The sunset burns across the sky;
Upon the air its warning cry
The curfew tolls, from tower to tower:
O children, 'tis the last, last hour!

The work that centuries might have done
Must crowd the hour of setting sun;
And through all lands the saving Name
Ye must in fervent haste proclaim.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

And let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt bestir thyself: for then shall the Lord go out before thee." 2 Sam. v.: 24.

It has recently been the Editor's privilege to see something of what is going on in Daryapur taluka. Rain and mud and swollen streams cut us off from the greater number of villages where there is special interest, but we saw enough to convince us that God is working. We talked with a delegation of seventeen men who came, representing many more persons in four different villages, to ask for someone to come and baptise them; we visited Wihigaon, the new outstation, through mud to the axle of the cart, and met the company of new Christians there; and others there who are asking for baptism; we had the privilege of baptising a young convert from a village near Daryapur town; and we visited a village over in Murtizapur taluka where are people who have heard the gospel for years, and believed it, but have feared to publicly accept Christ. Now they are saying "Our friends and relatives are becoming Christians, why should not we do the same?"

Perhaps we should mention the impressions made upon us
by what we have seen of this new movement. The first is that it is

A NEW MOVEMENT.

The new converts are adults and are simple minded villagers who will remain in their villages. Both of these points are important. Our converts have hitherto been largely from our institutions. The famines left in our hands hundreds of boys and girls, who seem to be the first-fruits of our spiritual heritage. Friends at home responded and have supported these boys and girls, (who can forget Dr. Wilson's appeals for India's "brown babies?") and to-day many of them are workers together with us, and many more are settled in life as honourable Christian men and women. But no missionary has ever felt that that work was our goal, and we have toiled and prayed, and many have laid down their lives believing to see an ingathering from the myriad villages of Berar and Khandesh. So far as we can understand these new converts in Daryapur taluka mark the real beginning of the harvest from these villages.

There is a tendency, frequently met among young people who are brought up in institutions, to try to Europeanize themselves externally, and the consequent donning of foreign clothing and the anxiety to learn a foreign trade that will pay a high salary may not be wrong, but they convey to the heathen a misapprehension of Christianity. The idea is not uncommon hereabout that to become a Christian means to leave home and trade and go to the mission bungalow, and we have many times heard the common excuse, "I cannot read; what could I do if I became a Christian?" This movement will help to remove such misapprehensions.

Again, to have a Church composed too largely of the product of mission schools or shops makes for instability, for two reasons: those who learn foreign trades are likely to keep moving about along the railroad wherever such work is obtainable, usually to their spiritual hurt; and a boy from a mission school, who has no relatives to oppose him and who commands a good wage at a foreign trade, will get more respect than abuse from the ordinary native for accepting the religion.
which is known to be "the religion of the British Government." But it is far different with village converts, who defy caste by coming out of it, but have to live in its midst; they will have to suffer for the gospel of Christ, and will therefore become a blessing to the Church, for persecuted Christians are fruitful Christians. Moreover, the definite conversion of one soul amidst opposition will carry with it a weight among the heathen that dozens of conversions in an orphanage would not have.

We were also impressed that this new work seems to be definitely

"The Lord's Doings
and is marvellous in our eyes." There is suddenly springing up a harvest in the county of Daryapur, where we have not a mission bungalow, and which has not had a resident missionary for several years. A crippled book seller has made trips on his little pony to villages about Daryapur town, selling gospels, and winter tours have been made from Murtizapur, but the harvest is not confined to one place. The larger ingathering so far has been from several villages of the northern part of the county, and promises to spread across into Ellichpur district; and there are large numbers in the central and southern part of the county who are requesting baptism.

It appears to be a movement upon the hearts of the people of one caste by the Spirit of God, the more so because human agencies have been very few.

We met the new Church in Wihigaon, and found men who looked just like the others about them except for a something in their faces that enabled us to pick out the Christians from the rest. We marvelled at the reverence they displayed during prayer, and our hearts were stirred as we heard them sing

"If I left Thee, O Christ, Where could I go?"

Most convincing of all, they seem very earnest about bringing others to Christ.

If this is a new departure in our work, and is of the Lord, it appears also to have begun in
THE LORD'S TIME.

It is not given to us to know times and seasons beforehand. We read recently of a missionary in the Southern Marathi country, who has worked for forty years with meager results, but who, last year, baptised six hundred persons. Why the delay was we cannot tell; nor do we know why the harvest from our villages has been delayed for so many years. But we know that God chooses His own times, and when the fulness of time has come His people may know that "this is that which was promised." Certain features make us believe that this marks the fulness of time for the beginning of our harvest.

It comes now, at the time when the larger number of orphans, who have been our charge for a score of years, have grown up and gone forth. We still have orphanages, and always must have in a land where are so many unloved and unwanted children. But the orphanages are smaller now, and along with them we are faced with the need of boarding or other schools that will provide education for the children of our former orphans and our new converts.

Moreover, these days of the great war are hard times for missions. Missionaries are having to make greater sacrifices, even, than heretofore, and retrenchment is common talk. Surely God has timed His working aright, and is just showing what He intends to do, that our hearts may be encouraged and our faith strengthened.

There is, However, A Danger in this day of our visitation. At our last convention the thought was emphasised: "If we do not reap, who will?" The answer for Daryapur is "The Roman Church." In a certain village near Daryapur our mission once opened a primary school. The teacher proved unworthy, and, as there was no other to spare, the school was closed. The people then appealed to the Roman Catholics, and to-day there are one hundred and seventy-five Roman Catholic converts in that village alone. Our opportunity there was missed for the lack of a teacher. We talked with a young man of the village. He said "what could we do? We appealed to you and you did not help us." He has bought a
Bible and reads it in spite of protests by the priests, and along with five others wishes to join us. But these are only six among many hundreds in that district.

The Roman Catholic method is simple. They open a school, teach all pupils the catechism and a few prayers, and baptise them regardless of a change of heart. These grow up under the control of a priest, and are no different, except in form, from the heathen about them. But their hearts are hardened against the pure gospel. The priests have settled in the taluka, and drive about over the country well equipped with nice ponies and a cart, and with plenty of money to open schools, and drive a wedge into every opening. In the town over in Ellichpur district, where about a hundred persons are asking us for baptism, a priest has gone only this month and advised them to have nothing to do with us. If we delay a few weeks those poor people may be beguiled into the more easy way of being baptised without giving up caste and sin, and of salvation by works.

Our hearts ache as we write. The harvest is great and is ripe, but labourers and means are so scarce that the enemy has not only seized the opportunity of sowing tares, but of reaping the harvest which belongs to us. Do not say, friends, that "there are yet four months and then cometh harvest," We are writing this to help you to lift up your eyes and look, but you must do more than look, else we may lose the harvest that we have planted and watered and waited for years.

But surely the opportunities in Daryapur are only the beginning. Of greater things. We have work in about twenty counties like Daryapur, and each of them probably has as great possibilities. But only faith and prayer and obedience will enable us to reap. If God is beginning to pour out upon us the prayers of the quarter of a century, His people must be "willing" in the day of His power. We are hearing the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry trees. The Lord goes out before us. Let us "bestir" ourselves.
An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

In the April number of the International Review of Missions there was a most valuable article written by Dwight H. Day, Treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church of U. S. A., concerning the work of a treasurer of a Foreign Mission Board, which is worth careful reading and study, not only by mission boards and treasurers but by missionaries as well.

It would be impossible in a few words to give any adequate idea of the article, for it is condensed and carefully written, and we hope it may be more widely published.

As one reads the article one sees how complicated are some of the questions to be dealt with when accounts are sent from a score of widely scattered fields with nearly as many different kinds of money and all the matters of varying rates of exchange. But, for all this expert accountants can be had for the work in the Board rooms at home.

But there is the unfortunate fact that so many missionaries after reaching the field find so much work of mission accounts thrust upon them for which they have had little or no training. A pastor of a church at home expects the accounts of the church to be kept by the treasurer of the church, and it is best for him to avoid having anything to do with them. But the missionary in charge of a station finds that he must be the treasurer and book-keeper not only of the ordinary station accounts, but must be a builder of houses and churches making all kinds of bargains and paying out money for all sorts of material and labour, and so handle a good deal of money which must all be accounted for, and his accounts must be audited.

This suggests the importance of including a general and practical knowledge of book-keeping in the course of study in every school for the training of missionaries. There are other things which might be omitted from the course if necessary to
make room for this. We are glad that Mr. Day has published a small volume on "Mission Accounting," which will be a great boon to many missionaries who have not had any special training in accounts.

A friend of ours, now a Bishop, once said that he hardly knew whether he was a minister of the Gospel or a business man, and many another missionary has probably had the same feelings. It is perhaps a misfortune that so much of serving tables falls to the lot of men clearly called to preach the Gospel, but at the present stage of many missions it seems impossible to avoid it, so that the sensible thing is to include a reasonable preparation for it in every missionary's training. A lady in charge of an orphanage or boarding school with a hundred, or perhaps four hundred, girls with all their food and clothing and books to be provided, with industrial work to be carried on, with animals, cows, oxen and horses to be cared for, needs a good general knowledge of accounts. A business course furnishes as real mental discipline as algebra or other mathematics so that the time given to it is not in any way lost, and it may save much perplexity and some serious mistakes in accounts which cannot be set right when the auditor comes, although there is no suspicion of dishonesty. It would save many a headache and many a heart-ache too if every missionary could keep his or her accounts so well that even an unsympathetic auditor could find no just ground for complaint.

Another matter of special interest in Mr. Day's article is the question of annuities offered to mission boards not only in the form of money but all sorts of bonds and shares in companies, and real estate of all kinds from a piece of farming land to an oil well; from an unimproved and unsaleable city lot with taxes to pay, to a home or other property ready to be turned into cash at any time. The question whether a particular annuity would be a boon or a burden must first be carefully considered. And if an annuity is offered in money, the question of investing it is a serious one. If used for mission buildings, as is often done, and the interest on the annuity is looked upon as the rent for the building, the question arises whether the build-
ings were so urgently needed as to justify the constant drain on the current receipts of the mission.

Of course the use of annuities for current expenses means running on borrowed capital and is a ruinous policy, and one of the worst forms of debt, because it cannot be paid back, but remains a debt after having been once used for current expenses until the death of the annuitant. The easiest way for a shiftless man to get money is to borrow it, but the unkindest way to help him is to loan it to him and this becomes evident when he has to repay it.

There were many valuable points in the article but the importance of every missionary's having a fair knowledge of accounts, and the question of refusing or accepting annuities and of dealing with them when accepted, were the only ones which space permits us at present to consider.

THE KIND OF MEN NEEDED.

When Dr. Alexander Duff, the great Scotch missionary, went home after his work in India, a crowded meeting was held in Edinburgh to hear him on the claims of India upon the Christian Church. For two hours and a half the old man went on, holding the audience by his eloquence. Then he fainted, and was carried out of the hall. Presently he came to, and asked: ‘Where am I? What was I doing?’ In a moment memory returned and he said: ‘Take me back. I must finish my speech.’ ‘You will kill yourself if you do,’ said his friends. ‘I shall die if I don’t’ exclaimed the old man. They took him back. The whole meeting arose, and many in tears. His strength failed, and he could not rise, but, gathering himself up for one final effort, he said, ‘Fathers of Scotland, have you any more sons for India? I have spent my life there, and my life is gone; but, if there are no young men to go, I will go back myself and lay my bones there, that the people may know there is one man in Christian Britain who is ready to die for India.’ All the churches need harvest crews of Christian labourers like that. Will you be one?’—Sel.
A WEDDING TRIP.
By Josephine E. Turnbull.

A missionary in India has more wedding affairs than his own to settle, as all the Christian young men under his ministry appeal to him for help in securing a wife. It would make a very long story, indeed, to tell of all the individuals, young and old, who have come to the Sahib in Mehmadabad on this important business. Some come many times and press their suit to such a degree that the Sahib, not exactly like the unjust judge, feels he must do something to help.

It might be well just here to remind our readers that social customs in India are such that marriages are arranged not by the couples themselves but by their relatives, or, among the Christians, through the help of the missionaries. Everybody is married in India, and as young people do not meet each other freely in social life, they do not choose for themselves who shall be their life partners. Speaking generally, apart from the Christians, all children are married very early in life, and if, perchance, a young man in the villages reach the age of sixteen without having had his marriage arranged he feels his parents have treated him very unjustly, and it is hard for him to bear the taunts that others fling at him because of his bachelor condition. If such young men become Christians it is imperative that they get Christian wives, otherwise they will sooner or later marry heathen women and be for ever hindered spiritually, if not completely drawn back into heathenism.

Many pitiful tales could be told of the way women are treated in India, but the fact remains that in the vast majority of cases the women of the house hold strongly to their old heathen rites and superstitions and make life almost unbearable for the father or son who wants to become a Christian. Of course the converse of this is also true; the heathen husband and father would make it almost impossibly hard for a wife or daughter to openly confess Christ.

The longer a missionary stays in India the more he feels it to be his duty to assist Christian young men and Christian widowers to get Christian women for their wives, hence the following tale.

For two years or more the Mehmadabad Sahib had to listen to the oft-repeated plea of one, Karla Punja, to get him a wife. As the aspiring bridegroom was neither handsome, educated nor prosperous, the task was not an easy one, and there were no girls in our Kaira Orphanage who would have him. Karla
became more insistent, and with him several others began to bring their similar requests. One of these was Soma Jeta, a worthy young fellow, who definitely became a Christian and received baptism about two years ago. As he is the only Christian in his village and as he has cut loose from heathen ways we felt he, too, must have a Christian girl for a wife, lest, from over persuasion on the part of his heathen relatives, he consent to marry a heathen woman. So Soma was added to our list of would-be bridegrooms.

Dhula Ooka, a young widower with a little five-year-old boy, was another who we felt should be saved from the snare of a heathen marriage, and we added his name to our list. The Lord has recently been working in his heart causing much spiritual hunger and he sincerely desired to have a Christian woman who would help him in his spiritual life and make his home a truly Christian one.

With these three young men's pleas before us where should we look for wives? Where but to Pandita Ramabai who still has over 1,000 girls in her large institution, many of whom are glad to be married and have their own homes. Consequently, we wrote to Ramabai telling her of the respective qualities of the young men and asking her if she could give us girls to match them. The answer came back that she would pray over the matter, and a few days later word came that we should bring the young men and come on.

The young men, who were waiting eagerly for Ramabai's answer, were informed that she had said yes, and forthwith the wedding clothes were bought and each young fellow managed to get together the equivalent of seven dollars, enough to pay his fare to and from "Mukti" (Ramabai's Mission) and his bride's fare one way.

It was decided that I should accompany the three prospective bridegrooms on this most important journey and help in getting the right wives for them. The responsibility seemed to me one of the heaviest I'd ever had put upon me. All along the journey of 500 miles I looked to the Lord to guide and see to it that no mistakes be made in mating these young men.

As soon as we reached "Mukti" one of Ramabai's workers met us and quickly sent the young men to a room where they would not be seen by the hundreds of girls on the place. Long experience has taught wisdom. I was conducted to the guest room feeling more and more the weight of the burden put upon me, and in my heart saying, "O Lord, what can I do?" Just then my eye caught sight of the motto on the wall—"Ebenezer." Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
realized the truth of that my faith rose to trust Him for definite help at that time of need.

Early next morning, after having had a conversation with Ramabai and her daughter Manoramabai the evening before, I told the excited young wife seekers to don their new clothes and to look as nice as possible and that the girls whom Ramabai felt were suitable would be presented to them. Then the excitement began. As Soma Jeta was the youngest of the three men Manoramabai felt we would settle his affair first; so a nice little brown lady was brought in, and, putting my arm about her, I escorted her to Soma who was waiting in a nearby room. As both the youth and the maid were exceedingly shy it fell to me to do the courting. I began by telling them to take a good look at each other, then I proceeded to tell the girl all about Soma, his good qualities, his prospects in life, etc., and when I asked her pointedly if she would have him she smiled very brightly and said—"yes." "All right," I said, "Now I'll go out and leave you two to have a nice little talk together, and Soma, you must ask her yourself if she will marry you."

I stepped out of the room and waited for about ten minutes when I felt it was time to see how matters were proceeding. As I went back into the room I saw things didn't look very propitious, as Soma was standing with his face to the wall and the would-be bride was looking at the floor and picking at the end of her sardi. "Well," I said, "how is it? Do you want her Soma?" "No," came the decided answer, "she won't talk to me." After trying to persuade him to consider her good looks, Christian character and willingness to have him I saw it was no use, it wasn't love at first sight. I conducted the girl back to Manoramabai and brought an older girl for the widower, Dhula Ooka, to talk with. Again I did the talking for both sides, but it didn't work; Dhula didn't want her, so another nice bright-eyed young woman of about twenty summers was escorted in. Manoramabai had told me some very good things about this girl Jeti, how clever and industrious she was and what an earnest Christian, and as I brought the girl to Dhula I told him all the nice things that Manoramabai has said about her. After telling them to get a good look at each other and after telling the girl all I could about Dhula, I asked her if she would have him, and she promptly said yes. Again I went out and left them to have a private chat and when I looked in to see how they were getting on I found they had decided matters, he wanted her, and she wanted him.
Karla Punja's affairs were settled quickly as the first girl presented to him said yes, and he, after a good look at her, smilingly and eagerly said yes. I breathed a thankful sigh and proceeded to Soma again. Manoramabai kindly brought in two other girls for him to talk with, but he became more shy, more speechless and more had to please as the morning hours passed away. Each of the three girls presented to him said she would have him, though why I couldn't understand, but they were either too black, or too fat or something else to please him. At last I urged him to look at his own colour and qualifications and he'd see that the girls were just as good as he was.

Finally Manoramabai said there were no other girls she felt free to call to see him, and when I laid the matter very plainly before him he said, "Call the second girl again." She was the one who he had said was "too fat," but she had a bright, happy face, indicative of a good disposition, and I was profoundly thankful when Soma decided to take her.

The weddings took place at once, and the three happy couples, for they were happy, started on their long journey for home. Very profuse were the thanks that the bridegrooms poured upon me for so helping them, and the dusky brides smiled shyly at me from behind their sardis, while I lovingly told them how I hoped they would establish their new homes in the right way and always be lights to the heathen women in the villages where they were going to live with their new husbands.

That all happened four months ago and the young men will all tell you that their wedding trip was a success.

SEEING INDIA.

"The traveller who has spent a winter in touring India, but has only visited the large towns and show-places, and has never lived in an Indian village, remains altogether a stranger to the deep inner life of the Indian. The real India is not seen in the Westernized bazaars of the large cities but in the myriads of villages, wherein more than 80 per cent of the population of India dwell. Moreover, a much better and more attractive side of Indian life is seen in the villages than in the towns, and it is among their less sophisticated population that the Missionary spends his happiest hours."—Dr. Pennell in "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier."
ONE day in the famine of 1895, Munnie, a little native girl about ten years of age, was seen circling around the mission compound in Chandur, giving furtive, hungry glances in toward the bungalow. Mrs. Ramsey saw the child, went out and brought her in, cleaned her up, and gave her something to eat, and a few days later Munnie was sent to the girls' orphanage in Khamgaon.

Little Munnie with her relatives were driven from their village by the pangs of hunger. Probably the most of the village had started out to find some place of relief. Day after day they tramped on, picking up what little bits of food they could get, and one after another they fell by the way. Munnie's father was taken by force and put at some work and was never heard of after. One evening they camped in a village. During the night the mother's life flickered out and next morning little Munnie had to leave the wasted form by the way and go on, on—anywhere to get out of that famine-stricken district. Of all that company this one solitary little girl reached the place of refuge—the mission compound—about three hundred miles from her village.

In the orphanage Munnie grew to be such a lovely girl and was so loving and loved that by common consent her name was changed from Munnie (a bead) to Pramabai (affection). God's hand had been upon the child. She alone among her idolatrous relatives would not worship idols. She thought them ugly, and the innate refinement of her nature, that we appreciated so much in later life, made her recoil from, and hate them. When she heard the gospel her heart responded to the truth and at once accepted it and loved the Lord. She could not point back to any time in her life when her heart was rebellious and when she definitely took a stand for Christ. She loved Jesus from the time she first heard of Him and her heart opened to Him.

In school she was so steady and faithful and altogether trustworthy that she was appointed matron and had charge of distribution of supplies. She was growing up and a young man, whose sister was her friend, made up his mind to marry Pramabai. He asked for her but she had come to seem indispensable in the school and they would not let her go. Augustine, the young man, said to-day when we asked him about it, "I prayed about it and I felt that she was to be my wife. Some one at
that time said 'she is not for you, she will never be your wife;' but I told him 'she will, God has given her to me and no one can take my gift from me.'” And in Pramabai’s heart too was the confidence that Augustine was to be her husband. So they waited for six years. Augustine was not altogether patient about it for he left the mission for eleven months and came back when he had extracted the promise of the bride he wanted.

They were married and Pramabai for two years after, kept on with her work in the school. Then they came to live in Chandur. It has been here that we knew Pramabai, a quiet, cheerful Christian. She wanted to serve the Lord and often tried to be a Bible-woman but she could not preach, try as she would; but her life preached. She has passed, from us now, but has left behind her the fragrance of a consistent Christian life that is rare among this people. Hindus and Christians alike speak of her as one who has been a blessing.

One evening when she was preparing her evening meal, her sardi (dress) took fire and in a few minutes she was burned so badly that she died eight days later. Her passing was that of a victorious saint. Glad she was to meet her Lord. During the last days of intense suffering, she exhorted those about her to get right with God. Often she sang a native hymn about the sufferings of Christ, and would say, “what I suffer is nothing compared with what Christ suffered to save me.” Her last few days on earth were days in which she lived in a constant spirit of prayer and worship. How she prayed for her little boy she was leaving! But her heart was fixed on heavenly things. With a full voice, she would sing.

“There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal dwell.”

The joys of Heaven, of which dear Pramabai always felt herself unworthy, are hers to-day. She never dreamed that she was a blessing; she felt so badly that she could not preach; but we feel that God had a ministry for her which was hidden from her view. What a joyous surprise it must have been to her to have learned that India was richer for her life. We miss the influence of her life in the community, but we are glad that the Lord choose to take one who was ready to meet Him.

A Kansas farmer has put out on twenty-five acres grove of 30,000 catalpa trees which in ten to fifteen years will give a valuable crop of fence posts and telegraph poles. He apparently believes in speculating on “futures.”
SOMETIMe ago I was visiting our girls who are attending college in Ahmedabad. As we passed into the classroom the missionary in charge said, "Look well at the girl in the corner, the one with the pink blouse." I looked and saw a bright looking girl not more than fourteen years of age. As we left the room the missionary told us her story. That girl's father was a Brahmin. He was converted in their mission and he married a Christian girl, who had been a low-caste girl. For years they were true, then the wife began to turn again toward the world and finally she influenced her husband and they with their children decided to go back—not to the caste people, for the man could never again become a Brahmin, but to the low-caste people. The missionary in charge of the station where the family lived heard this, and upon investigation he found that all the family had gone back but this girl; she refused. She said, "I'm a Christian, I will not go back." The missionary also found that the parents were pressing her, trying to force her to go back. She was a bright girl and would bring a good price, and they probably had all arrangements made for her marriage in the world. However, when the girl was questioned she stood firm and utterly refused to go back. She was sent to Ahmedabad to college and the missionary said, "She will become a teacher and will never go back."

Miss Wells was at her desk one morning writing letters. I was standing near by. Just outside, near her verandah, a number of men were seated on the ground talking to Choti, one of our Christian girls. They were men of the world and were pressing the girl to return to her own land and people. "But," I said to Miss Wells, "surely you will never let her go back?" She answered, "The girl is of age, she must decide for herself." They sat there a long, long time using every inducement to get that girl to return. They said, "We have a husband ready for you, you can get married at once." The girl was lame and she knew it was doubtful whether she would get a husband in the mission, so she looked undecided and perplexed. I stood praying and the men talked louder and louder in their excitement. Finally the girl said, "You may go home, I'm not going
"WILL WE GO BACK?"

back" and she turned to me. The men left, angry. The girl then began to wonder what she would do and who would keep her always. But we talked with her, telling her that the Lord would take care of her. As she went into the compound I heard her say to a group of girls, “I will never, never go back, for I’m a Christian.”

One Sunday morning (people usually came on Sunday) I was studying my Sunday School lesson when one of the missionaries came into my room and told me that one of our Christian boys was being greatly tempted to go back to the world. His people had come down from their own country. They had money cattle and land, plenty to give their brother, and they wanted him to go back. But I went on studying my lesson, leaving the boy with God. In the afternoon he came to me and told me all about it. “But,” he said, “I had no thought of going back. I will not go back.”

“May I talk to my uncle and brother? They have come from their home to see me and I have not seen them for years.” It was one of our girls, and I went out with her to see her brother. They were rough looking men, farmers, and their faces and clothes proclaimed them to be of the world. They were glad to see their sister and they told me that they had not seen her for twelve years. She was then a wee bit of a thing and was lost in the famine. They were delighted to learn that she could read and write, but now they wanted to take her home. Would she go? I left her alone with her people. An hour later I went back. She had fully decided not to go back. The men then left and they were very sad, especially the brother, for she was his only sister. When they had gone she came to me with a smiling face and said, “How could I give up Christ?”

During the hot season at vacation time some of our Dholka boys came here to visit. One evening they, with some of our Christian people, were in the drawing-room singing. After prayer one of the boys said, “Paul is going to his village tomorrow.” I did not want him to go. I said, “You know far better than I do what harm it may do you.” But the boys said, “Don’t be afraid. He is on vacation now and wants to see his sister, for he has not seen her for years.” Then all the boys straightened up and said, very earnestly, “Will we ever go back after all these years at Dholka? We can’t stand the life of the world now. We will never go back.”
A HINDOOSTAN SWAMI.

By W. Moyser.

The sun is shining brightly; the town is fairly quiet; but hark! Drums begin to roll, cymbals clash, pipes scream and trumpets loudly bray. Look! a handsomely caparisoned camel stalks along, stately and silent, leading the van of a gorgeous procession, which follows this lively band of music.

A line of cavalry comes slowly into view, closely followed by a few foot soldiers armed with modern rifles; behind these, high in the air, are carried a number of richly ornamented umbrellas, which glitter in the bright sunlight. They are made of coloured silk and covered with gold and silver decorations; one of them was said to be worth $830.

Next comes a man carrying a pair of silver sandals on a silver platter; then in close order comes a handsome covered palanquin borne on the shoulders of eight or ten stalwart followers. One of the doors being open, we push forward and look in, and see reclining there a man about thirty-five years of age. He looks out, past the attendant who walks alongside fanning him vigorously with a white horse tail fan, upon the shouting crowd, with a look of supercilious indifference.

These are followed first by a led horse and then an open brougham, in which a youth of eighteen years or so lolls indolently as the procession sweeps along. On inquiry we find that he is the son of the man in the palanquin and the next in succession.

The question at once arises, who are these prominent strangers? They are not residents of Akola; their language is not Marathi. Perhaps they are some native princes or petty kings from another province. The streets have quickly filled with an excited, surging crowd which jostles and presses about the procession. The cry arises, "Jai, Shri Krishna Jai" (Victory to the Lord Krishna). It reaches our ears, and we know that it is not a petty King or Native Prince on a visit, but some famous Guru, or Hindoo Priest and teacher.

We inquired "Who is this great man, with his armed and mounted retinue, his silver shoes and gorgeous umbrella, before whom the crowd is crying 'Jai Shri Krishna Jai'" and were informed that he was the Hindoo Shanker Achareya, or the
A HINDOO SWAMI

Brahman High Priest of Hinduism, and more especially the High Priest of the Marwaris, (who incidently are the richest people of India). He was on a lecturing tour through the large cities of the different Provinces, with fifty of his Chelas or disciples.

We met his manager in his camp and had a short discussion with him regarding Krishna and his life and teaching.

Hindoo teaching and Hindoo practice have a great space between them. Think of an educated man, in the Twentieth Century, lecturing on the life and teaching of a so called God who had 16,100 wives, or loves, to his credit; whose sport was to steal the clothes of women when they were bathing in the rivers, and whose youthful amusement was butter stealing.

Instead of self-denial we see ostentatious wealth and luxury; instead of humility, pride and arrogance; instead of morality, vileness.

India has no need of Krishna and his teaching, but she has a living need of the Christ, who came to seek and to save those who are lost; a Saviour that can save men and women from the guilt and power of sin, and make them new creatures in Christ.

This great Guru or Teacher had, and has, no message of Salvation for the poor and outcastes; these could not even enter the hall where the lecture was given, for they were un-touchable, and unclean to such teachers and their followers. No loving invitation to the weary and heavy laden; no Salvation for the sin bound soul; yea, nothing but platitudes and sophistry, mingled with a philosophy that they themselves never really understand, for the higher and educated castes only. A pretentious appearance, but, alas, only apples of Sodom.

What India needs to-day is more Spirit filled men, who, following the lowly Jesus, have a loving message of salvation for all castes and conditions of men. But how shall these 300,000,000 people hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they are sent?

We personally shall (D.V.) be soon on our way home for furlough. We hope to leave next spring. Who will hear the call to fill up the ranks and take our places, and will say, "Here Lord, am I, send me, send me?"
EVERY need is an appeal, but how slow we are to learn it!
Both Levite and Priest passed heedlessly or carelessly by the man lying wounded upon the highway. It remained for the despised Samaritan to be touched with the feeling of the man's need and to draw on his own store for the supplying of the same. The need is an appeal, but because it does not knock us down, stamp us and run all over us, we seldom heed its piteous wail. "I was hungry and ye gave me no meat," said the Master, and these words, while possibly having their first fulfilment in the judgment of the nations for the way they had treated His ancient people, Israel, may be in a sense applied to us also. We serve Him in administering to others, and a neglect of the least of His brethren may be a neglect of Him. The great apostle recognized his indebtedness to the whole world, and the busy years that followed were full of effort, as far as in him lay, to discharge this obligation. Has the world's need ever stood before you? Have you looked into its hungry, sinful, troubled face? Has its wail ever pierced the marrow of your own soul? Have you ever felt its darkness, thick as that that enveloped Egypt long ago? Ah, the crying, crushing, dying need of a world astray, gone far out into the dark and away from God. If we saw those things as they are, unless we had hearts of stone, could we ever be light, indifferent and criminally negligent any more? Would we have any time for flirting with the world and squandering our substance in riotous living? Nay, verily. The picture would be so impressive we would never forget it. Homeless children, dependent widows and the many whose bodies are wasting away amid agonizing pain; those in asylums and prisons, the discouraged and oppressed of earth, and still worse that vast multitude who are still in the broad way that leadeth unto death. There is a solemn obligation resting upon us to do what we can to relieve this distressing situation.
We cannot dodge our responsibility under the plea of inability, for none who read these lines are empty handed. There
is something at our disposal which someone needs. It may be a smile, a handshake with a God bless you, it may be a brief visit with a word of encouragement to some downtrodden one, it may be the handing of a tract to some passerby, it may be the dropping of a coin into the hand of someone who needs such, or it may be that word which will set before them the bread of Heaven; it matters not. Each of us has something that somebody else needs and we will both be richer by passing it on to others. We all have sufficient meat to minister unto Jesus in supplying some brother’s need. The vast world stretches out its arms unto us, and its overwhelming need comes like a piercing cry, and yet we are so often dumb in the very face of this long-continued tragedy. Will the Master say to us, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me.”

Ye gave me no meat. Though I was hungry, ye did it not. It might be said to many of us. What a loss we sustain when we live these narrow, self-sustained lives when we might have such a universality of interest that we would enrich every life that crosses our pathway, and many into whose faces we will never look. Living for others. What a charm there is about it. How it enlarges, the spirit broadens the vision of things and so enriches the life, and something of the joy of Heaven thrills the bosom now.

The heathen world is now open to the gospel. Through the long, weary centuries the people have sat in darkness drinking the cup of their own misery, but suddenly the hands of the Lord have turned the bolt and opened the door of all nations to the gospel.

The time is at hand for the church to arise and give them meat. They must have the Word of Life. There are many waiting to go as heralds of the glorious gospel, but the church does not love well enough to deny herself in order to supply this need. Many are squandering what they have upon themselves in fleshly indulgencies. Shame on them? What surprise and reckoning and consternation there will be at the judgment day.—Living Water.
CHILDERN'S PAGE.

Conducted by Addie Garrison.

HOW THE WIDOWS FORGAVE.

BESIDES the girls in the Kaira Orphanage and many Christian families living on the place, there are about half a dozen widows. They were orphanage girls who married and went to live in their own homes, but after their husbands died they returned. They being Christian girls with one, two or three little ones, could not live in the heathen villages, so they were taken in and given work here. In this way they are sheltered and supported.

The widows all live under one roof. The houses are built in a row and partitioned off, giving each family a room and verandah. Thus, you can understand, they live in rather close quarters. Under such circumstances I doubt if people in the home land would live more peaceably. However, they do sometimes have their ups and downs. Something happened last week which I am about to tell you.

For a day or two they had been quarrelling among themselves. It seems they were all upset and out of touch with one another. Of course there were two factions, as is generally the case when there is trouble. On Monday one woman came to Miss Cox and told her tale of woe. She wanted her to come and settle the matter. In the evening Miss Cox went, but in the meantime had written down on paper the name of each woman and the sin that was laid to her charge. Their shortcomings were not unknown to her. She went to them with the Word, the "Sword of the Spirit."

After reading the fifty-ninth chapter of Isaiah and commenting on it, she read the name and faults of each woman,
then she talked to them of how wrong it is for Christians to do such things. When she had finished they got down to pray, and the Lord came down in that little meeting in power. Miss Cox prayed and another was about to begin, when one woman crying and extending her hands said, “Wait, I have something to say.” She poured out her heart in humble confession, and asked forgiveness for all she had done. “But,” she said, “I don’t want you to forgive me to-day, then not talk to me to-morrow. If you forgive, forgive and we will be as though nothing had ever happened. We will forget all about it.”

When she finished another was on her feet, and so on until all had asked forgiveness. Then they went on praying. Each one prayed, and before they separated one woman said, “I want all of you to come to my house for tea to-morrow afternoon.”

When they were ready next day, one came to call Miss Cox, for they wanted her have a cup of tea with them too. She found them all seated on the mud floor around a pot of tea. They had bread also, but not the nice, light kind like our mothers make. It is made with millet flour mixed with water and a little salt, and baked on a sort of griddle. There is no yeast to make it light. When we first come to India it doesn’t look very inviting, but most missionaries become very fond of it and the other native food.

The widows seem unusually happy since this experience. There was the real spirit of forgiveness manifested. I have heard people at home say. “I can forgive but not forget.” When Jesus forgives, He forgets, and puts our sins behind His back to remember them against us no more forever. The Bible says. “If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you so also do ye.” The widows forgave and forgot.—M. M. Taylor.
NOTES OF PRAISE.

BHUSAWAL.—Praise for healing; and for assurance of victory in the work.

CHALISGAON.—For the much needed rains which have come and cheered the hearts of the people.

—For the healing of an old man. He seemed to be dying of consumption, when the catechists went to his home and prayed for him, and he was soon up and about again.

—For open doors on all sides.

MURTIZAPUR.—For fourteen more baptisms recently in Daryapur taluka.

SHANTIPUR.—For good progress in a village school opened this year.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

BHUSAWAL.—Pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the work, both English and Marathi.

JALGAON.—For the provision of a church building and worker's houses here.

MURTIZAPUR.—For the large number who are awaiting baptism, that they may have a real experience of salvation, and may be kept from the snares of the enemy.

SHANTIPUR.—Prayer is asked for the small son of one of our evangelists. He lost one eye in infancy and suffers much during the rainy season with the remaining eye. His parents fear that he may lose it also.
ITEMS.

The Indian helpers on the Gujarati side have met together for their summer Bible studies, and ten young prospective workers are under instruction at Mehmedabad.

We hear of a spirit of revival in the Bible School at Bodwad.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher has been quite ill, but is better again.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Garrison are settled now at Jalgaon, E. Khandesh.

"ELOCILE" or the King's Return, a poem in blank verse concerning Christ's Second Coming, by Mildred Edwards; with an introduction by Dr. Jas. M. Gray of the Moody Institute. We have been unable to fill a number of requests for this remarkable book, but have now received a new supply. The price is Rs. 1-12-0 each per V.P.P. Address the Editor of this paper.
C&MA MISSION STATIONS IN INDIA

- Stations
- Proposed Stations

Gujarat

Khandesh

Berar

Hyderabad

Bombay
### List of Alliance Missionaries

#### BERAR

- **Akola**
  - Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Moyser
  - Mr. J. P. Rogers

- **Amraoti**
  - Mr. & Mrs. W. Fletcher

- **Chandur**

- **Khamgaon**
  - Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Carner
  - Miss E. Krater
  - Miss H. Bushfield
  - Miss A. Little
  - Miss J. L. Rollier

- **Malkapur**
  - Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer

- **Murtizapur**
  - Mr. & Mrs. L. J. Cutler

#### 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. Kaipura)**
  - 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 (Pada District)**

- **Panchgani (Satara District)**
  - (Children's Home)
  - Miss H. Beardslee
  - Miss M. Patten

- **Bombay**
  - Mr. & Mrs. M. B. Fuller

### On Furlough:

- Mr. & Mrs. O. Lapp
- Mr. & Mrs. P. Hagberg
- Mrs. I. Moodie
- Mr. W. M. Turnbull
- Mr. & Mrs. O. Dinham
- Mr. & Mrs. P. Eicher
- Mr. & Mrs. W. Ramsey
- Miss M. Compton
- Miss E. Wells
- Miss M. Woodworth
- Mrs. V. Erickson
- Mr. & Mrs. J. N. Culver
- Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Cox

### Bombay: