MEETING OPPOSITION.

"And the Lord stirred up the spirit of Zerubbabel ... and the spirit of Joshua ... and the spirit of all the remnant of the people." Haggai 1. 14.

This was God's method of dealing with a most discouraging condition among the remnant of Israel that had returned from captivity to rebuild the Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem. They had successfully avoided the first snare set for them by their wily adversaries, who "feared the Lord and served their own gods," (II Kings xvii. 33), namely, an appeal for federation on the ground that they all sacrificed to the same God. The wise leaders of Israel, who in our day would be called "narrow minded," gave the only answer that could rightfully be given to those who cling to a form of godliness but deny the power thereof; "ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God; but we ourselves together will build unto the Lord God of Israel."

* * * * * * *

Then came the open opposition of those who had pretended friendship, an opposition by attrition. They "weakened the hands of the people of Judah, and troubled them in building." This withholding of supplies succeeded better than the former attempt. We do not know how long the Jews continued to build in spite of shortage in funds and materials, but they finally became discouraged, and forgetting God's marvellous providences of the past, decided that the "time had not come" to build the...
Lord's house. (Hag. i. 2.) Almost every Christian enterprise, especially those which seek to avoid compromise with the world, has sooner or later to face this condition of shortage in funds or workers and seeming inability to complete the work which has been undertaken. Particularly will it be so in times of financial stress like the present, when an unprecedented demand is being made upon the resources of all nations of the world.

God's answer to their discouragement over financial shortage was not what might have been expected. There was no word spoken to or about the adversaries; they were ignored. Nor was there any miraculous provision of a generous donation from an unexpected source to cheer their drooping spirits, but a sharp rebuke through God's prophet, for their negligence and half-heartedness. Haggai asks them. "If it is not the time for the building of the temple, is it time for you to be living comfortably in your ceiled houses, while this house lies waste?" And he showed that their carelessness had become a curse to them: they had sown much and reaped little; had expected much and realised little; the heaven over them was stayed from dew and the earth stayed from her fruit because of the Lord's house that lay waste. Then, after they had become humbled, the Lord "stirred their spirits" and they resumed the work; and after the work was resumed, and only then, did God mention the financial problem, reminding them of His presence and of the large gold reserve in the bank of heaven, "I am with you saith the Lord"; "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Hag. i. 13; 2. 8.)

Surely in every financial crisis in the Lord's word the greatest need is of heart searching rather than of complaining of the "adversaries." A careful inquiry into the cause of the shortage will be helpful, but no such inquiry will be complete if it deals only with finances and committees. The trouble with the "Remnant" at Jerusalem was a lack of faith, caused by their forgetting that God was with them in their working, and resulting in carelessness of heart. Their first need was to have their hearts stirred, not merely by the temporal need, but
stirred to work, for a listless heart cannot grasp God's promises. We need not look elsewhere for reasons for lack of blessing if we have allowed circumstances to make our hearts cold and careless.

But there was a greater need than the temporal one in Jerusalem in Jerubabel's day. Not satisfied with withholding supplies and troubling them in building, the adversaries made false accusations to the King, with the effect that the work was made to cease for a time "by force and power." An abundance of material and money would not have overcome this condition.

This form of opposition has its counterpart to-day in the work of the "Accuser of the brethren," and the power which he exerts, is opposed to the work of saving souls, which, according to New Testament teaching, is building the Lord's spiritual temple. We must avoid the not uncommon error of thinking that a full coffer meets the need. Extensive educational and medical institutions and a work that is respected by the Government and admired by natives, or, even, success in getting people baptised, are not invariably signs of true success. These may be valuable aids to the work, but they are not the real work, and we may succeed admirably in them and yet fail to get men really saved from sin. There is something behind the systems of false creed and oppressive custom, that is stronger than ignorance or disease, and it is something against which man is impotent. A smooth and beautiful river may give to a sightseer little indication of the power of its current, but the man who is struggling against the sweep of that current knows its force. Likewise there is a very real power of darkness in the mission field. Tourists in their enjoyment of India's romantic buildings may not dream of its existence; government officers will likely be sceptical about it, for their work does not deal with captive spirits; and we missionaries may overlook it as we see the success of those departments of work which are less directly opposed to it; but there it is nevertheless, invisible but terrible.

The Lord's answer to this opposition, unseen and therefore
hard to deal with, to Jerubabel’s work was: “Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts,” (Zech. iv. 6)—a verse which we often quote without remembering its connection. And this is the only answer we must give to the systems of India, which flaunt themselves in our faces and refuse to yield—the “mountain” which opposes us. Better organization may help us, but that is not the need; more money may be necessary, but that would not solve the problem of success. The divine steps to overcoming the opposition to God’s work are: “stirred” spirits, which will work in spite of obstacles; vigorous faith, that will believe despite outward conditions; and the power of the Holy Spirit, which is the only force greater than the power of the adversary.

OUR CHAIRMAN’S PAGE.

An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

Concentration.

The question that confronts a Missionary who is placed in charge of a whole county, which may have a population of 150,000 people in 250 towns and villages, is, naturally, a question of the best method of evangelizing so large a field. He wants to get acquainted with the whole field and as soon as possible visit all parts, preaching in every town and village and scattering literature, Bible portions and good tracts. In this way he gets a good idea of his field and of the people and their ways, and for a young missionary with a limited knowledge of the language this is a wise plan. He could not continue to preach long in a place, nor be able to deal with the difficulties and objections that might arise in the minds of the people. He gives a simple gospel message and sells such literature as the people wish to buy, and moves on to the next village. In this way he gains much useful experience, and by constant repetition of his simple message he is acquiring a ready use of the language and adding to his vocabulary, and becomes able to understand.
the language as the village people speak it, which is a very difficult, as well as a very important, part in his equipment for his work.

Two or three years of this kind of work gives him a pretty good knowledge of his field, and he finds many places where the people seem to be willing, if not eager, to hear. They invite him to come oftener, as they hear only once in a year and other things crowd out the word in the long intervals. The question arises, how long shall he continue this kind of work? It is very interesting, and he is tempted to continue going over his whole field and is pleased to find that each year the people are more friendly and more earnest in their invitation to come oftener. But years go by and he finds that while many, perhaps thousands, are interested yet no one really accepts Christ; and he begins to realize that there is a mistake somewhere in his method of work. He is like a blacksmith who has a thousand pieces of iron to make into some useful articles and because there are so many he puts one into the fire for a few seconds and then takes it out and puts in another, and so on round the whole number, but never heats a single iron enough to soften it so that it can be shaped on the anvil. He must begin a new plan and heat the irons one by one, and when heated he must shape them one by one. So the missionary must learn to let the whole county wait while he goes, as God guides him, to a single village or town or some section of a town and hold on in prayer and the preaching of the Word and personal work “publicly and from house to house,” “night and day with tears,” as Paul did, until souls are ready to accept Christ.

A godly missionary, known as “Praying Heyd,” went with his workers to a village where the people were very indifferent. Most missionaries would have taken this as an indication to move on, but God laid the village on his heart, and he could not leave. His fellow missionaries criticised him and felt he was wasting time, but there he stayed and prayed and preached for ten weeks, and within a few months a large portion of the people were asking for baptism.

Even where an Indian worker is put in charge of a dozen villages and preaches in each village once each week there is not
much prospect of a revival. Even in the home lands revivals do not break out as a result of the weekly two sermons on the Sabbath. There must be concentration, and the attention of people must be held day after day, till not only minds are convinced but, emotions are stirred and wills are moved to action.

We feel that the time has come in our Indian work when we must concentrate our work on the large towns where our mission stations are, towns of from 5,000 to 40,000 population, and pray and preach and hunt for souls until God shows us His power, and churches are formed from which, as centres, the work shall spread throughout the whole countries. We must not simply preach to crowds but must have eyes to discern those whose hearts God opens and one by one to help them to accept Christ.

The novice shoots at a whole herd of deer and gets nothing while the skilful sportsman singles out one and gets it. We preach to crowds publicly, which is scriptural, but we must follow up the individuals from house to house or perhaps out into their fields, where we can find them alone, and talk heart to heart with them. If we are where God has put us, then our spiritual children, yet unborn, but chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, are among the people where we are, and it is ours to find them and travail in birth for them until they are born of the Spirit. “Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive be delivered? But thus saith the Lord, even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered: for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and will save thy children.” (Isa. xlix. 24, 25.) By faith we must claim them as our spiritual children and one by one we shall find them and recognize them. We ask for especial prayer to be made by all who love the work, that God may guide in each station where to begin, and give grace and faith to hold on until we see the salvation of souls. God is working and we want to work with Him. We do not ask Him to work in our methods but to show us His, and to enable us to claim the promise that He “hath made us sufficient as ministers of the new covenant.” 2 Cor. iii. 6. (R.V.)
TOURING NOTES.
NASIRABAD.
By Charlotte Rutherford.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways saith the Lord." Our plans, which we had considered as settled, for the approaching itinerating season, proved not to be the Lord's plans, for on the eve of their execution they were suddenly changed. And the adoption of His plan led us to several persons who had, for a long time, groped in heathen darkness, and were ready for the gospel.

Mr. Schelander and his workers had begun their cold season's work in a large Mohammedan town called Nasirabad, a town noted for its crimes and opposition to the gospel. The spirit of its people was shown in their ignominious treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Schelander during the early days of our Mission's work in that district. Years had passed since that, with no conspicuous change in the attitude of the people toward the missionaries. It might have been said of them "can any good thing come out of Nasirabad?" Visits were made, gospels sold, and the old preaching place in the market square was occupied in spite of the anti-Christian spirit.

This year once more the missionary camp is erected in their midst, and the Market place again rings with gospel songs and exhortations. Crowds gather and doubtless men of every caste are represented. The speakers have unusual freedom in delivering their message; a stillness prevails among the people, who settle themselves on the ground to listen. Some eyes are moistened with tears. What does it all mean? Are these hardened hearts beginning to melt under the power of the gospel message? Undoubtedly the Spirit of God is at work in those careless hearts.

Mr. Schelander left reluctantly when urgently called home. Never had he seen these people so interested or attentive or subdued as now. Inspired by hope and faith he returned home and besought the writer to go at once to Nasirabad while hearts were tender and ears open to the message. The women too were asking for us, and as anxious to hear as the men. Our plans had all been made to go southward and carts were expected in the morning to take us there. But hearing of the Lord's doings we yielded our plans and proceeded eastward, and before many hours had passed our camp was erected in Nasirabad.

One of those who used to resort to the Market place to listen to the preachers was Gripradadda. He is simple and uneducat-
ed, but of a fairly good caste. He learned from the preachers that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the world, and that God loved the world and gave His Son to save men. In his simplicity he believed it and accepted life through Jesus. We found him in his humble home in one of the byways, while seeking an opening for preaching. A number of persons gathered around us while we sang and read from the Scriptures. Gipradadda's opportunity had come to confess his faith in Jesus, and he did it with remarkable boldness. "Your pilgrimages are vain; you cannot get salvation except through faith in Jesus Christ. Jesus saves me from sin. I have that settled in my heart. Believe on Him and you will be saved," says he to his neighbour. Surely the seed sown at the market place has fallen into a prepared heart and brought forth fruit.

Phutilibai is a poor old woman, who, judging from her appearance, finds life hard. Want and suffering have made lines on her face. She looks up at us with her small, piercing eyes as we speak to her.

"Well, Ajibai (grandmother), how are you?"
"I am well."
"All alone?"
"Yes, all alone. The child that lives with me has taken cattle to the jungle to graze. She gets a little money for that, which helps to support us both. Often we are hungry and the child is obliged to beg from those who have enough and to spare."
"Ajibai, do you know who saves from sin?"
"How can I know? Who would tell me?"

Then we told her of Him who alone can save from sin. This ignorant old woman found room for her sin-sick soul at the Cross, and we left her with the assurance that many years of sin had been pardoned.

A month later we visited her and found her happy in Jesus. "It is Jesus when I arise in the morning; It is Jesus when I draw water from the well; Jesus when I grind; Jesus when I go to bed. I tell my neighbours when they say 'Ram, Ram' to say 'Jesus' instead. At the grinding mill her song is changed to "Jesus saves me,

Saves me now;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Jesus saves me now."

Muktibai is another woman whose heart the Lord has touched. She is a widow, and works hard for her living. She was taught much from the Bible during our six weeks stay in Nasirabad. We believe she has learned to love and
trust Jesus. No idol is seen about her home now. She is remarkably bold, in telling her people the attitude she has taken. When we last visited her she complained that she had had much trouble since she took her new stand. The Word was opened up to her and she saw many things which we hope will not be soon forgotten. We trust Christ may become very real to her.

Several others believed in their heart, about whom much of interest could be written. May they too find room at the Cross, where mercy and peace and salvation are found.

Surely after years of patient toil and seed-sowing and prayer, we are to gather precious fruit for eternity. Doubtless these were the "handful left on purpose" for us, and had we not gleaned they might have been lost. For Nasirabad there is a Saviour, and we believe that some will find Him. The harvest is ripe but labourers are few.

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ON THE MOVE.

W. Fletcher.

GOD has promised to be with us in our going out and our coming in. Thank God, that is just what He does, for He has been with us moment by moment, and the knowledge of His presence has been a sweet incentive, which has made us strong to labour and toil for Him. Not only has He been with us while we preached the gospel to listening crowds, but while we lifted heavy beams and stones and strove to energize lazy coolies.

We began our wanderings at the beginning of the cold season, about the 15th of November. It seemed good to be once more out among the village people. We had glad hearings in many places. Some among both the men and the women acknowledged the truth of what we told them, and we could see a desire to know and experience the things we were telling them. In one village some high caste young men bought a New Testament and even stood out against their religious teachers in a fair held in that village. So severe was their criticism that the whole fair was much less fervid than it was the year before. One priest who had come and set up his tent to deceive the people, angered by the opposition, left in the night.

The writer, as he went out each day, had two objects. One to testify to the people of what Jesus has done for him, and to show them that Jesus could save them from their sins and keep them day by day, and bye and bye give them a crown and a
home in glory, if they would accept Him. How those dear high and low caste people seemed to say "yes, how we would like to have that experience, but—there is our caste binding us. How can we leave the customs of our fathers!" The other object was to do my best to sell a New Testament in every village. While I did not succeed in reaching my highest hope, I did sell twelve New Testaments to the head men in twelve different villages. They promised to read them to the people.

It was with rather a heavy heart that we left that more precious work to work like Merari, who had to look after the ropes and tent pegs. So I had to extend my wanderings to Pachora and attend to the finishing of the new bungalow which the mission has built there. The writer had the pleasure of putting on the roof and the ceiling. There are still some of the finishing touches to be added, which will take a few weeks more to complete.

From there I was called to Chikalda. So after a few days rest at home, I left for that beautiful hill station, taking with me my wife and children. We reached the hill top after a thirty-two mile drive amongst the beautiful, forest-clad mountains. Our Mission has a rest bungalow here which has been very much out of repair. Having rented it to the wife of the Commissioner, we were able with the rent money, to put in a stone floor and fix up other things to make it comfortable. This was the work that took us up there and the Commissioner's wife seemed pleased with it.

Having finished this work I had to move on again, not home to Amraoti, but back to Pachora, where brother Johnson and I did what we could in the way of finishing the bungalow. Soon the hot season overtook us and so we have taken shelter from the heat for a few weeks up here at Panchgani. How glad we will be to be once more back among our people in Amraoti!

We praise God for all His love and mercies.

NOTES FROM KAIRA.

By Blanche Conger.

The Christian men of our compound were sawing up an old tree when a large log fell on one of the men hurting his knee and ankle. We feared it was a severe sprain for he was suffering, but he said, "You pray and God will hear." We did pray and God did hear for in a few days the man was about his work again. This answer to prayer has given faith and power to trust God more.
The day the man was hurt we were passing through the little village on our way to the hospital (the village is just across the way from our hungalow). The boy who was with me said, "Did you know that Dhurea was dead." I was greatly astonished for Dhurea had often come to our meetings; indeed we felt that she belonged to us. She was a caste woman and had had much light but she was superstitious and ignorant and I wondered if she was saved so I asked the boys, "Do you suppose she was saved?" "We cannot tell; we have little hope but if 'Wells Mamma' had been here she would have known." So with a heavy heart I asked one after another about that woman and each time the answer came back, "We don't know, if 'Wells Mamma' had only been here she would have known." I remembered then how seldom the woman had been here since Miss Wells left and I had had little time to go after her. But she is gone now, and we do not know whether she accepted the Light, or went into darkness.

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MALKAPUR.

By S. H. Auernheimer.

The past touring season was our first in Malkapur, so the villages and towns were new to us. Our workers too were new. Being unknown in the villages often keeps people at a distance. We made three camps and reached twenty different towns and villages from each camp. We could have reached more places had we gone only once to each town, but we visited each several times. This afforded us the privilege of getting acquainted with the people and also gave them the opportunity of hearing the gospel several times.

Our first camp was at Shelapur, eight and a half miles from home. The people there were very friendly. They were busy with their field work but we always had fair audiences and good attention. We were enabled to sell gospel portions in each village, even though in some of the villages, there were few, if any, who could read. Leaving one or more gospels in each place means that there is there a witness for the Lord.

We availed ourselves of all the weekly markets around our camp, reaching the people with the message and printed word. At Shelapur town the women were especially friendly and Mrs. Auernheimer and her Bible-woman had more calls than they could fill. The women would come and beg them to visit their homes. All classes were friendly and gladly welcomed the
messengers and the message.

We had intended to remain at this camp longer, but rain was falling near us, and we felt we should go home. We hurriedly took down our tents, packed all our goods into carts and started for home. Our carts barely reached home in time and while we were unloading the tents, and boxes, the rain came. We had pitched our tents under some large mango trees, in a field of deep black soil. We were told afterward that the field was mud for a number of days. We praised the Lord for enabling us to reach home at the right time, thus avoiding the rain and mud. We remained at home until after Christmas as it was too damp, for a week or more, to pitch tents.

On December 31st we again loaded carts and started out for our second camp. We went to a town called Tehe, fifteen miles from home. Near Tehe there is a large religious fair held every year. It opened on January 1st and continued for a week or more. This year about 35,000 people attended it though sometimes as many as 50,000 people go to it. The day we arrived at our camping place, Brother Eicher, his workers and most of the Training School boys of Bodwad also arrived. We were thus a working party of twenty or more.

We found the yatra a real good place to witness for Jesus. We visited the fair once each day and spent three or four hours there. We did open-air work, personal work and selling gospel portions and tracts. All sorts of evil and wickedness was prevalent at the fair and we realized more and more that what the people need is Christ and His saving power. After the fair was over we visited all the villages around our camp, most of them twice or oftener. At the fair, we were enabled, by hard work to sell 200 gospels and 50 other booklets. In the villages we sold but few gospels.

The last night of our stay in that place we gave a magic lantern service, using a few views of India as an introduction, and then the Life of Christ. We had an audience of at least 700 persons and for an hour and a half the gospel was preached to them. A number of the workers and students took part in preaching as the pictures were shown. A number of suitable hymns were sung and we believe lasting impressions were made at this service.

Our third camp was at Herrenkhed, where we have built an outstation. We were camped here for over a month. For about two weeks all the teachers and students remained with us, but as school opened February 1st, the teachers and all but two or three of the students left us, so leaving only the workers, a few students, Mr. Eicher and ourselves. From this camp
we reached twenty-two different towns, many of which we visited six to eight times.

After we had reached all the villages once, we arranged for a lantern service. We invited the people from all the nearby places to come to this service. We had an audience of probably three hundred people. Just before we closed this service the head man of one of the neighbouring villages came. He was greatly disappointed at having arrived too late and so begged us to come to his town and give his people a lantern service. He promised to help us by calling all the people if we would go. Several nights later we went. As soon as we arrived he sent the village servants and called the people of the town. By the time the lantern was ready over three hundred people had gathered. There were but eighty houses in the town, so it seemed that almost all the people were present. We had a real good service.

While camped at Herrenkhed we improved the houses and dug a well, and have a nice out station ready, but no workers to occupy it. We had a real good touring season, many open doors, some enquirers, preached the gospel to several thousand people and sold over six hundred gospel portions. We cannot, we are sorry to say, report any conversions. Many have acknowledged that our story of Jesus as the Saviour is true, but we want to see souls accept Jesus and acknowledge Him openly before their relatives and friends. Pray for the seed thus sown, that there may be a harvest.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

A recently returned Missionary said that he could not understand when he first went to America, what had happened to his old friends. He found it difficult to discover common ground for conversation, and soon he came to the conclusion that his old classmates had not kept up with the times. The point of view may make all the difference, for it is more common to think that the missionary has fallen behind. There is, however, much to be said on the side of the missionary. He is a world citizen. His work makes him a traveller, and he usually becomes a careful observer. His sympathies become more cosmopolitan, and he is led to view the world as a whole, rather than his particular corner of it. In his reading he is not confronted daily with the details of the latest divorce case or street brawl, but usually has access to some of the
best periodicals from all parts of the world. These may often be found in the tent of the missionary far from so-called civilization, and if an old friend from America should drop in for a call, he might find himself quite at a disadvantage in a discussion of world-wide events and progress.—Baptist Missionary Review.

THE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY."

By A. Johnson.

PROPHECY is, by many odds, the largest subject in the Bible. It runs through the entire book: the Pentateuch, the historical books, the poetical books, and, of course, through the prophetical books; then through the Gospels and the Acts, the Epistles and the book of Revelation. Yet it is the most neglected, the most abused, and the least understood subject in the Bible. There are of course reasons for this.

One reason is that it is the subject most dreaded by the enemy of Christ, as it puts him in the true light, and puts the believer on his guard against his manifold deceptions and impositions; therefore he uses every means at his command to bring the subject into confusion and reproach, and it is astonishing how well he has succeeded. Some people are always curious to know something about the future, and will give credence to the shrewd guesses of fortune-tellers and spiritual mediums, but will not believe what God Himself says about the future. Why is it? Because the devil has succeeded for centuries in getting prophecy so misinterpreted that to many it has no meaning whatever.

To avoid such confusion certain rules must be followed in studying prophecy. It is necessary, in the first place, to be as honest with language as in dealing with other subjects. This, however, has been so often disregarded, that language in prophecy has been made to mean anything or nothing. For instance, in Daniel ix. 24-27 is given an outline of predicted events regarding Daniel's people, the Jews. Some of those predicted events were fulfilled before, and some at the destruction of Jerusalem A. D. 70, and it remains for the rest to be fulfilled at the coming restoration of Israel, than of which restoration, and the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ at Jerusalem, there are no more certain predictions in the Bible. Never-the-less, many teachers, thinking God had acted recklessly in
predicting those events of Israel, and was unable to fulfill them, have tried to help Him out of the dilemma, by an attempt to fit the predicted events to the history of other peoples, or by spiritualizing them and applying them to the church. From this attempt, no doubt, has sprung the erroneous notion, that the church has fallen heir to God's promises to national Israel. What can come of such interpretation but the very confusion and reproach that the enemy of Christ wants to bring upon prophecy. Pastor Scroggee, of England, says: “One of the most remarkable paradoxes of the Church of our times is its abhorrence of materiality in connection with the Kingdom of Christ, and the eternal future, while practically up to its ears in materialism, and earthliness.”

Another essential in the study of prophecy, is to find a proper base to start from, without which the best of efforts will yield but poor results. Different bases for different lines of prophecy are found in the covenants which God made with different individuals; as, Noah, Abraham, Moses and David. But a common base for all prophecy is found in the 3rd chapter of Genesis and the 5th verse, which is commonly called the Adamic covenant. In this verse God speaks of two seeds; the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman, between whom a deadly conflict is predicted. These two seeds, under different names and different conditions, run all through prophecy, until finally the conflict ends in the 19th chapter of Revelation, when the seed of the serpent is overcome and cast alive into a lake of fire. Most Bible readers, I presume, need not be told that these two seeds are none other than Christ and His adversary, the Antichrist. But to be able to identify them under their different names and conditions through the Bible, is I believe, the best beginning in the study of prophecy.

Many object to the study of prophecy thinking it only a waste of time. They usually say, “Events will come whether we know them or not. Is it not more important to live right, and try to do what good we can, than to spend our time studying future events?” To live right and do good are certainly more important than aught else, and any prophecy or doctrine that does not help us to live right and do good, might well be dispensed with. But what does scripture say? “All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. The question therefore remains: will we know how to live right and
do good without understanding prophecy? We have some very sad examples to the contrary, recorded in the Bible. When Paul, on his first missionary journey, was preaching in the synagogue in Antioch in Pisidia, he said: "For they that dwell in Jerusalem, and their rulers, because they knew Him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning Him." Acts xiii. 27. Those people, because they knew not prophecy, fulfilled the prophecies regarding Jesus by condemning Him to death. May we not suppose that some of those people, at least, thought they were "living right and doing good." Let us not forget that Paul himself must have been one of them. We know he was one who gave his consent to the stoning of Stephen. And he could say: "I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers with pure conscience." 2 Tim. i. 3. With Paul, and perhaps a great number of those who condemned Jesus to death, it was simply a case of mistaken identity. They mistook their Messiah for an impostor. Why did they mistake their Messiah for an impostor? Because they had not taken heed to the sure word of prophecy which was read every sabbath day.

But that mistake is about to be repeated again, only this time it will be reversed. The impostor will come and will be mistaken for the Messiah. "And all the world wondered after the beast,—and worshipped the beast." Rev. xiii. 34. Then will be fulfilled another prophecy uttered by Jesus Himself: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not: if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive." Jno. v. 43. Can there be any doubt as to whom Christ is referring in this prophecy? Who can He mean but His deadly antagonist, the "Seed of the serpent," the "son of wickedness," the "little horn," the "son of perdition," the "man of sin," the "Antichrist," "the Beast?"

"If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." Rev. xiv. 9,10. "And the beast was taken, and . . . cast alive into a lake of fire." Rev. xix. 20. Follower of Christ! Awake! "Anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see," and escaping the delusions and snares that are encircling the world to-day, mayest stand before the Son of Man.
PILGRIMS.

Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle! The sound draws nearer, and looking up we see a long line of bullock carts coming toward us. We see at a glance that they do not belong to this district. We watch them pass, and the sound of the bells dies away in the distance.

Then another sound attracts our attention. This time it is the clang of brass mingled with men's voices maintaining a monotonous sing-song of two words. They approach at a steady march clanging the small tongueless bells against one another as an accompaniment to their steps and voices. The company numbers about thirty, the front ranks are formed of stalwart young men, older men and women following: some, unable to keep pace with the enthusiastic leaders, straggling behind. A few carry flags, and almost all a coarse blanket and an extra garment thrown over their shoulders or bound round their waists. Cooking and drinking vessels and some bundles of grain carried on their heads complete their travelling outfits. When they reach a certain part of the road the clanging increases, and the voices rise to a shout, and they move on at a quicker pace than before, leaving the feeble ones to follow behind as best they can.

Who are they and where have they come from? They are pilgrims from several hundreds of miles further south. Why have they come here? If asked, they will reply without hesitation, "For the purpose of seeing god." On the eleventh day of the moon a large fair is to be held, special blessings are given to those who bathe in the sacred river and worship the god on that day, so they believe. Some days have still to pass before the principal day, but the dusty pilgrims throng into the city, their spirits rising as they see the spires of the temple, until on the last day an almost continuous stream pours in. This is but one road and there are several others leading to the city.

Two days pass and the stream flows back again. Some, though few comparatively, have heard the story of Christ's redemption; and some have taken gospels and tracts home to read. The rest return as they came, shouting the names of the idols.

And at the right hand of God, the Man Christ Jesus, having offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sits "expecting" till His enemies be made His footstool. Who will come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty?"
“Shall we, dare we disappoint Him?
Brethren, let us rise!
He who died for us is watching
From the skies:
Watching till His royal banner
Floateth far and wide
Till He seeth of His travail,—Satisfied.”
C. Savage, in White already to Harvest.

BUILDING A HOUSE IN INDIA.

SOME folk have highly-coloured pictures in their minds in which they imagine the missionary, Bible in hand, standing under the shade of palms and banana trees preaching to a company of heathen sitting quietly drinking in the message. But this is only one phase of missionary life. Some people get the idea into their heads that a missionary must do nothing but stand up and preach. When asked to take up something practical they have felt that they were only called to preach, and refused and others already burdened with practical duties of missionary work had to do their share of the work, while the one who was not called to work enjoyed the fruits of others’ labours. They probably forgot that Paul made tents, and preached too, and they may not have read the list of helpers Paul speaks of in the last chapter of Romans; also the instance when the young men in the school of the prophets presided over by Elisha, took tools and cut trees and made boards, and built themselves a new residence. Anyone who expects to do nothing but preach when he comes to the foreign field, will be disappointed.

The difficulty regarding Indian preachers is that they get into their minds that they are a sort of sacred being, whose hands should not be soiled with work, and that is why the people get the impression that to become a Christian is to have a regular salary, to do no manual labour, but go about with a Bible preaching. While it is necessary that men should be relieved from work in order to be free to spread the gospel, they must not get the idea that they should be otherwise idle.

The missionary in his practical missionary life meets many trials and difficulties that need to be experienced to be understood. He finds that he must build a place to live in. He cannot always live in a tent, and to live in a Hindu house is often impracticable as well as unhealthy, as some have found to their
sorrow. I remember being in one such house where my brains were nearly baked; we could reach the roof (an iron one) with our hands. It was so hot that the birds that lived under the eaves died. After a good deal of bargaining we got some men to put thatch on, and they had to pad their feet and make cushions to sit on before they would go on that roof. Two days after, a dust storm came and blew all the thatch over into the back yard. This house was understood to be one of the best in the town.

A missionary cannot build till he gets land, and in India he is confronted with many and varied difficulties. He finds a man who wants to sell, and there are perhaps weeks, perhaps months of bargaining concerning the price unless the missionary is prepared to pay an exorbitant amount. The deeds have to be examined, for Indian land deeds are often wonderfully peculiar documents. Perhaps there are ten people interested in it, and the consent of all must be obtained. The land must be suitable for building, and water must be near. The property may also be freehold, or there may be difficulties in getting a permit from the authorities to build. Even with all the care that he may exercise, the missionary sometimes finds himself involved in legal difficulties. He needs to know the written language of the country which is so peculiar that a man sometimes cannot read his own writing. Some one may also alter an important word for monetary gain that will cost a good sum of money in legal matters afterwards. When all is agreed upon, and the parties are to meet at the Registrar’s office, the missionary may find all the owners present but one or two, and of course the land cannot be registered.

In building his bungalow, the missionary has to trust himself a good deal to the unscrupulous people; the dealer, the contractors and workmen all have the combined object of getting all the money they can. The lime has to be burnt, and for this wood must be bought. While in the midst of his work the missionary is called away to a distant field; the owner has stopped lime and wood coming over his waste land, and he (the missionary) spends a lot of time arguing and persuading till the carts are allowed to proceed. He probably has the village folk against him and they hinder him; his carts are stopped, his workmen are not allowed through the village on account of plague regulations which are necessarily enforced. He is not allowed to get sand from the rivers, and has to bring it from a long distance. He has to know the prices of all the materials. A foreman comes and reports that the lime kiln has fallen in; and says it was not properly built! If the missionary intends-
building in brick he will probably find that the price of bricks is so exorbitant that he cannot buy them. I remember on one occasion that the potters all combined together and asked four times the price for bricks that we should give. As 40,000 were needed, the difference between our price and theirs was very great. We talked the matter over, but they were obdurate so there was nothing for it but to make the bricks ourselves.

For weeks, numbers of donkeys each carrying a small bag of earth could be seen coming to the compound, and soon there was enough material for a beginning, and several people were employed brick-making. Prayer was answered and the missionary who organised the work had the joy of seeing the first kiln of bricks out. The potters now rapidly came down in their prices, but we did not need their bricks, and they devoutly wished they had not been so greedy.

The missionary has often to do the best he can with second or third rate men, whose experience rarely goes beyond the erection of a mud hut with crooked corners. He has to constantly watch lest they put doors and windows in crookedly, or even upside down or inside out. One of my first experiences of missionary work was that of building; my duty was to go about the walls with a stick and poke it down to see that the centre was not hollow or simply filled with chips of stone, and that the corners and walls were plumb. The dismay on a man's face when the stick was thrust in and his cherished bit of crooked work was knocked down, is a picture in my mind to-day. When the roofing-time comes the carpenter has to be closely watched, for a faulty roof soon spoils a good building.

Sometimes a roof gives way through faulty workmanship.

Pure, clean and good water is one of the most important necessities in missionary life and work. Typhoid, cholera, guinea-worm and many other diseases come through drinking bad water. Most probably the missionary will be unable to obtain water from the village wells unless he employs a high-caste man specially for it, and even then he does not care to drink the water, for he knows that most likely the people bathe their feet in it, and also wash their clothes and clean their mouths, etc. He finds it best to dig his own well. So, like Isaac, he becomes for a time a well-digger. A company of men contract to dig, and all goes well till they get near water, then they strike for a big wage. I remember being at one place where this happened; the men went off, the money they asked was out of the question and no other workmen would venture down the well. At last one man with a brave heart did go down, but he shook with fear when he got there, and we had a job to get
him out. There was nothing for it but to go down ourselves and
we spent several days digging until we had the joy of seeing the
water trickle in the well. The workmen returned thinking
they would lose the job altogether, and finally they dug down
till a good flow of water came.

It is while in close daily contact with the people that the
missionary wields a mighty influence for the gospel. He uses
his opportunities of giving the heathen a practical demonstration
of the gospel he preaches. To manifest the spirit of Christ
under the most aggravating circumstances is a lesson that the
heathen are not slow to notice nor quick to forget. One has
only to hear them sum up the various missionaries to realize
that it is not what is said, but what is done that carries weight
and conviction.—White Alveady to Harvest.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.
CONDUCTED BY ADDIE GARRISON.

At the River.

"WILL you please take us to the river?" I turn in my walk
through our compound to find a dozen eager little
ones at my heels. "Will you please take us to the
river? We have not been to the river once this year and soon
the rains will come then we can't go at all." "Yes, if I have
time we will go this evening." But in the evening there is
not time, and the next day, and for several days, the little
girls are still pleading to be taken to the river.

Saturday morning comes and is delightfully cool, for
there is a strong breeze; just the right kind of a morning for
our walk to the river. But it is Saturday and we must do
double work to get ready for Sunday so I go into the storeroom
to look after the supplies. The matron in charge says, "No need
of extra grinding, no pounding of rice, for there are supplies
enough to last until Monday." It is just half past six and I ring
the morning prayer bell and soon we are all together in the
prayer room. A hymn, a portion from the Word, then prayer,
and then comes the division of the work for the day. On some
questioning faces one seems to read "What will I have to do?" on
others, "Surely I will be given grinding for I haven't done
any grinding for days." Then I say, "It's Saturday morning,
there is no extra work; you have worked hard all week, let's go to
the river. Everybody must come, big girls, little girls, teachers and matrons. Big girls, bring your soiled clothes and sheets, you can wash them in the river. Little girls, come along to play.” And in ten minutes we are on our way across the fields to the river.

On the way we met some village women returning with their water vessels on their heads. They warned me not to allow the girls to go into the water as there are many crocodiles. Most of the little girls and their matrons had already reached the banks and I started to run, for I was afraid there was real danger. There were the little ones lined up on the river bank all ready to jump in but I held them back. Presently the big girls came up; some with bundles of clothes, others with a board and stick with which to pound them, still others with balls of soap. “But why are the little ones not in the water?” they ask. “I am afraid of crocodiles” Then the oldest, quietest, most dignified of all our matrons gives me one look! Her eyes are sparkling and she throws both her arms up in the air saying, “Come on girls no crocodile is going to catch us to-day.” And in a few minutes all are in the water—over a hundred girls. And what fun! such shouting, dancing, singing and playing! Some are jumping and some are swimming. And so they play for an hour; one pushes the other, one swims and grabs her hand. Here is a group of tiny ones making mud cakes and throwing them far up on the bank or out into the water; away out in the stream a group of girls stand washing their hair, and a little farther along another group, each washing her sheet. Near the water’s edge the baby of the compound is sitting; she, too, would like to be in the water so I pick her up and walk her along the edge of the bank her feet just in the stream. Almost instantly a dozen little ones are ready, with outstretched arms, to take the baby; one little one takes her in her arms. In a minute the little dress is off and cast up on the bank and the child carries the baby out into the stream where a number of others are eager to take her and she is handed from one to another and what a time they have, playing with her in the water. And I keep moving along the bank first watching this group and then warning another and it keeps me busy to keep my eyes on so many. They are so happy if there is any danger they know nothing of it.

Nearly three hours have passed in this way. The breeze has gone and in its place the awful sun, the hot, burning sand and the gusts of hot and almost unbearable wind warn me that the girls should be out of the water and that we should be home. “Come, girls, come, let’s go home.” “But we want to stay all
day.” “Let’s go home and we will come again some other day.” So with a shout and much jumping and tumbling one over the other they make a rush for the bank, and in ten minutes we are on the way home—a hundred nice clean girls with clean clothes and each bearing a bundle of clothes and sheets that were washed and dried in the sun. All along the way home they are telling of things they did at the river. Finally one little girl says, “But Sister saw it all.”

SARA COXE.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

Praise that many of our missionaries have been able to get away from the plains for a time of rest in the hills.

Praise for provision for the native worker’s fund for the past month.

PRAYER.

Pray for the souls who are in the valley of decision.

—For Mr. Cutler, who has toiled very hard all through the hot season to finish the house at the outstation. He is now much worn and need of rest.

—For the native workers at Murtizapur as they occupy the new outstation and undertake new responsibilities.

—For a missionary for Daryapur, to shepherd the little flock which the Lord has given in that county.

—For a young man in Chandur who comes often to visit at the mission bungalow to ask questions about the Bible. He is a believer at heart; pray that he may have courage to be baptised.
Pramabai, a Christian woman of beautiful character, and wife of one of our catechists in Chandur died recently from burns received when her clothing caught fire. Prayer is asked for her husband and for the little son four years of age; and also that her sweet life and victorious death may speak to the other Christians in Chandur.

ITEMS.

Some months ago when, on “Apple day,” every American was expected to eat an apple, we missionaries entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, but had to give our apples “absent treatment.” But our day has come too. The boxes from America arrived safely and in excellent condition. There were some boxes and numerous parcels designated for individuals by their friends. Besides these there was a nice lot of dried fruit, and some other useful articles undesignated, so that each station received several pounds of dried apples and peaches. These are most enjoyable just now, when vegetables and fruit of any kind are almost unprocurable at many of our stations. So while we celebrate our “dried apple day” we sincerely pity those of our friends who, by reason of having lived always in America “do not care for” dried fruit.

We especially thank Mr. Ramsey for collecting and packing the goods, and the Board for sending the boxes from New York.

The rains have broken at last, and brought some relief from the heat of the plains. But up to the present writing the rainfall has been very light, and crops have not yet been sown.

The Khamgaon Orphanage has lately received a number of children, from babies two weeks old up to girls fifteen years of age.

Mrs. Erickson writes that they wish to help in the work as much as possible through the ministry of prayer and that they would be glad to keep in touch with as many of the missionaries as possible by letter. Their address is 109 So, Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. U. S. A.

We regret to learn that the Rev. J. A. Beattie, for 21 years a missionary in India under the American Arcot Mission, was among those who went down in the “Lusitania.”
### List of Alliance Missionaries

#### BERAR

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akola</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. Wm. Moyser</td>
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<td>Mr. J. P. Rogers</td>
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<td>Amraoti</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. W. Fletcher</td>
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<td>Chandur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. K. D. Garrison</td>
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<td>Miss J. L. Rollier</td>
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<td>Khamgaon</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. E. R. Carner</td>
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<td>Miss E. Krater</td>
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<td>Miss H. Bushfield</td>
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<td>Miss A. Little</td>
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<td>Malkapur</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. J. Cutler</td>
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#### GUJARAT

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<tr>
<td>Ahmedabad</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. H. V. Andrews</td>
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<td>Miss Peter</td>
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<td>Miss Lillian Pritchard</td>
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<td>Dholka</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. P. Hamilton</td>
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<td>Mr. F. H. Back</td>
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<td>Kaira</td>
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<td>Miss B. Conger</td>
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<td>Miss M. Taylor</td>
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<td>Matar</td>
<td>Miss Cora Hansen</td>
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<td>Mehmabad</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. F. Turnbull</td>
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<td>Sanand &amp; Sabarmati</td>
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<td>Bombay</td>
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#### ON FURLOUGH:

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<td>Mrs. V. Erickson</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. J. N. Culver</td>
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<td>And edited by Rev. K. D. Garrison, Chandur, Berar.</td>
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