only a few compared with what we need—not one-half as many as are needed to cover our fields as we want to do, and our funds for the support of these few are far behind. Some faithful supporters have been obliged to drop out and others have not taken their places, and so the Indian Helpers' Fund is in debt, but we dare not drop any of those whom we feel are as much a part of the work as we are, and we are drawing on other funds until our friends can help us out of our difficulty so that we can return what has been taken from other funds and we can have permanent support for the workers already in the mission and for many more.

M. B. FULLER.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

CHALISGAON.—Praise for God's protection and deliverance from what might have been a serious accident when the tonga was upset with two missionaries and three workers.

Praise for answered prayer and victory over the power of the enemy when he got in among the little folk here; for wrongs righted and renewed peace.

AHMEDABAD.—Praise for eight additions to the church roll besides some who have come from Kaira.

MEHMEDEBAD.—Praise that the life of one of the Christian men at Hebron Farm Colony has been spared when naturally speaking there was little hope of his recovery.

GENERAL.—For the new converts in several districts in Gujarat, who have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour during the past touring season.
PRAYER.

AHMEDABAD.—Prayer is requested for funds to complete a meeting room and worker’s house now being erected at Watoa, a centre from which nearly all the villages we are responsible for can be reached and where several have been baptised.

MEHMEDABAD.—For three young married couples living in heathen villages. The men are accustomed to village life but their wives have recently come from the shelter of their former home at Mukti Mission, Kedgaon.

SHANTIPUR.—For the day school, Sunday-schools and two Bible classes which are to be opened.

GENERAL.—For several Christian families in Gujarat who have been bereaved of loved ones, that they may be brought into closer fellowship with their Saviour, and for other Christian families who are being urged by heathen relatives, to marry their children according to Hindu custom.

ITEMS.

Miss Peter has been appointed to help in the Ahmedabad work and will live in the Jamalpur section of the city where many of the native Christians work in the mills. She has had a very fruitful ministry at the Kaira orphanage for some years and will be greatly missed from the Christian community there.

Miss Conger will continue to assist in the Kaira orphanage. Now that she has successfully passed her second examination in the language she is able to devote all her time to the work.

The Gujarati Examination Committee reports that Miss Taylor has creditably passed her first examination in the language. All her friends extend hearty congratulations.

It may be of interest to those of our readers who are in India to know that Miss Hilker has secured the Grenbert home in Igatpuri, and is opening it as a rest home for missionaries.
C&MAMission Stations in India

- Stations
- Proposed Stations
List of Alliance Missionaries.

BERAR

AKOLA
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
Mr. J. P. Rogers

AMRAOTI
Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

CHANDUR
Mr. & Mrs. K. D. Garrison
Miss J. L. Rollier

KHAMGAON
Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Carner
Miss E. Krater
Miss H. Bushfield
Miss A. Little

MALKAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer

MURTIZAPUR
Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Cutler

KHANDESH

BHUSAWAL
Mr. & Mrs. A. I. Garrison
Mrs. F. M. Bannister

BODWAD (P. O. Nargaon.)
Mr. & Mrs. C. Eicher

CHALISGAON
Miss K. P. Williams
Miss E. Wyeth

JALGAON
Miss C. Rutherford

PACHORA
Mr. A. Johnson

GUJARAT

AHMEDABAD
Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Andrews
Miss Peter
Miss Lillian Pritchard

DHOLKA
Mr. & Mrs. S. P. Hamilton
Mr. F. H. Back

KAIRA
Miss Coxe
Miss B. Conger
Miss E. Prichard
Miss M. Taylor

MATAR (P. O. Kaira.)
Miss Cora Hansen

MEHMADABAD
Mr. & Mrs. L. F. Turnbull

SANAND & SABARMATI
Mr. & Mrs. D. McKee

SHANTIPUR (Jetalpur P.O., Ahmedabad)
Miss Jessie Fraser

VIRAMGAM
Mr. & Mrs. A. Duckworth

LONAVLA (Poona District.)

PANCHGANI (Satara District.)
(Children's Home)
Miss H. Beardslee
Miss M. Patten

BOMBAY
Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fulker

ON FURLough:

Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
Miss M. Woodworth

Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramsey
Mrs. V. Erickson

Mrs. I. Moodie
Miss M. Compton
Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver

Mr. W. M. Turnbull
Miss E. Wells
Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox

Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham
Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Schelander

BOMBAY: